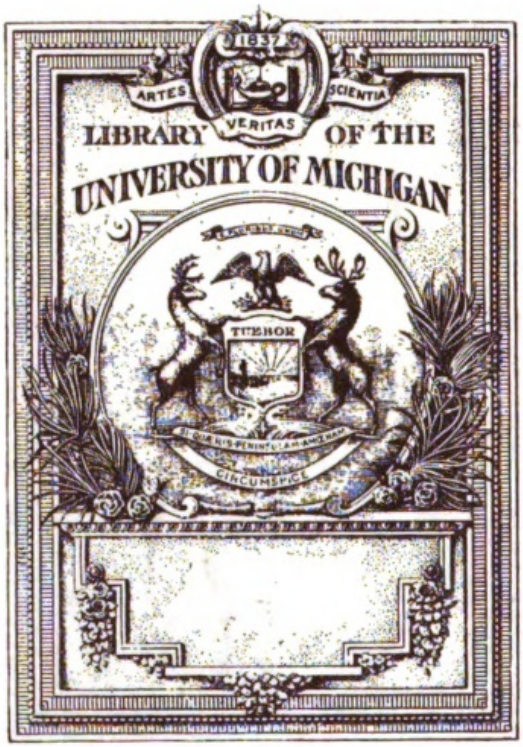
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THE

STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly



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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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DAY & NIGHT WEAR

(REGD. TRADE MARK.)

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"THERE WAS ANOTHER GERMAN THAN THE ONE WHO LAY ACROSS THE RAIL. IN A MOMENT HE AND MARKHAM WERE AT HAND-GRIPS."

(*See page* 7.)

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A RUMPITY PUSHER

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant.

CONSIDERING the many promises I had made to Johnson and the fact, or what he said was the fact, that everything depended upon me, it is little wonder that I was desperate. I had eluded him for many days, replying neither to his urgent telegrams nor to the letters sent me by special messengers. Yet if the gods fight against one the most desperate resolution must fail, so when I ran across him in Piccadilly and he chased me through the Green Park, I yielded at last to his entreaties. He thanked me with a warmth of emotion which was surprising, but I spent the rest of the day in quite intolerable anguish. As a rule I am careful where I eat, but on that night I suddenly took refuge from friends and the town in a mean Soho restaurant. I sat down at the nearest vacant table and, leaning my head upon my hand, was presently roused by the waiter presenting the bill of fare. I stared at him vacantly and shook my head. Not unnaturally he seemed astonished, but feeling that I was past all judgment I told him to bring me what he would provided it was accompanied by a bottle of good red wine. I ate and drank, but the cloud by no means lifted from me. I saw no light anywhere. In front of me stood, as it were, the promise I had given to Johnson. I am usually a silent man, but, like many who do not express themselves freely, am apt at times of stress to utter my thoughts aloud. It is possible that but for this I might have gone home to my chambers and blown my brains out. As I spoke and said aloud—"I'm desperate," a man at the next table turned about, looked me in the face, and said :—

"So am I! How goes it, Clayton?"

It was years since I had met Markham. I knew that he had gone in for flying at the commencement of the war. I had heard that Markham was no longer in the Service. It had not surprised me to learn that he had been invalided out on account of his disposition. He certainly had an unequalled reputation for rashness. Markham was a very odd-looking man, eagle-faced and tense, with deeply-set, piercing black eyes. I always thought him interesting, and at this moment I would have greeted a friend from Bedlam with ardour.

"Tell me everything," said Markham. "Why are you desperate?"

I did not reply as I might have done by asking him why he, too, was in a similar frame of mind, but poured out my troubles to him with a perfectly extraordinary loquacity very rare in me at any time. I told him of my promise to Johnson and the impossibility of its fulfilment.

"I haven't a single idea in my head," I said, almost in tears.

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"Mine is bursting with them," said Markham. "Come! Cheer up! I will confide in you."

"Confide!" I exclaimed. "Confide what?"

"I dreamt of you last night," said Markham.

I knew that one of Markham's odd notions was that he had conversations with people in dreams relevant to the actual facts of life. Some would say this was madness. I am not one of those who dub all peculiarities as symptoms of cerebral decay. I have them myself.

"You and I talked," said Markham. "I confided in you; you promised to help me. You are coming with me to my place in Essex."

"What for?" said I. "Explain!"

"I will—in Essex," said Markham. "Come!"

With that he summoned the waiter and, insisting on paying my bill together with his own, bestowed sufficient backsheesh on the Italian to make him bow to the ground.

"As you may know," said Markham, as we left the restaurant, "I am a rich man."

"I had heard as much. What's all this about Essex?" I asked.

"Never mind," said Markham. "Are you married?"

"I am not married," I replied.

"I am," said Markham. "It is a happy marriage. I live in Essex and my wife lives in Northumberland. We write to each other regularly at Christmas. Come."

We found his car in a garage in Coventry Street. His skill in driving was such that my hair stood on end. Though the streets of town were as dark as they have ever been during the war and the traffic by no means exiguous, he seemed to possess the eyes of an owl and the rapid judgment of a peregrine falcon. When he had three times been summoned to stop by futile and panting policemen, and had happily missed six vehicles with no more than a scratch of his paint, we found ourselves on the main road to Colchester. I now had time to consider what looked like a rash proceeding on my part. If my old friend began so wildly in a ninety horse-power motor-car what was the end to be?

The hour, the circumstances, the humming, purring car, the dark night and sudden change put me into a dream. From the moment I had given my word to Johnson my life had become a whirlpool; I was sucked into the centre of a storm. The wild night would have seemed even more dreamlike to me when we approached Markham's house through dark winding woods if it had not been for a curious accident which throws a light upon his character. As we swept down the long drive he suddenly put his left hand on my shoulder and saying "Sit down," actually thrust me off the seat to the bottom of the car, and at the same time accelerating his speed went smash through a closed gate without even cracking the windscreen or losing his equanimity.

"I told the fools to keep it open," said Markham. "But here we are!"

It was about eleven o'clock when we arrived, and the night was peculiarly quiet and beautiful.

"The moon rises about twelve," said Markham, and I let the remark pass, though I wondered subconsciously what we had to do with the moon. I was soon to find out.

A silent servant took away the car, but before he did so Markham said to him:—

"Tell Baker that I drove through the gate which he ought to have left open. I shall take him for a drive to-morrow."

He explained to me that he never discharged a servant but suited the punishment to the crime. Baker, it appeared, though an admirable gardener, had a perfect terror of motoring.

"He will never again leave a gate shut when I tell him to leave it open," said Markham, as we entered the house. "Now, we must have supper. After that, we will get to work."

"What work?" I asked.

"Wait and see," said Markham, and I forebore to question him. Though, as a rule, the least suggestible of men, I seemed completely at Markham's mercy. The truth is that I had not been myself for days. And there I was, sitting opposite my remarkable friend, eating and drinking, somewhere in the county of Essex, but with no notion of where it was upon the map.

"Eat," said Markham; "you will need it."

"Why?" said I.

"I will tell you presently," he answered.

When supper was over he rose.

"I suppose you do not know why I was invalided, as they call it, out of the Service?" asked Markham, as he led the way out of doors.

I refrained from saying that I had heard the authorities thought him mad. My delicacy was unnecessary.

"They said I was mad, or that's what they meant," said Markham. "Do you know what it was that made all the big bugs and the officials consider me insane?"

He stopped and eyed me as we came out of the wood and passed into the light of the rising moon.

"What was it?" I asked.

"I protested against the burning of Zeppelins," he replied, shortly.

"Protested?"

"Yes," said Markham, vigorously. "I said that instead of destroying them, they should catch them and bring them home."

"Enormous!" said I. "Had you a plan?"

"Forty," replied Markham, "but one was enough. They received my suggestion with contumely."

"And then?" said I.

"I boxed the ears of a damned War Office clerk," said Markham.

He opened a gate and motioned me to precede him into a flat meadow. Within thirty feet of us I perceived something which might have surprised me if I had not known my friend. It was an aeroplane, a somewhat ancient bus, known to the Flying Corps as a rumpity! I had done a little flying myself.

"Do you know what this is?" asked Markham.

"A rumpity, of course," I replied. I climbed up and touched the engine. It was quite warm. But I suspected nothing!

"It was," said Markham. "I have improved

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it. Beardmore built me a special engine. I have added a number of gadgets to it. A speaking-tube with a new megaphone attached, electric lights of all kinds, and a number of ideas which I shall never impart to anybody for fear I might be put into a lunatic asylum."

I asked the use of some great hooks on the skids.

"I'll show you presently," said Markham.

I shifted into the observer's seat, and Markham got in after me. He pointed out many things which were new.

"This," he said, "is an invention of my own." He held up something dimly resembling a coat. "You will find one at your feet; try it."

"What is it?" I asked.

"A parachute coat," said Markham. "As you will observe, there are certain springs in it. If you pull this particular strap, the parachute part of the contraption instantly expands. All you have to do if you are thrown out of the bus is to pull that strap and you will come down in perfect safety. Put it on; it's quite comfortable and very warm. It's also a life-belt."

I did as I was told.

"My starting fakement is perfectly admirable," said Markham. "The moon is going to be very bright, although it's only a half moon," he added, irrelevantly. "Sit down; let us have a talk. Try my apparatus. Put it over your ears. It's a wireless operator's head-piece."

I did as I was told, and when he spoke to me through his end of the machine, I was quite ready to believe that the observer might hear what he said, even when the engine was going. His voice nearly split the drum of my ear.

"I'll show you how my self-starter works," he said, abruptly, and the next minute he opened up the engine, and the pusher bus began to move across the long flat meadow.

"Here, I say!" I began, but Markham laughed, and pulling the apparatus from his ears, I knew that nothing I said could reach him.

It was a curious situation, but it is a quality of mine to reconcile myself to the inevitable. I do not cry loudly over spilt milk, and to remonstrate with Markham being entirely out of my power, I saw there was nothing to do but accept the situation. I do not profess to be braver than the next man, but acceptation is for ever an anodyne. I began, even while I felt angry, to perceive peculiar compensations. It is true that I cursed Markham, but, curiously enough, I felt less and less angry with him, and when we rose to about four thousand feet I forgot about Johnson, and was suddenly freed from all anxiety and fear and became not so much a man as part of the machine. Markham and I and the engine seemed one rather than three. I even had something of that feeling of power which comes to those in glorious insecurity on the knife edge of a perilous arête.

I could now perceive that Markham meant to do something desperate, but it was only when we got above the clouds, and I perceived the south-east moon rise from them as beautifully as the fabled Aphrodite, that the real truth came to me. I wondered if I could get him to speak. I turned to him and signed that I desired to have a little conversation. In the light of the moon he, no doubt, perceived that I was a different man. Perhaps he had judged me rightly; I cannot deny that in some ways he was a genius. Perhaps he thought it was time to come to an explanation, perceiving my qualities, qualities I had hardly discerned in myself before. He appeared uplifted and joyful, and putting on his listening cap made a humorous face at me and prepared to listen.

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "This is no joy-ride, I imagine."

His voice came to me in the roar of the engine, like a whisper to my brain.

"It shall be the greatest joy-ride of your life," said Markham.

"How much farther are you going?" I demanded.

"Let the Germans say," he replied. "I am going to attack a Zeppelin."

"Attack a Zeppelin!" cried I.

"Not only that," said Markham, "I am going to catch one. I mean to show the Admiralty what I think of them. Imagine their astonishment when we land in London!"

"You never explained how you were going to do it," said I.

"In the old sea-fashion," said Markham. "I shall board them."

"Board them!" I gasped.

"Easily," said Markham. "You asked me the meaning of those hooks upon the carriage. When you pull this lever they shoot out and will catch in the envelope and framework of the Zeppelin."

The idea was magnificent, but it was, of course, ridiculous. How could a 'plane with a landing speed of forty miles an hour at the very least hook into a Zeppelin without smashing herself utterly to pieces and hurling her crew to death?

"What about the wind-pressure on our planes when we hook on?" I asked, incredulously. "She'll tear out and go base over apex!"

"I've arranged for that," said Markham. "When I pull this lever these stays will part and the planes go pop, leaving us as we are."

"It can't be done," I said.

"It will be done," said Markham. "I shall get above her, pancake down, and there we are!"

"Ah, there we are," I muttered, looking over the side.

"With this machine-gun," said Markham, "you will clear what we may call the upper deck, and I, with a bomb in each hand, will go to their stairway and summon them to surrender."

"Will they?" I asked.

"If not I shall bomb them to blazes," said Markham. "And, relying on the parachutes, we have nothing to fear."

"And if they do surrender?" I demanded, gasping.

I saw him plainly in the light of the moon. His eager face was that of a genius and a madman at once.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "then from the back of the monster I issue my orders. They steer

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for London in broad daylight and we land in the Horse Guards Parade!"

I will not put down what I said to him. I cursed him by all my gods, by the Olympian hierarchy, and even by peculiar creatures storied in Talmudic angelology, while I added strange oaths drawn from ancient memories. But he only laughed.

"You *are* mad," I exclaimed, angrily.

"So the infernal R.A.M.C. men said," replied Markham, with an extraordinary chuckle, and then he took the listening apparatus from his ears and I knew remonstrances were vain. I turned away and, sinking back in my seat, looked up to the moon as if she were some kind of a deity who could help me. At that very moment she was peculiarly eclipsed!

I declare that only then did I adequately realize what might be before me. I was face to face with it, for the shadow across the moon was undoubtedly the blunt and pointed nose of that which my fantastic friend and enemy upon my right desired to hunt down. I had read stories of whaling, magnificent with the splendour of far-off seas, but what was the spermaceti itself, though full of wrath, to this great devil-fish of the upper air that little magnificent Markham proposed to capture and lead home with a ring in its nose? Going back through the great tangle of recalled sensations, I remember a wild phantasmagoria of my mind in which every flower of emotion, mean or grand, showed in the undergrowth. Yet I caught something from Markham. I was a fool, the merest cur, a hero, and a madman! What the visions of drowning men are I know not, but as we swept through the deep seas of the upper air past days came back to me and long-desired departed friends seemed near at hand. I even saw Johnson's strange and enigmatic figure as a brooding Buddha, cross-legged on his throne, considering the disasters he had brought upon me. It is in such an hour of exaltation that our personalities open like some sacred secret book. And now right across the half-occulted moon I saw her shape, the shape of the flying devil-fish that Markham desired, flying towards England like the scud among the clouds of moonland. I felt Markham grip my shoulder and turned to look at him. In the moonlight I saw him smile; he threw his head back and laughed, though I could hear no sound in the immense roar of the engine. As we climbed, his face was superhuman, glorious.

And all at once in this emotional flood I sat securely perched upon some lofty peak of utter and deep calm. Markham himself instead of being a superman was a superhuman jest. How magnificently he had played upon me; it made death itself seem humorous. But a little while ago I had supped Chianti in Soho and, before I met Johnson, had walked in Piccadilly not without satisfaction. As I considered these things I saw Markham put on the head-piece of the 'phone.

"You understand your part?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "far from it!"

"When we board her——" began Markham.

"Board!" I said. "You madman!"

And he replied, calmly:—

"When we touch pull those levers!"

I heard him speak again.

"If there are any men at the machine-gu.. on the top when we touch her, I shall sweep her decks with this one."

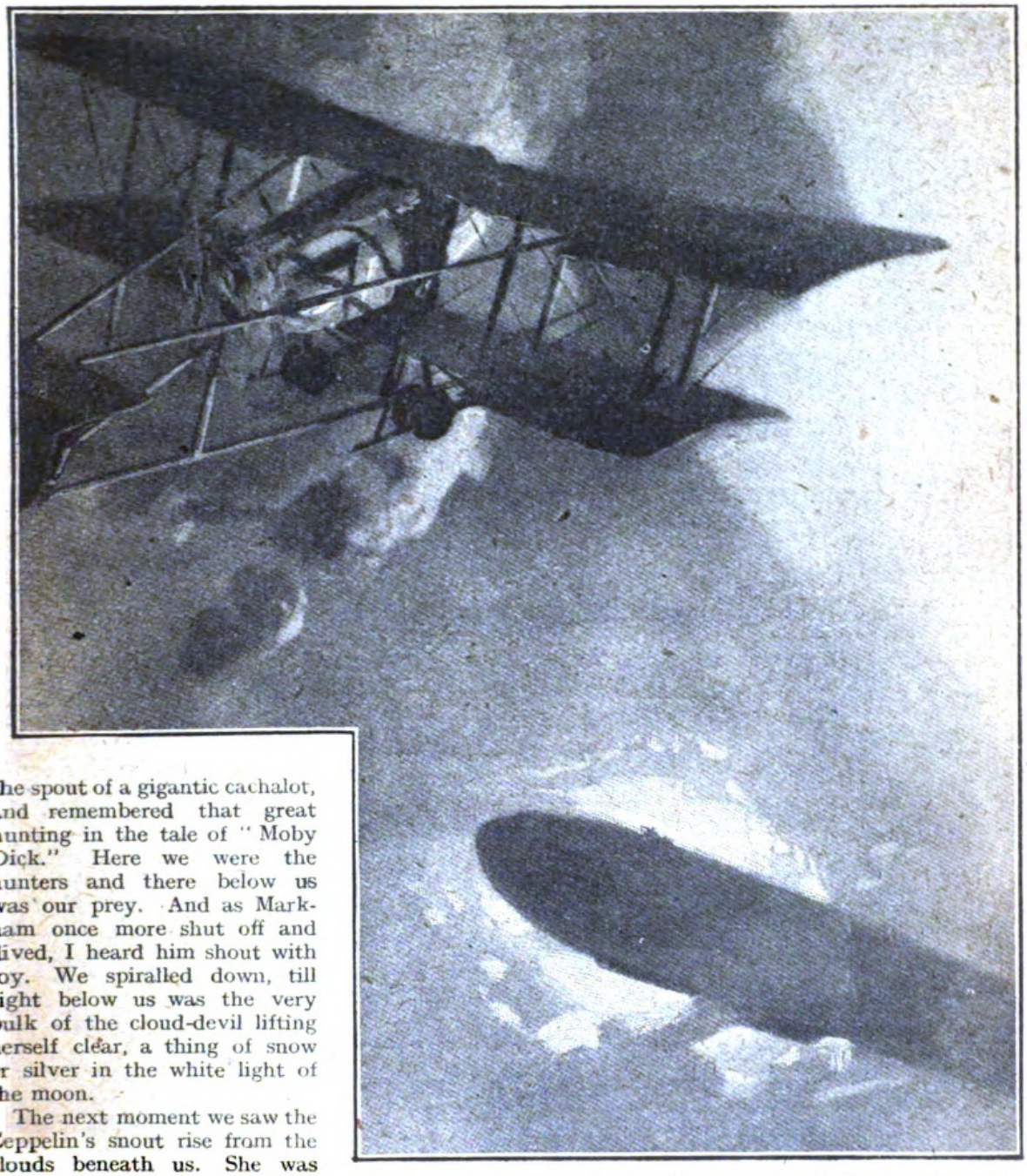
All at once this seemed so easy that it became quite a natural thing. I actually laughed, and even as I did so we hit a cloud and with a "bump" passed into obscurity. The effect of the whitish rack in which we found ourselves was peculiarly magical and at once soothing and uplifting. I seemed wholly lost to the world, to the very universe, but indeed perhaps the machine had itself become the universe. We were all that was, all mankind, lonely, forlorn, forsaken upon some black-winged thunder-planet, alien from the stars I knew. Then again the clouds became rolling smoke, and, thinning rapidly, were but faint wreaths, and there was a golden moment for me as we cleft the last mass of floating mist and saw the great half-moon once more. We shot into a perfect night of wonderful calm, a cloud valley very beautiful and wholly serene. For a moment I forgot myself, Markham, our mad and perilous errand, and far beneath as it were in my own mind's oceanic depths, I saw with sudden humorous pity that fantast- Johnson, praying on his knees for a gift from me. Once more like the gods upon Olympus I smiled, careless of the cries of men. It would be impossible to tell one ten-thousandth fraction of the thoughts that swept through me, for if the earth was gone time itself was lost. And then suddenly Markham throttled down the engine and in the lesser purr she made I heard him speak.

"Did you see her? Did you see her?"

He pointed towards the left wing, and as he spoke I looked over the side and in a whirling gap of the mist below I saw a gigantic silver fish. Half of her was silver, the rest the colour of the night, and in another gap beneath her I beheld a wrinkled, sparkling floor, a pavement of silver and opal flame that I knew to be the sea. I cried out and pointed down, down, and Markham once more opened up, took on speed again, and then again throttled down and dived, while I hung to my seat breathless, unfearful, exalted, and triumphant.

A sense of glorious security came over me. I believed not only in Markham but in myself. And then once more the swirling mist held us. Yet, presently, as we swept into a clear space, I saw, among the waves leaping under the hidden moon, some war-ship. At the very moment I caught sight of her a flash leapt out, and in a second or two a bursting shell below us smote the clouds asunder. As Markham shut off and dived again, the reverberations of the bursting shell thrown back from white cliff walls of whirling clouds smote our sudden silence. I looked over the side again. Was that shadow in the clouds beneath us her we sought? It was! Her vast bulk rose through the parting mists, a huge white whale of the empyrean. She cleft them as a whale breaches. I almost looked for

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"AND NOW RIGHT ACROSS THE HALF-OCCULTED MOON I SAW HER SHAPE, THE SHAPE OF THE FLYING DEVIL-FISH THAT MARKHAM DESIRED."

the spout of a gigantic cachalot, and remembered that great hunting in the tale of "Moby Dick." Here we were the hunters and there below us was our prey. And as Markham once more shut off and dived, I heard him shout with joy. We spiralled down, till right below us was the very bulk of the cloud-devil lifting herself clear, a thing of snow or silver in the white light of the moon.

The next moment we saw the Zeppelin's snout rise from the clouds beneath us. She was going west as we were. With one dive, Markham swept down upon her. As he flattened out, I expected a shock. It came when we landed on her silver shining back and her stern dipped a little with our weight. As I pulled furiously on my levers, Markham switched off and wrenched at his. There was a fearful crash and the planes parted from us like paper, leaving the *nacelle* hooked firmly fore and aft in her envelope and framework. Then the machine-gun which Markham handled spoke furiously in the din the Zeppelin's motors made. I saw the sparkle of the Zeppelin's machine-gun answer from the little circular enclosure by the steps that led down through her structure. Some bullets struck the wreck of our machine, but still Markham's gun spat fire, and the next moment I saw the machine gunner of the Zeppelin fall across the light rail which surrounded his platform. Markham leapt from his seat with one bound and ran with his revolver in his hand. I saw then that there was another German than the one who lay across the rail. In a moment he and Markham were at hand-grips. I followed as fast as I could run, feeling beneath my feet the strange resilience and strength, and yet fragility, of the vast machine on which we had landed. I smelt the rising smell of petrol and strange gases.

As I look back, there are gaps in my knowledge

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of what happened, but I know that as I came up to the gun platform and saw Markham kneeling on the chest of the German he had overpowered, I saw the white contorted face of the dead man, who lay, like a bloody fleece, limp upon the rail. Then I remembered that Markham and I were, neither of us, in the Service, and from the German point of view would not be regarded as prisoners of war if we failed, but would be liable to instant death. That, perhaps, made me desperate. I saw a head rise from the pit below, and threw myself upon the man as he leapt from the ladder. He was insensible when I loosed my grip upon his throat. I turned, and saw Markham take a piece of rope from his pocket and tie up the German he had captured, lashing him to one of the standards of the rail.

"We've got them!" said Markham. "Keep your man and see that no one else comes up."

He gave me a revolver. Then he ran back to our machine, and taking out of her two bombs brought them to the platform and laid them down.

"Do they know we're here?" I asked. And at that moment I heard Markham's other pistol go.

"Yes," said Markham, "they know by now!"

I saw a white hand thrown up above the black pit, and heard a cry.

"Keep your eye on them while I speak to this man," said Markham.

He went to the one I had captured, who showed signs of returning consciousness. Markham spoke in German to him. In the moonlight, I saw our friend grin sickly. By his uniform, I knew he was an officer. Markham called him Ober-Lieutenant.

"What are you saying to him?" I asked.

"I've ordered him to tell the skipper that we have captured them."

Our captive could speak English. As soon as he recovered some self-possession, he told us as much, perhaps finding English easier than Markham's German.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Go below," said Markham, "and tell your commander that he's captured. If he does not surrender, we will drop bombs down upon you and blow you up."

"So!" said the Hun. "But you'll die then."

Markham laughed.

"And if we surrender?" asked the German.

"You are to steer straight for London," said Markham.

"We meant to," grinned the German.

Markham held his pistol to the man's head.

"Go down and say what I tell you. As soon as day comes you will hang out a white flag. Land upon the Horse Guards Parade. No doubt you know it."

"It's all impossible!" said the German, half to himself.

I could see he half thought it a dream, for surely the thing *was* impossible! And yet, we had done it!

"Go," said Markham.

"Good," said the lieutenant. "Horse Guards Parade! *Mein Gott!*"

But he went obediently. I remember him quite well, a hard sort of fellow, not, perhaps, a bad sort, according to his lights, a fair, blue-eyed man with a touch of humour at other times, if his mouth told the truth. I remember him as keenly as if he were photographed upon my brain, as the moonlight left his amazed face when he disappeared down the ladder. And once more we heard, if not the roar of guns, the sound of bursting shell in the clouds about us.

"Those dratted fools down there may hit us," said Markham. "What a waste! To think of our people burning Zeppelins! It's monstrous."

Then we heard a shout from below.

"Herr Engländer!"

"Don't look down," said Markham, as I started.

"I come from the captain," said the voice. "We do it all as you say."

Markham laughed madly. He slapped his thigh and bent double.

"To London, to London!"

I saw the amazed town filling Trafalgar Square and Whitehall and beheld a turbulent sea of white faces looking up at us from the Horse Guards Parade. The roof of the Treasury and the Foreign Office blackened; the windows opened. From the War Office and the Admiralty came generals and admirals to join the amazed throng. Heroes! By the Great Horn Spoon and the Tail of the Sacred Bull, there never were such heroes as Markham and myself! How meekly I should accept their congratulations while I endeavoured to calm Markham as he told the Lord High Muckamuck of the Admiralty what he thought of him!

I took him by the arm, and as the roar of the Zepp's engines deafened us, I shouted:—

"When we land take my advice and don't speak your mind. Say very simply, 'Sir, we bring you a Zeppelin.'"

"You—you think that best?" asked Markham.

"I do. Those words will make you immortal," I answered.

He shook my hand.

"You too will be immortal," said Markham.

Then that cursed cruiser caught sight of us again. Once more a shell burst close. A piece of shrapnel whizzed between me and Markham.

"Curse her," cried Markham, angrily "I hope our friends below will drop a bomb on her."

We knew our prize was trying to ascend. Whatever way they went they did not desire to go down in flames. But a clear space opened suddenly around us; the mist departed; we saw the moon, the wrinkled petulant sea, and shell after shell exploded. One burst in or so close to the airship that she pitched and rolled like a derelict in a cross sea off the Cape.

"Damnation," said Markham, as he grasped the rail to which I clung. "Back to the bus!"

We crawled to it, and as we reached it a wreath of smoke came from the depths of the Zepp.

"Fire!" said Markham, as the vast machine rose like a ship taking her last dive. I knew his mind more clearly than my own. There were no words for it! As for me, in that supreme

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"NOW I FELT THE BURNING HEAT AS THE FLAMING DERELICT PLUNGED PAST ME ROARING. SWIFTER AND SWIFTER STILL SHE FELL."

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moment I accepted death. Calmly I declare it, and I deny wholly and utterly that I was afraid. The chances of being saved by the parachute were to my mind less than nothing. Yet I saw Markham pull at the straps of his own. The springs worked. He seemed in the lighted darkness to grow suddenly gigantic. He was an immense mushroom, a fungus of the night, a growth on the Zeppelin. I did as he did and then slipped, grasped at something, missed it, dropped like a stone, and lost consciousness as I saw a huge flame light the sky above us. Then life came back to me. I was alone. A great flare was overhead, drifting westward. Above me my parachute spread like a huge umbrella. I saw the moon again, and passing through clouds beheld the sea in huge wrinkles divided into patterns by the low waves of destroyers that were like black water-beetles. Then I saw the cruiser which had wrecked our triumph. But where was Markham? And then I heard him within twenty feet of me! He was shouting my name. I was unable to speak but waved my hand. However it came that he had been behind me it was now certain that he floated downward faster than I. He shouted again, and what he said was:—

"See you later!"

He was a remarkable man. As his black mushroom passed I felt strangely alone. Should I float if I ever reached the sea, or was drowning to be the end? I still heard the roar of the flame overhead. Dreadful things dropped from the sky and with them portions of floating wreckage. Wisps of the burning envelope filled the air. I peered out under my fantastic machine and saw a moonlit cloud thrust open by something of burning gold, as if a ruddy flower grew out of snow. I saw the whole vast fabric dive like some burning, sinking ship. But this dreadful thing was not extinguished as she reeled downward to the sea. Once on land I had seen an airship of ruby, glowing like a sevenfold heated furnace, go to her doom entire, and yet once more I had seen a greater Zeppelin rip in two as she spouted flame and dropped dreadfully earthwards. They had been far from me, but now I felt the burning heat as the flaming derelict plunged past me roaring. Swifter and swifter still she fell. None lived in her now as she blotted out the moon in the quiet sky, and then, as I sweated and agonized, a cool breeze lapped me in Elysium and the moon shone once more as that swift downward hell dropped swaying to the leaping sea and was at last engulfed.

And underneath I saw the black cruiser put her helm over and go in a great circle. Where was Markham? Would they save him? And what of me? . . . .

When I came to I found myself upon the deck of the cruiser with men around me. I struggled back to life and found that I was soaking. A naval doctor had his fingers on my wrist. But suddenly I sat up.

"Where's Markham?" I cried.

"Why, the blighter's not a Hun," said a young officer.

"Take it easily, gently does it," said the doctor.

I grasped his arm and cried out. "I haven't time. I must think of Johnson."

And then I heard Markham's angry voice overhead. I looked up and saw him, an absurd and struggling figure, dancing wildly in the wireless gear above us, half-smothered in the limp folds of his parachute.

"Let me out of this, confound you all," he roared.

"By all that's holy, we've got two madmen out of the sky," said the young officer.

Then I came back to myself and struggled to my feet. Up aloft they were hacking with knives at the tangle of gear in which Markham was involved. But even before they got his head free he turned himself loose and addressed the deck in language that was appalling.

"What the devil does he mean by *his* Zeppelin?" asked the doctor.

"His and mine," I replied. "We—we captured it. And you burnt it."

They say I burst into tears. I saw another officer close to me. He spoke. So did Markham.

"Is that you, Bates?"

"Great Scot!" said Captain Bates. "That's Jimmy Markham's voice!"

"When I get down I'll murder you," said Markham. "We'd captured that Zepp and you came interfering, as you always did."

They lowered Markham to the deck. No sooner was he loosed than he went for Captain Bates like a bull. Two seamen stopped him. He downed one and three more got him.

"Easy," said the skipper. "Don't hurt him."

They seemed to forget all about me as they reduced Markham to mere speech. I think many of the officers and men enjoyed his brief character sketch of Captain Bates. I regret to say that it is unprintable. I got hold of the nearest officer.

"What I want is a pen and ink and some paper," I said. "Any paper will do."

He shook me off, for he seemed to want to listen to Markham. I believe they called him the purser. Then I tackled the paymaster.

"What I want is a pen and ink," I began. But he, too, wanted to hear what Markham thought of the skipper. I went up to the doctor, but he was busy with a hypodermic syringe. Perhaps he did not like scandal, for with the help of the damaged sailors he jabbed it into Markham's arm, and for fee he got a black eye. After that Markham calmed down. I was glad, and went up to Captain Bates and said:—

"What I want is a pen and ink and paper. Any paper will do."

And what he said was:—

"Take this wet thing away and give it pens and all the ink in the ship and all the paper we have."

So the doctor took me away and dried me and gave me hot whisky and things of his own, and I sat down and wrote to Johnson, the accursed Editor, who wouldn't let me off that story for his confounded Christmas number. And what I wrote was—this!

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THE THRILLS IN THE LIFE OF A MAGICIAN.

By HARRY HOUDINI.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE delights to tell of men who find a thrill in work, whether it is developing a magician's trick, or making a scientific discovery, or organizing a business.

Houdini was born in Appleton, Wisconsin, 46 years ago. He ran away when he was sixteen and joined a circus, later appearing in small theatres as a magician. In 1900 he made a success in Europe, and since that time his career has been a spectacular one.

Two things have made Harry Houdini the greatest magician alive. The first is his natural power of dislocating and "relocating" his joints, enabling him to escape from chains and strait-jackets. The other is the way he works to invent and to perfect new tricks.

He speaks here of thrills. But he gets these thrills because he is more interested in his work than in anything else in the world. That is one secret of success. It is at the root of all achievement.

JUST suppose a pickpocket knew I was watching him sharply. It isn't very probable that he would try to pick my pocket while I had my eye on him. Yet that is just the condition under which a magician has to work. You know that I shall attempt to fool you, and so you keep your eye "peeled" from the moment I step on the stage.

So it is really in self-defence that magicians have had to learn many curious little traits of human beings. Our tricks themselves would often fail if we had not studied *you* as closely as we have studied the technique of our business.

One of the greatest factors in our success, for instance, is our ability to make you look in any direction we want. When I shout, "Look! The box is empty!" or, "See! I have nothing up my sleeves!" I do it just to make you keep your eyes glued on the box or my sleeves. Then, while your attention is riveted on those things, I make the moves necessary for the completion of the trick. If you watched *me* and not the box, or my sleeves, you might catch me red-handed. But for the necessary few seconds you forget to do it; because, at my command, your eyes involuntarily turn. I've been a magician for more than thirty years, and still I myself always have trouble to keep my eyes from turning at the command of a fellow-magician. It is a natural reaction.

Suppose I want to use a short flight of steps from the stage down to the audience. I never have a carpet on them, because while I am transferring a watch or producing an egg from a hat I tramp heavily, and so draw your attention to my feet. If I think the audience is watching me too closely, I signal my assistant to drop something, or to make some sudden movement. If I want a chair, table, or basket brought on the stage, and don't want you to see it, I simply walk to the opposite side of the stage. I know from experience that people's eyes follow the magician, unless he deliberately directs them elsewhere. All these things are simple methods of diverting attention, and yet they are very effective.

To avert all suspicion from our assistants we make them seem as awkward and clumsy as possible. We have them drop things, stumble over chairs, and make mistakes of a minor nature. We want you to get the idea that these men play no real part in the performance of our tricks; whereas, of course, they are most important cogs in our work. Once I was sitting next to a woman who kept exclaiming at the clumsiness of one of the cleverest assistants I have ever seen. Instead of the magician doing the work, the assistant was really doing nine-tenths of the tricks. Yet he acted his part so well that this woman finally said, "My! how clumsy that man is! I wonder why the magician keeps him?" I might have told her that without that assistant the magician wouldn't have been on the stage himself.

All magicians know that the average person never raises or lowers his eyes very much. Most people just look on a straight level. Therefore, whenever we use tables fitted up with magic devices, we always raise them slightly above the level of the eye, so that when you think you are looking at the top of the table you are not. Really to see the top you would have to raise your eyes; and as that would be an effort you just don't do it.

Magicians, however, are not the only ones who know the actions of the human eye. Shopkeepers have long known that if signs announcing prices are moved a few inches higher or lower than the level of the eye people don't see them. As soon as the signs were moved business at once dropped a notch.

Here is another point about the eye that business men may not know: it is that human beings always look a little more toward the

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right than toward the left. Magicians utilize the point by doing their most difficult tricks on the left-hand side of the stage rather than on the right.' In that way, of course, we make it harder for you to detect us. Were I in business, however, and had anything especially attractive to sell, I should certainly spend some extra time in dressing the window on the right, or the counter that would strike the right eye upon entering the shop, so that the customer's first glance would fall on something that appealed to him.

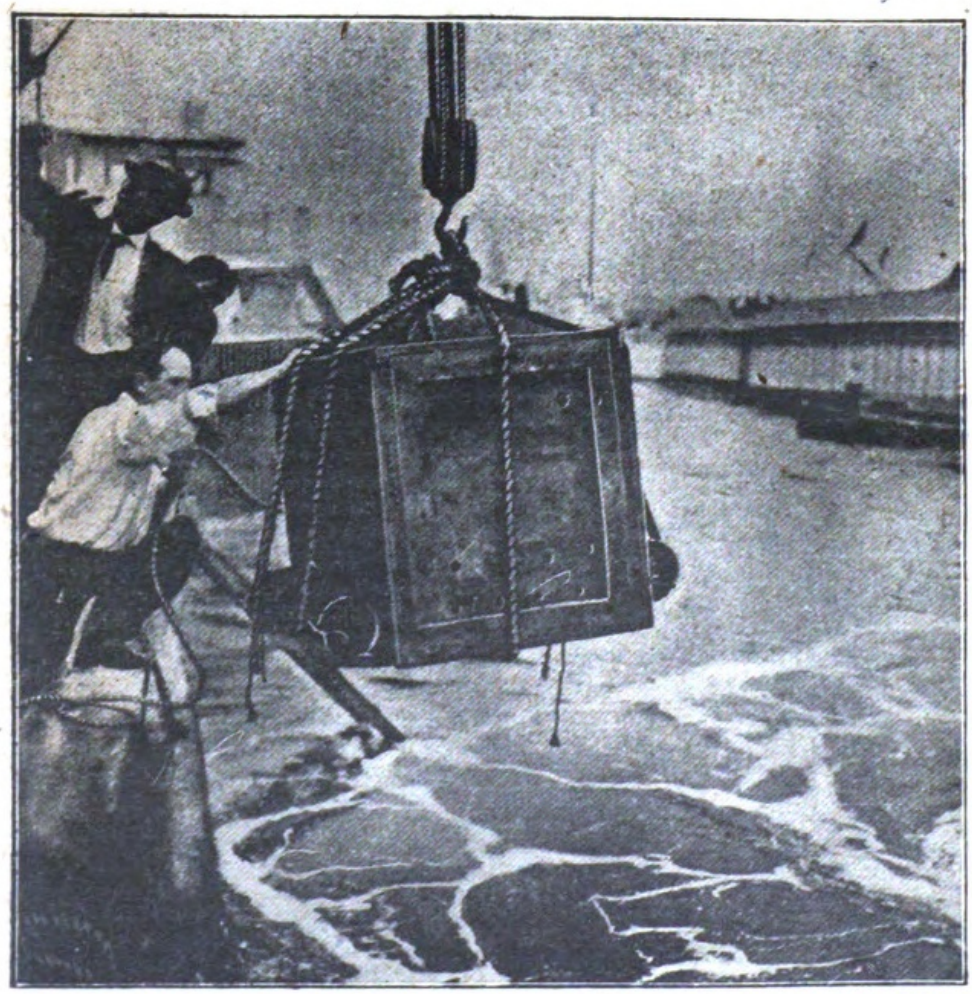
People sometimes ask me why magicians always have the stage as light as possible. "I should think it would be easier for you," a man once said, "if the stage were just slightly dimmed." I explained to him that we prefer the full glare of the lights on the stage, not only because we want to avert the claim that people can't see what we are doing, but also because we know that the glare of the lights helps to blind you.

Passing from the eye to the ear, most people know, I suppose, that it is our patter that misleads them more than anything else. We talk at you, not because we have anything worth while to say, but simply to keep your ears working while we are doing our tricks. If we were silent you could concentrate the powers of all your senses in your eyes. But by talking we make you divide your attention. You have to listen and to look at the same time.

I have always found that it was easier to mislead the eye than the ear. Many people can control their hearing to some degree, but no one has control over his sight.

With individuals, strange as it may seem, it is always easier to fool a bright and well-educated man than one not so well informed. The reason is that the learned man, instead of thinking clearly and simply, at once jumps to some complex explanation. He skips the obvious thing and tries to work on a deep, scientific basis; whereas the ordinary individual, not having a great fund of knowledge, thinks only of the simple and obvious—and sometimes hits it!

A great proof of this is that all magicians are shy of working before children. The child's mind is naturally sceptical when it comes to something he does not understand, and so he is difficult to deceive.



BEFORE HOUDINI ENTERED THE BOX SHOWN IN THIS PICTURE HE WAS HANDCUFFED AND CHAINED. THE BOX WAS THEN NAILED DOWN, WEIGHTED WITH IRONS, TIED WITH ROPES, AND LOWERED INTO THE WATER OF NEW YORK HARBOUR. HE ESCAPED, AND CAME TO THE SURFACE A MINUTE AND TWENTY-FIVE SECONDS AFTER THE BOX HAD DISAPPEARED FROM SIGHT.

Photo. Underwood & Underwood.

Speaking of individuals reminds me of the amusing experience I once had with Mr. Roosevelt. We were both returning from London on the same steamer. No announcement had been made as to what boat he was sailing on, but when I went to the ticket-office the clerk told me I was to have Mr. Roosevelt as a fellow-passenger. I was interested, of course, and, knowing that people on steamers always call on me for an exhibition of magic, I decided to have some fun with that distinguished gentleman.

This was the time when Mr. Roosevelt was returning from South America with the announcement about the River of Doubt. He had given a map of his explorations to a

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London newspaper and it was to be published three days after the steamer sailed. No one, with the exception of Mr. Roosevelt and one or two other persons, knew the details of that map, and so I decided to get a copy and spring a surprise on him.

How I got the copy I must not tell, but I did obtain one without much trouble. On the second day after leaving London I was asked to give a spiritualistic séance and answer questions. I was sure that someone would ask me to draw a map of Mr. Roosevelt's explorations, and, sure enough, Teddy, with a chuckle, asked the question himself. He was having a grand time, thinking he had caught me; but when I started to draw the map his eyes nearly popped out of his head. He was the most surprised person I ever saw, and rushing up to me he exclaimed, "Bully! Bully! That is the most amazing thing I have ever seen!"

Many persons ask me what particular tricks people like to see. Well, that depends, of course, on the kind of audience. Women like to see the rapid appearance of flowers, canary-birds, silks—things which they handle in their daily life. Men, on the other hand, like card tricks, anything that involves cigars, or anything like extricating oneself from milk-cans, handcuffs, or heavily-weighted trunks thrown into deep water. Danger appeals to men, whereas it doesn't to women.

Incidentally, people are also much more interested in seeing things disappear than in seeing them appear. When you make things appear they say, "Oh, he had it on him all the time!" But when you make things disappear they are amazed. That is why I make my ten thousand five hundred pound elephant disappear in a second at the New York Hippodrome rather than bring him out of the air. The idea of making a ten thousand five hundred pound elephant vanish is astounding.

It is when you do the "impossible" that people sit up and gasp. That is why, of course, I do a different sensational trick every year. This year I am making the elephant disappear, and am also doing the needle trick, which is to swallow two hundred needles and one hundred feet of thread, and bring forth, before your eyes, all the needles threaded.

In late years, however, I have been combining feats of extrication with my magical work, and sometimes I think that these stunts hold far greater thrills for me than they have even for the spectators. I have been escaping from trunks which were chained and locked before being thrown into deep water, breaking from packing-cases and strong jails, and getting out of handcuffs and ropes while hanging head downward from the roofs of high buildings.

In this sort of trick it is the element of danger that interests people. They do not wish to see me killed, of course, but are more interested in a stunt if they think there is danger attached to it. If a crowd sees a man painting a roof of a ten-storey building, it passes by. If that man slips, however, and hangs with one



THIS PICTURE SHOWS HOUDINI HANGING HEAD DOWNWARD 150 FEET ABOVE THE PAVEMENT IN FRONT OF A THEATRE IN BOSTON. HIS FEET ARE TIED TOGETHER AND HE WEARS A STRAIT-JACKET, USED TO CONFINE THE VIOLENTLY INSANE; YET, EVEN HANGING IN THIS POSITION, HE WAS ABLE TO FREE HIMSELF IN 49 SECONDS.

Photo. Underwood & Underwood.

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hand to the edge of the roof, a crowd collects in a moment. Human beings don't like to see other human beings lose their lives; but they do love to be on the spot when it happens.

It is this element of danger that makes my Chinese torture-cell a good trick. Before doing the trick the audience sees the narrow glass case filled with water and my legs clamped with a three hundred and fifty pound weight. It then watches me as I am lowered, head downward, into the water. In sight of the audience the case is then locked and closed.

The danger in this trick is, of course, that unless I free myself I shall drown. That is why an assistant always stands with an axe in hand in front of the glass case so that, should I not appear in two minutes, he will smash the glass and drag me out. The audience sees him standing there, realizes that there is danger, and so sits breathless until I make my escape, which is usually in thirty seconds.

It is the danger involved that always makes crowds gather when, manacled and chained, I jump from bridges into rivers or harbours. There is always the chance that I may not come to the surface alive; and one winter day in Pittsburgh I nearly gave the crowd some cause for real excitement.

I had been handcuffed and chained and, as usual, put into a trunk that was covered with ropes and chains. I was then thrown from the bridge into a big hole that had been cut in the ice for this purpose. The police tried to interfere, but we were too quick for them, and before they could do anything I was in the water.

Now comes the exciting part of the stunt. I had no trouble freeing myself, but when I tried to rise to the surface I discovered that I had passed beyond the hole, and was caught under seven inches of ice.

Well, like most men who face danger, I am a fatalist. I have a firm belief in a future life, and so I did not worry very much. I did not intend to give up life without a struggle, however, and so I kept my nose as close to the ice as possible in order to get air. Then, recalling that I had once read of a man who got out of a similar situation by swimming around in an ever-increasing circle, I began to circle around the water, making my circle wider and wider each time.

When I finally found the hole and was dragged out I had been under water for more than three minutes. I was half frozen from the cold, of course, and could not finish out my week at the theatre. I didn't mind that, however, because I was thankful I had escaped with my life.

It was in Melbourne, Australia, that the weirdest thing that ever happened to me occurred. About sixty thousand people watched me sink beneath the water in a trunk that day. While I was under every eye was focused on the spot where I had sunk. After a few moments the crowd saw a body float to the top of the water, apparently lifeless, and they all thought it was mine. My assistants tell me the excitement was terrific. A dozen boats darted out to pick up the body, and everyone was shouting, when suddenly I calmly appeared a few feet from the floating body.

I have always maintained that the shock the crowd got when they saw what they thought was my body could not compare with the shock *I* got when I found myself at the side of that dead man. I was so startled that for a moment or two I could not move. I heard the crowd yelling like mad, and finally I was pulled into a boat by my men. But as long as I live I shall not forget that incident. It was the worst thing that ever happened to me.

My friends have often asked me what kind of tricks or escapes I like the best. Well, I like them all, of course, or else I shouldn't do them. But the ones I get the most fun out of are the escapes I make from jails supposed invincible.

Some years ago I was challenged to escape from Cell Number Two of the Condemned Murderers' Row in the Federal prison at Washington. This was the cell in which Guiteau, the murderer of President Garfield, had been confined, and the officials were willing to wager I would not be able to escape from it.

I accepted the challenge, and had no trouble in getting out. Then I thought I would have some fun; and running to all the other cells, I broke open the doors and put each prisoner into a different cell. As I was stripped (I have to be for fear the sceptical might say I have tools and instruments concealed on me to help me escape) the prisoners thought the devil, or someone akin to him, was in their presence, and, trembling with fear, they obeyed my commands. I got my laugh, of course, when the jailers came to look after the other prisoners. They thought there had been a wholesale escape until I confessed to what I had done.

Once, in England, however, a Scotsman played a good trick on me. It was the smartest thing of its sort I ever knew of. In putting me into the cell, he said, with a wink, "I dinna think ye'll be getting out of this one in a hurry." I laughed at him and set to work on the lock; but at the end of two hours I was no nearer freedom than when I had been put into the cell. It really looked as though I had met my match

However, I kept on working until finally I leaned against the door in exhaustion. When I did that the door suddenly flew open! The canny Scotsman had *never locked it in the first place*. He reckoned that I should work on the basis of a locked door, and he was right. I certainly had to laugh at myself that time, for if I had tried the door instead of working on the lock I could have walked right out in a jiffy.

Yet you must not think for one moment that these things came easy to me; that I have done them because, for instance, I have "double joints," as they are called. I have only to look at the mirror to see the results of the hard, gruelling work I have gone through. The constant mental and physical strain has turned my hair grey, and, at forty-six, I look ten years older than I really am.

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The MEN who CLIMBED

M.L.C. by Pickthall

Illustrated by Christopher Clark R.I.

WHAT took Stephen Forrester to the exhibition would be hard to say. He had told his friends that snow and ice and anything higher than a first floor made him feel ill, and had then proceeded to lose himself very pleasantly among the flesh-pots. Well, he had earned his flesh-pots. Yet here he was, at three o'clock on a sunny afternoon, paying his entrance fee at the Association Rooms, like anybody else, to see Macrae's photographs.

"The large photographs of Mount Forrester are in Room C," said the very efficient young person with the swathed hair who gave him his change. "Kindly keep to the right." He thanked her humbly and clicked through the turnstile in the wake of a large woman in musquash and carnations, who would probably have given much to know him. For Forrester was something of a lion that winter.

He went into Room C, after a guilty glance about A and B. But no one was there who knew him. No one said, "That's Forrester! Yes, the fellow with the limp. You'd never dream he was fond of that sort of thing, would you?" His first thought was, "Mac did some good work!" Then, with an involuntary catching of the breath, he stopped short before the great photograph that held the end wall alone.

And as he did so he knew with sure foreknowledge that any time in his life he might be brought up with that little thrill; that while he lived a hundred chance scents or colours or silences would have power to renew for him that air of ineffable space, those sheathed and virgin rocks, those upper snows austere against the burning blue as the heights of a star; that the impersonal passion of the climber had been, was, and for ever would be, the moving force of his soul.

"Mount Forrester from the South-East," the catalogue had it. Just that. He was the man who had conquered Mount Forrester; and he was the man who knew how utterly the great height had conquered him.

He sat down on one of the leather divans placed at intervals along the centre of the room, staring at the photograph with half-closed eyes. The heated air drew cold in his throat; inside his irreproachable gloves the scars of his old frost-bites burned and tingled; he tapped one well-shod foot—the lame one—on the floor. There in the extreme left-hand corner of the picture was the bit of ice that had slid and crushed him. That was on the return journey. They said he'd never walk again. And Macrae had been all in when he took that picture. Why, they'd put him in the tent in the middle of a snow-flurry; and the cloud cleared and the light was just right; and they found Mac up to his ears in snow half a mile away, clutching the camera; raving, but he'd taken the picture.

"Excuse me, boss, you done any climbin'?"

Forrester came to earth with a start, and leaned round the curve of the leather seat-back the better to see and answer the man who had so suddenly spoken to him. But he was slow in answering as the details of the questioner's face presented themselves to him round the curve of the fat green morocco. For what possible interest could such a one have in climbing mountains? A clerk out of work? Scarcely educated enough, judged Forrester. A night-watchman? More likely. Anyway, a sub-under-assistant at whatever he set his hand to do. The stamp of the man born to work under other men was on him; on his respectable garments, on his vague face set in greying bristles; one could guess him treading for ever the same obscure rut, running on the same rail, until pushed off it by the next-comer into a still deeper obscurity. And he was already growing old. Forrester, clean from his heights, was quick to pity. "One of the Great Unlucky," he said to himself, and aloud: "Yes, I've climbed a good bit. Are you—interested in it?"

The stranger smiled slowly. Then he drew out seven coppers and arranged them along his dingy palm. There was a certain youthfulness, a hovering and unexpected sweetness in the smile, which attracted Forrester. "These here," he said, "'re all I got left o' what Maggie allows me fer baccy this week, after payin' me admission." He returned the coins to his pocket and resumed his slow contemplation of the picture.

For a moment Forrester was in doubt. But the shabby-respectable man was oblivious of him, his whole attention absorbed in the picture. And it was Forrester who renewed the conversation on some impulse of sympathy, saying: "Where have you done your climbing?"

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"Me? Oh, anywheres north o' Thunder Valley, for the most part. You *got* to climb there to get about. Don't see no sense in doin' it fer fun." He turned his eyes again to the photograph, and once more that shy, half-boyish smile transfigured his commonplace face. "But you thinks different when yer young, eh, mister? Where you done *your* climbin', if I may arsk?"

Forrester nodded towards the wall. "Thereabouts mostly," he said, pleasantly. "My name's Forrester—Stephen Forrester, at your service."

The stranger turned completely round; his face rose over the back of the divan like a queer mild moon. "You—Forrester?" he said, with interest. "Well, now! You the feller that climbed that mountain an' had it named fer him?"

"Yes," smiled Forrester, conscious of an excusable glow.

"*My!*" said the unknown, softly; "my! If that don't beat all!" He looked at Forrester carefully, as if making a friendly inventory of him. He rubbed his hands gently together. "Maggie'll be *that* amused to hear tell I seen you!" he said, shyly.

Well, amused was not just the word that Forrester had expected! But the other man came sliding along the leather seat, all alight with interest. He put out his hand, so palpably the hand of a failure, and touched Forrester's sleeve. "Mister," he begged, simply, "tell me all about it, so's I can tell Maggie!"

The appeal hit Forrester in his softest place. He was touched. Who was Maggie? He visioned her as beautiful, and dreaming of her native hills; in a mental flash he saw himself telling a moving story to a dozen well-appointed



"EXCUSE ME, BOSS, YOU DONE ANY CLIMBIN'?"

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dinner-tables. He said kindly, "Tell me what you want to know. But first—who's Maggie? Where is she?"

"My ole girl, mister. She's washin' dishes at Henniker's till I get a job." He went on with a touch of pride: "She don't have to work when *I'm* doin' anything, boss."

Again Forrester was moved; he guessed that Maggie washed dishes quite a lot at Henniker's, and did it cheerily. Maggie's husband went on with a shy eagerness, jerking his thumb at the wall: "Did you have to cross Somahl'to glacier, mister?"

"Yes." Forrester was conscious of an increasing astonishment, for the glacier was not shown in the photograph, and is not named on any map. "We climbed that long ridge to the east—the photograph does not show much of it—and worked along till we came to the little plateau. And there we made our last camp. We went up next day. We wanted to do it in a day, so as not to spend a night at that altitude."

"*I* know." The face of Maggie's husband showed keener, harder; he was touched with some quiet amusement that puzzled Forrester. "You went up roped, boss?"

"As far as that big fissure." Forrester was kindling, as a lyric poet might kindle at the talk of love. He pointed with his cane. "We cast them off then. They were too great a weight. We kept them as dry as we could, but there was a continual *poudre*, and they were frozen as stiff as steel rods, crackling as we moved. It sounded so loud, that crackle——"

"The papers say you was the only one that made the peak, mister—the only one that made good——"

"It wasn't their fault," said Forrester, quickly. "They were fine stuff—white men. I tell you they gave up their chances so that I should have mine. Yes. They helped me all through—spent their strength for me. So that in the end they'd none left, and I went on alone—on their strength. A man said to me last week, 'You hired them, didn't you?' 'What difference does that make,' I said, 'when they gave me what money couldn't buy?'"

Forrester's eyes went to the picture; he was abruptly silent. Then: "They gave me *that*," he breathed.

After a minute he went on quietly, talking more to himself than to the man beside him:—

"I left Mason and Pieters on the last tiny level with the tent over them. Mason was finished. Pieters could have come with me, but daren't leave Mason, who was in a state of collapse, and blue. Pieters never stopped rubbing him, he told me, for an hour. I went on alone, up a slope of hard old snow, steep but easy enough—that slope!—and in five minutes it was as if I had been alone for centuries, from the beginning of the world! I drew myself up on a ledge and looked down. Mason and Pieters were little black figures beneath. Pieters lifted a hand to me. Then I went on over that hummock—there—and they were gone. It seemed to be all right—all right, I mean, that I should be alone at the end, alone with my mountain.

"The hardest part of the climbing was over. There remained only that great soaring wedge of immortal snow that heaved above me into the blue. I had only to climb—to keep on working upward as long as my strength held. I knew it would not fail. My arms, outstretched against the face of the steep and looking as weak as a fly's legs, were yet long enough and strong enough to clasp the whole of that magnificent summit, and leave their mark upon it, and conquer it. What a thing humanity is! Oh, I'm talking nonsense, if you like, but I was a little mad at the time. If you've climbed, you know how it is."

But Forrester saw at the same moment that his listener didn't know how it was, for all he was smiling indulgently. "I been mad in my time, boss," he said, almost with a wink. "I ain't the head for such things now."

Forrester laughed a little. "It took some head," he confessed, nodding at the photograph. "After I worked round that curve there I had nothing under me but a drop—a drop clear to the forest line. I'd loose a handful of snow from somewhere, and it'd go glittering off into the emptiness behind me like frozen smoke, and I'd stick close for a minute to see if any more was coming. Then I'd watch those bits of snow-dust fall and fall and fall—miles and miles they seemed to fall, right to the black furriness that was the forest of the lower slopes. They came near to shaking me. And now and then I seemed to have nothing at all under hands or feet—to be just afloat in dizzy space. Then I'd look up, and the whole weight of the summit 'd rush back at me—hang over me till I seemed to be underneath it, and crushed flat. And then I'd kind of come back to myself and know what I was doing. And I tell you I wouldn't have swapped places with a millionaire! It's at times like that a man feels his soul alive in him, and knows he can't fail, whatever seems to happen. They say that normally we only use about one-tenth of our power of living. It takes the divine moment to teach us what we are when we use all ten-tenths. What we are!"

Forrester was frankly smiling at himself now, frankly talking to himself. Maggie's husband was listening in respectful bewilderment, yet with something held in reserve; he sat with his elbows on his knees and his hands dangling forward. Forrester wished he wouldn't, somehow—those hands looked so inept, so apologetic. He went on abruptly:—

"I was corkscrewing upwards, if you see what I mean. I calculated to reach the top on the side opposite to where I'd left my two men, as we'd seen that the overhang was less there. But on that side the wind was worst; it was not strong—just a steady swim of cold air fit to freeze the breath inside you. It made me clumsy.

"I was working up very safely and steadily, finding everything much easier than I expected, which is often the way. I was cutting steps in kind, solid snow. Nothing could happen to me

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as long as I kept on cutting steps. I was as safe as houses, for all the next stopping-place was two thousand feet under. And I was just thinking so when the thong with which my ice-axe was looped round my wrist caught against a snag that thrust through the snow-crust and snapped. I shifted my grip on the shaft for greater security, and the next instant the thing was out of my hand and glissading down the slope.

"Well, it was awkward enough, but not fatal. I went on without it, though slower, making *détours* round hummocks I'd have cut into, and scooping holds with the big knife I had on a lanyard round my neck. I went on so for maybe another hour, not thinking of the top, pinning my mind to every inch of the ascent.

"And then—all in a moment, as it seemed—I looked up. And there was the summit not two hundred feet above me, and easy all the way.

"Well, I hung on with toes and fingers and tried to cheer, but I couldn't get it out. Change places with a millionaire! I wouldn't have swapped with any king of the earth! And then I looked more closely at what lay in front of me. And the—the cheer went out of me like a flame out of a candle.

"Immediately over me, and for as far round as I could see, the mountain-top was girdled with a band of rock, a sheer face, too sheer to hold the snow. It was all veined with ice, pitted and porous with the weather since the world began. Soft stuff, crumbling under frost and sun. Yes, there was just about twenty feet of it. After that a smooth mound of snow to the very crest. And I lay with my chin in a drift at the foot of it and cried like a baby. For I knew that no power on earth could get me up that little twenty-foot wall of rock without an axe to chip holds with.

"I worked up to it and stood against it. There was a ledge that held me comfortably. I stood on it and drove in the knife as far as I could reach above my head, tossed my line round it, and pulled. It came away in a tinkle of tiny ice-chips and rotten rock. I stared below me at the drifting wulli-was and the forests under them. I wondered how long it would take me to get down—without having reached the top. I looked to my right, just to make certain of what I was deadly sure of already—that there wasn't any possible way up for a single climber farther along the ledge. And there, as sure as I'm a living man, were little steps cut roughly in the rock, choked with ice, but recognizable, serviceable.

"When I told our president that," said Forrester, after a silence, "he told *me* I'd been light-headed from exposure."

He gazed at the picture a moment, a smile on his fine, vivid face. His eyes looked into a great distance; and the eyes of the man beside him rested on him: kindly, uncomprehendingly: a little wistfully, as if he were trying to follow Forrester into that shining distance.

"I knew." Forrester was speaking to his own soul, he had forgotten his surroundings. "I knew," he repeated, softly. "I met him there. I felt him there—my nameless forerunner. There was a high spirit near me in the very wind. I touched hands with an unknown comrade, a friend who'd climbed higher, leaving his glory to me like a coat for which he'd no more use. How high he must have climbed! To the very stars!

"The steps were very much weathered. They looked very old. They were filled, as I said, with old ice, which I chipped out with the hook on my knife. I went up hand over hand.

"The rest was easy. I won't trouble you with it. I stood on the summit at last, and left the tiny flag there that I'd carried up. *He*—my forerunner—seemed to be waiting for me there; I fancied that he gave me a generous smile. I knew he didn't grudge me anything. It sounds rubbish *here*, eh? But *there* I smiled back at him—the man in whose steps I'd climbed to the best thing life's given me yet—and I drank his health in the last of my brandy. Then I came down."

The pleasant, vigorous voice died to silence. Both men, so contrasted, sat silent awhile, looking at the picture, which even in the electric light seemed to glow and recede into some splendid atmosphere of its own.

At last Forrester turned, a little shamefaced; he felt that in talking so to a man who couldn't possibly understand he'd gone very near to making a fool of himself and his mountain. There was honest pity in his heart for any man who knew nothing of such austere triumphs as he enjoyed; perhaps there was a shade of contempt, too, as he said, hastily: "See here, I've—made you listen to a lot of stuff, eh? But you must let me pay for this, you know. Just the price of admission—between two men who have something in common."

He broke off. For he was not heard. The shabby man was gazing at the photograph. And as he gazed he chuckled quietly and rubbed his faded knees. "If you'd looked, mister," he said, "if you'd looked, maybe you'd have found the bits of an ole lantern, up there where you left the flag!"

Perfectly motionless, Forrester waited.

The shabby man turned to him genially. "Such fools as we are when we're young!" he said. "How it all comes back!" He smiled upon the younger man again with that bright, gentle look which gave him the momentary aspect of youth; it was like a light reflected from some mountain-peak of the soul. He went on: "Maggie'll be *that* int'rested when she hears someone has set right alongside me, talkin'—excuse me, boss—like man to man—someone that's been up that there mountain!"

Still Forrester waited, dry-mouthed.

"You see, mister, me and Maggie we always counted that there old mountain as ours, like, seein' as I was the only feller'd ever been up it in them days. And a fine fool I was! Many's the time Maggie's said to me, 'I wonder I took you, Si,' she said, 'seein' you showed me what kind of a fool you was when you was courtin'.'

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Maggie's a great one for a joke. 'Or maybe,' she ses, 'I took you just because you was such a fool that Christmas. There's no accountin' for a woman's taste,' she ses."

That reflection of a far light rosed his colourless face as he turned again to Forrester; it lit a pleasant blue star in his homely eyes; he laughed consciously, and glanced down at his patched shoes.

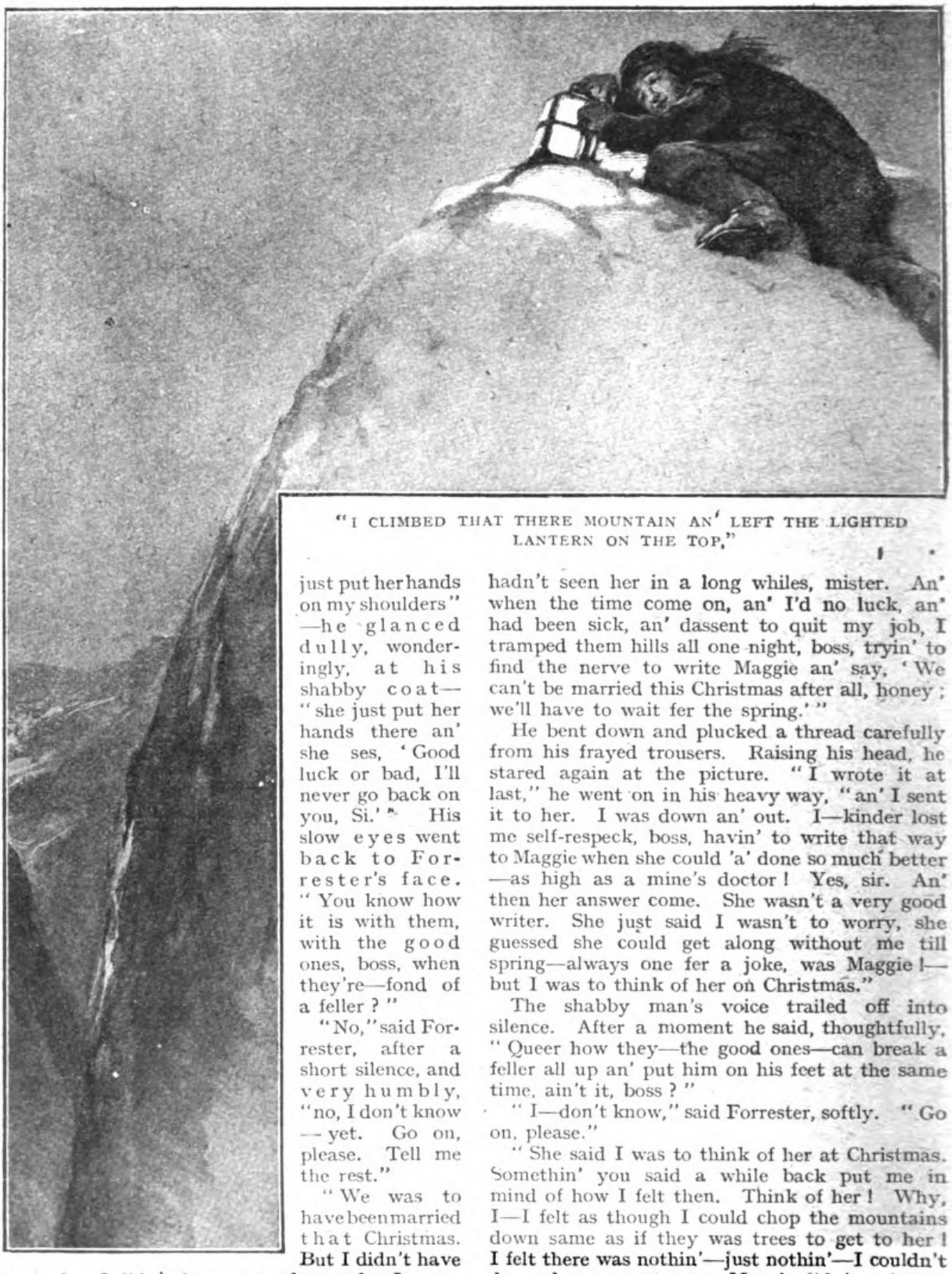
"We wasn't married then," he explained, confidentially. "It's a long time ago. Seems queer that there ever *was* a time when Maggie and me wasn't married, but there was." He wrinkled his brow with a ruminative air. "But there wasn't never, at no time, any other girl than Maggie Delane fer me." He looked gently at Forrester. "You should 'a' seen her then," he said; "she was the purtiest girl in Cascapedia, my Maggie was!

"There was a lot of fellers after her. She could 'a' done lots better—but she stuck to me. Seems like I didn't have much luck, even then. I dunno why; I was always willin' to work. It just happens that way, mister. Times I said to her, 'You'd best quit me, honey, an' take up with a luckier man.' I said that, not knowin' just what I'd do if she done it. But she—she



"I DROVE IN THE KNIFE AS FAR AS I COULD REACH ABOVE MY HEAD, TOSSED MY LINE ROUND IT, AND PULLED."

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"I CLIMBED THAT THERE MOUNTAIN AN' LEFT THE LIGHTED LANTERN ON THE TOP."

just put her hands on my shoulders" —he glanced dully, wonderingly, at his shabby coat— "she just put her hands there an' she ses, 'Good luck or bad, I'll never go back on you, Si.'" His slow eyes went back to Forrester's face. "You know how it is with them, with the good ones, boss, when they're—fond of a feller?"

"No," said Forrester, after a short silence, and very humbly, "no, I don't know —yet. Go on, please. Tell me the rest."

"We was to have been married that Christmas. But I didn't have no luck. I didn't have enough saved. It near broke my heart. I hadn't got so kinder used to waitin' on things then, and I was just set on goin' to Cascapedia an' claimin' my girl that Christmas. She was workin' in a store there, an' I was on a lumberin' job back in the Oucouagan. 'Twasn't so far asunders, but the hills riz up to heaven in betwixt us. I hadn't seen her in a long whiles, mister. An' when the time come on, an' I'd no luck, an' had been sick, an' dassent to quit my job, I tramped them hills all one night, boss, tryin' to find the nerve to write Maggie an' say, 'We can't be married this Christmas after all, honey; we'll have to wait fer the spring.'"

He bent down and plucked a thread carefully from his frayed trousers. Raising his head, he stared again at the picture. "I wrote it at last," he went on in his heavy way, "an' I sent it to her. I was down an' out. I—kinder lost me self-respeck, boss, havin' to write that way to Maggie when she could 'a' done so much better —as high as a mine's doctor! Yes, sir. An' then her answer come. She wasn't a very good writer. She just said I wasn't to worry, she guessed she could get along without me till spring—always one fer a joke, was Maggie!— but I was to think of her on Christmas."

The shabby man's voice trailed off into silence. After a moment he said, thoughtfully, "Queer how they—the good ones—can break a feller all up an' put him on his feet at the same time, ain't it, boss?"

"I—don't know," said Forrester, softly. "Go on, please."

"She said I was to think of her at Christmas. Somethin' you said a while back put me in mind of how I felt then. Think of her! Why, I—I felt as though I could chop the mountains down same as if they was trees to get to her! I felt there was nothin'—just nothin'—I couldn't do, or bear, or get, so as Maggie didn't quit me. I felt I'd get her them great shiny stars fer buttons to her Sunday dress if she was wantin' them. Made me feel twelve foot high an' drunk, she did, just with three lines o' bad spellin' an' a joke! I'd five dollars in me pocket, an' I went an' looked up a Siwash, one o' them mountain Injuns that looks like a Chinaman and

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moves up or down like a goat. I'd done him a kindness a while back, an' he was grateful; which is more'n white fellers always is. I said, would he take a letter to my klootch in Cascapedia for five dollars, she to get it on Christmas? Yes, he said, he would. I give him the letter an' the bill, an' off he went; not that she was rightly my klootch then, o' course, an' she'd 'a' been terrible vexed if she'd known I called her so; but it was near enough for *him*.

"We wasn't so far apart, as I ses; not so many miles on the level; only not a yard of it *was* level; the hills was like a wall between us; but there was one thing we could both see, one thing that was in sight from Cascapedia an' from the Oucouagan on the other side. An' that was that mountain there."

He looked at the picture with lingering surprise. "My!" he said. "You wouldn't never think *I'd* been up there, would you? You'd think I was too old and had too much sense. But I was young then; and, some way, Maggie'd made me just clean crazy."

He flushed and gave Forrester a shy, friendly smile. "Two nights," he said, laughing a little, "two nights I sat up, fixin' a lantern to suit me—fixin' it so's no draught could get in, puttin' in extry wicks an' more oil an' the dear knows what-all! I'd said to Maggie in my letter, I'd said, 'You borrer a pair o' glasses if it ain't clear,' I ses, 'an' you look at the top o' the biggest mountain you see in betwixt us on Christmas night, an' you'll see if I'm thinkin' of you or not, Maggie Delane.' That's what I ses.

"When the lantern was fixed, I packed it on me back keerful, an' I borrered an ice-axe an' a pair o' creepers, an' I climbed that there mountain an' left the lighted lantern on the top."

Forrester stared at him. Did he know what he was saying—what, in that brief day of glory given him by a girl's trust, he had done? No, he had no inkling of it; no shadow of a suspicion crossed his simple mind that he had achieved a feat which no man had been able to repeat for thirty years. He was smiling pleasantly, indulgently, at the follies of his youth. And Forrester said, not knowing he spoke aloud, "It's better it should be like that. It's more beautiful so."

"Did you speak, mister?"

"No—nothing. Please go on."

But the charm was broken, the reflection of that far light was fading from the ageing face as Forrester had seen the reflected glory of his peak fading from the lowlands. The shabby man's shyness was increasing, he looked at Forrester uneasily. "I dunno what made me talk so much," he mumbled, apologetically, "seein' that picture an' all. I ain't generally one to talk much."

"Good heavens, man!" cried Forrester, "don't you know you've just been telling me the loveliest thing I ever heard?" He checked himself abruptly at the look in his companion's face. "Tell me how you got up," he went on, more quietly.

But the present had again usurped the splendid past. "I don't rightly remember now," said the shabby man, uncertainly. "My mind was that full o' Maggie, anyways. I crossed the glacier below where you did, an' then I—then I—I guess I just went up, boss."

"Just so," agreed Forrester, "you just went up. And the lantern wasn't hurt, and Maggie saw the light from Cascapedia?"

"She saw it, boss. It burned till the oil give out. 'Twasn't hurt a mite."

Forrester looked again at the photograph. He visioned his great peak, a shadow against the great winter stars, crowned with a tiniest point of light; a weak star that invaded those awful solitudes, those dominions of wind and cloud, dawn and darkness, to tell a girl in a store that her man hadn't forgotten her! He roused from his vision to see Maggie's husband on his feet, to hear him mumbling good-byes.

"She'll be terrible amused to hear I seen you," he heard. "I shall take it as a favour, boss, if you'd not mention it to no one—do a steady man no good—think I was drunk." Forrester got up and shook hands, which seemed to abash the shabby man very much.

"It's better that way, too," he said, abruptly, "though you won't have the least idea what I mean. Here's my card. If I can ever have the honour of doing anything for you or Maggie, let me know."

The shabby man was gone. An official in blue and silver buttons was staring suspiciously at Forrester. He scowled at the official and went and stood in front of the great photograph. He stood there so long that the official got tired of watching him and went away. The room was empty. Forrester looked around; then he took out his fountain-pen.

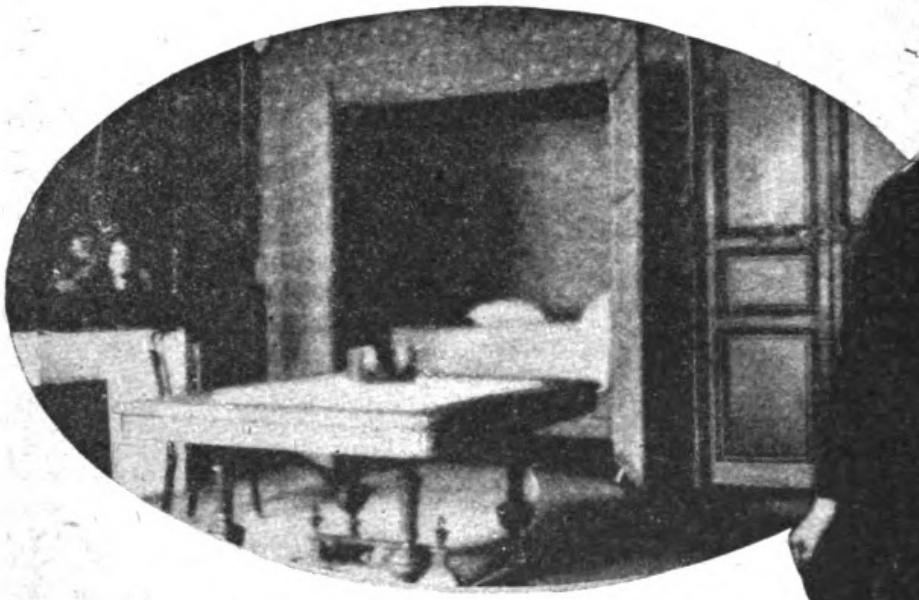
He looked again at the picture of the peak. "Not mine," he said, under his breath, and humbly—"not mine. You fell to a greater weapon than I had to use against you!" There was a large ticket attached to the frame, bearing that legend, "Mount Forrester from the South-East." He crossed out the word "Forrester" and above the erasure, in neat black letters, he inserted the words "Maggie Delane." Then he, too, went away.

Every paper next morning devoted a paragraph to the meaningless little incident.

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The GREAT VICTOR.

Marshal Foch's Home Life Told in Pictures.



The room in which Ferdinand Foch was born on October 2nd, 1851. The room, with its furniture, including the bed in the quaint old alcove, remains as it was at the time of his birth.



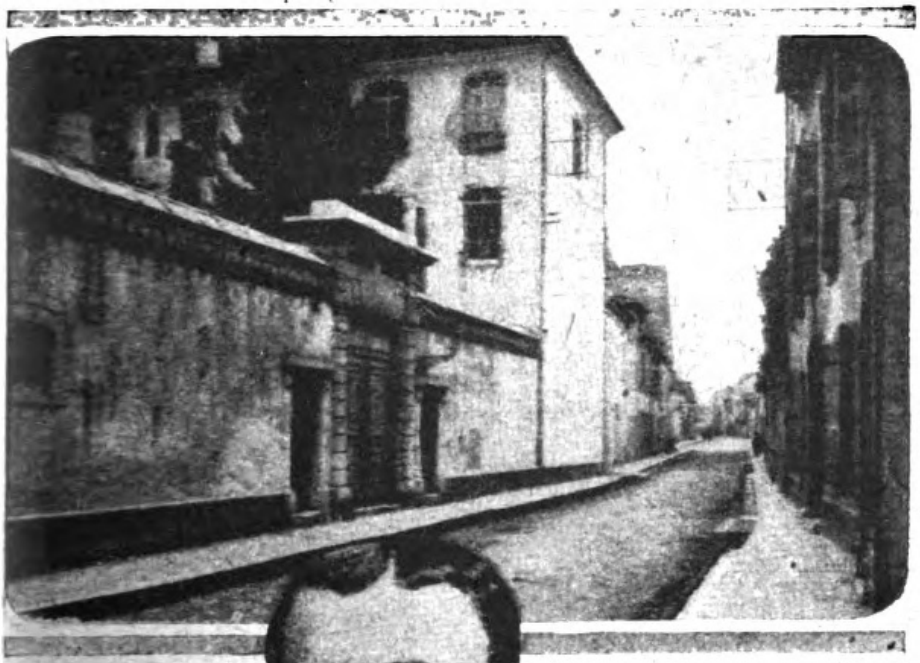
Photo. Rodee.

Ferdinand Foch at the age of twelve. He was the third of four children, the eldest, Eugénie, being the only daughter. The second, Gabriel, is still a solicitor at Tarbes, while the youngest, Germain, entered the Church. Their father's name was Napoleon Foch, and the children were known in the neighbourhood as "the little Napoleons."



Marshal Foch's birthplace in the Rue Saint-Louis, at Tarbes. It is an eight-roomed house, with the nursery windows looking out upon the little court, as may be seen in the illustration. The house belonged to his father, who was at that time Secretary-General of the Préfecture des Hautes-Pyrénées. It is now marked with a commemorative tablet.

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The lycée, or college, at Tarbes, where Ferdinand and his brother Gabriel were educated in 1861 and 1862. Beside the ancient doorway is a curious inscription in Latin to the following effect: "May this building stand fast until an ant has drunk the sea dry and a tortoise has walked round the world." Ferdinand was a bright scholar and took many prizes while at school here.

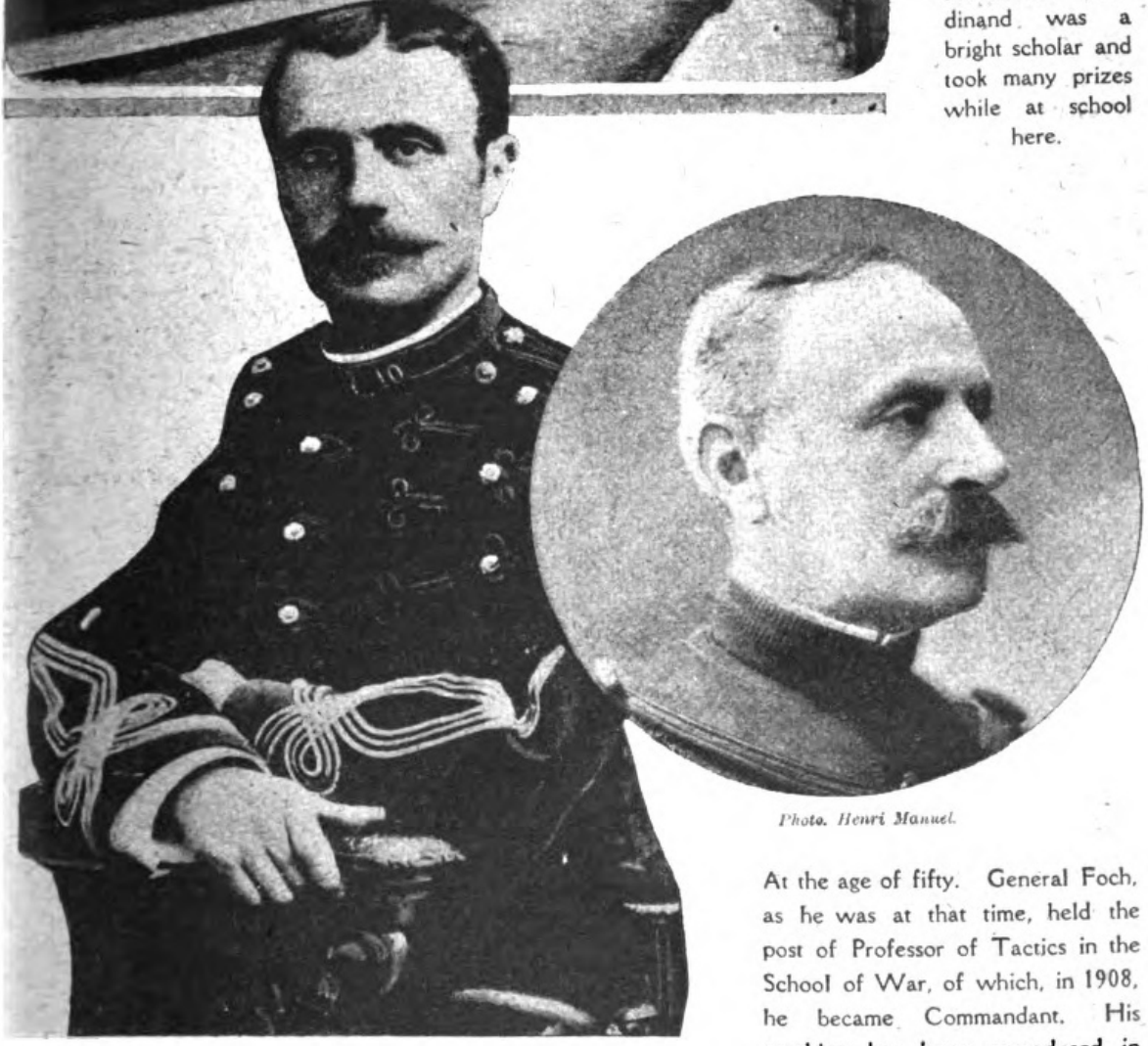


Photo. Henri Manuel.

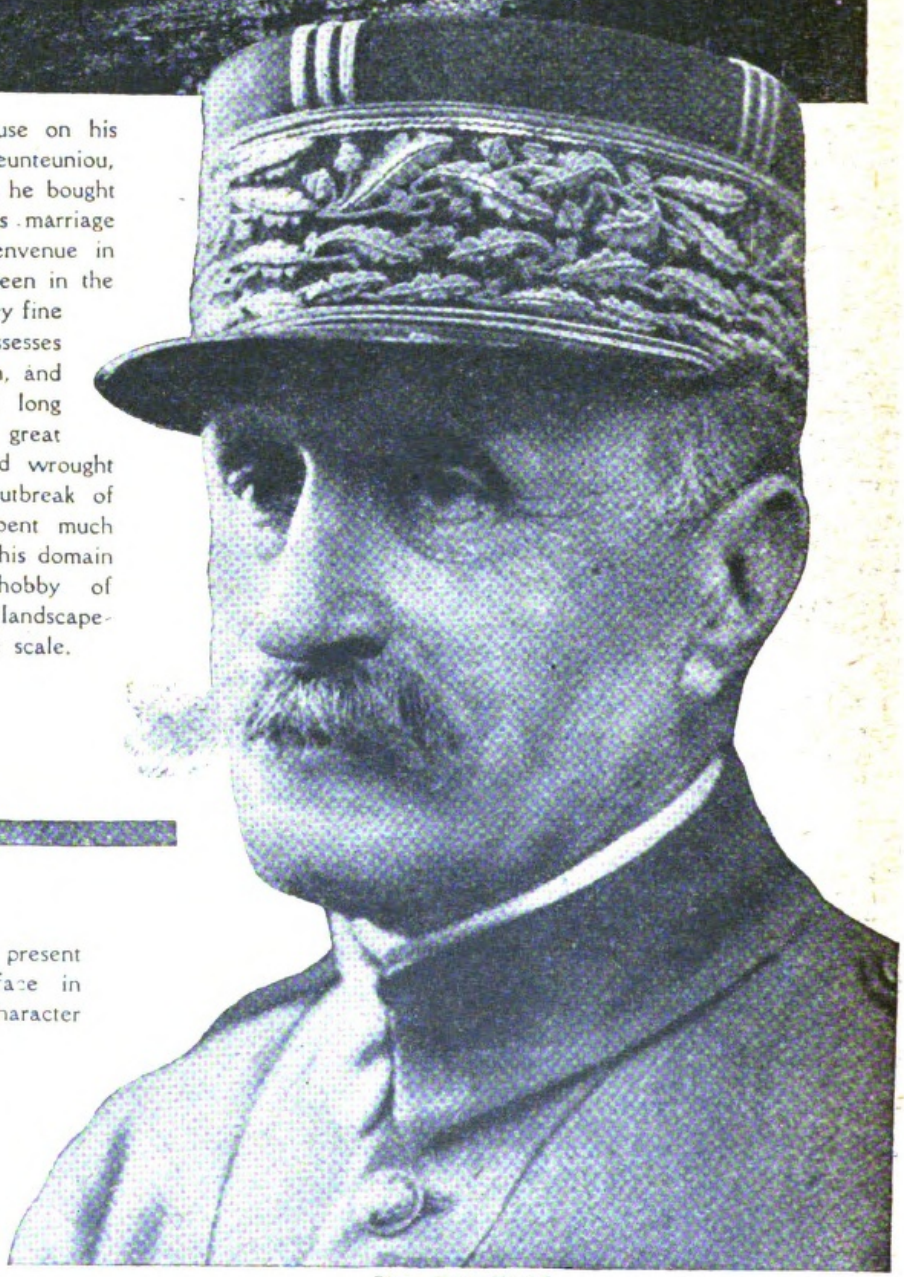
This photograph was taken when Ferdinand Foch was about twenty-eight and a captain of Artillery at Rennes. After leaving school he continued his military studies at Metz, from which he commenced his career as a soldier with the rank of lieutenant in 1874. He had the reputation of being a fine rider and fencer.

At the age of fifty. General Foch, as he was at that time, held the post of Professor of Tactics in the School of War, of which, in 1908, he became Commandant. His teaching has been reproduced in his book, "The Principles of War," which has been the work that had most to do with the forming of the spirit of the French officers.

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Marshal Foch's house on his estate at Traoufeunteuniou, near Morlaix, which he bought at the time of his marriage with Mlle. Julie Bienvenue in 1878. As may be seen in the illustration, it is a very fine old building. It possesses a chapel of its own, and is approached by a long avenue, entered by great pillared gates of old wrought iron. Up till the outbreak of war the Marshal spent much of his spare time on his domain in his favourite hobby of planting trees and landscape-gardening on a large scale.



Marshal Foch at the present day. Here is a face in which a reader of character would find visible all the qualities of genius and insight which have made its owner deserve, emphatically, the title of "The Great Victor."

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THE UNITED FAMILY

By W. PETT RIDGE.

Illustrated by Thomas Henry.

THE double wedding was described later, by an enthusiastic young journalist newly from school, as a joyous and festive occasion. To tell the truth, more tears were shed at the breakfast in the Rowlands' house at Vanbrugh Park than Blackheath was accustomed to witness when an undertaker calls.

"We," said Mr. Rowland, borrowing his wife's handkerchief, as he made his speech, "have always been——" Here he turned to hide agitation. "Have always been such a——" He choked in the effort to utter the words. A second brave attempt met with greater success. "Such a united family!"

Mrs. Rowland was conveyed from the room by three strong maids; each bride rested a head on the shoulder of her husband and sobbed. The two unmarried girls of the family toyed pensively with the bunches of grapes, and their brother Cyril tried to hum in order to convey an impression of composure. Guests looked on sympathetically. As for the bridegrooms, a greater air of comfort has been shown by men in the dock at the Old Bailey. One of them, at the suggestion of an aunt who was directing the proceedings, rose to make a speech. This was Hippisley. A good amateur actor, and, moreover, an official in the Home Office, it seemed likely that Hippisley would be able to give a brighter tone to the proceedings.

"On behalf of my friend Grey and myself," he said, "I have to thank you for the kindness you intended to show in accepting the toast which you have omitted to drink." No one smiled, and Hippisley seemed nettled. "So far as I can gather, the view taken here is that Grey and I have forced our way into this baronial dwelling, and that, by force and violence, we are carrying off two unwilling maidens to the mountain fastnesses. As a matter of fact, I am taking my dear wife to live at Eltham; Grey and Mrs. Grey are to reside at Chislehurst. Neither of these districts can be termed remote. You have described your family, Mr. Rowland, as a united family. I hope, with all my heart, that the members of the family will continue on the friendliest terms with each other." Hippisley sat down, and the general view was that he had comported himself fairly well in trying circumstances.

The reception at Eltham, a month later, was attended by the full strength of the Rowland family. They came early; they stayed late. Mrs. Hippisley's mother arrived in time for lunch; she received Hippisley when his train brought him from Charing Cross with the manner of a well-bred hostess called upon to entertain an unexpected guest. Mr. Rowland brought the other ladies of the family in his car, and requested Hippisley to select a special place for the motor-coat and cap. "I shall be in and out a good deal," he said, confidentially, "and I like to know where to find everything when I want it. Don't let anyone else use that hat-peg!" The members of the Rowland family were taken over the house, and when they approved of any detail they said:—

"Ah, Ethel, dearest, this is where your good taste comes in!"

And if they found objection, they said to Hippisley, in regretful tones:—

"Charles, it was a pity that you interfered."

Thus it happened that when the visitors began to drive up and to walk in there was a Rowland handy to talk about the house and to comment on its attractions and its faults. Hippisley and Grey, finding themselves ignored, went out to have a game of singles on the tennis lawn and to discuss the topic of the day—namely, How to deal with one's wife's relatives. To them, as the game was in the interesting state of five all, came young Cyril Rowland, costumed and equipped for lawn tennis, and bringing with him three male friends.

"I persuaded these chaps to come along, old bird," he explained to Hippisley, "just to see what your turf was like. I'm not much good at tea-parties, or I should have been here before. By the by, you ought to be in the house, you know, looking after your visitors. When you're there, send out lemon-squash and cigarettes. Turkish, mind; not Virginians. And some matches."

Hippisley and Grey—as no one at the reception favoured them with marked attentions—drifted to the billiard-room. One of the unmarried Rowland girls brought a selection of her dearest and best girl-friends to play snooker. Miss Rowland suggested that her brothers-in-law should take scissors and a basket and cut for her some roses.

The flowers, the time being autumn, had lost much of their freshness ere the girl was ready to leave. The family stayed for dinner, and when at ten o'clock they prepared to go, Mrs. Rowland consulted her husband apart, and then announced graciously that one of the girls

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would be allowed to stay on at Eltham for the week-end. The choice fell upon the lover of roses, and the other sister was told that her turn would come in seven days' time. Hippisley, alone in the spare room, took out his make-up box that had served him in amateur-acting days, and half an hour later he, with a crape mask and all the appearance of one engaged in the profession of burglary, gazed through the window of the room occupied by his wife and her sister. The ladies screamed, and Hippisley went back with the content of a man who has performed a somewhat desperate but highly necessary action. At breakfast the next morning he waited for an instruction to skip church and take Miss Rowland home to the safety of Blackheath.

"I shall remain here for a week," the young woman announced, "and look after darling Ethel. At the end of that period my sister will take my place. It would be too terrible if this burglar came here again and alarmed dear Ethel."

"But I am quite able to look after my wife," he protested.

"Charles," said Miss Rowland, pathetically, "you don't seem to realize what a united family we are."

Grey, after lunch-time on a Friday in Whitehall, was chaffing Hippisley on his remarkable good fortune in having a Rowland ever about the house; the visits had now continued for six weeks, and at the moment Mrs. Rowland was staying at Eltham. Grey had no sooner finished speaking than—so swift is retribution in this life—he was summoned to take a message at the telephone. His wife announced joyously that, in answer to her complaint of favouritism being shown to Eltham, her sister and her brother were coming to Chislehurst by the four-fifty-five, for a visit extending from that afternoon until Tuesday morning. Each was bringing a friend, and Mrs. Grey recited a list of provisions to be brought down. Hippisley expressed sympathy; Grey declared he, for one, was going to stand no nonsense.

On the Tuesday morning Grey was ready, before leaving for town, to speak plainly to young Cyril, and to warn him that he was not to come again to Chislehurst until he received a formal invitation; a start thus made in candour, it seemed to Grey that the process could be extended with deliberation to other members of the Rowland family. Two brace of grouse had arrived that morning, the gift of an old friend, and Grey noticed that, although he had handed the birds to cook, with precise instructions, they were now on the hall table. He put a question to his wife.

"Dearest Cyril," she explained, "is so fond of them. They mean much more to him than they will to us. And whilst I think of it, Cyril is going to borrow your motor-bike for a fortnight."

"Would he care," asked Grey, sarcastically, "to have the boots I am wearing at the present moment?"



"'I PERSUADED THESE CHAPS TO COME ALONG, OLD BIRD,' HE EXPLAINED TO HIPPISLEY, 'JUST TO SEE WHAT YOUR TURF WAS LIKE.'"

"I'll ask," said his wife. She returned with the information that Cyril, who had now left with the grouse, possessed enough pairs of boots for his own needs at the moment; he promised to bear Grey's offer in mind.

"Come home early," she begged. "I shall be so lonely when they have gone. People scarcely understand what a united family we are."

"I shall come home early," declared Grey, with vehemence, "for the purpose of having a good ding-dong heart-to-heart talk with you."

"Darling," said his wife, kissing him, "I sometimes think I love you better than anyone else in the world. Excepting," she added, "excepting, of course, my own people."

The two men conferred again that day in Whitehall. Grey admitted it was easy enough to threaten to deliver an address to one's wife, and sufficiently difficult to find words that would impress without giving pain. Hippisley had not been free during the week-end; Mr. and Mrs. Rowland and the other unmarried girl had visited Eltham. Hippisley, during the Sunday, hit upon an ingenious idea.

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"THE LADIES SCREAMED."

Taking Mr. Rowland aside, he mentioned that he was in urgent want of fifty pounds; the loan would be paid back in monthly instalments. Mr. Rowland agreed to consider the matter.

"Oh, good egg!" cried Grey, admiringly. "Of course, you don't need the money any more than I do, but if we begin to touch the old boy for a loan every time he comes to us, his visits are bound to diminish. Hippisley, I congratulate you!"

"It was," admitted the other, "in the nature of a brain wave."

"This saves me the necessity of having a row with the wife. Run across to Chislehurst this evening," suggested Grey, "and tell me if any developments have occurred."

Hippisley received a note from old Rowland that caused him—he did not disguise the fact—to feel thoroughly ashamed of himself. His father-in-law wrote a kind and most tactful letter, enclosing a cheque for the sum mentioned. He regretted that Hippisley was short of money, and the sum was to be considered not as a loan, but as a gift; when more happened to be required, Hippisley had but to drop a hint. The two men walked outside the house at Chislehurst, ruminating over the question. Indoors, Mrs. Rowland and one unmarried daughter, together with Mrs. Grey, were singing an unaccompanied glee with great heartiness.

"I shall send back his cheque," mentioned Hippisley, "and tell him I was labouring under a misapprehension. And now it's for you, my good Grey, to think of something."

"Of equal merit?"

"Of superior merit," said Hippisley. "If that is possible."

"Have you considered the question of separating from your wife?"

"I have considered," retorted the Eltham man, "the question of you leaving your wife, but I have not yet approached the question of me leaving mine."

"All our troubles," remarked Grey, as the singing reached the point of concerted enthusiasm, "all our troubles arise from the circumstance that we have to deal with a united family. Why haven't we been endowed with a united family?"

"I am an orphan, with no brothers or sisters."

"I, too," said Grey, "have no close relatives."

"Grey," cried Hippisley, suddenly gripping his companion's arm, "what about cousins, home after many years of absence, from the Colonies?"

It might have appeared singular that both Hippisley and Grey were able to announce, at about the same time, the arrival of, in each case, four relations; their respective wives were too much delighted at the thought of entertaining to regard the incident with suspicion. The entire strength of the Rowland family came to the first evening at Eltham. The Hippisley relatives were, it seemed, all male, and there was nothing extraordinary in this. A detail that might be counted strange, however, was that the four came out of the Home Office, walked to Charing Cross, and were met by Hippisley (who carried his make-up box under his overcoat) at Eltham, where the station-master lent the use of a waiting-room. Before entering the house, the guests, who showed considerable hilarity of manner, enjoyed the sport of leap-frog in the carriage drive, and they picked Mrs. Hippisley's favourite dahlias. It is enough to say that their behaviour during the whole of the evening was on this level.

"Dearie boy," said Mrs. Grey, agitatedly, to her husband, on the way home, "I hope your relatives are of a different type."

"Yes," he replied. "Quite different. Much breezier in manner. More of the hail-fellow-well-met about them."

"In that case," she remarked, with a shiver, "I think we ought to make a sort of a bargain. I've been talking the matter over with my sister at Eltham, and this is what we suggest. Relatives to be invited on Sundays only, and, perhaps, Good Friday and Christmas Day. And by joint agreement."

"Done!" agreed her husband, promptly.

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CAMBRAI.

First Phase—November 20th-29th, 1917.

"The Most Dramatic Battle in the War."

BY

A. CONAN DOYLE.

Attack of Haldane's Sixth Corps—The Tank Attack—The Main Attack—The Second Day of Battle—The Situation—The New Advance—The Fight of Bourlon Wood—The Final British Effort.

WE shall now descend the line to the section which extends from Bullecourt in the north to Villers-Ghislain in the south, opposite to the important town of Cambrai, at the Hindenburg line. It was here that the Field-Marshal had determined to strike his surprise blow, an enterprise which he has described in so lucid and detailed a despatch that the weary chronicler has the rare experience of finding history adequately recorded by the same brain which planned it. The plan was a very daring one, for the spot attacked was barred by the full unbroken strength of the Hindenburg main and support lines, a work so huge and solid that it seems to take us back from these superficial days to the era of the Cyclopean builder, or the founder of the great monuments of antiquity. These enormous excavations of prodigious length, depth, and finish are object lessons, both of the strength of the Germans, the skill of their engineers, and the ruthlessness with which they exploited the slave and captive labour with which so much of it was built. Besides this terrific barricade, there was the further difficulty that the whole method of attack was experimental, and that to advance without artillery fire against such a position would appear to be a most desperate venture. On the other hand, it was known that the German line was thin, and that their man-power had been attracted northwards by the long epic of the Passchendaele attack. There was a well-founded belief that the Tanks would prove equal to the task of breaking the front, and sufficient infantry had been assembled to take advantage of any opening which might be made. The prize, too, was worth a risk, for apart from the possibility of capturing the important centre of Cambrai, the possession of the high ground at Boulon would be of great strategic value. The enterprise was placed in the hands of General Byng, who had taken Allenby's place at the head of the Third Army. Under him were, from the north, the Sixth, Fourth, Third, and Seventh Corps, under Haldane, Woolcombe, Pulteney, and Snow, containing some of the most seasoned fighting material in the Army. The troops were brought up stealthily by night, and the Tanks, which were crawling from every direction towards the trysting place, were carefully camouflaged. The French had been apprised of the attack, and had made arrangements by which, if there were an opening made to the south, some of their divisions should be available to take advantage of it.

The Tanks were about four hundred in number, and were under the separate command of General Elles, a dashing soldier, who inspired the utmost enthusiasm in his command.

One difficulty with which the operations were confronted was that it was impossible for the guns to register properly without arousing suspicion. It was left to the gunners, therefore, to pick up their range as best they might after the action began, and this they did, with a speed and accuracy which showed their high technical efficiency.

ATTACK OF HALDANE'S SIXTH CORPS.

Taking the description of the operations upon November 20th, from the north end of the line, we shall first deal with the subsidiary but very important and successful attack carried out by Haldane's Sixth Corps, in the neighbourhood of Bullecourt. The Hindenburg line at this point consisted of a front trench, with a second, or support trench, three hundred yards behind it, and many scattered mebus, or concrete machine-gun forts. The British had already a lodgment in part of the front trench, and the main objective was now the support trench, which was called "Tunnel Trench," because it had a tunnel thirty or forty feet deep along its whole length, with

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staircase entrances every twenty-five yards. The units to whom the attack was entrusted were the Third Division upon the right and the Sixteenth Irish Division upon the left.

The morning of November 20th was overcast, but not actually raining, with low visibility, which may account for the fact that the German barrage was feeble, slow, and inaccurate.

The advance of the Sixteenth Division was by three brigades, the 47th on the right, the 48th in the centre, and the 49th upon the left. Every up-to-date infantry-saving device, the artillery barrage, the machine-gun barrage, and the smoke screen, was used to the full. The guns had been reinforced by a portion of the artillery of the Thirty-fourth Division, and the support which they gave was admirably effective. We will trace the attack from the right.

The flank battalion was the 6th Connaughts, with the 1st Munsters upon their left. Their objective was taken with a spring. The Munsters were able to consolidate at once. The Connaughts had more trouble, as a rush of German bombers came down upon their right, driving the flank company in and forcing it back down the sap. For several hours there was hard fighting at this point, which was often hand-to-hand, when the Irish bayonet-men rushed at the German bomb-throwers. Finally, a block and a defensive flank were formed, and two big mebus, Mars and Jove, were left in the hands of the stormers.

In the centre the advance of the 10th Dublin Fusiliers and of the 2nd Dublin Fusiliers was entirely successful. So sudden was the attack that many of the enemy were found wearing their gas-masks. Two large mebus, Juno and Minerva, with a good stretch of Tunnel Trench, remained, together with many prisoners, in the hands of the stormers. The position was rapidly wired with concertina wire, and new trenches dug for defence and communication, by the 55th Field Company, R.E. and the 11th Hants Pioneer Battalion.

On the left the storming battalions were the 2nd Royal Irish and 7/8th Irish Fusiliers. The Royal Irish carried both Tunnel and Support trenches, with the Flora mebus, taking two hundred prisoners. Many Germans retreated into the tunnel, but were pelted out again by Mill's grenades. The Fusiliers were equally successful, but had one short hold-up owing to the determined resistance of a single officer and ten men. This little party made a brave fight, and were so situated that they commanded two lines of trench. Eventually they were all killed. The Support Trench was occupied, the tunnel cleared by the 174th Tunnelling Company, and the whole position made good in a most workmanlike way. A series of counter-attacks were stamped out by the barrage before they could get properly going.

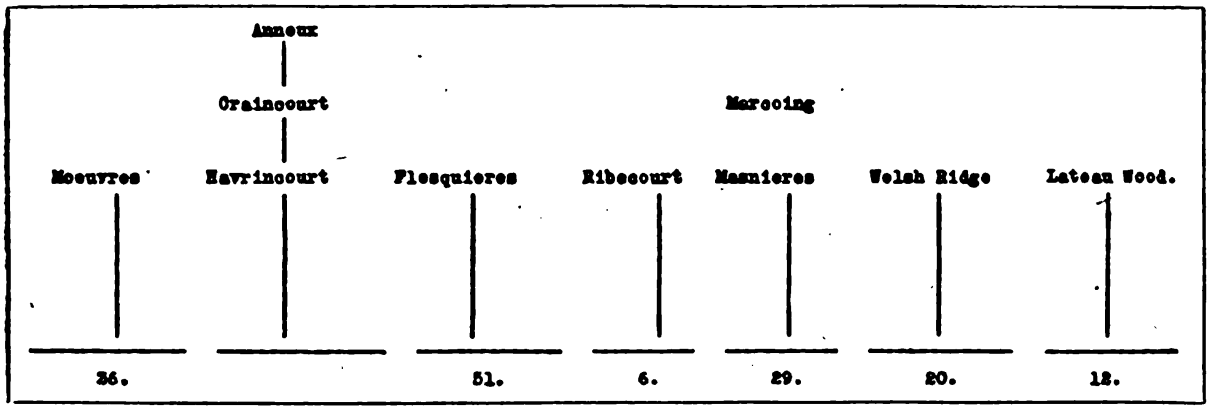
The tunnel, as explained, was a continuous gallery opening into the trench. It had numerous chambers leading off, fitted with wire bunks, tables, etc. The Germans are great workers themselves, and they are great also at making other people work for them. This section was elaborately mined, but the position of the leads had been accurately discovered, and they were soon cut by the sappers.

In this swift and successful operation some six hundred and thirty-five prisoners of the 470th and 471st Regiments were taken, with many minor trophies. Many Germans had been killed, three hundred and thirty bodies being counted in the trenches alone. Altogether, it was a remarkably smooth-running operation, and the model of an attack with limited objective upon which the generals and all concerned might be congratulated. It was the more remarkable as it was carried out without preliminary bombardment, and no help from the Tanks.

While the Irish had attacked upon the left a single brigade of the Third Division, the 9th, advanced upon their right, and, keeping pace with their comrades, carried out a most successful attack, securing a further length of the Tunnel Trench. There was no further fighting of consequence in this area of the battle, save for some movement forward on the part of the Irish Division and one short counter-attack by the Germans.

THE TANK ATTACK.

It will be understood that this attack was some miles to the north of the main battle, and that a long section of unbroken Hindenburg line intervened between the two. The real advance was upon a frontage of six miles, from Hermies in the north to Gonnelieu



BATTLE-LINE OF THE THIRD ARMY. NOVEMBER 20th, 1917.

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THE ARRAY OF BRITISH TANKS ADVANCING THROUGH THE WIRE OF

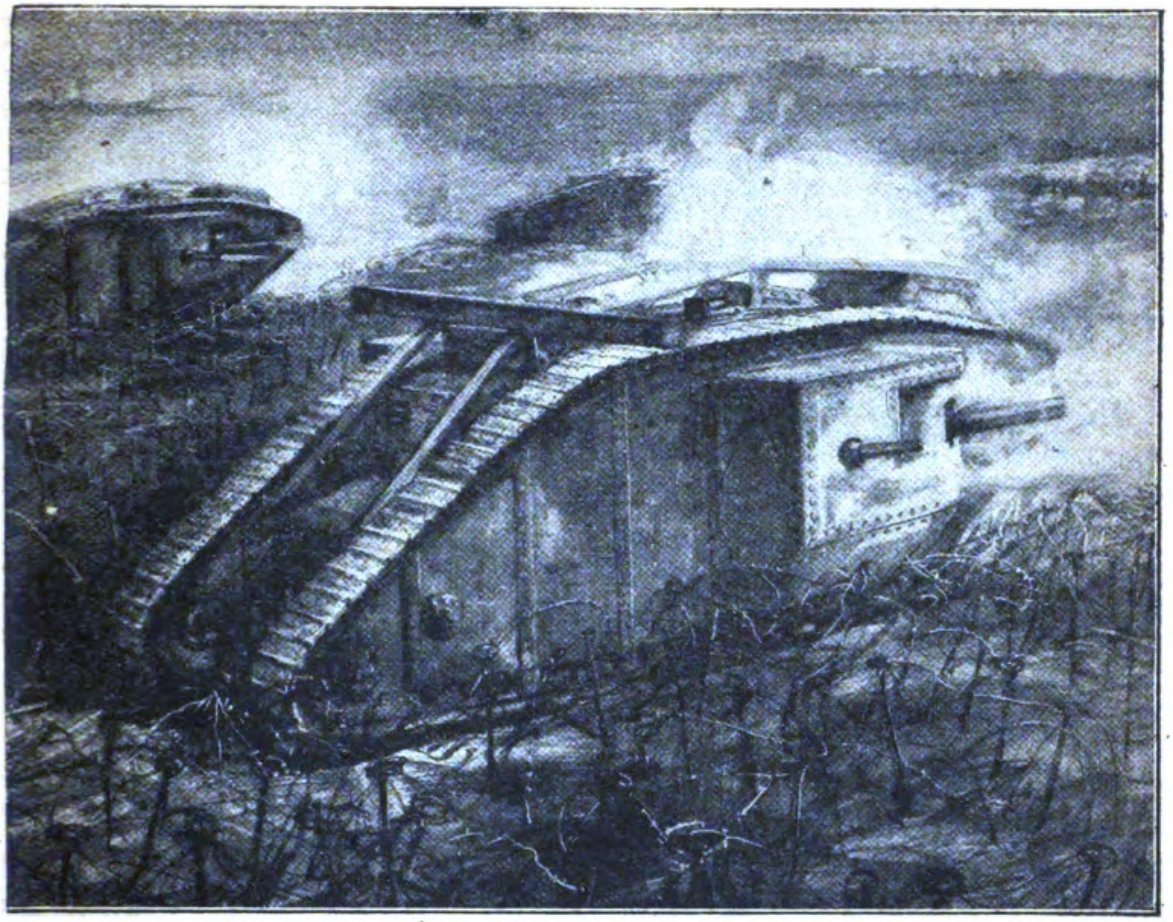
in the south. Every company of the advancing units had been instructed to fall in behind its own marked Tank. At six-twenty, just after dawn, in a favouring haze, General Elles gave the signal, his ironclad fleet flowed forward, the field of wire went down with a long splintering, rending crash, and the eager infantry crowded forward down the clear swathes which the monsters had cut. At the same moment the guns roared out and an effective smoke barrage screened the whole strange spectacle from the German observers. Everything went without a hitch, and in a few minutes the whole Hindenburg front line, with its amazed occupants, was in the hands of the assailants. Still following their iron guides, they pushed on to their further objectives. As these differed, and as the fortunes of the units varied, it will be well to take them in turn, always working from the left of the line.

The British front was cut across diagonally by a considerable canal with deep sides—the Canal du Nord. Upon the north side of this was one division. This flank unit was the famous 36th Ulsters, who behaved this day with their usual magnificent gallantry. Advancing with deliberate determination, they carried all before them, though exposed to that extra strain to which a flank unit must always submit. Their left was enfiladed by the enemy, and they had continually to build up a defensive line, which naturally subtracted from their numbers and made a long advance impossible. None the less, after rushing a high bank bristling with machine-guns they secured the second Hindenburg line, where they were firmly established by ten-thirty, after a sharp contest with the garrison. They then swept forward, keeping the Canal upon their right, until by evening they had established themselves upon the Bapaume–Cambrai road.

THE MAIN ATTACK.

Upon the immediate right of the Irishmen was the Sixty-second Division of West Riding Yorkshire Territorials—one of those second line units whose solid excellence has been one of the surprises of the war. Six of them had already come to the front, and not one of the six which had not made its mark. On this occasion, the men of the West Riding made an advance, which was the admiration of the Army and which the Field-Marshal, who weighs his words carefully, described as "a brilliant achievement." Their first obstacle was the village of Havrincourt, which, with the aid of the Tanks, they carried in dashing style. Behind it lay the Reserve German line, which also was taken at the point of the bayonet. Surging on the 188th Brigade reached and captured the important village of Graincourt, much aided by two audacious Tanks. With an energy which was still unabated, they pushed on to Anneux, where they established themselves on the fringe of the houses. It was a truly

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THE HINDENBURG LINE DURING THE ATTACK IN FRONT OF CAMBRAI.

splendid day's work, in which four and a half miles of every devilry which German sappers could build, or German infantry defend, were inexorably beaten down. In all these operations they were aided and supported, not only by the Tanks, but by the 11th Hussars, and by a body of King Edward's Horse. Thirty-seven guns and two thousand prisoners were the fine trophies of this one division.

Upon the right of the Yorkshiremen was the Fifty-first Highland Territorial Division, who have so gloriously upheld the ancient renown of the clansmen. They also made a fine advance, but were held up by the strongly-organized village of Flesquières. The approach to it was a long slope swept by machine-gun fire, and the co-operation of the Tanks was made difficult by a number of advanced field-guns, which destroyed the slow-moving machines as they approached up the hill. If the passage of the Hindenburg line showed the strength of these machines, the check at Flesquières showed their weakness, for in their present state of development they were helpless before a well-served field-gun, and a shell striking them meant the destruction of the Tank, and, usually, the death of the crew. It is said that a single Prussian artillery officer, who stood by his gun to the death, and is chivalrously immortalized in the British bulletin, destroyed no fewer than sixteen Tanks by direct hits. At the same time, the long and solid wall of the château formed an obstacle to the infantry, as did the tangle of wire which surrounded the village. The fighting was very severe and the losses considerable, but before evening the Highlanders had secured the ground round the village, and were close up to the village itself. The delay had, however, a sinister effect upon the British plans, as the defiant village, spitting out flames and lead from every cranny and window, swept the ground around, and created a broad zone on either side, across which progress was difficult and dangerous. It was the resistance of this village and the subsequent breaking of the bridges upon the canal which prevented the cavalry from fulfilling their full *rôle* upon this first day of battle. None the less, as dismounted units, they did sterling work, and one small mounted body of Canadian Cavalry, the Fort Garry Horse, from Winnipeg, particularly distinguished itself, getting over every obstacle, taking a German battery, dispersing a considerable body of infantry, and returning, after a day of desperate adventure, without their horses, but with samples of the forces which they had encountered. It was a splendid deed of arms, for which Lieutenant Henry Strachen, who led the charge after the fall of the squadron leader, received the coveted Cross.

Upon the right of the Fifty-first Division was the Sixth, which was faced by the village of Ribecourt. Into this it stormed, and after some heavy street and house fighting it cleared it of its German garrison. The advance was carried

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out with the 71st Brigade upon the right and the 18th upon the left. The village was carried by storm by the 9th Norfolks of the 71st Brigade passing through the 1st Leicesters, who, together with the 2nd Sherwood Foresters, had stormed the Hindenburg line, following close upon the Tanks, on whose iron flanks they could hear the rifle bullets patter like hailstones. The losses of the division were light, as their instructions were to dig in upon the farther side of the village, and act as a connecting link. The Foresters, however, had at least one sharp tussle before they gained their full objective. A shock battalion charged them, and there was a period of desperate fighting, during which the Germans displayed a valour which sometimes was almost that of fanatics. "One of their companies was cut off. We offered them quarter, but they would not hear of it. The last to go was a young sub. When he saw that all was up, he drew his revolver and shot himself. As he fell, I ran forward in the hope to save him, for he was a brave lad. When I got to his side, he looked at me with a look of intense hate, and tried to take aim with his pistol. It fell from his hand, and he fell dead with that look of hate still on his face."

In connection with this advance of the Sixth Division, it should be stated that the 2nd Durham Light Infantry upon the left charged a battery and captured the guns, a fine feat of arms.

Upon the right of the Sixth Division was the Twenty-ninth Regular Division, which was held back from the advance until its flank was secured upon the right. When this had been accomplished by the Twelfth Division, it dashed swiftly forward upon a three brigade front, the 87th and 86th Brigades seizing, respectively, Marcoing and Neuf Wood, which is immediately beyond it. Here they found themselves in very close collaboration with the Sixth Division, through whom they passed in their advance. On the right the 88th Brigade, after hard fighting in the Hindenburg support line, captured Les Roues Vertes and part of Mesnières. The taking of these two villages was really of great importance in the general scheme of operations, and the advances of the divisions upon either flank may be looked upon as simply a screen to cover the Twenty-ninth while it sped forward upon its venture. The reason of this was that the Canal de l'Escaut, a very formidable obstacle, covered the whole German front south of Cambrai, and that unless it were taken, all advance in this direction was impossible. There were bridges at Mesnières and Marcoing, and these were the nearest points to the British line. Hence it was that the flanks of the Twenty-ninth were carefully covered, and a clear opening made for it, that with one tiger spring it might seize this vital position. The bridge at Marcoing was captured intact, the leading Tank shooting down the party who were engaged in its demolition. At Mesnières, which is the more important point, the advancing troops were less fortunate, as the bridge had already been injured, and an attempt by a Tank to cross it led to both bridge and Tank crashing down into the canal. This proved to be a serious misfortune, and coupled with the hold-up at Flesquières, was the one untoward event in a grand day's work. Both the Tanks and the cavalry were stopped by the broken bridge, and though the infantry still pushed on, their advance was slower, as it was necessary to clear that part of the village which lay north of the Canal, and then to go forward without support over open country.

Thus the Germans had time to organize resistance upon the low hills from Rumilly to Crevecœur, and to prevent the advance reaching its full limits. A footbridge was secured by the Newfoundlanders at Mesnières, and it may be mentioned as a curious example of the wide sweep of the British Empire that the first man to get across it, and to lose his life in the gallant deed, was an Esquimaux from Labrador. The centre brigade got about one thousand five hundred yards beyond Marcoing, but there the Germans from Cambrai had formed a new line which could not be forced. The enemy recognized this advance as being for the moment the most menacing part of the British line, and at once adopted the very strongest measures to push it back and secure the bridgeheads of the Canal. Several times upon November 21st they raged against this point of the line, and made desperate attempts to gain the two villages. Noyelle, which was held by the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, was also strongly attacked upon that day, but with the aid of the 2nd Royal Fusiliers and 16th Middlesex the village was held against a series of onslaughts, one position changing hands seven times. Some of these counter-attacks were delivered by Prussian Guards, hastily brought from Lens, and the fighting was as severe as it usually is when the Kaiser's own men put in an appearance. These events, however, were on the 21st, and we must return to the first day of the battle.

On the right of the Twenty-ninth was the Twentieth Division. In front of them, upon the farther side of the line, had lain the powerfully fortified farm of La Vacquerie; and this they had taken with their first rush. Beyond lay a long slope, strongly held by the Germans, called the Welsh Ridge. This also was stormed by the Twentieth, who kept pace with the right flank of the Twenty-ninth, and pushed their advance forward as far as the Canal. At the same time the 59th Brigade was thrown out upon the right to make a prolongation of the defensive flank built up by the Twelfth Division, and so screen the main attack. All went well with the right of this advance, but the left, consisting of the 10th K.R.R., was held for a time by a strong point, which eventually surrendered and yielded two hundred prisoners. Some of this battalion saw the enemy running towards Mesnières, and pursued them to the main bridge. The troops received a most affectionate welcome from the inhabitants of the houses along the Cambrai road. The attack upon the left was carried out by the 60th Brigade, which swept with little resistance over the Hindenburg line, but had some trouble with strong points beyond.

We now come to the Twelfth Division

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upon the flank. Its task was, in some ways, the most difficult of any, as it had not only to advance upon important objectives, but to build up a flank line of resistance as it went, since the whole attack might have been checked and brought to ruin by an enemy assault from the south. The 36th Brigade upon the left advanced with the 9th Royal Fusiliers and 7th Sussex in their front line, while two companies of the 8th Fusiliers were thrown out upon the left to aid in the attack upon La Vacquerie. On the right, by the Banteaux Spur, was the 35th Brigade, with the 9th Essex and 5th Berkshires in the front. The latter battalion lost heavily from the fire of guns on their right. When on the line of Bleak House, the supporting battalions, two companies of Fusiliers and the 11th Middlesex upon the left, the 7th Suffolks and part of the 7th Norfolks upon the right, passed on to the objective. The 37th Brigade then passed through upon the right, and settled in an echelon of battalions along the flank, the 7th East Surreys and 6th Buffs starting the line, while the 6th West Kent and 6th West Surrey prolonged it. While executing this delicate and complicated movement the battalions were under heavy fire, and had to clear Lateau Wood of the enemy, so that it was a fine bit of work on the part both of the leaders and of the men. The two chief points of German resistance outside the wood were the forts of Pam-Pam and Bonavis, both of which were attacked by Tanks, and then carried by storm by the Kentish infantry. By eleven o'clock the whole advance, covering a front of two thousand with a depth of five thousand five hundred yards, had reached its full objectives at every point. The total losses of the division were about one thousand three hundred men. Major Alderman, commanding the West Kents, was among those who fell. It may be added that from this day until the fateful 30th the division was out of the battle, and made no move, save that on November 24th the 35th and 36th Brigades pushed a short way down the slope eastwards to the St. Quentin Canal.

THE SECOND DAY OF BATTLE.

There were no operations of any importance during the night of the 20th, but early upon November 21st the British line began to move forward once more, the same divisions being engaged in the advance. In the north the Ulstermen, who had attained the line of the Cambrai-Bapaume road, crossed that boundary, and pushed onwards up the slope for about a mile until they reached the outskirts of the village of Mœuvres. It was soon apparent, both here and at other points along the line, that the Germans with their usual military efficiency had brought up their reserves even more rapidly than had been expected, and the resistance at Mœuvres was so determined that the tired division was unable to overcome it, although they won some ground to the west of the village.

The Sixty-second Division upon the right of the Ulstermen had partially won Anneux upon the night before, and now they were able to complete their conquest. They then drove across the Cambrai road and reached the edge of the considerable plantation called Bourlon Wood, which rises upon a swelling hill, the summit being so marked in that gently undulating country that it becomes a landmark in the distance. Here there was a strong opposition with so murderous a machine-gun fire that all progress was arrested, though a number of Tanks drove their way in among the trees in an effort to break down the resistance. In the meantime, the flank of the Yorkshiremen had been protected by the capture of the village of Cantaing, with several hundred more prisoners.

Early in the day the 51st had got round the northern edge of Flesquières, the village which had held up the centre of the advance upon the first day. As a consequence it fell, and the front was cleared for a further advance. The Scotch infantry was then able to make a rapid advance of nearly three miles, taking Cantaing with five hundred prisoners, upon the way, and winding up in front of the village of Fontaine-Notre-Dame, which they stormed in a very brilliant fashion with the aid of Tanks and of some squadrons of the First Cavalry Division.

Farther south the Sixth and Twenty-ninth Divisions, acting in close co-operation, had pushed their way through Mesnières, where they met and defeated a counter-attack from the direction of Rumilly. It was clear that every hour the German line was thickening in this quarter. Whilst the Sixth cleared the ground upon the left, the Twenty-ninth pushed forward to the west of the great Canal, and reached Noyelles.

In the meantime, the 10th Rifle Brigade of the Twentieth Division, upon the right, had first taken and then lost Les Rues des Vignes, an important position upon the British side of the Canal. In the afternoon the 11th Rifle Brigade managed to cross the Canal and endeavoured to push up towards Crevecœur, but at this point the River Scheldt ran on the farther side and offered an impediment which could not be crossed. Orders were issued by General Byng that a fresh attempt should be made next morning, but the troops were weary and the losses heavy, so the instructions were cancelled, and the line remained unaltered at this point.

THE SITUATION.

The end of the second day of battle found the British command faced with a difficult problem, and we have the Field-Marshal's own lucid analysis of the alternative courses open and as to the reasons which prompted his decision. The capture of Cambrai had never been the goal of the operations, though a cavalry raid, which would have disorganized the communications through that town, had at one time seemed possible. A turning of the line to the south, with the co-operation of some French divisions which were ready upon the spot, was part of the original conception, and was baulked by the insufficient hold established upon the farther side of the Canal de l'Escaut. But the

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central idea had been the capture of the high ground of Bourlon Hill and Wood, for, with this in British possession, a considerable stretch of the defensive German line would lie open to observed artillery fire, and its retention would probably mean a fresh withdrawal to the east. It had been hoped that the goal would have been attained within forty-eight hours, but this time had elapsed, and the assailants were at the bottom instead of the summit of the hill with a resistance in front which was continually growing more obstinate. What was to be done? The troops could not remain where they were, for the Bourlon Hill overlooked their position. They must carry it or retire. There was something to be said for the latter policy, as the Flesquières Ridge could be held, and the capture of ten thousand prisoners and over one hundred guns had already made the victory a notable one. On the other hand, while there is a chance of achieving a full decision it is hard to abandon an effort; reinforcements were coming up, and the situation in Italy demanded a supreme effort upon the Western Front. With all these considerations in his mind the Field-Marshal determined to carry on.

THE NEW ADVANCE.

The new advance began upon the night of November 22nd, when the 56th Londoners reinforced the Ulsters upon the left of the line on the outskirts of the village of Mœuvres. To the west of the village, between it and the Hindenburg line, was an important position, Tadpole Copse, which formed a flank for any further advance. This was carried by a surprise attack in splendid style by the 1st Westminsters of the 169th Brigade. During the day both the Londoners and the Ulster men tried hard, though with limited success, to enlarge the gains in this part of the field.

The attack was now pointing more and more to the north, where the wooded height of Bourlon marked the objective. In the southern part the movements of the troops were rather holding demonstrations than serious attacks. The real front of battle was marked by the reverse side of the Hindenburg line upon the left, the hill, wood, and village of Bourlon in the centre, and the flanking village of Fontaine upon the right. All of these were more or less interdependent, for if one did not take Bourlon it was impossible to hold Fontaine, which lay beneath it, while on the other hand any attack upon Bourlon was difficult while the flanking fire of Fontaine was unquenched. From Mœuvres to Fontaine was a good six miles of most difficult ground, so that it was no easy task which a thin line of divisions was asked to undertake—indeed, only four divisions were really engaged, the Thirty-sixth and Fifty-sixth on the left, the Fortieth in the centre, and the Fifty-first on the right.

The operations of November 23rd began by an attack by the enduring Fifty-first Division, who had now been four days in the fighting line, against Fontaine Village—an attempt in which they were aided by a squadron of Tanks. Defeated in the first effort, they none the less renewed their attack in the afternoon and established themselves in the village, but had not sufficient momentum to break their way through it. There they hung on in most desperate and difficult fighting, screening their comrades in the main Bourlon attack, but at most grievous cost to themselves.

THE FIGHT OF BOURLON WOOD.

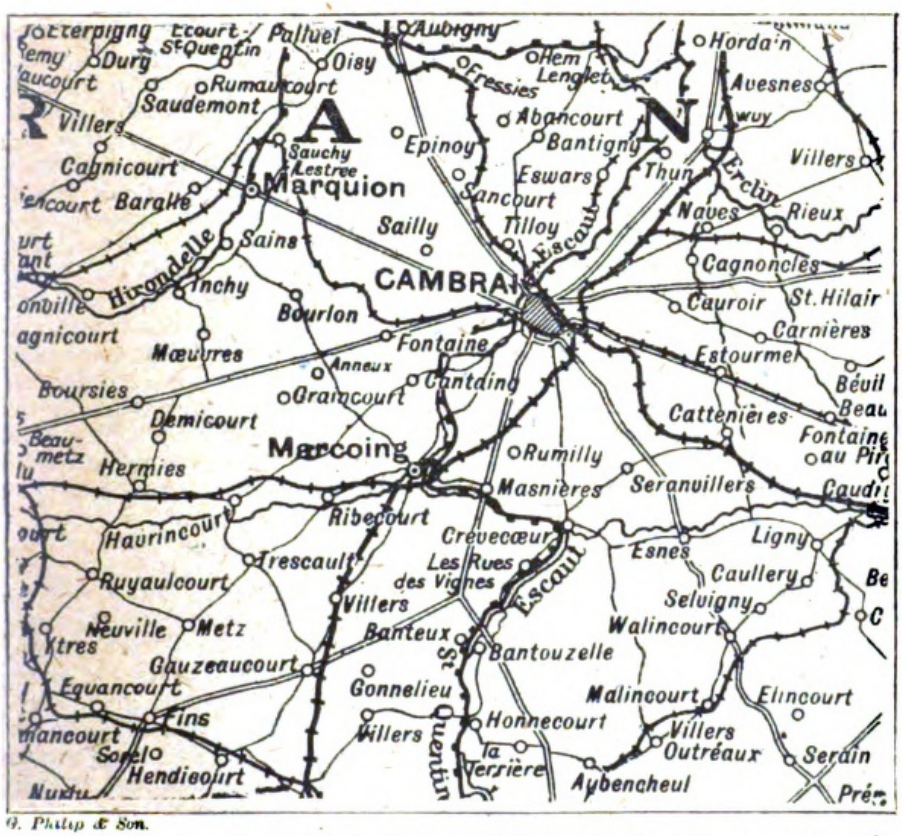
The main attack was entrusted to the Fortieth Division, a unit which had never yet found itself in the full lurid light of this great stage, but which played its first part very admirably none the less. It was a terrible obstacle which lay in front of it, for the thick and sloping wood was no less than six hundred acres in extent, a thick forest with autumn foliage, hardly touched by shell fire, while the village upon its north-western flank came also within the area of their attack. The men, however, had been specially exercised in wood fighting, a precaution which all agree to have been of the greatest possible value in the day of battle. When at 10.30 a.m. the signal was given to advance, the 121st Brigade went forward with alacrity upon the left, while on the right the 119th Brigade plunged into the wood, the Brigadier, a dare-devil little warrior, setting an example to his men which none who followed him will forget. About thirty Tanks lumbered forward in front of the advancing lines. The west edge of the wood formed the dividing line between the right and left attack.

It was arranged that the Tanks should, so far as possible, go down those rides which are so conspicuous a feature of every French forest, while the infantry should move between them. The 119th Brigade moved forward with the 19th Welsh Fusiliers upon the right, the 12th South Wales Borderers on the left, while the 17th Welsh were in close reserve. It was the second occasion in the war when a splendid piece of woodland fighting was carried through by the men of the Principality, and even Marnetz was not a finer performance than Bourlon. They rapidly broke through the German front line, capturing numerous prisoners and machine-guns. The Fusiliers pushed their way forward to the north edge, where posts were established, while the edge of the Welsh Borderers brushed the village of Bourlon and got north of that point. The 17th Welsh meanwhile formed defensive flanks upon either side, while the 18th Welsh came up to reinforce and pushed ahead of their comrades, with the result that they were driven in by a violent counter-attack. The line was re-established, however, and before one o'clock the 119th Brigade were dug in along the whole northern edge of the forest. It was a fine attack, and was not marred by excessive losses, though Colonel Kennedy, of the 17th Welsh, was killed.

It was clear that the Germans would make every effort to regain the wood, and immediate steps were taken to strengthen the defence, which was already firmly established through the energy of the O.C. Fusiliers. The 14th Argyll and Sutherlands were sent up to thicken the line, as were the 15th Hussars, who were

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doing great service as a mobile foot battalion. More machine-guns were also pushed to the front. The result of these measures, all taken before nightfall, was that the inevitable counter-attacks, which materialized before dawn, were shot back by a blaze of fire from the fringe of brushwood. Early in the morning of November 24th a resolute endeavour of the German stormers gained a lodgment for them to the right of the British line, where they captured some of the machine-guns. During the whole of this day the enemy pressed hardly upon the weakening line, and at three in the afternoon had pushed them back from the whole of the right half of



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THE SCENE OF OPERATIONS DESCRIBED IN THE PRESENT INSTALMENT.

which exposed the left flank of the Yorkshires, who, in turn, could not get forward. This in turn brought the two Middlesex battalions to a halt, who were already well up to the village. Three out of six Tanks upon this flank were put out of action by armour-piercing bullets. After a pause, both the Yorkshires and some of the Middlesex got into the village, but their flank was always bare, and the best they could do was to hold on to the southern edge. None the less, the line was firm and formidable, as was found by a German attack carried out by the 9th Grenadier Regiment in the late afternoon, which was swept back by the British fire. All day the enemy strove hard to clear the village, and all day the 121st Brigade held splendidly to its gains. Where all were fine, the non-commissioned officers were particularly splendid. Some critic has finely said that if the Day of Judgment were to come a British non-commissioned officer would still be found imploring his neighbours not to get the wind up.

During the night the hard-pressed line was thickened by the arrival of the 19th Hussars and Bedford Yoemanry, who took over the left of the position. The 14th Highland Light Infantry were also brought up from the reserve brigade, and twelve more Tanks came into line. The 12th Suffolks had formed upon the left of the Highlanders, and these two battalions, with the cavalry and the Tanks, made a united attack upon the village of Bourlon on the afternoon of the 24th. In the confusion of house-to-house combat the two battalions were separated, the Suffolks getting penned in at the south corner of the village, while the Highlanders, who had made a splendid advance, were isolated in the north-east. The situation was serious, and two reserve battalions—the 13th Surreys and 12th Royal Lancasters—were brought up after dusk. A body of dismounted cavalry, drawn from the 2nd and 5th Dragoon Guards and the 11th Hussars, were also pushed into the fight. With these troops the G.O.C. made a strong attempt upon the morning of November 25th to force his way through the village, but the Tanks which he had expected did not arrive, and his infantry were not strong enough for the task.

Colonel Battye, of the Highlanders, had been

the wood, but Welshmen, Highlanders, and Hussars gathered themselves for a supreme effort and, dashing at the Germans, swept them back once more to their old position. We shall leave the 119th Brigade still holding fast upon the evening of the 24th to their advanced position, while we follow the fortunes of the 121st Brigade from the time of the original attack upon November 23rd.

This brigade had, as already stated, advanced upon the village of Bourlon with the 20th Middlesex upon the right and the 13th Yorkshires upon the left, the latter in close touch with the 107th Brigade of Ulstermen upon the west of their front, the whole line to swing round and attack the western edge of the village. The 21st Middlesex were in close support to give weight to the left of the line, while the 12th Suffolks were in reserve. The Ulstermen had been held up by heavy machine-gun fire,

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killed, and the O.C. East Surreys, who had assumed local command, did all that a man could do, but the losses were too heavy, and the Highlanders were seen no more. Up to the 26th the O.C., with his headquarters in the firing-line, was able to send up rations to the survivors of the three isolated companies, who had made a wonderful resistance for nearly two days. In the end it was only by great skill that his own battalion, the East Surreys, were rescued from their dangerous position.

In the meantime, from the morning of the 25th, the 119th Brigade had made a splendid fight in the wood against fierce attacks, which beat up against their right flank. On this date, three battalions of the 3rd Guards' Brigade, the 2nd Scots Guards, 1st and 4th Grenadier Guards, were thrown in to help the Fortieth Division in its heavy task. Two companies of the 11th Royal Lancasters were also brought forward, and succeeded in doing some very brilliant work. The flank was held during the day. Upon that night, the weary division was drawn out, being relieved by the Sixty-second Yorkshire Division, which, by some miracle, after only two days of rest was judged to be battle-worthy once more. It was, indeed, a case of the tired relieving those who were only a little more tired than themselves, but the line had to be held and not another man was available. The artillery of the Fortieth Division, which had shown remarkable efficiency, and co-operated very closely with the infantry, remained in action. During its brilliant spell of service the Fortieth Division had taken seven hundred and fifty prisoners, but its casualties were very heavy.

THE FINAL BRITISH EFFORT.

The British position was now a difficult one, for the enemy held the ridge above Fontaine, and also the high ground between Bourlon and the Hindenburg line, so that they had commanding observation upon both sides. With great persistence, however, in spite of the continual thickening of the German line, the British Commanders determined, after a pause for breath, to make one more effort to capture both Fontaine, which had relapsed into enemy hands, and the village of Bourlon with the whole of the Ridge. The Guards, the 47th London Territorials, and the Second Division had all appeared upon the scene, so that the striking force was stronger than before. Upon November 27th, the Guards made a strong effort upon Fontaine, having relieved the Fifty-first Division in that sector. The 3rd Guards Brigade had already become involved, as described in the defence by the Fortieth Division of Bourlon Wood. It was the 2nd Brigade which was now marshalled to attack upon a very wide front, from Fontaine Village on the right, to Bourlon Village on the left, this latter advance being in support of the attack by the Sixty-second Division upon the position which had been lost. It was carried out by the 2nd Irish, while the 1st Coldstreams, 3rd Grenadiers, and 1st Scots were, respectively, upon the left, centre, and right of the advance upon the village, which came down the line of the Cambrai road.

The attack started at 6.20 in the morning. The flank battalion of Scots Guards, by the use of a sunken road, got well up to the village without heavy loss, but a blast of machine-gun fire from a small house about two hundred yards away played havoc with the 3rd Grenadiers, who, none the less, rushed forward, stormed the house, and secured their first objective. The Coldstreams also suffered heavily from machine-gun fire from a post north of the railway, and half their numbers were on the ground before they also reached their objective. The remains of these two gallant battalions cleared the whole village, and captured about a thousand prisoners, but were unable to get more than six hundred to the rear. By ten o'clock the whole position had been taken, but the victors had suffered so severely that they were unable to cover so large a perimeter, and about eleven o'clock the Germans, passing through the numerous gaps in the defence, bade fair to cut off the whole British force. The 4th Grenadiers of the 3rd Brigade were sent up to reinforce, and the remains of the 2nd Brigade drawn clear of the village and settled into trenches in front of it. The attack was, in many ways, a very difficult one, for the village had been little touched by the artillery, there was much wire intact south of the Cambrai road, and the machine-gun fire from La Folie Wood swept all the approaches. The brigade lost heavily in the venture.

Meanwhile the gallant Yorkshiremen of the Sixty-second, together with the 2nd Irish Guards, drove their way through Bourlon Wood, in spite of a desperate resistance from a German line which included several battalions of the Guards. Many prisoners were taken, but many others escaped in the confused fighting among the brushwood and tree trunks. Once again the counter-attacks were too strong for the thin ranks who had reached their goal, and the British, after reaching both the village and the north end of the wood, were pushed out once more. At the same time, the British held a strong position on the hill, and in the wood, so that there were still hopes of a successful issue if the German resistance could be outworn. The trophies of the battle up to date had been over one hundred German guns, ten thousand five hundred prisoners, three hundred and fifty machine-guns, and, above all, the valuable stretch of Hindenburg's line.

It was in this last phase of the advance, and, indeed, after the fighting had ended, that General Bradford was killed by a chance shell. This young soldier, who, at the age of twenty-five, commanded one of the brigades of the Sixty-second Division, was one of the great natural leaders disclosed by the war. It was, indeed, a cruel fate which took him away between full promise and full performance. England could ill spare such a man at such a time.

[*The sudden change which makes this battle the most dramatic in the war will be described in the next chapter.*]

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The Terror of Johnsonville

by CHARLES GARVICE

Illustrated by Kay Edmunds



FROM Laburnam Villa, Upper Tooting, to Johnsonville, at the foot of the Rockies, is "some" change; and Maudie Browne realized it fully as she stood at the window of the little wooden house, with "Bank" painted in a bright, uncompromising red above its cranky plank door. What she had pictured for herself, Heaven knows; perhaps a prosperous, well-built little town with a few good shops, and quite "nice" people sauntering before the windows—a kind of ruralized, American Upper Tooting. What she saw with her dismayed eyes was an irregular cluster of "shack" houses like the bank, the general stores, common to all raw and callow American communities, and men and women who looked to Maudie as if they had stepped out of one of the cowboy cinemas, which hitherto she had regarded as having no more solid basis than the over-stimulated brain of the man who invented the stories for the picture theatres.

In the office below the room in which she stood was her Uncle Benjamin, who ran the bank; and to Maudie he was almost as vague and unsubstantial as had been the cinema pictures; for, beyond the fact that she had an uncle "banker" in America, she had not realized his existence until, on the death of her father and the discovery that she was left with a bare fifty pounds a year, she received an invitation from Uncle Benjamin to come out and keep house for him.

Maudie was suburban from head to foot—in Suburbia live the pretty girls and brainy men; nothing had ever occurred in her uneventful life of which even the late Mr. Henry James could have made romance: her greatest excitement had been a theatre—she admired Dennis Eadie, but adored Gerald du Maurier—or a subscription dance. For mild amusement she read novels by the score; paid or received afternoon calls at which hot tea, buns, and "our famous shilling Madeira cake"—this was in pre-war days—were consumed liberally, accompanied by tea, and cream reserved for these ceremonial occasions; and once a fortnight, say, went up to town shopping. She was so conventional that she was scarcely aware that the youth of her own set in the locality called her "The Flower of Upper Tooting," and if anyone had ventured to tell her that she was a very beautiful girl she would have been offended. Even Percy Smith, the man she was engaged to, had not done so. Knowing this, no one had so offended, unless one excepts her looking-glass, which reflected a charmingly oval face with delicately moulded features, clear blue eyes, pretty, gravely curved lips, and a wealth of wavy hair which resembled "corn ripe for the sickle."

At tea, on the afternoon of her arrival, Uncle Ben, guessing something of her surprise and disappointment, had offered an apology for Johnsonville.

"Not quite what you expected, I'm afraid, eh, Maudie dear? Well, you see, we are a new—er—town. We're only at the beginning of things as yet; but"—hopefully—"it is wonderful how quickly things grow over here. In England nothing moves, that is perceptibly; but here we progress by—er—leaps and bounds. First it's just a log hut or two in a kind of wilderness, and you'd think that so it would remain; but presently the huts grow, some of the new ones run to two storeys; a post-office is opened. Then, suddenly, along comes the railway, and a bank—and there's your town!"

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"I see," said Maudie. "And the shops and theatre, when do they come?"

"Oh—er—a little later on, when we've struck oil or started a big mill or opened mines for coal or minerals, which we hope to do presently. Meanwhile, we are getting on very well; there are some good ranches—farms—our wool is in fair demand, and the canning trade is flourishing. I hope you won't find it dull; there's not much—er—society, I'm afraid; nothing like that you've been accustomed to in—er—Upper Tooting; but there are some pleasant people amongst the farmers and land surveyors; there's a lawyer—you'll like Mrs. Fletcher—and there is a parson. They are all hospitable and friendly, and I'm sure they'll make you welcome."

They were, and they did. Before the week was out Maudie found herself the object of a hospitality boundless and overwhelming, the object likewise of an admiration which was as universal as it was outspoken; and despair settled down on many a manly heart when the fact that Maudie was engaged became to some extent public knowledge. For a time the novelty of her surroundings amused and interested her, but presently the heavy teas, the still heavier suppers, the mild picnics, and Mrs. Fletcher's local gossip began to afflict her with a boredom which even Percy's letters—he wrote every Sunday—did not tend to relieve.

For, to tell the truth, Percy's letters were not enlivening. He was a stockbroker's clerk; his heart and soul were absorbed in his business; and his desire to "get on"—it was the dread lest an improvident marriage should interfere with his "getting on" which had prevented his offering a home to Maudie—was the driving power of his existence; therefore his epistles, full of details of his daily life, could scarcely be called thrilling. His accounts of his weekly battle with his landlady and his laundress, his quarrels with his fellow-clerks, and his mother's tea-fights left Maudie somewhat cold. Somehow, bored as she was, she felt that if she returned to Upper Tooting she might be bored there as she had not been bored in the old days. For the rest, she kept her Uncle Ben's house beautifully, did the new crochet work, and found some amusement and interest in watching the novel and strange life of Johnsonville as it could be surveyed from the window of her room above the office.

One afternoon she was seated there when she was aware of an excitement almost amounting to commotion. To the accompaniment of a clatter of hoofs, some shouts, and the rapid dispersal of persons in the roadway, a young man rode down the street and pulled up with dramatic suddenness at the door of the bank. He was an extremely handsome young man, with rather long, raven-black hair and bold, piercing eyes; he was dressed like one of the cowboys of the cinema. The horse he rode was a magnificent animal, and its owner sat it—well, with the traditional ease and grace with which a "movie" cowboy should sit his steed. Maudie's blue eyes opened wide with a reluctant admiration; for, ignorant as she was of the type, she knew instinctively that this wild-looking horseman was not a "nice" man.

His entry of the bank, though, of course, it did not create there the excitement and commotion it had caused outside, seemed to have made somewhat of a stir in that sedate and highly respectable office; she could hear a rich, resonant voice making some demand, her uncle's bland response; there were a few minutes of talk between the two contrasting voices, then the horseman emerged, buttoning up his big flapped pocket, and leapt on his horse. As he started it he happened to glance upwards, and saw the girl's face at the window. He checked the horse, and as he sat, still as a statue, gazing straight into the blue eyes framed in the masses of golden hair, the colour burnt through the tan of his audaciously handsome countenance, and his lips curved.

Maudie's eyes met his as if she were hypnotized—perhaps she was—and her soft red lips parted with a kind of sigh of a more intense, though still reluctant, admiration. Then, conscious of her sensations, she lowered her eyes and blushed.

With a flash of the daring, defiant, and masterful eyes, the young man threw up his hand to his broad sombrero, as if he were saluting her beauty, and rode up the street, which promptly cleared for him.

"Who was the young man, dressed like a cowboy, who rode into the bank just now, Uncle Ben?" asked Maudie at tea-time.

Uncle Ben gave a little, respectable, deprecatory cough.

"Oh—er—that was Jack L'Estrange," he replied, with a certain unwillingness. "He came to draw some money."

"He is very handsome, but looks rather—wild," she remarked, with assumed casualness.

"He is," said Uncle Ben, dryly. "He is the wildest young man in the district. I'm afraid——"

"What are you afraid of?" she inquired, as he paused.

"That he will come to no good; in fact, to a bad end."

"Why?" she asked, demurely.

"Well—er—he drinks, and he is quite irresponsible. He is our local bravado; a reckless and very—er—dissipated young man. I fear he will get into serious trouble before long."

"Oh! What has he done?" asked Maudie, now with obvious interest.

"What has he not done? would be the easier question," said Uncle Ben, with a rueful smile. "He drinks heavily, as I've said; he gambles, and is the terror of Johnsonville. He has actually committed murder."

Maudie opened her eyes and let her teaspoon drop with a clatter as she echoed the horrid word.

"Well—er—scarcely murder, perhaps. At any rate, he was acquitted by a jury. Such a jury! All friends of his or persons afraid to convict him. Though I am bound to admit the man he killed deserved to die; he had been—er—cruel to a child, a little girl—er—I need not go into particulars."

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"I see; he was a wretch. The jury was quite right; I'm glad," said Maudie, fiercely, stoutly, the colour mounting to her face, her blue eyes flashing. "Is—is that the worst Mr.—what is his name?"

"L'Estrange; he is of foreign extraction. French, I suppose. Yes, that's the worst he has done; but it's bad enough. The law——"

"I dare say," she broke in; "but the law might have let the other man off; *he* might have had friends on the jury, or frightened them."

Uncle Ben smiled at this sample of feminine logic, and nodded a reluctant assent.

"Pity!" he said, musingly. "It cannot be denied that Jack has his good points; he is very generous, good-tempered, and—er—taking. All the children—and most of the women—ahem—adore him. And he is very comfortably off; he owns one of our best ranches. If he would stick to work and drop the drink—but I'm afraid that's past hoping for."

He changed the subject by asking after Percy.

"Oh, he's very well," she said; "he has had a rise—quite a good rise."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Uncle Ben. "He'll soon be able——" He sighed: he had grown fond of his niece and didn't want to lose her.

Maudie blushed. "Yes, perhaps," she murmured.

An hour later she met the Terror of Johnsonville. He was coming down the street, on foot, as if he had bought it and hadn't made up his mind whether to keep it or not. Two children clung to either huge hand, and one hung on to the belt, into which was stuck his Browning revolver. At sight of the girl he stopped short, stared at her, then, looking straight ahead, passed on.

Maudie, as she passed with lowered lids, dropped her handkerchief: not with intent; if you think so you do an injustice to Upper Tooting. She was—yes, agitated, and the drop was an unconscious one. Jack stooped, caught up the dainty apology for a useful article, and strode after her, lugging some of the children with him.

"You've—you've dropped this," he faltered, the morsel of cambric and lace held daintily between his finger and thumb.

Maudie coloured, took the handkerchief, and bowed. She was passing on, demure—Tooting from top to toe—when suddenly he said, intensely:—

"Say, I'd like to know you."

To say that Maudie was, well, astonished, would be a gross inadequacy. She opened her eyes on him, drew herself up, then—oh, ye gods of the South-Western district!—faltered out:—

"Why?"

He struck up his hat at this direct retort, demand, and looked from side to side helplessly; then, with a smile which ran over eye and lips and transformed his face into that of an innocent child—it was Jack's smile which no woman or youngster could stand up against—he said:—

"Dashed if I know! That's where you get me! But, yes, I do. When I saw you at the window—mind, I was sober!—well, sober enough—I said, 'Jack, my son, that young lady up there is your death-warrant: that's the one peach on the tree for you. Too high up for you to get; but—well, you've got the right to look at it!' See now, missie, don't let my rough speech rile you. I'm not much at manners, but I mean well all the time, and never more so than this blessed "—"blessed" wasn't the word, but it will do—"moment, which is"—he jerked out his watch—"nearly seven minutes past six; I'll remember it. You'll pardon me?"

"Why—why shouldn't you speak to me? Oh, yes; but I know." She blushed and frowned. "You—my uncle has told me about you, Mr. L'Estrange."

"That so?" he said, evidently discomfited. "Reckon the old man didn't give me much of a character; he couldn't, unless he was Ananias. —Here, Julie, and you, Amelia Ann, run off to the store and get some goodies; and you might comb your hair, Julie, if you've time."

The two mites clutched the dollar, but stood on his boots and held up their heads expectantly. He kissed them, shamefacedly, and as they trotted off Maudie remarked:—

"You are fond of children, Mr. L'Estrange?"

It was unwise of her to give him an opportunity; for, of course, he seized it, and walked on by her side.

"That's so," he admitted. "Was a child myself once, if I can get you to believe it. And a dev—I mean, a poor time I had of it! Mother died young; father—we'll let the old man rest, for he was my dad, though he forgot it. I grew up alone; no brothers, no sisters—which is worse. If I'd had—— But here I am, distressing your ear by yarning about myself, when I want all the time to talk about you."

"There is nothing about me to talk about," said Maudie, amazed with herself for condescending to hold open converse with such a man.

"Oh, ain't there!" he exclaimed, confidently. "Why, the smallest particular—say, how do you cotton to these parts, missie? Find it a bit strange and lonesome; always thinking of the 'dear ones at home'?"

She blushed; but he didn't know of Percy's existence.

"What I want to know is, have we done ourselves justice?"

"Justice!" echoed Maudie, significantly.

He paused a moment, then caught her up. "That meant for me? Well, it's got home all right—right here." He touched his breast with a great finger. "I know. I'm not fit to be walking with the likes of you. I'm aware of it. 'That's so,' says you. 'Then why don't you clear off?' 'Because,' says I, 'I'm on a new track.' Straight, missie. I struck it the moment I saw you in the window. Kind of a Catholic feeling: understand my meaning? Sort of a saint in a shrine. I'm on the front bench at a revival camp. Converted, that's the word. Take me? If you don't, let me have another shy. I'm not good at expressing myself."

"I think you are doing very well," said Maudie, blushing.

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"SUDDENLY HE SAID, INTENSELY, 'SAY, I'D LIKE TO KNOW YOU.'"

"Good!" he said, with frank pleasure. "I'm going to keep on this track; I'm up on the front seat of the teetotal wagon and driving straight for H—I mean for the sober and industrious. You don't issue the confidence ticket? Well, you'll see!"

"I—I am not interested," stammered Maudie; it was a story, for she had never in her life been so interested.

"No?" he said, humbly. "That's all right. But I'm crammed up with interest in you, missie. See now, if some fine afternoon I drive the buggy up to the bank, do you think Uncle Ben—oh, yes, I've always called him Uncle Ben—and yourself would come out to the ranch and have tea? I've got some steers and a horse or two there that I'd like to show you; there may be a better run of cattle in the locality, but I've not seen them."

By this time the populace of Johnsonville had fully awakened to the fact that the Terror was walking peaceably with the banker's niece—Mrs. Fletcher was at her window—and the populace displayed a marked interest in this fact, until Jack, suddenly made aware of this interest, looked round about him with a tightening of the lips and a flash of the eye; at which signs of displeasure the curious spectators a once averted their eyes from the ill-assorte pair and hurried out of Jack's range.

Maudie and he strolled as far as the stor in which she sought refuge; not so much fro her companion as from the confusion caused b a completely new set of impressions and refle tions to match. She had to confess that th

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Terror bulked largely in her mind, just as he had done in the street. His was a personality which loomed so largely as to blot out the rest of the perspective; his very voice had a compelling quality, and his smile—I've an idea that it was the Terror's smile, above all his other qualities, which "fetched" the gentle Maudie.

It is scarcely necessary to state that the next afternoon, being fine, Jack drove a highly-mettled pair, harnessed to a perilously light buggy, to the door of the bank, and that Uncle Ben—with much misgiving of the social effect of this precipitate friendship of his niece and himself with the Terror—accompanied by Maudie, climbed into the vehicle.

"Well, we're right," said Jack, his eyes sparkling. "Now I'm going to make a little round of it: plenty of time, Uncle Ben: we ought to show missie the country: God's own, as we say; though it strikes me that if it was He'd precious soon clear out some folks I could mention. Now, missie," he said, bending coaxingly over her as she sat, necessarily, close to him, "I'm going to let this pair out. You like travelling fast? That so? Well, fast it is!" So fast it became that presently Maudie was holding her breath. "Not skeered?" he asked, gently. "That's right! If you feel as if you'd like to hold on to anything, just grip my arm; grip it tight, and I'll slacken 'em up."

"It's—it's quite safe, I suppose?" she ventured, as the buggy, coming in contact with a boulder, sprang like a grasshopper.

"Never safer since you were in your cradle," he responded, so convincingly that Maudie smiled up at him.

Girls ought to be told that it is dangerous to smile at a man who is desperately in love with them. The effect of Maudie's smile was to send Jack's columnar arm round her waist. She shrank a little—only a little, be it noted—and he murmured something about putting the cushion comfortable; but after the cushion was arranged his arm remained, just touching her supportingly. The fiery pair, now thoroughly warmed, pulled up at the door of the house—its size and importance rather surprised Maudie—a number of "boys" dashed out from the stables, and the Terror led his guests into the living-room. It was big and comfortable, and on the table was spread a feast fit for the gods. With a rough but reverent gallantry Jack seated Maudie at the head, where, waited on by a couple of middle-aged women, she queened it royally, prettily. It was evident, not only by the Terror's assiduous attention, but by the devoted service of the maids, that he wished her to realize that she was an honoured guest. Jack talked to Uncle Ben, but his fine eyes sought hers continually and every glance worshipped her.

Maudie enjoyed herself; Uncle Ben forgot the dubiosity of his host's character and grew comfortable. After tea Jack showed them over the stables and displayed the steers. They were pronounced by Uncle Ben as good as cattle could be. There was a tray of wine and biscuits before they started for home, and when they alighted at the bank Maudie smiled again, as she very prettily thanked her host for a "most delightful afternoon." Jack showed his teeth, flashed a long look into the depth of her blue eyes, and drove off in a manner which cleared the streets as effectually as a rain-storm could have done.

Day followed day, and on every one of them Maudie met the Terror: he was always sober, at which fact "all the world wondered." Maudie was no longer bored; Johnsonville became interesting, life enjoyable. Once, driving past the ranch with Uncle Ben, she caught sight of Mr. L'Estrange working in one of the fields near the highway. The banker rubbed his chin and murmured, thoughtfully:—

"Ahem! Hope it will last."

To this pious aspiration Maudie made no response. She waved her hand to the newly-industrious husbandman, and he, wiping the sweat of honest and unaccustomed toil from his brow, gazed after her gravely, but with a passionate longing in his eloquent eyes.

When they reached home and ascended to the sitting-room a dapper young man rose from the sofa. It was Percy Smith. Maudie greeted him with a gasp and a cry—of delight, joy? Or was it dismay?

"I thought I'd give you a little surprise-packet," he said, as he kissed her. "Fact is, I've had the 'flu,' particular bad kind of 'flu,' and the Heads gave me a holiday. Seemed to me a good idea to run over and see you, 'specially as the office paid the exes. Glad to see me, Maudie, eh?"

"Oh, very glad, Percy!" she responded, with appropriate promptitude and warmth.

But—er—*was* she glad? She wasn't *quite* sure. Percy seemed altered. And yet he wasn't. He had always been somewhat sallow, his nose had been upturned when she had last seen it, the eyes as watery as now. But, at any rate, surely he had grown shorter? He looked to her—well, insignificant. Instinctively there flashed before her mental vision the gigantic but lithe and supple figure of—of another man; in her ears echoed, conflictingly, contrastingly with Percy's thin and somewhat shrill note, the full, rich tones of another voice. She thrust from her the invidious comparison she was making; she was ashamed of herself; and she strove to display the affection she felt—I mean, she ought to have felt—for the man to whom she was engaged. There was nothing lacking in Uncle Ben's welcome; indeed, for the first few hours the two men talked Stock Exchange and banking with an absorption for which Maudie, half unconsciously, was grateful.

Percy was not favourably impressed by Johnsonville or its inhabitants, and—said so, plainly.

"It's a one-hoss place, as they say over here," he remarked, slightingly. "You'll be glad to get back to Tooting, Maudie. And I've good news for you. I'm doing well at the office, and I shouldn't be surprised if I get another rise before long. If I do—and it's big enough," he put in cautiously, "you can come home and

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be married. I suppose your uncle would fork out enough for your fare—he might tip us some ready in the shape of a wedding present; you could give him a hint, just a hint, but plain, you know."

Maudie's fair face flushed, but she said nothing. After all, Percy didn't understand that she couldn't do anything of the kind; but it was rather—mean of him to make such a suggestion.

They were walking up the street when Percy made this admirably economic suggestion, and suddenly Maudie blushed again; this time hotly; for coming towards them was the Terror, mounted on his fiery steed and followed by half-a-dozen dogs.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Percy, eyeing with disgust the picturesque and masterful figure as the Terror swept off his sombrero. "Who and what's that? Looks as if he'd slipped out of a 'movie.' Knows you, too!"

"His name's L'Estrange," replied Maudie, rather coldly, for Percy's contemptuous tone did not please her; in fact, she resented it. "He is one of the ranchers. Yes; but he wears the proper clothes, and he—he is quite a nice man." Oh, Maudie, whither has fled the influence of holy Tooting?

"Looks like a cowboy," said Percy, unnecessarily uplifting his nose. "Thought that sort of thing was out of date, or confined to the wilds. As I was sayin', we could go into rooms for a time. I know of some we could get for thirty bob a week," and so on.

Later in the day Maudie, glad of an excuse for going out by herself, was making for the store to "match a ribbon," when she ran against Mr. L'Estrange. He lost no time.

"Say, missie," he said, as he held her hand in his huge grip, "who was the young galoot I saw you with this morning?"

Maudie coloured, and her eyes dropped before his ardent and somewhat anxious gaze.

"That—that was Mr. Percy Smith," she said.

"Well, Percy looks as if a little fresh air would do him good," drawled Jack.

"He's—he's my *fiancé*," faltered Maudie, to stop any further disparaging remarks.

"Your—— Say, just whisper it again," said Jack, puzzled. "Your—*what?*"

"I'm engaged to him," she said, in a low voice.

He did not start, but he stood as if he were turned to stone, and gazed so strangely into her eyes that Maudie closed them for a moment. When she opened them he was half across the street. He had gone without a word.

That night the Terror descended on the respectable and rising town of Johnsonville and painted it a vivid red. It was a night to be remembered for many a year. Three men—strangers, be it admitted—happening to disagree with Jack's remark that women were a mistake, had been carried to the infirmary, and Scuffins, the bar-keeper, had dispatched a large order for new glasses to replace those which had met with sudden destruction at the hands, or whip, of the Terror. For several days and nights Mr. L'Estrange continued on the jamboree, so that men went, like Agag, delicately in his presence, women regarded him pityingly, and the children who loved him wept for him.

"Tut, tut! Jack L'Estrange has broken out again. I was afraid he would," Uncle Ben remarked, after a visit from the Terror—a visit of business, short and unprofitable; for Jack had drawn out his balance for the purposes of the aforesaid jamboree.

"I suppose the police will deal with him," observed Percy, with so marked a contempt and superiority that Maudie—who had been rather pale and silent during the days of the reign of terror—felt her heart grow warm with indignation: perhaps she knew, or guessed, the cause of Mr. L'Estrange's outburst! Who knows what a girl knows and guesses? And it's well we don't!

"Police?" echoed Uncle Ben, with an apologetic little cough. "I'm afraid the police would not interfere unless they were obliged. You see, the young man is very—popular, and—er—it would be difficult to arrest him. When he's sober he is a most—er—prepossessing young man."

"He seems to me a drunken beast and bully, who ought to be quodded. But it's no business of ours. Maudie, it's time you got your things on, if we're going for this walk."

She slipped out of the room, and while she was tying on her veil she found it necessary to lift it two or three times; because you can't wipe your eyes with a veil on; at least, I believe not.

They were going to a favourite beauty spot a couple of miles from the town, a secluded little valley at the foot of the hills, and during their progress Percy dwelt persistently on the unwisdom of taking the matrimonial plunge until you were sure of your financial capacity for doing so; also, that perhaps twenty-five shillings a week was nearer the mark than thirty bob for a couple of rooms in Brixton. Maudie listened, or pretended to listen, and Mr. Percy Smith was quite satisfied with her absent-minded "Yes, dear," "No, dear," "Certainly, Percy, I agree with you."

They reached the valley. Maudie sank on to a mossy boulder: she felt tired, depressed; and she avoided looking at her *fiancé*, who squatted at her feet, his thin shanks clasped in his hands; and while he regarded the scenery with dissatisfaction in his watery eyes he still droned on about lodgings, landladies, the destruction of linen wrought by laundries, and the shortcomings of his fellow-clerks.

Presently Maudie began to cry; that is to say, a tear rolled down her cheek and she struggled with a sob. Percy did not notice these indications of a distressful mind; but another person did.

For the Terror had come upon them suddenly. He stopped short, his tall figure overshadowing them; he was sober—or nearly so; and, as a stern moralist, I regret to say that he did not look worn or haggard; for his splendid physique could stand even a more prolonged jamboree

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"WHO AND WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS AS IF HE'D SLIPPED OUT OF A 'MOVIE.' KNOWS YOU, TOO!"

than he had permitted himself. Maudie looked up at him and uttered a faint exclamation.

As if in answer to it, the Terror demanded, "What are you crying for, missie?"

"I'm not crying," she declared, in a broken voice.

Disregarding this example of feminine mendacity, the Terror looked down at Percy, who was blinking up at him disapprovingly.

"What have you been saying to her, doing to her?" asked Jack, with an ominous calmness. "Say, she's too good for you. Why, you galoot, I wonder you dared!"

Percy stared at him uncomprehendingly; but Maudie understood, and her face flamed; for the frank scorn of the pigmy made her ashamed of him—and herself.

"See here," continued the Terror, his lips tightening, a dangerous glint in his eyes. "You and me have got to settle this. You've got the sweetest peach, the loveliest girl in the world—*how* you corralled her, God only knows; I'll bet *she* don't! And I reckon she don't want you. And I want her—want her worse than I've ever wanted anything on this earth. Got that? Well," he drawled, "we've got to settle it. Say, I'll shoot you for her!"

Percy recoiled, his weak mouth gaping widely, his eyes bulging. The Terror smiled grimly.

"Oh, I don't mean to kill you! Why should I? No, I'll shoot at a mark with you. See that dead branch? The man who breaks it at the first shot gets her. How does that strike you?"

It appeared to strike Percy with horror, and he shrank away from the revolver which Jack had trustfully laid on the boulder.

"No? Proposal declined? Can't shoot? Well, say, you're difficult to please." He thought a moment, his reflective eyes dwelling on the girl's beautiful, and now quite white, face. "Anything to propose? Anything you fancy?"

"I—I don't know what you're talkin' about," stammered Percy. "I—I suppose you're drunk."

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"HE GAVE THE CARDS ANOTHER SHUFFLE AND PLANKED THEM DOWN ON THE BOULDER BETWEEN THE UNHAPPY PAIR. 'CUT, GALOOT!'"

"Not me, pard," responded the Terror, with great seriousness. "I'm painfully sober: that's the trouble. Let me have another shy. We've got to fix this up here and now." He took a pack of cards from his pocket and shuffled them with ease and grace. "See, galoot, I'll cut you: the highest wins. How'll that suit your taste?"

Percy rose unsteadily and shook his head. Then the Terror's temper, held in leash until now, broke away. His hand fell like a sledge-hammer on Percy's shoulder, and his voice was a growl. "Cut!" he said, sternly.

Maudie rose, trembling—with indignation, she tried to believe.

"How—how dare you!" she gasped.

"Rest easy, missie," said Jack, his voice now as gentle as a sucking dove. "In a sense, so to speak, and as it were, you're not on in this deal. The game's for us two. I saw you crying," he added, with a primeval simplicity which was unanswerable. She hung her head

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and stood silent, her hands gripping each other spasmodically. "You ain't going to tell me you care for this—man?" he said. "I reckon you didn't know what you was doing when you took him on; p'r'aps it was pity. I've heard of such cases; women act that way sometimes. But I'll treat him fair; he shall have his chance. And if you think I hold you lightly because I set you up as a stake, so to speak, as it were—well, you're wrong. Yes, he shall have his chance."

He gave the cards another shuffle and planked them on the boulder between the unhappy pair.

"Cut, galoot!"

Percy looked at Maudie, blinked at the face glowering down at him, looked everywhere, in fact; then, with an uneasy, terrified laugh, he stammered:—

"This—this is ridiculous, but"—hastily, as the Terror made a movement—"if you insist, and—and Maudie doesn't mind——"

With a shaky hand he cut the cards; Jack did likewise. Both men showed up. The Terror displayed a queen, Percy held an ace.

"I've—I've won!" he cried, with nervous excitement.

"Ace counts as one in cutting, pard," said Jack, gravely.

Percy opened his mouth to protest, to argue; but the Terror cut him short. "Cut agen," he said, gravely. "We'll count the ace as highest."

They cut again; Jack showed a king. Maudie's heart stood still. She leant forward, her eyes fixed on the cards, on Percy's raised hand hovering shakily over the remainder of the pack. His flickering fingers touched the pack, then he cut, and displayed—the same ace! In that supreme moment Maudie knew—by instinct only, or had she seen him bend the corner of the card as he replaced it the first time?—that he had cheated. I do not know; no one will ever know.

There was an intense silence. Jack had gone white under his tan; he drew a long breath, as if it were his last, then with a grave courtesy he nodded to the winner.

"The luck's yours, pard," he said, grimly. "Try and act up to it." Then he looked at Maudie, and all his soul was in his sorrowful eyes. "Good-bye, missie," he said, in a very low voice; indeed, it was a mere whisper. "The cards knew I wasn't good enough for you."

He was turning away, with a sweep of his sombrero, when a most extraordinary thing happened; for Maudie—oh, where was the propriety of Tooting; where the suburban modesty on which, justly, she had always prided herself?—threw herself on his breast and, clinging to him as a drowning man clings to a rock, sobbed out:—

"No, no! Don't—don't leave me! I—I couldn't bear it!"

With shame, with anabandon of passion, she raised her face to his; then, as his lips refused to meet hers—for the Terror had his own code of honour: a peculiar one, no doubt—she hid her face against his breast and sobbed.

He looked down at her with infinite tenderness, and his big hand smoothed her golden hair soothingly; then he looked at Percy.

"The call's yours," he said, gravely.

Percy's response was what might have been expected of him.

"Oh, don't appeal to *me!*" he said, peevishly. "It's pretty plain what *she* wants. And—and I don't mind sayin' that—yes, I'm well rid of her. She's behaved disgracefully."

Jack waited until the disgusted—but relieved?—rejected one had flounced off; then the Terror caught Maudie up in his arms, held her on high, as if she were a bundle of straw, laughed up at her, then lowered her and kissed her until, exhausted, trembling, she sank, all aglow with happiness, into the haven of his encircling arms.

Now, Percy, for once, had been right. According to all the canons of respectability which should serve as the guide to true maidenly conduct, Maudie had behaved disgracefully; and, as the stern moralist I have already declared myself, I ought to record with satisfaction the fact that she was unhappy ever afterwards. But, alas! I have to set it down that the happiest wife in Johnsonville is the lady whose chief pride it is to call Jack L'Estrange "husband"; that he did not beat or otherwise ill-treat her; and, in short, that he is a thoroughly reformed and prosperous person and no longer a terror.

And doubtless, therefore, not nearly so interesting to Johnsonville, however much so he may be to his admiring wife and adoring children; in fact, to be candid, Johnsonville rather misses its Terror.

Do you remember "The Blue Lagoon"?

If so, you will be delighted to hear that H. de Vere Stacpoole's new serial—another fascinating romance of island life—will begin in next month's "Strand."

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Can you Save FIVE MINUTES a Day?

The following most interesting and instructive article has been suggested by a perusal of "Present-Day Applications of Psychology," by Charles S. Myers, F.R.S. (Methuen. Price 1s.)

NEEDLESS movement means waste of time and energy. That fact will be apparent to anyone who considers for a moment ways and means of saving time. Eliminate needless movement from your daily routine, in business or in the home, and it mathematically follows that you save energy and prevent unnecessary fatigue, resulting in an improvement of mental or physical labour and a fuller enjoyment of leisure.

Psychologists have long recognized the value of this simple reasoning. They advocate what is technically known as "motion-study," *i.e.*, the application of shorthand methods to our everyday life, by which time and energy can be saved. Every day we repeat unnecessary movements. To cite a common case. A fountain-pen is a very useful and time-saving implement. When a man, however, habitually keeps it in his pocket while in his office, taking it out and removing the cap each time he wishes to sign a letter or other document, and then returning the pen to his pocket, he loses its value as a time-and-trouble-saver. Ten out of twelve men who came under the writer's observation are in the habit of doing this. And yet it is only necessary to leave the fountain-pen on the desk ready to pick up to gain full advantage of its usefulness.



"BY PASSING THE WOOL THROUGH A HOLE IN THE LID IT RUNS AND UNWINDS EASILY."

Again, take a woman knitting. How many adopt the simple plan of placing their ball of wool in a small carboard box, and of passing the wool through a hole in the lid, so that it runs and unwinds easily as the knitting of the article progresses? The common and most popular way with the ladies is to place the ball of wool on their lap, or on a table near by, with the consequence that each time the wool from the ball to the needles becomes taut, they have to take one hand away from the knitting to turn the ball over, or to pull the wool, so that more is unwound. If this is not done, the pulling, as the knitting proceeds, causes the ball to roll by a series of jerks off the lap or table, resulting in more lost time and perhaps in a gentle word of reproof if the ball rolls out of reach, and maybe wraps the wool round the leg of the table.

These everyday habits, merely arising from thoughtless lack of method, are good illustrations of the needless movements which we practise, and although, in themselves, they may appear simple and unimportant, it naturally follows that people who are content to waste time and energy in such small things are not likely to save it in more important matters.



"THE BALL ROLLS OUT OF REACH, AND MAYBE WRAPS THE WOOL ROUND THE LEG OF THE TABLE."

A striking lesson in the art of time-saving was once afforded by a well-known actor, whom the writer watched making-up and changing for the various acts in a popular musical play. The time occupied in several changes was from two to three minutes, during which time clothes, boots, hat, wig, and appearance of face were changed and altered. This was done, however, without the slightest hustle or bustle. Each movement was made, as it were, to the tick of the clock. By merely stretching their hands, here or there, the actor

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and his dresser were able to pick up the various articles of attire required almost without looking, and the same remark applied to the handling of grease-paints and cosmetics.

Explaining the celerity of his changes, the actor said that much was due to the expedi.icy of his dresser, who, however, he had trained on the time-saving principles he had practised for many years. "If I did not have every article to my hand," he said, "and know exactly the best use to make of it in the shortest possible time, I could not effect my changes without unnecessary worry, hurry, and fatigue, not to mention the danger of things going wrong. As it is, I can change and make-up quite leisurely and calmly, although to you I may seem to be working at top pressure."



"HAVE MATERIALS CONVENIENTLY AT HAND, SO THAT THEY MAY BE MADE USE OF IN THE EASIEST AND QUICKEST MANNER."

One of the secrets of time-saving is not only to have proper materials for what you want to do, but to always have them conveniently at hand, so that they may be made use of in the easiest and quickest possible manner. Many a man begins the day by wasting time over his shaving, washing, and dressing. He will idle away a few minutes waiting for his shaving water to be brought to him; or, if he is one of those individuals who must wait on himself, will journey to and from the kitchen, whereas a small gas-ring would enable him to heat the water in the bedroom while he stropped his razor and got brush and soap ready.

Probably he will sit on the side of the bath and watch it fill, instead of turning the water on while shaving, thus saving time. Or he will keep his collars, shirts, socks, handkerchiefs, and other necessary articles of attire in various separate drawers and compartments of dressing-table, wardrobe, and cupboard, with the result that he is continually moving backwards and forwards opening this and shutting that, until dressing becomes a wearisome business instead of a pleasure.

Personal habits and customs vary, of course, but it is probably no exaggeration to say that if the majority of men wrote down in detail the movements they made while dressing, they could, after careful examination, not only cross half of them out as needless, but so simplify the morning operation that it would not occupy half the time as hitherto.

These, however, are only homely examples of what can be done by applying the same principles to industry and commerce. The employer who will get the best results from his business, and the best mental and physical labour and co-operation from his workpeople, is the one who makes a very careful observation of the movements used in the operations of his business, with a view to improving the output while saving the workers fatigue.

The art of suiting each task with its appropriate physical action is illustrated by the method lately adopted at Melchet Court estate, near Romsey, Hants, where land girls are being taught farming by rhythmic actions. They are taught, among other things, to plant cabbages by numbers—in five actions.



"MANY A MAN BEGINS THE DAY BY WASTING TIME OVER HIS SHAVING, WASHING, AND DRESSING."

The first action is to put the left foot forward, the girl being then in a stooping posture; the second is to drive a hole in the soil with a dibber; the third is to put in the plant with the other hand; the fourth is to earth it with the dibber; and the fifth to bring the right foot forward and heel the plant in.

So precisely are the five actions done that the right foot always comes to the exact place for heeling in the plant and the girl is able to step out in number-one action again without breaking the rhythm. By this system a girl can plant five thousand cabbage plants a day without the fatigue which would otherwise be caused by constant and needless bending movements.

Another remarkable illustration of the value of saving time and energy expended on needless movement is mentioned by Charles S. Myers, the well-known psychologist, in his work, "Present-Day Applications of Psychology." An American named Gilbreth made a systematic study of the conditions of bricklaying, which resulted in the reduction of the number of separate movements involved from eighteen to five, and a great saving in time and labour.

By the new method, thirty men were able to lay as many bricks as about a hundred men, with the expenditure of less fatigue and the receipt of much higher wages. The saving was effected in three ways. In the first place the enormous waste of bodily energy involved in stepping towards and away from the pile of bricks and mortar, and of stooping to pick up each brick and trowelful of mortar, was avoided by placing the materials close to the workman's grasp. Next, the bricks were

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arranged by a less skilled workman, so that the best facing of all the bricks lay in the same direction. Thus the turning over in his hand by the bricklayer of each brick, in order to find the best face, became unnecessary.

The workmen were also instructed to substitute for the taps of the trowel on each brick as it was laid a slight hand-pressure (in order to obtain the proper thickness of the layer of mortar). Economy was also secured by the man picking up the brick and the trowel in his left and right hand simultaneously, instead of successively.



"THEY ARE TAUGHT TO PLANT CABBAGES BY NUMBERS—IN FIVE ACTIONS."

By reducing the movements involved in folding cotton cloth four hundred dozen pieces were folded in place of one hundred and twenty-five dozen, without increase of fatigue.

The importance of these psychological principles when applied to manual labour, particularly in regard to the use of proper implements, is emphasized by an experiment which was tried with five hundred shovellers. These were employed in shovelling, with a shovel of constant size, material of varying weight—sometimes coal, sometimes ashes, and at other times heavy ore.

"Experiments," says Mr. Myers, in his reference to the case, "were conducted with shovels of different sizes in order to ascertain the optimal weight per shovel load for a good shoveller. The best average weight was found to be twenty-one pounds. Accordingly shovels were made of different sizes, in proportion to the heaviness of the material shovelled, so that each shovel, whether full of coal, ash, or iron, etc., weighed twenty-one pounds.

"The results were as follows: (1) The average amount shovelled per day rose by nearly two hundred and seventy per cent.—from sixteen to fifty-nine tons per man. (2) One hundred and fifty men could now perform what five hundred had performed under previous conditions. (3) The average earnings of the shovellers increased by sixty per cent. (4) The cost to the management, after paying all extra expenses, was reduced by fifty per cent. And (5) there was no evidence of increased fatigue in the shovellers."

Motion study, however, when applied to industrial concerns, needs to be supplemented by the arousal of interest among the *employés* and by the introduction of proper periods of rest to avoid undue fatigue. The monotony produced by standardized habits of movement must be corrected by encouraging the workers to be ever on the alert to suggest further improvements of method and by permitting them to share in the profits accruing from such increased efficiency. As regards the value of proper periods of rest, Mr. Myers writes:—

"An instance occurred recently in a surgical-dressing factory, where women were engaged as yarn-spinners, an occupation requiring much dexterity and the constant repairing of broken threads. The daily hours of work were ten—namely, from six to eight, eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, one-thirty to five-thirty, and in addition to these ten hours, overtime was worked from 6 to 8 p.m. Among these yarn winders was an unmarried woman of thirty-two, who claimed that by not working before breakfast (from 6 to 8 a.m.) and by refusing to work overtime (from 6 to 8 p.m.), she turned out more in the remaining eight hours than if she had worked the whole twelve hours.



"WASTE OF BODILY ENERGY WAS AVOIDED BY PLACING THE MATERIALS CLOSE TO THE WORKMAN'S GRASP."

"Her claim was put to the test by comparing her monthly output during eight hours per day with that of three first-class hands working during the first fortnight at twelve hours per day and during the second fortnight at ten hours per day. Despite the fact that the short-timer stayed away the whole of one working day and three half-days during the month, her output of fifty-two thousand four hundred and twenty-nine bobbins easily beat the average output of her three competitors' forty eight thousand five hundred and twenty-nine bobbins.

"In thirty-two per cent. less hours of work she produced eight per cent. more work. Further, the output of the three competitors was greater by more than five per cent. during the second (as compared with the first) fortnight, when no overtime was being worked and the length of the working day was thus reduced by 16·6 per cent."

These psychological experiments emphasize the necessity of making a very careful observation of the movements and implements used in daily operations by anyone wishful of utilizing time to the best advantage. Five minutes saved is five minutes gained. Waste of time in these strenuous days amounts almost to a crime, and it behoves everyone desirous of taking full advantage of their opportunities and capacities for work to economize in mental and muscular effort by applying motion-study to their particular business and circumstances.

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The English Way

by Bartimeus

Author of "The Navy Eternal."

Illustrated by A. Gilbert

I.

THE Quartermaster of the Watch pushed aside the tarpaulin cover to the wardroom hatchway and whistled softly through his teeth. "Mail," he said to the officers' steward, who stepped out of the diminutive pantry in answer to the summons, and, bending down, thrust a bundle of sodden envelopes into the outstretched hand. It was snowing hard, and the whaler that brought off the destroyer's Christmas mail had shipped sufficient water to call for a muttered protest from beneath the sou'-wester of the stroke oar.

"I don' mind wettin' my blinking shirt," he muttered, as he tugged at the oar, "not so long as we brings 'ope an' comfort. But if them perishin' mail-bags is goin' to sit in a pool o' water—what the 'ell's the use? No one can't read a letter wot's bin soaked in the Norf Sea for a hour!" The whaler's crew murmured concurrence.

The Coxswain, nursing the mail-bags on his knee with a hand on each and his elbow on the tiller, bade the crew chuck their weight into their oars and mind their ensanguined business—what time he, the Coxswain, would mind his. This admirably adjusted division of labour brought them eventually alongside, and the mail inboard.

The Surgeon Probationer, whose body was buried in the depths of a wicker armchair (with the exception of his feet, which were on top of the stove; and his heart, which was in the keeping of the "Wren" driver of an Admiralty car), heard the whaler come alongside and was at the bottom of the hatchway as soon as the steward.

"Gimme the ruddy things," he muttered, hungrily, and awoke the partially gassed inmates of the wardroom with a joyous whoop.

"Mail!" he shouted, and dealt the moist envelopes into the laps of the recumbent figures sleeping off the effects of a Christmas luncheon in various attitudes of statuesque abandon.

The mess awoke bleary-eyed, and fumbled with its correspondence. One by one the forms sat upright; grunts were succeeded by articulate expressions of approval. The Lieutenant (E), who sat nearest the bell, rose to his feet and pressed it fervently. Then he sat down again, ordered a drink, and slit open the first of four fat envelopes. It was from a favourite sister, ætat fourteen, who, having made up her feminine mind that Sir David Beatty's position in the naval cosmos was one that her brother would fill with more picturesque and efficient completeness, speedily surrounded that officer in a comfortable aura of giggling self-complacency.

The Midshipman R.N.R. burst open a bulging envelope and stepped straightway on to a magic carpet, which wafted him out of the steel shell of a destroyer's wardroom into a Berkshire vicarage.

The Sub sat on the settee with his legs in heavy leather sea-boots and his elbows on his knees reading a letter from a farm in Northamptonshire. The writer of the letter had spent the morning cleaning out a byre, and the early part of the afternoon sorting potatoes. She had then bathed and sat down in her prettiest crêpe-de-Chine kimono and a mingled fragrance of China tea and bath salts to the composition of a letter that spread a slowly widening grin of ecstasy across the weather-beaten features of the recipient, who had almost forgotten what a woman's voice sounded like.

The clouds of tobacco-smoke curled to and fro in the close atmosphere of the destroyer's wardroom, and the silence—save for the rustle of a quickly-turned page or the snicker of a knife opening a fresh envelope—was profound. Then the Surgeon Probationer chuckled hoarsely. It was a profane sound and passed unnoticed; but presently he bent forward and thrust a gaudy strip of pasteboard beneath the nose of the enraptured Sub-Lieutenant.

"Call *that* nuffin'?" he queried, coarsely.

The Sub detached his soul with difficulty from the seventh heaven, and considered a highly-coloured representation of a robin upon a snowy background, and the legend "Peace on earth and goodwill among men" picked out in frosted letters against a border of holly leaves.

"'Snice, ain't it?" said the Surgeon Probationer.

"Fair bit of all-right," said the Sub, good-humouredly, and resumed page seven of the closely scribbled sheets:—

"*I am writing this by the firelight, and if only you were here we'd draw up our chairs close and p'r'aps——*"

"My Aunt Agatha sent it to me," continued the voice of the importunist. "Read what's written on the back."

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The Sub, who was what is called a good messmate, turned the pasteboard over rather absent-mindedly.

"*Love your enemies,*" was written in angular, spidery handwriting across the inoffensive surface of the card. The Sub was twenty, but he had known four years of warfare against the Powers of Evil, which we call Germany for short.

"Any relation of Lansdowne or Ramsay Macdonald, your Aunt Agatha?" he inquired, and tossed the card back, to return instantly to a firelit twilight and "p'r'aps."

The Surgeon looked round the mess in search of a fresh confidant. The First Lieutenant sat hunched up on his right, holding a bunch of sheets of paper clenched in his hand, and staring at the stove with unseeing eyes.

"Here, Number One," said Aunt Agatha's nephew, and smote his neighbour on the knee. "You look as if you wanted brightening up. Read *that*, my lad! Both sides. Every picture tells a story."

The Lieutenant turned eyes like those of a startled horse upon the speaker.

"Eh?" he said. He too had come back a long way to answer a living voice.

"Read that, my pippin."

The Lieutenant read obediently, turning the card backwards and forwards in his fingers as if looking for something that wasn't there. The crumpled sheets of his letter dropped to the deck and lay unheeded.

Then abruptly he laughed; it was not a laugh common to Englishmen, and so disconcerting was the sound that two or three faces lifted from the preoccupation of letter or illustrated paper, and tranquil eyes stared curiously.

"My God!" said the First Lieutenant. "That's the best joke—the best joke——" His voice dropped low. He handed back the Christmas-card and fumbled blindly for the fallen sheets of his letter. One by one he straightened them on his knees, smoothing out the creases mechanically.

"The best joke——" He rose to his feet with something in his white face that jerked the medical man instantly upright beside him.

"Sit down," said the First Lieutenant, and there was a note in his voice the Doctor obeyed, because it was something he was still young enough to acknowledge. "Listen," said the Lieutenant, in hard, dry tones. "You've got to share this—you've all got to share this." Papers rustled and every eye was on the speaker. "It's—it's too good to keep to oneself. My brother"—he made a little gesture with the letter in his hand—"my brother was wounded—broken thigh—twenty miles behind the line in a base hospital—the Huns bombed it in broad daylight, with the Red Cross flying on every flagstaff and painted on every roof—bombed it in cold blood, and killed thirty-four wounded officers and men and two V.A.D.'s. They killed my brother, and they killed——" He thrust the letter into the limp hands of the Surgeon Probationer. "You gave me something to read just now. Read that! They killed the whitest woman—she was trying to save him—with the Red Cross on her breast—and his thigh broken. Goodwill among men! Love your enemies! Love your——"

The Gunner came across the mess with his heavy tread, his stolid face full of concern.

"No offence, *I'm* sure, sir," he said, glancing at the Surgeon. "Mr. Dantham didn't know—how *could* he? Nor yet his aunt——"

The tragedy of one is the tragedy of all in a community as small and as intimate as a destroyer wardroom; but the innate sense of justice in the Briton's heart found expression in the Gunner's inarticulate sympathy. He held no brief for the Hun, but he was the champion of the shocked Surgeon and Aunt Agatha for all her pacifist leanings.

The Surgeon sat with the unread letter in his hands staring up at the First Lieutenant.

"Oh!" he said. "Oh, the swine!" A growl of confirmation ran round the mess, but no one addressed the First Lieutenant direct.

"Yes," he said. "Bestial swine. Brutal, bestial swine. If he'd been killed by the shell that broke his leg I wouldn't have minded. That would have been fair fight; and she—if it had been septic poisoning or disease; those are the risks all nurses run: the enemies they face and fight all day and night. But *this!*" He spoke in low, measured tones. "If I ever get to grips with a Hun after this——" The mask of icy self-control slipped for a moment from his face. His features worked and his hands made a movement somehow suggestive and brutal.

"Best have a drink," said the Gunner, soothingly, and as he spoke there was a trampling of men's feet overhead, muffled by the snow on the thin plating. The Quartermaster's pipe rippled and shrilled, to be succeeded by a hoarse sing-song bellow. "Boot and saddle" sounded in a cavalry barracks never stirred the stables as that rush of unseen feet overhead, breaking the peace of a Christmas afternoon in harbour, galvanizing the wardroom into sudden activity.

"Stand by to slip from the buoy," said the Gunner, and made for the hatchway. But the First Lieutenant was before him, bareheaded, cramming his Christmas mail into his pocket as he swung himself up the iron rungs of the ladder.

II.

THE COMMANDER, who had been standing peering through his glasses for the last five minutes, lowered them suddenly and glanced at the chart clamped on the bracket beside him.

His First Lieutenant continued to stare across the grey sea to the north-west. Day was dawning, and the spray, flung from the reeling bows of the destroyer, was like a frozen whip-lash on their faces. "Yes, that's them," he said, in a grimly ungrammatical undertone. To the naked eye nothing was visible above the ragged skyline, but every man on the bridge was standing gazing intently in the same direction, as if the wind carried with it the scent of the quarry they sought.

The Commander gave an order to the Signalman standing attentive beside the daylight

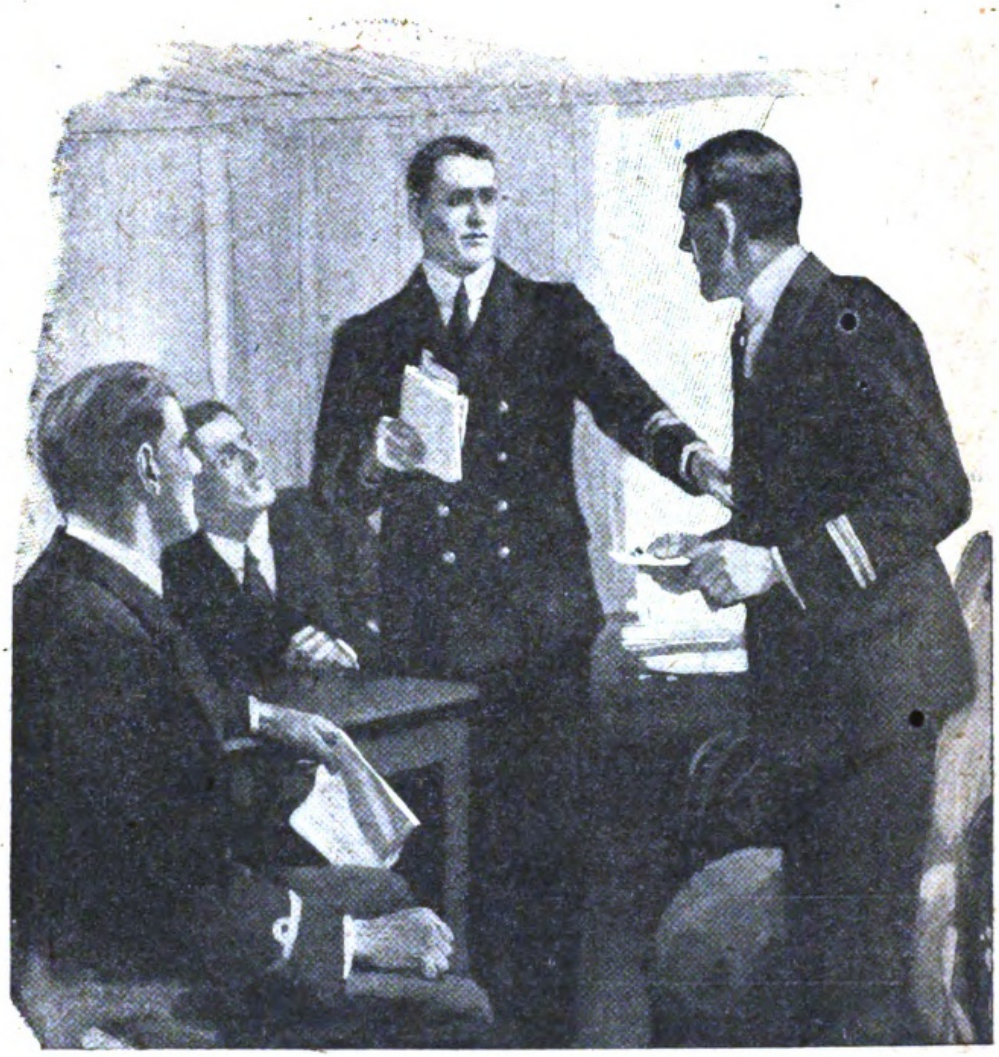
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searchlight, and immediately the shutters broke into a chattering "View halloa!"

A blink answered on the instant, where, two cables astern, the second boat in the line followed in the heaving wake. Out of the faint haze of smoke that almost screened the rest of the division from view, one after the other the answers flickered, and then the leader spoke. The lightsallblinked back together.

"Signal passed, sir!" said the Yeoman.

"Right," replied the Commander. He bent over the chart again for an instant, and, straightening, gave an order to the wheel.



"'BUT THIS!' HE SPOKE IN LOW, MEASURED TONES. 'IF I EVER GET TO GRIPS WITH A HUN AFTER THIS——'"

The leader's bows leaped at a charging sea, rose shuddering, and fell away from the wind a couple of points; the drone of the turbines below took on a different, higher note. The Commander turned and glanced along the upper deck with a little grim smile above the turns of his worsted muffler. The destroyer was stripped for the fight, and at the midship and after guns the crews were blowing on their hands and jesting amongst themselves. The Gunner sat astride the torpedo tube glancing along the sights as the twin tubes trained slowly round like ponderous accusing fingers.

"Your brother ain't going to be long unavenged," said the Commander to his First Lieutenant, as the latter climbed into the fire-control position. "We've caught this party cold!"

The First Lieutenant nodded, unsmiling, as he turned away.

"We'll sink the lot," he said. "But that's too good a death for a Hun. The sea's too clean to drown 'em in. I'd——" He checked the sentence and busied himself about his fire-control instruments.

Then out of the north-west came a stutter of light. It winked suspiciously, and the Commander laughed, with his hand on the fire-gong key.

"*There's* my answer, Fritz," he said, and before the words were out of his mouth the foremost gun opened fire. "You're dev'lish good at raiding merchant convoys—let's see how you take a hiding." The acrid cordite smoke, as his guns gave reply to the German challenge, caught him in the throat, and his words ended in a cough.

The German destroyers turned for home, held their course for eight bitter minutes, steaming hell-for-leather and husbanding their ammunition. Their instructions were peculiar, inasmuch as they were ordered to return at all costs to their base. In destroyer warfare the nation that holds command of the seas can afford to omit this bitter clause from its light-craft's sailing orders; but an Admiralty that knows it can send nothing to the succour of its disabled adventurers perforce plays for safety.

The German flotilla leader, bending over his chart and stop-watch, deluged with spray from falling projectiles, made a rapid mental calculation and realized that this was no tip-and-run

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business. He had played that game twice and brought it off, and played it once too often. In golfing parlance, of which he was entirely ignorant, he was stymied.

He laid a smoke-screen, and turned under cover of it, avoided a long-distance torpedo by six feet, and applied himself to the voice-pipe connecting him with the engine-room. What he said to the blond perspiring engineer at the other end does not concern this story, because a "browning" salvo at four miles' range struck his quivering fugitive command amidships, and beat her into a flaming, smoking welter of flying fragments and spouting foam.

His opponent saw things appearing above the smear of that hasty smoke-screen, things that leaped into view against the grey sky and descended again into invisibility. He lowered his glasses, glanced grinning at his First Lieutenant, and gave another order to the Quartermaster at the wheel.

But the Quartermaster was seized with a sudden preoccupation. He was leaning back against a stanchion with the broken spokes of the wheel still in his hands and looking with stupefied amazement at the pulsating jet squirting from his thigh.

"Hand steering-gear!" bawled the Commander, striving to dominate the din of the action with a mechanical shout. He jumped the body of the Yeoman of Signals, sprawled bloodily across the head of the ladder, and stumbled blindly down the iron rungs.

"Give 'em hell, Number One!" he shouted, and caught a glimpse of his Second-in-Command's head and shoulders above the rent and tattered splinter-mats. "The blighters have got our range," he muttered, and as he reached the upper deck he saw another torpedo hurtle from the tube and vanish in a cloud of spray.

"Keep it going, boys!" he shouted, as he passed the midship gun. "Give it to 'em hot and strong!"

The gun-layer turned from the eye-piece as he passed and grinned as the smoking breech clanged open. His jumper and jersey were rent from shoulder to hip, and he stanched a wound with cotton-waste while the loader slammed a fresh cartridge home. The destroyer, temporarily out of control, fell broadside on to the sea; the waves leaped at them and sluiced knee-deep across the deck ere the Commander reached the after steering position and got the kicking hand-wheel manned. The wind carried the sound of cheering to the Commander's ears, and he glanced over his shoulder to see the rest of the division wheel and go crashing past his quarter in a cloud of spray and funnel smoke. The next astern had taken charge as the leader fell out of line. A burst of shrapnel whipped the after funnel into a colander, and the gunner rolled into the scuppers, clutched helplessly at a cleat, and slid into the embrace of a curling sea that folded its arms about him and carried him from sight.

The Lieutenant (E) appeared on deck and clawed his way aft through clouds of steam.

"Main steam-pipe, port engine-room's cut, sir," he shouted. "Nine knots is the best we'll get out of her." He stared ruefully to leeward.

The fight had swept away to the south, and the crippled leader followed, to pass presently across the battle's trail. Clinging to lifebuoys and scraps of German wreckage were pitiful drenched human beings. Hands waved, white faces appeared in the smooth flanks of the waves or vanished, smothered in their breaking crests.

The Commander jerked the telegraphs and surveyed his rolling deck. "Cease fire!" he bawled, satisfied himself that the battered whaler was still seaworthy, and gave the order, "Away lifeboat's crew!"

They lowered her, manned by men still breathless with the exultant flush of battle, some with hasty bandages about them, and to and fro they plied amid that tumbling sea and the unmanned foe calling for dear life at their rough hands. The destroyer turned to make a lee, and along her rail the ship's company gathered, with heaving-lines and lifebuoys.

A wave passed surging down the ship's side, carrying on its crest the head and shoulders of a man. His face was ashen grey, and his hands grabbed ineffectually at the slipping coils of a rope's end thrown from the forecastle. He slid helplessly into the trough of the sea, his eyes wide and terrified, staring at the rows of faces above him.

"'Ere, Fritz," said a rough voice, "*'ang* on!" and another rope jerked and fell with a splash beside him. Again the clutching hands went out, but his strength was gone. The white face fell forward—jerked back, gasping and choking—the hands went up.

"Gangway, you fools! He'll *drown!*" Two able seamen, leaning over the side—one had escaped from a German prison camp six months previously, and was enjoying himself—were thrust apart; a burly figure in socks, and divested of his reefer jacket, steadied himself with one hand on a davit while he measured the distance, and dived.

"Number One!" gasped the incredulous Commander. "Don't tell me that's the First Lieutenant?"

"Yessir," said the wardroom steward, who had been passing up ammunition, with a cigarette behind his ear, and a hastily-collected gallery of lady-loves' photographs projecting from his breast-pocket.

"Yessir." Adding, as one in the confidence of the wardroom: "'Im as lost 'is brother, bombed by them 'Uns. Actin' regardless, you might say."

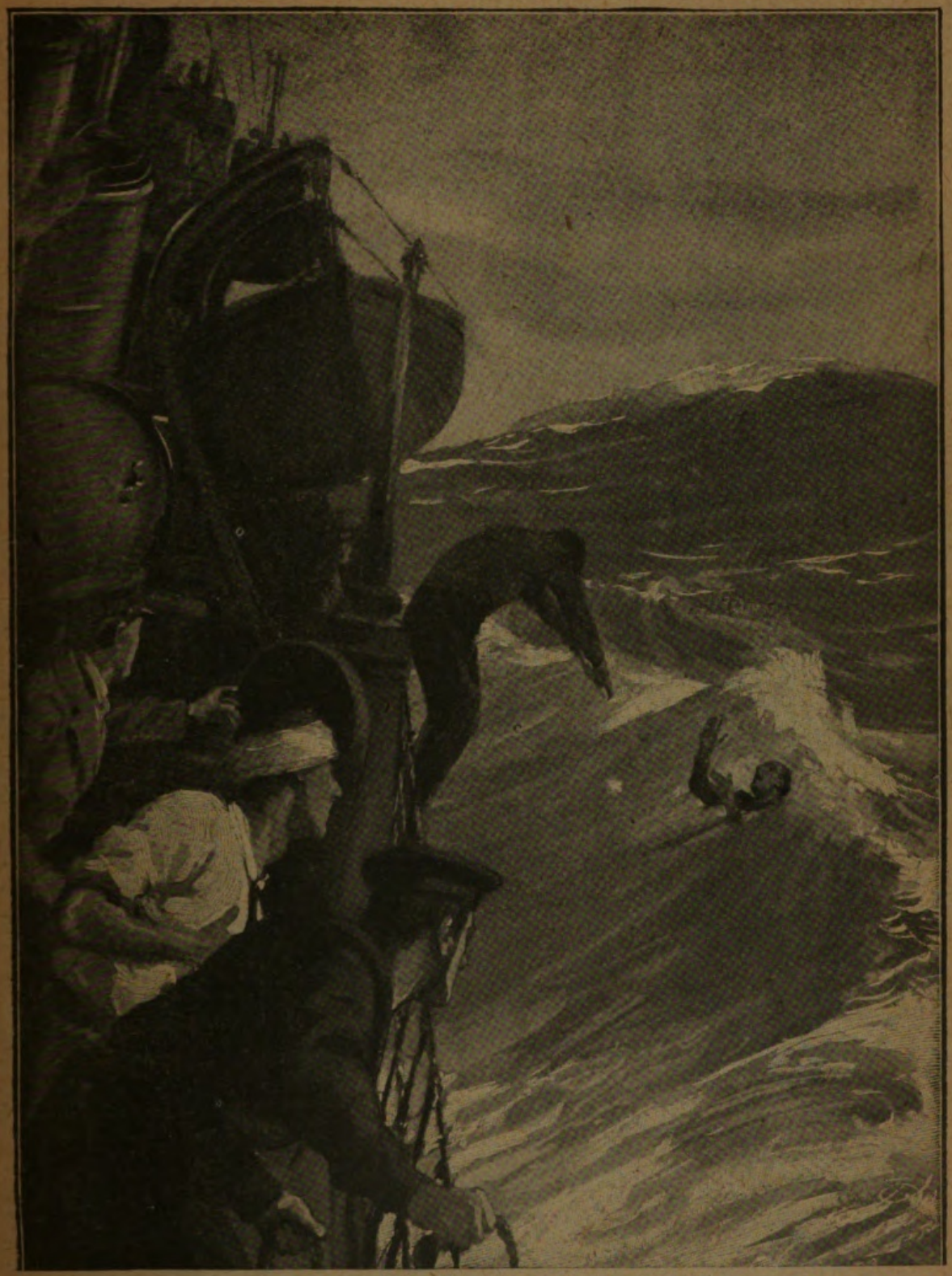
The First Lieutenant, treading water, was effecting a businesslike bowline under the armpits of the drowning man, and avoiding his enfeebled embrace with considerable presence of mind.

Finally the two were hauled inboard and the ship's company raised a cheer.

"Shut up, will you!" spluttered the First Lieutenant, angrily, wringing the water from his sodden nether garments. He avoided the eye of his Commanding Officer.

The ship's company, under direction of the

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"HE MEASURED THE DISTANCE, AND DIVED."

Surgeon, applied themselves to first aid with all the enthusiasm of victors and amateurs in the gentle art of saving life. The whaler, laden with dazed and bedraggled captives, was pulling wearily up to the quarter, rising and plunging in the steep seas. The business of the ensuing five minutes brought the Commander and his First Lieutenant face to face.

"Funny little fellow, ain't you?" said the former.

"Bah!" said the Lieutenant. Then added, savagely, "You wait till next time!"

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Sparkles from "Life."

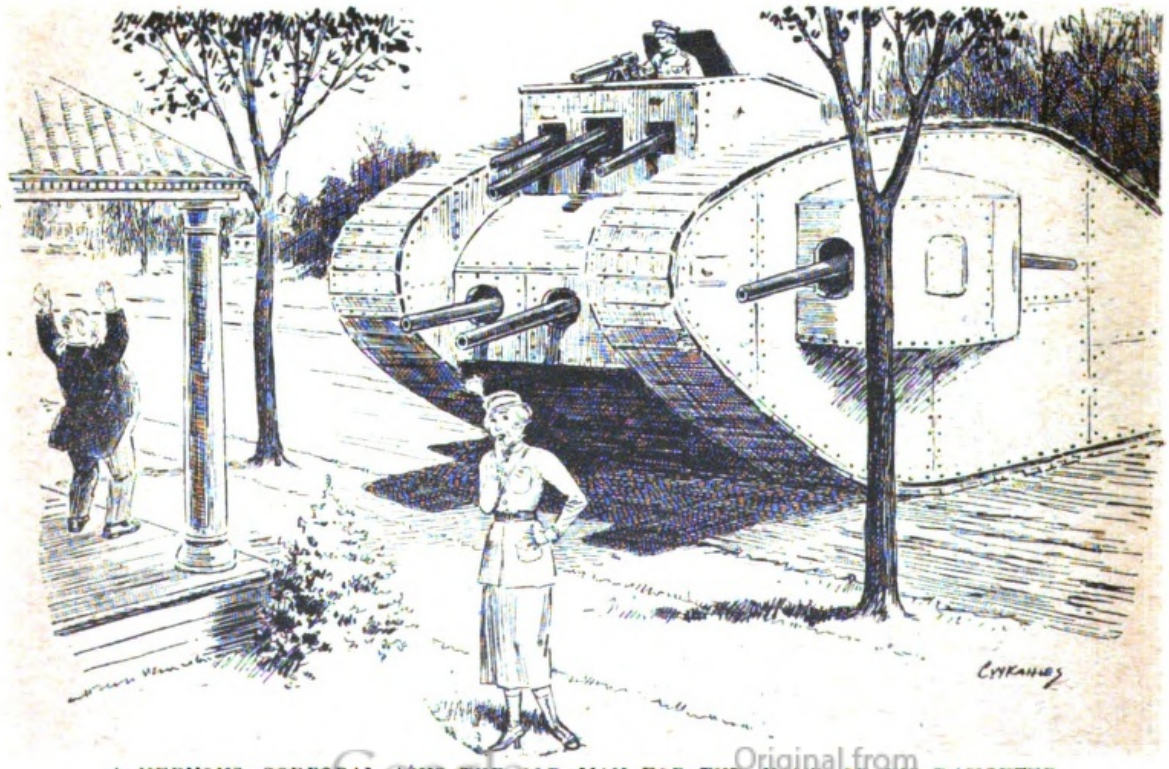
We have on more than one occasion published selections of pictures from our lively American contemporary. Here are some more.



HOW TO BE HAPPY EVER AFTER.



LIEUTENANT JONES, PRACTISING CAMOUFLAGE, DISTURBS UNCLE RASTUS.

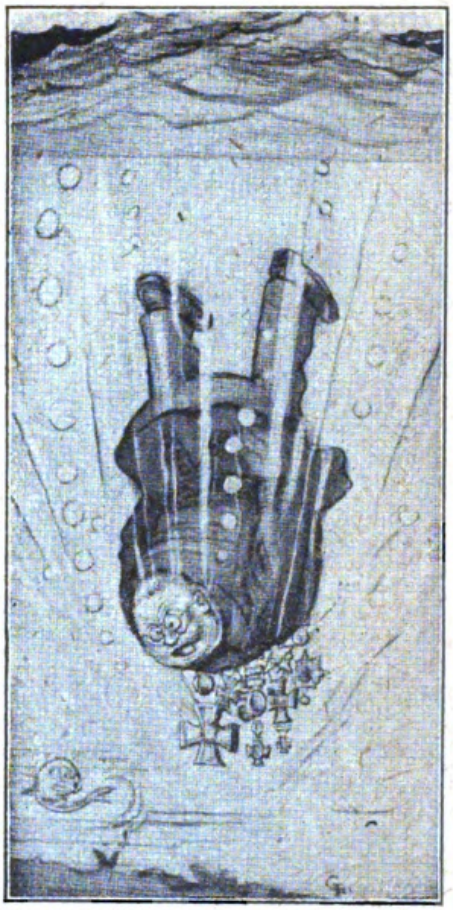


A NERVOUS CORPORAL ASKS THE OLD MAN FOR THE HAND OF HIS DAUGHTER.

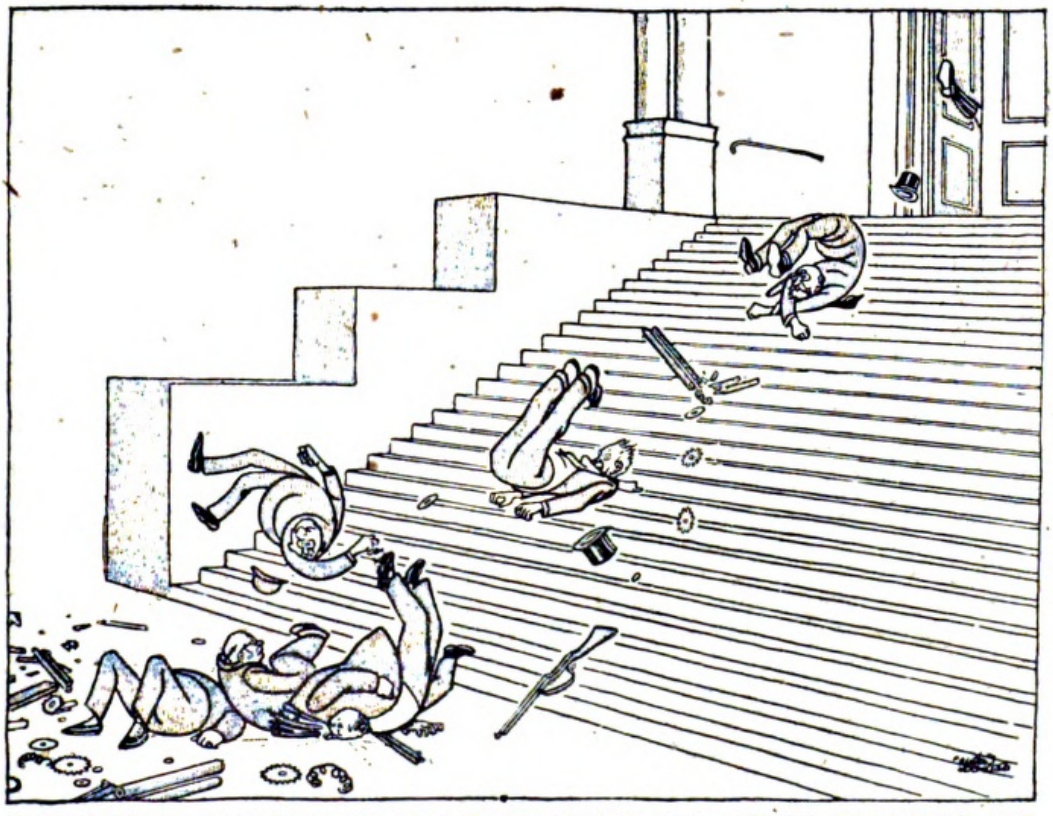
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THE PRUDE'S COMPROMISE.



STRAFED U-BOAT COMMANDER: "Dam der dam dekorations, anyway!"



DISTINGUISHED INVENTORS, BEARING THEIR LATEST WAR DEVICES, WAIT UPON THE CHIEF OF ORDNANCE.

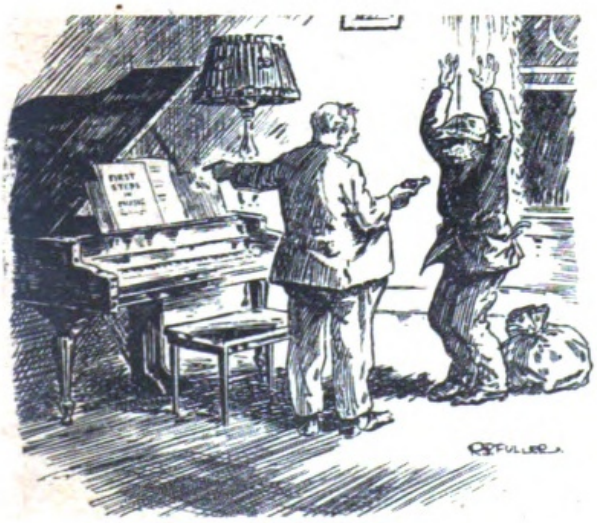
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OFFICER COMMANDING TRENCH: "Look out, Sammy! We're going to have a gas attack, followed by hot work at close quarters."

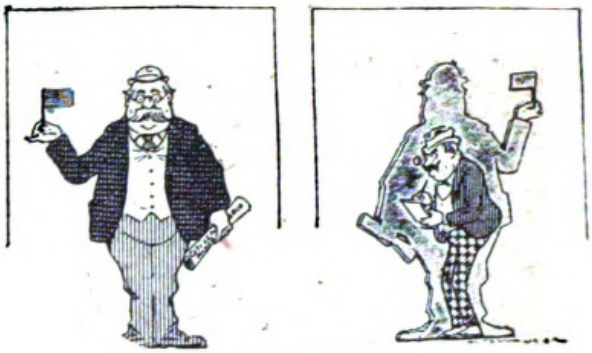


"I'M GLAD MY WIFE AIN'T HERE. SHE'D MAKE ME TIDY THIS UP."



ULTIMATUM.

FATHER OF DAUGHTERS: "Unless you want me to call the police, you've got to steal that piano!"



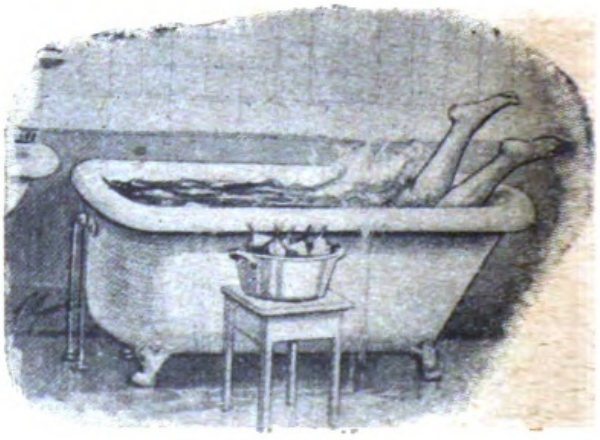
CAMOUFLAGE.
Front and Rear.



PORTRAIT OF PACIFIST.



"YOU NEEDN'T LAUGH. IT'S NO JOKE TO BITE A MAN WITH A WOODEN LEG"



HOUSEHOLD NOTE.

To avoid the odour of onions, peel them under water.

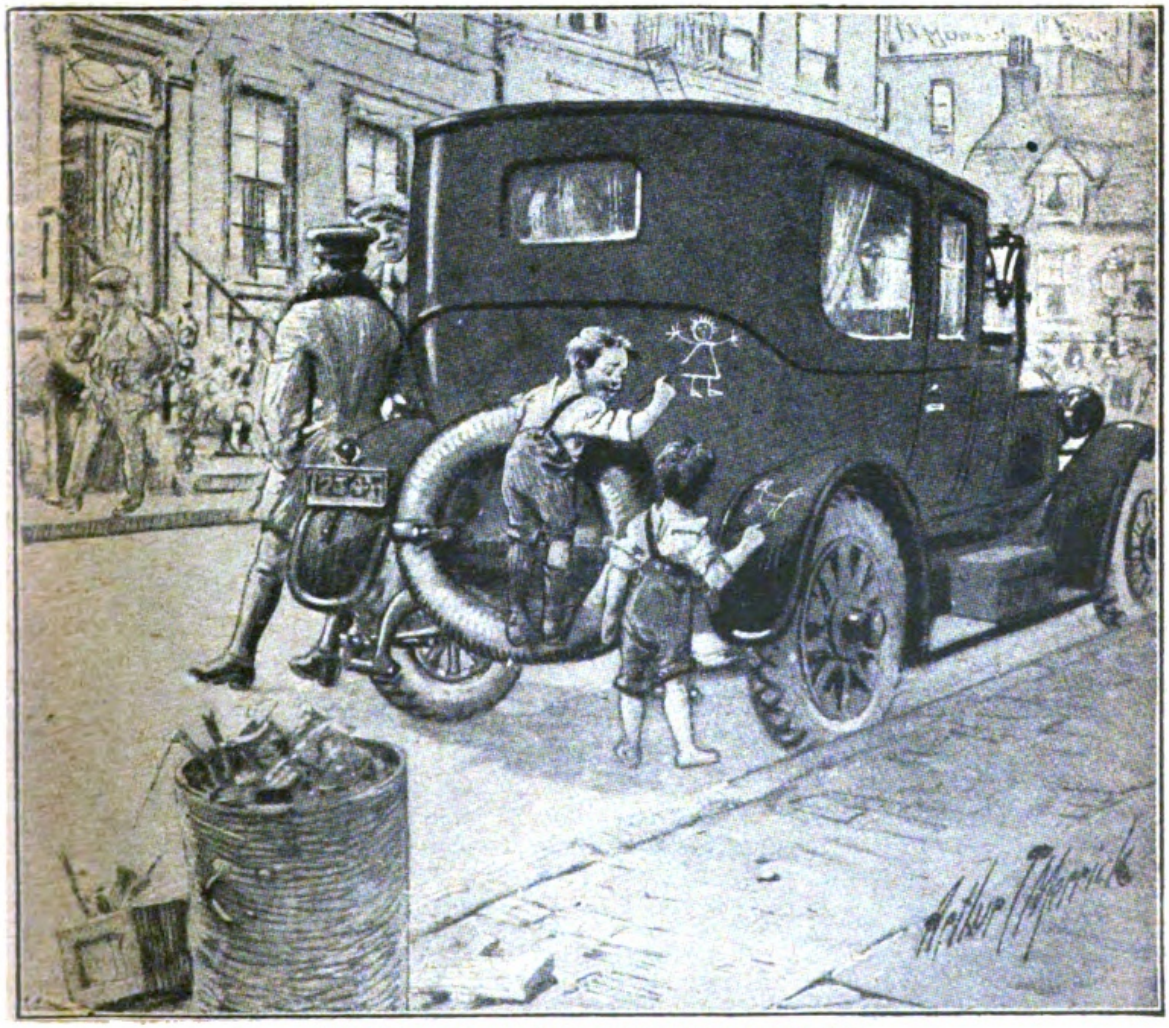
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WHAT JOB WOULD HAVE DONE IF HIS WELL-KNOWN PATIENCE HAD BEEN TRIED BY A PACIFIST.



HOW THE YOUNG HUSBAND FELT WHEN HE ATE THOSE DOMESTIC-SCIENCE DUMPLINGS.



"IT SCRATCHES EASIER UP HERE, JIMMIE!"

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Joan of Arc

by W. B. Maxwell

Illustrated by Tom Peddie

ADELAIDE, the under-housemaid at Belmont, was a very shy, diffident girl; so much so that, dressing for her evening out, she blushed at the sight of her brilliant new hat. She felt that if she had been pretty it would have been easy enough to carry off such a hat; but she wasn't pretty, like Edith, the parlourmaid, and she knew it. She was not grand and dashing like Mrs. Vaughan, the cook; not elegant and graceful like Emily, the head-housemaid; not even black-haired and pale-faced, or full of fascinating sauce and impudence, like Loo, the kitchenmaid. When chaffed she never had an answer ready, and if she thought of one afterwards she was too timid to go back and say it.

She looked out of the window of her attic bedroom and wondered if Lyndhurst, the small house on the other side of the road, would ever let again. It was beginning to have a shabby, war-battered aspect, in painful contrast to the general prosperity of Hill Road. Between the side walls of Lyndhurst and the villa next to it she had a fine view of the clustering roofs of the suburb; and further off she could see the open country, and the main line of the South-Western Railway, along which the troop trains had already been running for nearly three years. Unseen, at the bottom of Hill Road, was the corner round which you plunged into traffic, gaiety, noise—trams and omnibuses passing by; the big public-houses, shops, cinema theatres; life. It was at this corner that young men used to hang about, waiting for the young ladies of Hill Road on their evenings out. But no young man had ever waited there for Adelaide.

Thinking of the corner, she felt almost too shy to face it—especially in her new hat. But it was her evening out, and she had to go out. Presently she had sidled round the corner and was in the crowd of the big street. In spite of the hat nobody took the least notice of her; she might have been invisible; and gradually she became less self-conscious and more capable of enjoying her promenade. By the time she had reached the third picture palace, and was standing outside it looking at the posters and the photographs, she had quite forgotten herself.

"JOAN OF ARC. The film that aroused a nation." She stood gaping at the highly-coloured portrait of a young lady in armour on a white horse. "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. Do not miss it. It has moved young and old on both sides of the Atlantic. You cannot see it, and go away just the same as you were before."

What did that last bit mean? Adelaide raised her gloved hand and felt her hat, with a return of uneasiness. And then the young soldier spoke to her.

"Going inside?"

"Beg pardon?" said Adelaide, almost fainting from the suddenness of this surprise attack.

"I passed the remark, whether you were going in to see the show."

"I wasn't intending," Adelaide gasped.

"No more was I," said the soldier; "that is, not alone. But I don't mind if you don't. Shall us?"

Adelaide was speechless.

"Come on, then," said the soldier; and he led her through the hall to the pay-box.

"I got my purse," said Adelaide, finding her voice in the closeness of the danger.

"I treat."

"Oh, no—please."

He had done it, paid for both; and next moment he was holding her firmly by the arm, guiding her through the darkness, keeping her off many toes that she would otherwise have martyrized, preventing her from sitting on a strange gentleman's lap, and finally depositing her in an unoccupied seat side by side with himself. Her heart was beating wildly, her thoughts were in a whirl. She was out with a soldier, being stood treat to the pictures. Breathing fast, she peered towards the stage.

It was the end of a prairie sketch. As usual,

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"AND THEN THE YOUNG SOLDIER SPOKE TO HER. 'GOING INSIDE?'"

the sheriff and his posse were arriving at a gallop. They released the man bound to the tree, and the lights went up; and Adelaide saw the closely packed audience, and stealthily glanced at her soldier. He was sunburnt, young, fair-haired.

"War nougat," said a brightly-dressed girl-attendant, coming along the gangway with a small tray of boxes. "War nougat. Nougat bits. Very sweet. Nice nutty flavour."

"Here, miss," said the soldier. "Give me a box, please. How much?"

"Two shillings. Thank you."

"Do you eat that stuff?" asked Adelaide, determined to make conversation.

"No, but I expect you do," and he handed her the box of war sweets.

"Oh, no, I couldn't think—I can't allow——"

"Gammon. Don't be huffy about it. Why not? I meant no offence."

And Adelaide, to her indescribable surprise, saw that he was blushing; and a wonderful, but very comfortable, idea flashed into her

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mind. Could it be possible that he was almost as shy by nature as she was?

"I'm not offended," she hastened to assure him. "I think it's very kind of you, only——"

"That's all right, then," and he smiled at her. "I'm on leave, I am. I saved up for it."

The lights went down, and a brief, exhilarating interlude entitled "The Runaway Motor-Car" was vividly presented. Adelaide sucked her sweets, and laughed at the runaway car until she nearly choked. When the lights went up again the soldier was wiping tears from his eyes.

"I do like a laugh," he explained, as he slowly recovered his composure. "My name's Budd—Dick Budd. You haven't told me your name yet."

"My name's Cross—Ad'laide Cross," said Adelaide, carefully imitating the formula.

"I'm out in France, with my battalion. The Sixteenth Battalion."

"It's dreadful out there, isn't it?"

"No, it's right enough."

"You say that, but I don't expect you mean it."

"O' course I do," and he looked hard at her, as though not understanding why she should doubt his word.

"Were you always a soldier—I mean, before the war?"

"No, I was in a warehouse."

Never in her life had Adelaide experienced such a sequence of pleasurable sensations—delicious flutter of excitement, laughter, sucking sweets; and now an unforced flow of conversation; a swiftly evoked mysterious sympathy that made companionship joy, that destroyed bashfulness.

"When it's over what will you do—go back into business?"

"Not me, Ad'laide. No, I shall go out to the Colonies."

Then the lights went down again, and the piece of the evening began.

One was introduced to a charming American girl who had dressed for a fancy ball as Joan of Arc. In this costume she showed herself to her elder brother, a man of considerable position under the Government, who expressed admiration of the attractive costume by face and gesture, and finally asked her a simple question in large plain handwriting.

"*Who was Joan of Arc?*"

No question could have been more opportune; for most of the audience, including Adelaide, were anxious for full information on the point.

The young lady replied to him with a concise written statement; and, time being permitted for it to soak into the audience, all became duly seized of the historical or traditional facts with regard to the Maid of Orleans.

The elder brother immediately changed the conversation, becoming frowningly serious, and saying to his sister:—

"*The war is not going well. There are too many sleepers. I despair of waking them.*"

Then, after the ball, the young lady went about America on a white horse with a banner, and woke the sleepers. Everybody flocked to the banner. The women as well as the men—both sexes could help.

But this was not all. Next one saw her in the war itself. She had travelled with the horse, and on its back in France she did remarkable things. The generals trusted her more and more, and when they had given her full powers she fairly got the Huns on the run. But at length the routed commander-in-chief of the enemy by subterfuge captured her, and shot her as vengeance, while the whole mob were hurrying back to Berlin. Her last words flashed upon the screen:—

"*I do not die in vain. Those I have awakened will not sleep until the work is done.*"

Of course, the unrolling of this drama took a considerable time; the film was a long one; intervals were allowed. During the intervals Adelaide talked volubly to her companion. Her face was flushed, her eyes glowed, her voice shook a little with emotion; she had been carried completely out of herself. She was a different girl. But for the hat, her fellow-servants would not have recognized her if they had seen her chattering to the soldier.

"Dick, is it like that out there?"

"Well, I can't exactly say I've seen such things myself. I've been mostly in Flanders and down by Arras. I don't quite follow how she got up so far like. Mostly the girls—you know, the ones in khaki as well as the nurses—aren't allowed not to come up beyond the principal headquarters. I should have thought the military police would have stopped her."

"But it was the generals invited her—to save the situation."

"Ah."

"Dick. Tell me true. Where the girls do get to—are they ever under fire?"

"You bet. They get shelled proper now and again. Why, you'll see the nurses' names in the lists."

"Then if a girl showed herself what Joan of Arc showed herself!"

Dick saw her home right up Hill Road to the gate of Belmont, where they lingered talking confidentially. It was a splendid summer night, and Adelaide looked up at the moonlit sky wondering if the fine atmospheric conditions would tempt Hun raiders. Instead of thinking about the coal-cellar as a refuge, she imagined herself seated in a battle-'plane high up there waiting to drive off the intruders. She felt like a sleeper awakened; great thoughts stirred in her.

"Ad'laide, you see I like you."

"I like you, too, Dick."

They promised to write to each other, and moved up the road a little way to exchange postal addresses that they scribbled in the shaded light by a lamp-post.

"I shall come straight to see you next leave. I'd come again this leave, if I wasn't booked down home at Poole."

"You mayn't find me here, Dick. But I'll write and tell you wherever I go to."

"Promise—and kiss on your promise. I like you, Ad'laide."

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"ADELAIDE STOOD BY THE KITCHEN TABLE AT BELMONT AND TALKED TO HER FELLOW-SERVANTS."

"I like you, Dick. But, Dick, I sha'n't never marry you unless I feel I'm worthy of you."

"Well, I haven't gone so far as to ask you that, have I?" Then, as if struck by an ungallant turn in these words, or as if suddenly making up his mind, he said, with firmness: "But, you know, I want for us to be engaged like."

Adelaide answered not firmly of tone, for there was a little break in her voice, but with a decision of purpose that was unmistakable:—

"No, Dick, you go away from me free, an' you'll come back to me free. Think of your duty first, an' me afterwards. An', an' remember my words. I sha'n't never consent to marry you unless I feel in me own self I'm worthy of you."

As Adelaide said these and other astounding things, trifling with an offer that would have seemed fantastically advantageous a few hours ago, she looked upward to the summer sky. Tears had come to her eyes, and unconsciously she raised her hand, assuming the exact attitude of the film young lady during the delivery of that last speech: "Those I have awakened will not sleep until the work is done."

"I sha'n't change my mind, Ad'laide."

"Nor I mine. Good-bye, dear."

And they hugged and parted.

With the feel of his lips still on her face, and the pressure of his arms still seeming to encircle her body, Adelaide stood by the kitchen table at Belmont and talked to her fellow-servants.

"I don't understand you," said Mrs. Vaughan, the cook, loftily.

"And I don't understand *you*," said Adelaide. "But I begin to. There's many things in this house wants understanding. The missis—Mrs. Carter—she's easily understood. Keep the home fires burning. That's to say, five able-bodied women, who might be helping to win the war, kep' here to coddle and fuss over one idle woman—and her a widow, too. Funny she

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and the dog would look if they met the enemy advancing round the corner!"

"Oh, we've heard that tale before," said Edith, the parlourmaid.

"And much *you'd* have done to prevent it coming true. You take the dog out regular, don't you, morning and evening, in almost all weathers? And Mrs. Carter she gives you a blouse—one she's tired of wearing—for your devotion to Bingo, doesn't she? I understand that part of it. But I tell you, cook, and you, too, Edith—I tell the lot of you, I don't understand how you've the face to carry on with it. And I don't understand how you'll look—but precious foolish, I guess—when the boys come home an' ask you, some of 'em, what you've done to help the cause."

It was not new; but, coming from such a quarter, it created a considerable sensation. In the old-time melodramas an immense effect used to be produced when the supposed deaf-mute, suddenly abandoning his disguise, defied and harangued the oppressors; and the effect of Adelaide's outburst was essentially of the same character. She, the tongue-tied, the down-trodden, had found a voice and disclosed herself as outrageously uppish in spirit. Surprise robbed her hearers of all power of repartee; for once it was they and not Adelaide who had no answer ready.

Next day she gave notice, announcing as her reason for departure that she felt "a call" to go straight out to the war.

"Something of this has reached my ears already," said Mrs. Carter; "and I think you are talking, and evidently wanting to act, in a foolish manner—in a manner rather ungrateful to *me*, Adelaide, who have tried so hard to keep things together, and make you all comfortable, during this dreadful war, at great sacrifices to myself."

In fact, this was the first defection in the domestic ranks, and Mrs. Carter had considered the matter with care. She did not attach any value to Adelaide's services; if the truth must be confessed, Adelaide, as well as being shy and awkward, had shown herself to be slack and incompetent; so that, in spite of the disgusting difficulties of life caused by this wretched war, Mrs. Carter did not doubt that she could secure a better second housemaid in Adelaide's place. But the danger was that the rest of the household might be upset. Anything to prevent that. When one goes, another follows. Stifling her pride and irritation, therefore, Mrs. Carter spoke to the would-be deserter in a tone of affectionate sympathy.

"Adelaide, I honour the emotion that moves you, and I'll say no more of my own wishes. But, with the best will in the world, you don't know what you are undertaking. Believe me, you are not strong enough."

"Joan of Arc," said Adelaide, "was only a poor weak girl. Yet she drove the English out of France."

"But you don't want to do that," said Mrs. Carter. "Now you're talking like a pro-German. I don't think you know yourself *what* you want."

"Oh, yes, I do," said Adelaide. "I want to fight for the freedom of the world, and not lie snug a-bed and eat regular meals here, when half humanity's starving and bleeding."

After that there was no more to be said. The only thing was to get rid of her at once.

"But leaving me, as you do," said Mrs. Carter, "without serving your month, you go, of course, without your money."

"I prefer to go without my money," said Adelaide, loftily.

Within an hour she had packed her trunk, and a taxi-cab stood outside the front door of Belmont.

"Good-bye," said Adelaide to her fellow-servants. "You won't never see me again."

They clustered at the side entrance and on the gravel drive to watch her roll away; and Mrs. Carter came down among them, laying dignity aside for once, and encouraging them to mock and make merry at the deserter's expense. She was most anxious to shatter any dangerous thoughts that might have been set working. Nothing is so efficacious as ridicule.

"Joan of Arc!" said Mrs. Carter, laughing as if hugely amused. "She called herself Joan of Arc. Joan of Arc going to buy a tin sword and a paste-board helmet." And she laughed again. "Oh, dear, how silly people can be!"

And by the way in which the servants laughed and echoed the name of Joan of Arc she felt sure that the danger was averted.

Adelaide tried to be a W.A.A.C., to be a W.R.E.N., an A.S.C. M.T.O., a V.A.D.; she tried for all the letters of the alphabet; but everywhere she was rejected. Most unfortunately for her, at this period the authorities had decided that they did not want any more women for service with the armies in France. People at recruiting offices sent Adelaide on to munitions; but here again she met with disappointment. None but skilled hands were required. Everywhere she was confronted with lists of printed questions; and when she showed that she had no qualifications for war-work, people asked her, orally, even more distressing questions.

"Can you cook?"

"Are you a really good housemaid?"

"Have you had practice in waiting at table?"

There was a chance, possibly, of putting her into a work-girls' canteen; but even this chance soon vanished. Besides, she did not want to wash plates or sweep floors here in England; she wanted to get across the water and do great deeds in France. The spirit that had been aroused in her still burned brightly, but the sense of failure fell cold upon her. At night she used to weep piteously, thinking of her soldier boy and all the other brave lads out there; and in imagination she saw the uniformed girls waving their hands to them, calling out "Cheerio," perhaps even blowing kisses to them as they marched by along the dusty roads up towards the battle front. Why might not she do even so much as that? Why was fate so cruel?

She had spent nearly all her savings; she dared not go home to her mother and father in

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Wiltshire. At last, driven by necessity, she accepted the offer of a domestic servant's place.

The offer came from a lady she had met at some employment committee rooms; a businesslike, quick-speaking lady called Miss Finlayson.

"By an accident, it so happens that I am in sore need of a housemaid. Three kept—cook, house, and parlour. Happy, comfortable home—but, mind you, I expect to see the work properly done. Very good. Then I am prepared to take you at once—if character from last place proves satisfactory."

"The lady I was with," said Adelaide, "couldn't but give me a good character—but, ma'am, I simply can't apply for it."

"Why?"

Poor Adelaide explained all the circumstances. She had left in order to enrol herself in the army; she had spoken strongly on the duty of giving your life to your country; they had attempted to laugh her down. If they learned that all the fine talk had ended in this, they would laugh louder than ever.

"What was the lady's name and address?"

"I'd rather not tell you even that," said Adelaide. "I don't want no communication of any sort with them."

Miss Finlayson looked hard at Adelaide, and then came to a prompt decision

"Adelaide, I will risk it. You appear honest. Your story is corroborated—to a certain extent—by your applications here and elsewhere. Come early to-morrow morning. It is a thing I would never have done in peace time. But the times are *not* normal, there's no getting away from it."

And she told Adelaide how to find No. 18, Berwick Road, Hammersmith.

Adelaide settled down in Berwick Road, and a dull apathy possessed her. It was a relief perhaps to have some regular meals again, for she had been going rather short of food lately; but she felt that her heart was almost broken. In spite of every effort to appear cheerful, she wrote dolorous letters to Private Budd, B.E.F. Her fellow-servants were easy enough to get on with, and they left her unmolested in her sadness. They were nothing like so fine and ladylike as the maids at Mrs. Carter's.

They saw little of their mistress, who was out early and late at her committees and hospitals.



"THEY CLUSTERED AT THE SIDE ENTRANCE AND ON THE GRAVEL DRIVE TO WATCH HER ROLL AWAY."

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She worked hard herself, and she did not like to see others slacking. She blended something of the war spirit into her admonitions, but to Adelaide it did not seem to be the real true flame of patriotism.

"Now, don't go to sleep over it—not in war-time," Miss Finlayson would say. "Remember there's a war on. We all have to do our bit. And one can do one's bit here just as usefully as anywhere else."

Nevertheless, on the whole, Adelaide liked her in a dull, apathetic way; and she accepted occasional rebukes without murmuring.

After about a month the household moved. Miss Finlayson carried through the operation as though she had been a regimental transport officer, ordering about the old men as they loaded the two pantechnicon vans, inspecting the rather scraggy horses, and seeing that they were properly fed before she gave the word to move off. She had secured a private omnibus for herself, the three servants, and all the light baggage. There was so much of this light stuff that it seemed as if they would never pack in. But Miss Finlayson managed it somehow; and off they went, so deeply buried in parcels that they could scarcely see one another. Adelaide sat nursing band-boxes, brooding sadly, and looking with lack-lustre eyes at vistas of unknown streets as the omnibus slowly and heavily jogged along. It was a tedious, unending drive.

"Now we are not far off," said Miss Finlayson, at last.

Adelaide had been dreaming. She roused herself, and, glancing through the window of the omnibus door with faintly awakened interest, gave a little start. She had seen this street before; that bootshop was an old friend—one, two, three cinema palaces, all three familiar to her. At the place where roads meet, among the trams, near the corner by the big public-houses, the omnibus lurched and began to turn in the direction of Hill Road.

"Where are we going?" gasped Adelaide. "What's the name of your house?"

"Lyndhurst," said Miss Finlayson, briskly. "We are close to it now. I recognize the acacia tree."

In another minute the omnibus stopped outside the newly-painted woodwork of Lyndhurst. It was the little unoccupied house immediately opposite to Belmont, Adelaide's old home.

She was overwhelmed.

Her main thought was to escape discovery by the servants at Belmont. She tried also to hide from tradesmen's boys who might recognize her. She never went out except after dark, and then heavily veiled. But it was all no good. One morning the milkman spotted her cleaning the steps of Lyndhurst.

"Bless me. Miss Cross, isn't it—that used to be over the way?"

A day or two afterwards he addressed her facetiously, and she knew at once that he had betrayed her.

"Yes, they *was* surprised across the road. They all sends their compliments. They tell me," and he sniggered, "as you've changed your name. Not Ad'laide any more, but Jane. Jane of Hark, eh? Haw, haw."

It was bitter to think of how they were all deriding her. Mrs. Carter had kept her command together; all of them were still there—although the milkman said that Loo had some ideas of going on the music-hall stage and earning big money.

As the months passed, Adelaide carried a heart of lead beneath her print and serge dresses. Nowhere but here would she have suffered so grievously from the sense of failure. She was sustained only by two letters from Private Budd. In one of these he said, "I have not changed my mind"; in the other he said, "We been through a lot lately"; and at the end of each he set down signs of multiplication that meant kisses. She cried over these letters in secret, but there was bitterness to her even in the affectionate symbols. She was not worthy of him, and never likely to be. When she read the war news, and tried to imagine what he and the others were enduring, she felt that she would not be able to look him in the face—if he ever returned to her.

Very dark thoughts came to poor Adelaide now that all the bright ones had gone. She had been ready to give her life to her country, but they would not take it; and she thought sometimes that she would take it herself.

Then Miss Finlayson's parlourmaid left, and Adelaide took on the parlourmaid's work as well as her own. She did not mind the extra labour; indeed, in that it gave her less time for sad reveries, it was welcome. Miss Finlayson praised her highly for thus throwing herself into the breach.

"I hope to relieve you by the week-end, Adelaide; and I'm really grateful for the way you've tackled it."

"Oh, it's nothing," said Adelaide.

"How do you mean, nothing? I think it's a great deal, and you've done it splendidly."

"It's all child's play," said Adelaide, "compared with what they're doing out in France."

"*Bravo!*" cried Miss Finlayson, cordially. "*That's* the spirit," and she gave Adelaide a pat of approval on the shoulder.

A little later it was agreed between them that the parlourmaid should not be replaced; Adelaide would carry on.

She worked hard now, harder and harder. She had, it must be owned, never really worked before; but that thought of France, and what was happening there, made toil seem easy and fatigue one's proper portion. She used to say to herself, "If I'd had my wish and been accepted I'd never have been off duty; I'd have had to march fifteen miles on end like those girls in the newspaper; I'd 'a' bin busy all through the night as well as day." So she took a sort of melancholy pleasure in not sparing herself; she did far more than was necessary; and soon she began to find in the work almost an anodyne for failure and disappointment.

"It is no compliment," said Miss Finlayson.

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" You are making me a good deal more comfortable than when we had Eliza."

" Oh, don't mention it, ma'am," said Adelaide.

During the fogs and frosts of winter the cook's health began to fail, and, unknown to Miss Finlayson, Adelaide was doing a lot of cook's work also. Adelaide liked it; this learning how to cook brought a new faint interest to her weary life. The cook used to sit in an arm-chair by the dresser, sighing, and giving directions.

Upstairs in the dining-room Adelaide asked, shyly, while she cleared the table, " Did you like the cabinet pudding, ma'am ? "

" Yes. Tell Mrs. Smiles *excellent*. I must say old Smiles can cook plain fare against anybody. If she ever broke down I don't know what I should do. The war is making existence more difficult every day. Cooks are like diamonds now—fetch any money."

In February the blow that Miss Finlayson dreaded fell upon her; Mrs. Smiles showed symptoms of pleurisy, and had to be removed to a hospital. Adelaide carried on. " If you don't mind," she said, " I'd much prefer you didn't get another. I shall be happier doing it all alone, and I promise you sha'n't suffer."

" Adelaide, I admire your pluck and good feeling, but you really can't do the work of *three*. You will simply kill yourself in attempting it."

" Oh, no, ma'am, that's all right. Give me a trial, anyways."

The trial was made, and Miss Finlayson did not suffer—far from it. She had never been so comfortable in her life. Adelaide, always improving, by the summer had developed into that greatest of household treasures—a perfect general servant. It was not only that she got through the work of three people, she did it so much better. The brass was always shining, the steps were spotless, the hot water was never cold; and, as a *tour de force*, or crowning proof of energy, Adelaide allotted a day in each week to give one of the rooms a thorough spring cleaning.

" Oh, my dear girl," said Miss Finlayson one evening in a burst of genuine enthusiasm after her good dinner, " what a wife you will make ! What a wife you will make, some day, when the war is over ! "

Adelaide flushed, then turned pale, and her lips trembled.

" Are you engaged, Adelaide ? "

" No, ma'am. But I have a friend, and I'm very anxious about him," and Adelaide began to cry.

It was so long since she had heard from him, and she doubted if her own letters ever reached him. At night she used to have dreadful dreams that he was killed, or taken prisoner, or that he had quite forgotten her. But for the hard work, she would have gone out of her mind from anxiety. Then, when the summer was nearly over, the milkman brought across the road a letter that Dick had addressed to her at Belmont. Her hand shook so much that the milkman had to carry the milk for her into the kitchen. She waited until he had gone before she opened Dick's letter.

He was alive, not a prisoner, and he still remembered her. He had been transferred to another battalion, which had done a lot of moving about as well as a lot of fighting. But now things were quieter, and he hoped to get a turn of leave before long. He reproached her for not writing, and he put a great number of signs of multiplication or addition after his signature.

That afternoon she overcame her pride and reluctance, and, going across the road, faced her old fellow-servants at Belmont. It was an ordeal, but it had to be gone through. She was obliged to ask them a favour. She begged that if her soldier turned up there looking for her, he might be sent at once to the correct address. She could not risk the chance of misunderstanding or delay when Dick came round the corner and up Hill Road.

" A soldier ? " said Loo, wickedly. " I suppose you mean a brother officer ? "

" Yes, of course," said Mrs. Vaughan; " she's a ' *General* ' now, and we mustn't forget it."

And they chaffed her unmercifully.

" To be sure. When you went into the Army we knew you'd do well, but we never thought you'd go up so rapid as to be a ' General ' within the year. No one under you, and no one above you—you must feel grand. People used to look down on ' Generals ' in the old days, counting them as mere drudges; but times are changed, aren't they, Emily ? "

Adelaide bore it all without flinching, or attempting to answer back. She felt the pin-pricks, but they were nothing to what she had experienced from her own thoughts.

It was in September when he came, still daylight after a warm day; and by providential good fortune Miss Finlayson was dining out and would not be back till late. They went out together, and along unfrequented footpaths between the villas and the fields. At such moments as the paths were quite empty they did a lot of hugging; and, really, to any tender-hearted person it would have been touching to hear them talk to each other.

Adelaide told him all about it—her high aspirations, her vow to do something great or perish in the attempt, and her total and miserable failure. Before she had finished she was sobbing on his shoulder.

" I tried, Dick—I did try. An' they—they wouldn't let me. An' I've worked, Dick. I've learnt to cook real well. I do the whole house for her, and she praises me. I'm not the helpless, useless girl I was—but when I think of all I dreamed and hoped, I feel I've nothing to live for, and I want to go straight to the river and commit suicide."

" No, don't do that," said Dick. " Live for my sake. We'll be married soon's the war's over. And we'll light out for the Colonies. All this cooking and housekeeping, what you speak of, will come in very handy out there."

Then they went to the cinema theatre—the one where they had first met—and sat with clasped hands, except when the lights were up. They saw runaway motor-cars, and jolly Wild West scenes with the sheriff and his posse; and Adelaide felt happy again.

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PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

437.—A NEW MATCH PUZZLE.

I AM the proud possessor of a box of matches inherited from a rich but honest relative. I find that I can form with them any given pair of these four regular figures, using all the matches every time. Thus, if there were eleven matches, I could form with them, as shown, the triangle and pentagon or the



pentagon and hexagon, or the square and triangle (by using only three matches in the triangle); but could not with eleven matches form the triangle and hexagon, or the square and pentagon, or the square and hexagon. Of course, there must be the same number of matches in every side of a figure. Now, what is the smallest number of matches I can have in the box?

438.—DIGITAL COINCIDENCES.

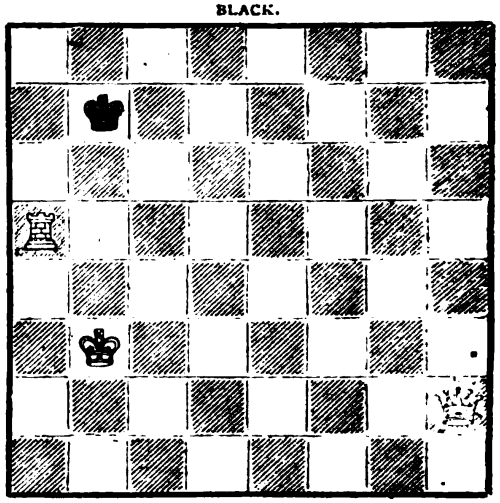
IF I multiply, and also add, 9 and 9 I get 81 and 18, which contain the same figures. If I multiply and add 2 and 47 I get 94 and 49—the same figures. If I multiply and add 3 and 24 I get the same figures—72 and 27. Can you find two numbers that when multiplied and added will, in this simple manner, produce the same *three* figures?

439.—MAKING A PENTAGON.

THE solution to the following will be found very interesting if the reader has not seen it before. I want to form a regular pentagon, but the only thing at hand happens to be a rectangular strip of paper. How am I to do it without pencil, compasses, scissors, or anything else whatever but my fingers?

440.—A THREE-MOVER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Mate in three moves.

HERE is another three-mover with few pieces. It was by Jespersen, of Copenhagen, and is not difficult.

441.—A WORD SQUARE.

THE teeming crowds to *fourth* were hurrying,
Riding, driving, running, scurrying,
Covering *first* on every side.
"They come! But stay! It *fifths*, alas!
A man is stretched upon the grass!"
To *third* himself he tried.
And now a woman, worn and white,
To buy my *second* spends her mite,
Because the fellow died.

A POSY OF POSERS.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

THE letter addressed—

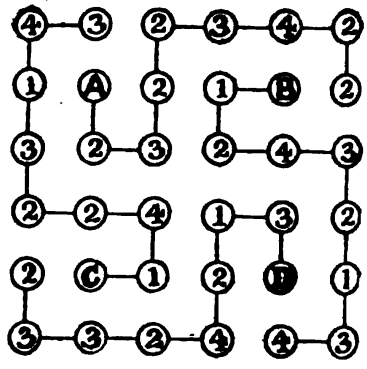
WOOD
JOHN
ENGLAND

was intended for John Underwood, Andover, England. (That is, JOHN under WOOD and over ENGLAND.)

In the case of the walking puzzle, the distance between the two places must have been 18 miles. The meeting points were 10 miles from A.... and 12 miles from B..... Simply multiply 10 (the first distance) by 3 and deduct the second distance, 12. Could anything be simpler? Try other distances for the meeting points (taking care that the first meeting distance is more than two-thirds of the second) and you will find the little rule will always work.

The five missing words, composed of the same seven letters, are ASPIRER, PARRIES, RAPIERS, REPAIRS, and PRAISER, in their order.

Hilman's puzzle of the numbered square is solved as shown in the annexed diagram.



It will be found that the numbers in each of the four strings correctly add up 20.

The two numbers, composed only of ones that sum and multiply alike, are 11 and 1.1. In both cases the result is 12.1.

To solve the "Flanders Wheel" puzzle, move the counters in the following order: A N D A F L N D

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AFDNLDRSDLNAFRSERSLNAL—30 moves in all.

The precocious youngster's mother had fifteen apples at the start.

In attempting to solve the "Find the Cat" puzzle it is necessary to remember that there are various kinds of cats. For example, there is the domestic cat, the nautical cat, the mechanical cat, and also the punitive cat, or cat-o'-nine-tails. The reader is apt, for some reason or other, to confine his investigations to the domestic variety alone. It is, therefore, not surprising if he is led off the scent by the tail coming out of the barrel. Yet if he had happened to have made a study of the recondite laws governing these feline and canine appendages he would know that if a cat has any black fur on its body the tip of its tail will be black, while if a dog has any white hair the tip of its tail will be white. The tail in question is therefore the tail of a dog, and we have to look elsewhere for our cat. (I anticipate a very close inspection of domestic animals' tails, and the discovery by correspondents of rare exceptions to the curious rule!) An examination of the three flower-pots in the illustration will show that, while the first two contain plants, in the third one, for some curious reason that need not be explained, a cat-o'-nine-tails has been stuck. Here, then, is the missing cat!

The farmer's seventeen horses were to be divided in the *proportions* one-half, one-third, and one-ninth. It was not stated that the sons were to receive those *fractions* of seventeen. The proportions are thus nine-eighteenths, six-eighteenths, and two-eighteenths, so if the sons receive respectively nine, six, and two horses each, the terms of the legacy will be exactly carried out. Therefore, the ridiculous old method described does happen to give a correct solution.

It is true of any solidly constructed four-legged table or chair that one leg cannot be raised from the ground without raising two or more.

As regards the false scales puzzle, since one canister weighs an ounce, the first illustration shows that in one pan eight packets equal three ounces, and, therefore, one packet will weigh three-eighths of an ounce. The second illustration shows that in the other pan one packet equals six ounces. Multiply $\frac{3}{8}$ by 6 and we get $\frac{9}{4}$, the square root of which is $\frac{3}{2}$, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. as the real weight of one packet. Therefore, eight packets weigh 12 oz., which is the correct answer.

ANSWERS TO THE HARDEST BRIDGE PROBLEMS.

By R. F. FOSTER.

SIX of the most difficult bridge problems ever invented by man were published in the Christmas number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. Here are the solutions:—

No. 1. FIVE CARDS; BY R. C. MANKOWSKI.

Hand	*Hearts*	*Clubs*	*Diamonds*	*Spades*
A	10 9 6	none	8	A
Y	Q 7	10	9	8
B	none	Q 9 6	A 7	none
Z	J	A 8	J 5	none

No trumps, Z to lead; Y and Z to win four tricks.

Z starts with the smaller of his two diamonds. If B wins, he returns the diamond, as that gives Y an opportunity to make a mistake. A discards a heart, Y the club. Z leads the ace of clubs, and whichever suit A discards, Y keeps.

If B refuses to win the first trick, Y leads the spade, on which B discards a club and Z a heart. Y wins whichever heart A leads and B has to pick a discard.

No. 2. SIX CARDS; BY THE LATE W. H. WHITFELD.

Hand	*Hearts*	*Clubs*	*Diamonds*	*Spades*
A	none	9 5	K 10	7 3
Y	6 3	8 2	A 9	none
B	none	7 4 3	8	6 2
Z	none	J 10 6	Q	5 4

Hearts trumps, Z to lead; Y and Z to win all six.

Z leads a high club, on which Y puts the eight. Z leads a spade, which Y trumps. Y leads the trump and Z discards the queen of diamonds. Y now leads the ace of diamonds, and the rest is obvious, Z having adjusted his discards to those of B on the third trick, when Y led the trump.

The essentials in this problem are establishing the tenace in clubs by giving up the eight, and discarding the diamond before the diamonds are led. Nothing else will solve.

No. 3. SEVEN CARDS; BY PROF. T. J. WERTENBAKER.

Hand	*Hearts*	*Clubs*	*Diamonds*	*Spades*
A	2	A 7 2	none	A 6 5
Y	4	K 4 3	none	9 8 4
B	K 8 3	none	A 5	3 2
Z	A J 7	6 5	4	7

No trumps, Z to lead; Y and Z to win five tricks.

Z leads the spade, which holds. (A must duck it, or he makes both Y's spades good for tricks.) Z follows with a club, and there are three important lines of defence to be met.

1. If A plays his smallest club, so does Y, and B discards a diamond or a spade. Z leads another club, which A must win, and B discards a diamond or a spade. Now, if A makes the ace of spades and leads a heart, B's discards will have settled matters. But if A leads the heart first, Z wins whatever B plays and leads the diamond. Now B loses two heart tricks.

2. If A plays the seven of clubs to the second trick, Y must win it with the king and lead the heart. Z wins whatever B plays and makes the best heart, so that Y may see what A is going to keep, and keep the same suit himself.

3. If A plays the ace of clubs to the second trick, he cannot lead the spade, as that makes

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it too easy for Y and Z. If A picks the heart lead, Z wins whatever B plays and leads another club. If A plays the seven, Y makes two club tricks and a spade. If A ducks the club lead, Y also ducks and B is forced to discard. If he unguards the diamond, Z leads a diamond and makes two heart tricks. If A returns the deuce of clubs after winning the second trick with the ace, Y plays the king and leads the heart, and B's discards will have broken up his defence.

The popular solution is for Z to start with a club, but it is defeated by A's putting on the ace at once and leading back the deuce, B discarding spades. If Y allows Z to win this trick, Z must lead right up to B's defence, or give A two more tricks in the black suits. If Y wins the return of the club, he must lead the heart, and either A or B make two more tricks.

No. 4. EIGHT CARDS; BY HARRY BOARDMAN.

Hand	*Hearts*	*Clubs*	*Diamonds*	*Spades*
A	Q 7	K 5	10 9 7 5	none
Y	J 6 4	A 4	Q J 3	none
B	A 8 3	10 7 3	none	6 2
Z	9 5 2	J 8 6	none	8 5

Hearts trumps, Z to lead; Y and Z to win six tricks.

Z starts with the eight of spades. (Neither the small spade nor the deuce of trumps will solve.) A trumps with the queen, and Y under-trumps with the six. This is to prevent A from defeating the solution by a trump lead.

A leads a small diamond and Y wins it with the jack, B and Z both discarding clubs. Y now leads the jack of trumps, which B ducks. Y then leads the high diamond. If B discards another club, Z trumps with the five and leads a spade, upon which Y saves his four of trumps. Y leads the ace of clubs and the nine of trumps must make.

The importance of leading the jack of trumps at the third trick, the moment B refuses to trump the diamond, is one of the beauties of this problem. If Y goes on with the queen of diamonds, before leading that jack of trumps, B will discard another club and make a spade trick.

If A refuses to trump the first trick of all, discarding a diamond, Y gets rid of the small club and Z leads another spade. If A passes again, Y trumps with the four and leads the queen of diamonds. If B passes up this trick, Y at once makes his ace of clubs, and, if A has only one diamond left, leads the jack of diamonds.

Of the two plausible solutions to this problem, the trump lead can be defeated by A's passing, allowing B to kill the jack with the ace. The three of trumps allows A to make the queen and lead a diamond. B trumps this with the eight, and Z over-trumps with the nine. After Z has made his spade trick he must give B a spade trick, or Y must give A a diamond.

The smaller spade opening allows A to discard a diamond, and forces Y to trump. Y leads the jack of trumps, upon which B puts the ace and leads the six of spades, which A trumps with the queen. Y can either under-trump or discard the small club. If he under-trumps, A leads the king of clubs. If he discards A leads the diamond and Z is compelled to over-trump B.

No. 5. EIGHT CARDS; BY JAY KEED.

Hand	*Hearts*	*Clubs*	*Diamonds*	*Spades*
A	A 10	Q	7	10 8 5 4
Y	9 8 7 6	none	A	K 9 7
B	Q 4 3	A	6 2	A Q
Z	K J 2	J 8	Q 3	J

No trumps, Z to lead; Y and Z to win four tricks.

Z starts with a club, and Y discards a heart. There are three strong lines of defence, all difficult to meet.

1. If B leads ace and then queen of spades, Z discards a small heart, and Y lets the spade queen hold. B leads a diamond and Y leads the hearts. If B leads the heart instead of the diamond, the result is the same in the end.

2. If B leads a diamond, instead of the spades, or if he leads the spade ace and then a diamond, Y leads the hearts, and the rest is easy.

3. The real trap in the problem comes in the third line of B's defences. Suppose he lets the spades alone and leads a small heart for the second trick? This is the most difficult defence to meet, chiefly because the attention is so fixed on B's hand that A's is forgotten. Z puts on the jack of hearts. If A wins with the ace and comes right back with the ten, Z wins with the king and makes a club trick, Y discarding a spade.

Now a small diamond puts Y in and he leads the nine of hearts, which forces B to give him a spade trick. If A tries to avoid this ending by leading the spade through Y, instead of coming right back with the heart ten, Y plays a small spade, and B must lead the hearts, or establish the king of spades.

Here comes the play that shows the composer's cunning. When B wins the spade and leads the heart, Z wins the trick and leads the winning club. It looks as if B could discard to beat anything. So he can, but what about A? If B keeps both his diamonds, he can discard the ace of spades, as Z has no more spades. But if A gives up a spade he blocks the diamonds and Z will lead the three of diamonds, not the queen, and A will lose two spade tricks, because the moment Y sees that A is going to keep the seven of diamonds, Y discards the ace on the club trick. If A discards the diamond, so does Y, and Z puts B in with the heart, so that B loses two diamond tricks.

If Z starts with a small diamond opening, so as to establish a trick with the queen, Y must lead the spade. B wins this and leads the small heart, which A wins and returns. Now the two black aces in B's hand must bring in that heart trick. If Y tries to avoid this by leading the heart for the second trick, A wins the heart and leads the spade, so that B can make the spade queen and lead another heart, establishing the queen.

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No. 6. NINE CARDS; BY R. C. MANKOWSKI.

Hand	*Hearts*	*Clubs*	*Diamonds*	*Spades*
A	9 5 2	none	A	A Q 10 7 5
Y	A K Q 4	none	none	9 8 4 3 2
B	J 10 7	K 9 5 4 3 2	none	none
Z	none	A Q J 10 6	J 10	K J

Hearts trumps, Z to lead; Y and Z to win six tricks.

Z leads the ace of clubs, which A trumps and Y over-trumps with the queen. Y now leads both his high trumps and then the small one, Z discarding diamonds and spades. As B wins the last round of trumps, he can make the king of clubs, but that is all he can make, and A makes the ace of the suit Z has kept.

If A refuses to trump the first trick, Y discards a spade. Now Z leads a diamond, Y trumps with a high trump, and leads both his high trumps and then the small one. On the first and second trump leads, Z will discard clubs. Then, if B has the best trump for the last round, Z discards a spade, gets in with the clubs, makes the ten of diamonds, and loses a spade at the end. But if A has the best trump for the last round, Z then discards the third club, and makes the spade king and ten of diamonds, and loses a club at the end.

The more plausible of the two false solutions is the small club opening. A discards the spade five, and B gets out of the way by giving up his high trumps, so that A shall win the third round. This play obviously makes six tricks impossible.

The defence to the diamond opening is for B to under-trump with a high trump. If Y leads the high trump, B keeps the seven and A keeps the deuce. If Y goes on with a high one, A throws in the nine and Y is left in the lead, so that all he can win is his fourth trump, losing four spades. Y cannot escape this by leading the small trump earlier, as A will win with the nine and lead the deuce.

SOLUTIONS TO CINEMA CHESS.

(S is given for Kt.)

CHANGES 1 to 8, also 13, and 22, excepting those in which White checks on first move, *e*—1 S to B 4, and 5, first turn—S (4) to Q 5, are each solved by:—

TURNS LEFTWARDS.

1st.	2nd.	3rd.
1. K S to Q 4 | S (6) to Q 5	S Q 7 to K 5	S (5) to K 4

Changes 9, 14, 16, 17, 18, 19, *g*, and *l*, excepting those in which White checks on first move, are each solved by:—

1. Q S to K 4 \| S (6) to Q 5 \| S B 7 to K 5 \| S acc. to K 4

10.—1. Q to B 4, then as foregoing. 11.—1. Q takes P all round. 12.—1. Q to K 4, then as first set. 15 and *f*.—1. Q to Q 4, then *f* as second set. 20 and *j*.—K to S 2. *m*—K S to Q 4; first and second turns—Q takes P. The main play in the final solution is—K takes S (S 5); 1. S to K 4 ch, K to B 4; 2. Q to Q 5 mate.

The checking key moves, being obvious, are not given.

ACROSTICS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 57.

(The Third of the Series.)

Two things the world is needing more and more,
While war and scarcity go hand in hand;
May they be granted as in days of yore,
And hover smiling over ev'ry land.

1. So treat the question. If she answer Yes,
You may be happy, or may not, I guess.

2. Aristocratic in a high degree:
Put third in front, and genuine is he.

3. We all have got one, so 'tis wonder small
Our general mother gained thereby a fall.

4. Though not a dance, you cannot help but feel
It ought to be connected with a reel.

5. Of such as row or shoot the hint is plain,
Also of money and a piece of Spain.

6. No Cæsar was this Julius, but still
A statesman (note the sign) for good or ill.

QUÆSTOR.

Answers to Acrostic No. 57 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than by the first post on January 10th.*

To every light one alternative answer may also be sent; it should be written at the side. At the foot of his answer every solver should write his pseudonym and nothing else.

ANSWER TO No. 55.

1.	W	in	E
2.	E	xtr	A
3.	S	tripe	S
4.	T	ro	T

NOTE.—Light 3. The Stars and Stripes.

ANSWER TO No. 56.

1.	O	l	D
2.	F	il	E
3.	F		F
4.	E	as	E
5.	N	oblema	N
6.	S	tump	S
7.	I	mp	I
8.	V	i	V
9.	E	x	E

NOTES.—Light 3. Fifth. 5. Nob, man. 6. Bill Stumps, in "The Pickwick Papers"; at cricket. 8. Vivace.

An unfortunate misprint occurred in the second light of No. 52; all answers to this light must therefore be considered correct. For the fifth light "Rizzio" is also admitted. Even with these concessions, only twelve solutions were entirely correct, whereas No. 49 produced 507 correct answers.

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IN THE PINCERS.

By L. J. BEESTON.

Illustrated by Sydney Seymour Lucas.

AT about half-past seven o'clock in the evening O'Fell got the letter.

At six he had arrived home at his Hampstead house, as usual; dined at half-past; kissed his children good night at seven; got out his cigars, cushioned his easiest chair, produced a sensational novel.

Suddenly a terrible blow fell upon O'Fell.

The handwriting on the envelope, stirring the deeps of a recollection which had fifteen years piled on top of it, sent a vague thrill of pain along his nerves. The name "William Kent" stabbed his memory and hurt him. Bah! Perhaps he was only peering for trouble. He jerked open the envelope, tugged out the letter, turned first to the end. It was signed "William Kent."

When O'Fell saw that name fear clutched at his heart with its grasp cold as ice and rigid as frost. The letter ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR O'FELL,—You will be surprised to hear from me after all these years. I write in very tragic circumstances. By the time you receive this communication it is probable that life for me will have ended. I have been a dying man for two years. I might have lived for two more, but I understand that my heart is failing under continuous pain, and my last hours are nearly spent.

"For two almost unendurable years I have contemplated that lawless action which was committed by myself, and you, and Lennill. It has been an ever-present phantom by my bedside, mocking my physical agony. I used to smile when told of sick men who were haunted by a sin of the past. But it is true; horribly, maddeningly true.

"Our crime cannot sit so lightly on your soul that you have forgotten it. No word from me can be necessary to recall it to you. We fled to America together, you and I; Lennill went to South Africa for good. The law may find him there; I can do no more than furnish justice with his name. Until an accident of chance made me acquainted with your business and residence in London, quite recently, I had no idea what had become of you. Not without a bitter struggle did I decide to send you this line saying what I am doing. It may be wrong of me to warn you. If I do so it is because we were once associates, and because I understand that you have long since been a clean-living man.

"I have put down in writing the entire story of our crime. Nothing less than that can help me in these final moments. Before you judge me harshly remember what I have suffered, and the dark into which I shall have passed as you read this. I was not afraid—then, when we schemed together; but I confess that now I am a man mortally afraid.

"My written admission is intended for the eyes of the police, and to them it is addressed. Coward that I am, I could not bring myself to send it while still a living man. It forms part of a correspondence which I have handed to my minister, the Rev. T. John Andrews, of Furze Bank, in this avenue. I have instructed him to open the packet after my death, so that even he shall know nothing of my guilt until then—until he has forwarded my shameful story to the authorities.

"I have nothing more to add. Do not curse a man who finds himself unable to face the unknown without unburdening his conscience of a deed which has embittered the closing years of his life.—WILLIAM KENT."

O'Fell had started to read with a quaking heart. He finished in a storm of fury.

"The pitiful cur! The puling, cringing hound!" he burst out, jumping to his feet. "Ten times damned coward to leave others to face a music he started himself! A foul, a filthy trick!"

After this discharge the blood which had rushed to his head ebbed pretty quickly, and O'Fell began to realize that coolness was needed here, not wrath. With an effort he fought down excitement, read the letter again, took a few turns up and down his carpet. And contemplation revealed the fact that he was in about as unpleasant a situation as even a nightmare could scare him with. For the thing which he and his two associates had done was a punishable offence, and although it is true that fifteen years are fifteen years, yet a crime unexpiated never grows old and faded in the sight of the law.

"My soul! they can hand me out a couple of years in jail for that!" he muttered.

Bad enough, and even anticipation of its likelihood oozed a clammy perspiration on his palms and lined forehead. But that would not be all. He had created for himself a position; he was respected; his friends were many. And his wife and children, whom he adored, had their happiness founded upon him—sure rock that they thought he was. And he *was* that. That misdemeanour of the past had been made by

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circumstance, not disposition. He had genuinely regretted it, and with relief had seen it sink deep in time.

Now it was tossed up again. And in the cruellest fashion.

"Curse his cowardice! Curse his treachery! Curse his religious scruples!" groaned O'Fell.

He kept making a half-dash for the door, with intent to go round to the address on the letter and see Kent. But each time he checked the impulse. In the first place the writer was probably beyond reach of expostulation. Or, in any case, he—Kent—would certainly refuse to see him. Then, again, the mischief was half done, since the minister named in the letter was in receipt of the packet containing the vital communication for the police.

"*He* is the man I want to get hold of, and not Kent," moaned O'Fell, holding his aching head. "But to approach him would be worse than useless. I know his sort! He has been doing his best to make Kent utterly miserable with some hideous doctrine of eternal punishment. If I go to him with this story he will raise his eyes and groan."

Yet reflection showed him that this did not seem altogether just. Kent had put his confession down in writing, and had not spoken of it to anyone. It was just on the cards that the Rev. John Andrews might be a pastor of a more bracing order than O'Fell's morbid and distempered mood represented him. But since what had been entrusted to his charge was the secret of a dying — perhaps dead — member of his church, to suppose that he could fail in his duty of delivering it was a thought without one shred of hope.

"And yet while I wait here, doing nothing, the minister might be opening his packet, might even now be forwarding that most accursed letter to the police!" groaned O'Fell, now torn with wretchedness and fear. "Something I must do. Either I must get that letter into my own hands by fair means or foul, or else I must pack up to-night—now, this very minute, and bolt for it. Good God! the police!"

At that instant the bell in the hall trilled sharply. O'Fell turned white as a corpse. He



"'THE PITIFUL CUR! THE PULING, CRINGING HOUND!' HE BURST OUT, JUMPING TO HIS FEET."

stepped on tip-toe to the door and listened, his heart seeming to beat all over his body at once. A lady friend had called to see his wife; that was all.

Two minutes later O'Fell left his house without saying a word to anybody. He picked up a taxi at once.

"As fast as you can—and faster," he commanded.

At the top of Thorn Avenue, which was the

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address given in Kent's letter, O'Fell dismissed his cab. In peering for the house called "Furze Bank," O'Fell found himself opposite William Kent's. There was no light behind any window, save a front one on the first floor. Across the yellow linen blind the shadow of a human form kept flitting. Presumably the master had not yet sped.

The residence of the Rev. John Andrews was a score of yards farther along, on the opposite side of the road. There was no light in the front windows.

O'Fell glanced at his watch. An hour before midnight. In this quiet suburb the residents attended to their beauty sleep, for the avenue was deserted.

With a feeling that it looked bad loitering outside the house, he opened the wooden gate and went through. Suddenly he saw a pale patch of light shining through a window at the back of the premises. It emanated from a snug little study. On a writing-table was an electric lamp. The desk was covered with papers, and two of its drawers were partly pulled out.

O'Fell edged near and peered into this room. It was unoccupied. And as he looked, so an impulse came to him and tugged at him, drawing him closer and closer to the open window.

This was the minister's study. There was no question of that. Those open books were obviously theological volumes. Well, what more likely than that William Kent's communication was in one of the drawers of that desk?

For three seconds O'Fell considered his chances. A sudden bold and determined leap might well carry him right across the abyss of ruin which yawned at his feet.

He fetched a deep breath and climbed over the window-sill.

His first act was to pass a lightning glance over the papers on top of the desk. What he sought was not there. He tugged open the first drawer; it was full of receipted bills. He tried the second; it contained the minister's tobacco and a box of cigarettes. He tested the third. Here was a bundle of papers tied with green tape. He lifted the lot out, and with sweating, frantic fingers was groping amongst them when a deep, calm voice said:—

"Though of real spiritual worth, my friend, I fear that those sermons represent but a slender cash value."

They dropped to the floor. O'Fell's staring eyes glared into the tranquil ones of the Rev. John Andrews, who, stroking his grey beard, steadily surveyed his visitor through gold-rimmed spectacles.

O'Fell might have thought of the window behind him, but the shock of the meeting was a culmination to what he had endured during the past three hours. He caught at the edge of the desk to keep himself from falling.

The reverend gentleman took a step sideways and put out his hand to the button of a bell.

"Don't! Don't!" gasped O'Fell. "I am not a thief! I swear I am not a common thief!"

The other hesitated, lifting surprised eyebrows.

"Indeed?" said he, pleasantly. "I rather thought you were. May I ask——"

"Anything—anything!" exclaimed O'Fell. "I came here to-night to see you. I wanted a certain letter. I found your window open, and was mad fool enough to enter surreptitiously."

"And quick enough to invent a story. Sit down. You are, at any rate, much agitated. Pardon me if I keep my finger on this electric bell. A letter? Continue—if your ingenuity will permit you so to do."

"The letter given to you by William Kent, who is on his death-bed," answered O'Fell, who realized that only promptness and truth could save him.

"Indeed?" said the other again. "This is interesting. I certainly was given a communication, under seal, by the gentleman you name; and William Kent will probably not last the night out. But what right have you to force yourself so monstrously into this matter between him and me?"

"The right of a man on the brink of ruin," was the hoarse and immediate response. "That letter is for you to forward to the police after the death of the man who wrote it. It contains a confession of guilt, which he had not the pluck to make while living. I am involved in that story. He wrote to me saying what he had done. Here is his letter, which I received a few hours ago."

"Really? Put it on that chair, and then go and sit down again."

O'Fell obeyed. The other took up the letter and read it through.

"This is fresh to me," said he, after a long pause. "For some time, however, I felt that Kent had something on his mind. What is the crime to which he refers?"

O'Fell licked his dry lips.

"Or have I been listening to a lie?" went on the minister, sternly.

"Would to God you had!" lamented the other, weakly. "It's a long and technical story, and I don't think you would understand it—being out of your line altogether. It was a bucket-shop affair. There were three of us in it."

"Ah! Some illegal transaction in stocks, I gather?"

"That's it," was the gloomy answer.

"And fraud was committed. I see. How much did you profit by your dirty work?"

"Personally it meant about a thousand pounds, and about as much to the others."

"Three thousand pounds wrung from people who, perhaps, trusted you with their all. I can imagine nothing more atrocious. And so, in just and mortal fear of that secret being dragged to light, you forced your way into this room to steal the confession of a dying confederate!"

"To implore your compassion!" burst out the other, vehemently. "That wrong is years old. I have lived it down—or thought I had lived it down. If it crushes me now it crushes my wife and my children, who are innocent people, who are absolutely dependent upon me, who—who love me. How can that frightful calamity be a just atonement for my wrong?

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"'DON'T! DON'T!' GASPED O'FELL. 'I AM NOT A THIEF! I SWEAR I AM NOT A COMMON THIEF!'"

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I will make what recompense is possible, but for God's sake spare me so overwhelming a calamity! Do you not see, Mr. Andrews, that Kent's action is that of a coward, a poltroon? In death he does what he dared never do in life. I implore you to give me that letter, or to tear it up before my eyes. It can bring only utter misery, utter heartbreak. You are not dealing with a hardened felon. You who are a minister of mercy show me mercy now!"

It was a cry of anguish which was bound to compel response.

"But it is a very sacred charge committed to my keeping," said the other, obviously moved. "I have pledged my word to William Kent to obey every direction which is contained in this packet." And the pastor took it from a drawer in the desk which his visitor had not dived into. "How can I surrender so vital a document to you without creating for myself endless doubts later on? It is a very hard matter."

"You will doubt in any case," flashed in O'Fell upon the softened voice. "What if you send me to prison and crush my family? Won't you doubt then? If you err, err on the side of pity. Let me atone by restoring that thousand pounds of soiled money."

"That is nonsense. How can you hope to trace your victims?"

"I admit that that would be impossible. But I will freely and gratefully hand you the sum to devote to such charities as you are connected with."

The other frowned at the eager proposal thrust upon him. "That sounds well, but it is not convincing," he answered, greatly perturbed. "It is a course which tempts, and which is therefore to be distrusted. But perhaps you are, after all, wrong in supposing that the communication you have such cause to dread is inside this packet. In the circumstances I feel I am right in making sure of the point before continuing the discussion."

The reverend gentleman opened the packet with a paper-knife. He drew out two or three letters, which he examined. O'Fell looked at them with scorched eyes.

"Here is one addressed to the Commissioners of Police," said the minister, gravely. He turned it over and over, his fingers trembling with emotion. "It must be as you said. I never thought to find myself placed in such a situation. I admit it is one to shrink from."

O'Fell kept wiping his sweating palms. He burst out, in a voice which was on the verge of breakdown:—

"Will you permit me to send you my cheque for the money, Mr. Andrews? I will send it directly I get home to-night. If you will cash it in the morning and send me that letter I will be grateful to you to my dying hour. For God Almighty's sake, Mr. Andrews, show me mercy in this matter!"

"Tut, tut!" said the other, peevishly. He walked up and down, considerably distressed. "I will think it over," he answered.

"And kill me by the suspense," groaned O'Fell. "I cannot face the long hours of to-night unless you give me a word of promise. Will you send me that letter directly you hear from me? I'll go down on my knees if you wish it!"

A long and tense silence ensued. Suddenly the minister faced his visitor.

"I may be doing wrong," said he, "but I will err on the side of mercy, at any rate. It shall be as you wish. You can go. You had better leave by the way you came in. The house is locked up."

O'Fell tried to speak his thanks, but a sob choked his voice. Suddenly he found himself outside, in the fresh, pure air. What a load had fallen from his numbed heart!

He found a solitary taxi at the railway station, and the driver, under promise of a quadruple fee, whirled him back across London. He had come in an agony; he returned exulting.

He wrote his cheque before turning in, and posted it with his own hands. He slept at last: a long, dreamless slumber.

Soon after noon on the following day a registered packet arrived. O'Fell tore it open. It contained Kent's letter to the police. O'Fell read it from first line to last, and then he held each page, one by one, in a flame, and crushed the ashes between his palms. Thank God he had laid that spectre eternally!

It occurred to him that politeness called for an acknowledgment of the letter. He decided to go in person to express his thanks, for his gratitude was real.

A maid opened the hall-door of Furze Bank.

"Is the minister at home?" smiled O'Fell, cheerily.

"The which, sir?" was the puzzled response.

"The Reverend Mr. Andrews, girl," said O'Fell, with some asperity.

"No such person lives here," was the tart answer. "Does you mean Mr. Lennill? If so, you can't see him. He went away early and suddenly this morning; gone for a 'oliday abroad. And Mr. Kent, his friend, 'e went with him. They caught the ten-forty from Charing Cross. I can't tell you anything more."

Suddenly O'Fell was vaguely aware that a hall-door had been closed, not without a decisive bang, in his astonished face. He turned and went off slowly—very slowly. At the wooden gate he came to a stop and stared down at the stones. He did not seem to be thinking at all; his face expressed only a hopeless sort of stupefaction; yet certain sentences were darting through his half-numbed brain, fragmentary phrases such as "The scoundrel no more dying than myself! . . . Got on my track . . . he and Lennill . . . knew I had made money . . . planned it all between them . . . fifteen years since I saw Lennill . . . grey beard and glasses . . ."

O'Fell threw back his head and made a noise in his throat; and the servant-maid, who had opened the door and was watching his retreat, said audibly:—

"Lord! What a man! What a larf!"

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The Spell of Greatness.

These half-dozen portraits—each of which is composed of the letters spelling the subject's name have been selected as the best of the very large number submitted, and we regret that want of space prevents us from publishing many other clever drawings.

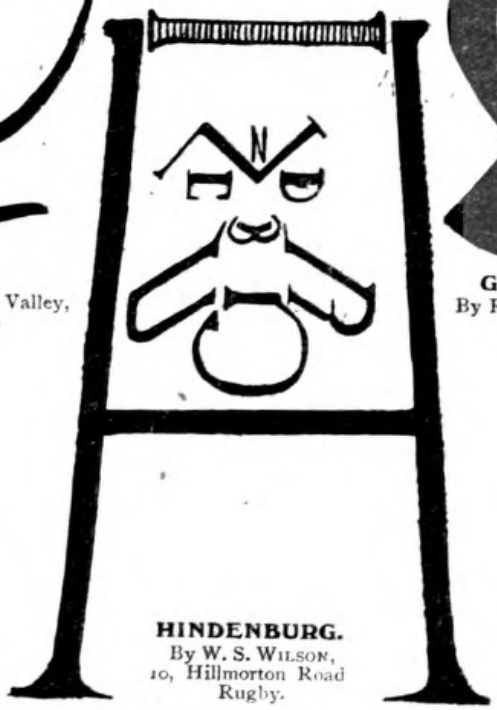
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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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"MEN WERE FIGHTING FOR THE BOATS, AND THE STERN WAS SO HIGH THAT MORE THAN HALF OF THE RUDDER SHOWED LIKE A GREAT DOOR SWINGING ON ITS HINGES. ON THE COUNTER IN BOLD LETTERS WAS THE WORD 'ALBATROSS.'"

(*See page* 83.)

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The BEACH of DREAMS

A Romance

by

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

Illustrated by Tom Peddie

Do not fail to Read this Great Romance.

CHAPTER I.

THE "GASTON DE PARIS."

PRINCE SELM, the owner of the *Gaston de Paris*, was a gentleman like his Highness of Monaco, with a passion for the deep sea and its exploration. The Holy Roman Empire had given his great-grandfather the title of prince, and estates in Thuringia gave him money enough to do as he pleased, an unfortunate marriage gave him a distaste for High Civilization, and his scientific bent and passion for the sea—inherited with a strain of old Norse blood—did the rest.

He had chosen well. Cards, women and wine, pleasure and the glittering things of life, all these betray one, but the sea, though she may kill, never leaves a man broken, never destroys his soul.

But Eugene Henry William of Selm for all his sea passion might have remained a landsman, for the simple reason that he was one of those thorough souls for whom Life and an Object are synonymous terms. In other words, he would never have made a yachtsman, a creature shifting from Kiel to Cowes and Cowes to Naples, according to season, a cup-gatherer and club-house haunter.

Exploration gave him an object and the Musée Océanographique of Monaco inspiration; limitless wealth supplied the means.

The *Gaston de Paris*, an ocean-going steam yacht of nine hundred and fifty tons, was reckoned by those who knew her the finest sea-going yacht in the world.

Aft of the engine-room the yacht was a little palace. Prince Selm would labour like any of his crew over a net coming in or in an emergency, but he ate off silver and slept between sheets of exceedingly fine linen; though a sailor, almost one might say a fisherman, he was always Monsieur le Prince, and though his hobby lay in the depths of the sea his intellect did not lie there too. Politics, Literature, and Art travelled with him as mind companions, whilst in the flesh he often managed to bring off with him on his "outlandish expeditions" more or less pleasant people from the great world.

Dinner was served on board the *Gaston de Paris* at seven, and to-night the Prince and his four guests enjoyed their soup and held converse together light-heartedly, and with a spirit that had been somewhat lacking of late. Every sea voyage has its periods of depression due to monotony; they had not sighted a vessel for over ten days, and this evening a glimpse of a ship under full sail—the *Albatross*—revealed through the break in the weather, had in some curious way shattered the sense of isolation and broken the monotony. One of the four guests of the Prince was Mme. la Comtesse de Warens, an old lady with a passion for travel, a socialist and freethinker. She was eighty-four years of age, declared herself indestructible by time, and her one last ambition to be a burial at sea. She was one of those old women whose energy seems to increase with age; tireless as a gnat, she was always the last in bed and the first on deck, though lying in her bunk half the night reading French novels, of which she had a trunkful, and smoking her eternal cigarettes.

Beside her sat her niece, Cléo de Bronsart, English on the mother's side and educated in

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England, a girl of twenty, unmarried, dark-haired, fragile, and beautiful as a dream. She was one of the old nobility without dilution, yet, strangely enough, with money, for the Bronsarts, without marrying into trade, had adapted themselves to the new times so cleverly that Eugène de Bronsart, the last of his race, had retired from life leaving his only daughter and the last of her race wealthy, even by the standard of wealth set in Paris. She was a sportswoman and, despite her look of frailty, had led an outdoor life and possessed a nerve of steel.

Mme. de Warens had brought the girl up after she left school, had laboured over her and found her labour in vain. Cléo had no leanings towards the People, and the opinions of her aunt seemed to her a sort of disreputable madness bred of hypocrisy. Cléo looked on the lower classes just as she looked on animals, beings with rights of their own, but belonging to an entirely different order of creation, and one thing certainly could be said for her—she was honest in her outlook on life.

Next to her sat Dr. Epinard, the ship's doctor, a serious young man who spoke little, and the fifth at table was Legross, the sea painter, who had come for the sake of his health and to absorb the colours of the ocean. The vision of the *Albatross*, with towering canvas, breasting the blue-green seas in an atmosphere of sunset and storm, was with him still as he sat listening to the chatter of the others and occasionally joining in. He intended to paint that picture.

"Now tell me, Prince," Mme. de Warens was saying, "how long do you propose staying at this Kerguelen Land of yours?"

"Not more than a week," replied the Prince. "I want to take some soundings off the Smoky Islands, and I shall put in for a day on the mainland, where you can go ashore if you like, but I sha'n't stay here long. It is like putting one's head into a wolf's mouth."

"How is that?"

"Weather. You saw that sudden squall we passed through this evening, or rather you heard it, no doubt. Well, that's the sort of thing Kerguelen brews."

"Suppose," said the astute old lady, "it brewed one of those things, only much worse, and we were blown ashore?"

"Impossible."

"Why?"

"Our engines can fight anything."

"Are there any natives in this place?"

"Only penguins and rabbits."

"Tell me," said Legross, "that three-master we saw just now, would she be making for Kerguelen?"

"Oh, no; she must be out of her course and beating up north. She's not a whaler, and ships like that would keep north of the Crozets. Probably she was driven down by that big storm we had a week ago. We wouldn't be where we are only that I took those soundings south of Marion Island."

Mlle. de Bronsart shivered slightly. She had been silent up to this, and she spoke now with eyes fixed far away.

"I don't know why," said she; "perhaps it is what you say about Kerguelen, or perhaps it was the sight of that big ship all alone out there, but I feel——" She stopped short.

"Yes?"

"That ship frightened me."

"Frightened you?" cried Mme. de Warens. "Why, Cléo, what is the matter with you to-night? You who are never frightened. I'm not easily frightened, but I admit I almost said my prayers in that storm, and you—you were doing embroidery."

"Oh, I am not frightened of storms or things in the ordinary way," said the girl, half laughing. "Physical things have no power over me: an ugly face can frighten me more than the threat of a blow. It is a question of psychology. That ship produced on my mind a feeling as though I had seen desolation itself, and something worse."

"Something worse!" cried Mme. de Warens. "What can be worse than desolation?"

"I don't know," said Cléo. "It also made me feel that I wanted to be far away from it and from here. Then, Monsieur le Prince, with his story of desolate Kerguelen, completed the feeling. It is strong upon me now."

"You do not wish to go to Kerguelen, then?" said the Prince, smiling, as he helped himself to the *entrée* that was being passed round.

"Oh, monsieur, it is not a question of my wishes at all," replied the girl.

"But, excuse me," replied the owner of the *Gaston de Paris*, "it is entirely a question of your wishes. We are not a cargo boat. Captain Lepine is on the bridge; he has only to go into his chart-house, set his course for New Amsterdam, and a turn of the wheel will put our stern to the south."

"No. I will not have the course altered for me. I am quite clear upon that point. What I said was foolish and it would pain me more than I can tell to have it acted upon. I really mean what I say."

He looked at her for a moment and seemed to glimpse something of the iron will that lay at the heart of her beauty and fragility.

"Listen!" said the girl, a few moments later. "It seems to me that the engines are going slower."

"You have a quick ear, mademoiselle," said the Prince; "they undoubtedly are. The captain has reduced speed. Kerguelen is before us, or rather on our starboard bow, and daybreak will, no doubt, give us a view of it. We do not want to be too close to it in the dark hours, that is why speed has been reduced."

Coffee was served at table and presently, amidst the fumes of cigarette smoke, the conversation turned to politics, the works of Anatole France, and other absorbing subjects. One might have fancied oneself in Paris but for the vibrations of the propeller, the heave of the sea, and the hundred little noises that mark the passage of a ship under way.

Later Mlle. de Bronsart found herself in the

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"HE LOOKED AT HER FOR A MOMENT AND SEEMED TO GLIMPSE SOMETHING OF THE IRON WILL THAT LAY AT THE HEART OF HER BEAUTY AND FRAGILITY."

smoking-room alone with her host, Mme. de Warens having retired to her state-room and the others gone on deck.

The girl was doing some embroidery work which she had fetched from her cabin, and the Prince was glancing at the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Presently he laid the book down.

"I was in earnest," said he.

"How?" she asked, glancing up from her work.

"When I proposed altering the course. Nothing would please me more than to spoil a plan of my own to please you."

"It is good of you to say that," she replied; "all the same, I am glad I did not spoil your plan, not so much for your sake as my own."

"How

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"I would rather die than run away from danger."

"So you feared danger?"

"No, I did not fear it, but I felt it. I felt a premonition of danger. I did not say so at dinner. I did not want to alarm the others."

He looked at her curiously for a moment, contrasting her fragility and beauty with the something unbendable that was her spirit, her soul—call it what you will.

"Well," said he, "your slightest wish is my law. I have been going to speak to you for the last few days. I will say what I want to say now. It is only four words. Will you marry me?"

She looked up at him, meeting his eyes full and straight.

"No," said she; "it is impossible."

"Why?"

"I have a very great regard for you—but——"

"You do not love me?"

She said nothing, going on with her work calmly as though the conversation was about some ordinary topic.

"I don't see why you should," he went on; "but look around you—how many people marry for love nowadays—and those who do, are they any the happier? I have seen a very great deal of the world, and I know for a fact that happiness in marriage has little to do with what the poets call love and everything to do with companionship. If a man and woman are good companions, then they are happy together; if not they are miserable, no matter how much they may love one another at the start."

"Have you seen much of the world?" She raised her eyes again as she asked the question. "Have you really seen anything of the world? I do not mean to be rude, but this world of ours, this world of society that holds us all, is there anything real about it, since nearly everything in it is a sham? Look at the lives we lead; look at Paris and London and Rome. Why, the very language of society is framed to say things we do not mean."

"It is civilization. How else would you have it?"

"I don't know," she replied; "but I do know it is not life. It is dishonesty. You say that the only happy married people are those who are good companions, that love does not count in the long run; and you are right, perhaps, as far as what you call the world is concerned. I only repeat that the thing you call the world is not the real world, for love is real, and love is not merely a question of good companionship. It is an immortal bond between two spirits and death cannot break it."

"You speak as though you were very certain of a thing which, of all things, is most hidden from us."

"I speak by instinct."

"Well," said the Prince, "perhaps you are right. We have left behind us the simplicity of the old world; we have become artificial, our life is a sham—but what would you have and how are we to alter it? We are all like passengers in a train travelling to Heaven knows where, the seats are well-cushioned and the dining-car leaves nothing to be desired, but I admit the atmosphere is stuffy and the long journey has developed all sorts of unpleasant traits among the passengers. Well, what would you do? We cannot get out."

"I suppose not," said she.

He rose and stood for a moment turning over some magazines lying on the table. He had received his answer and he knew instinctively that it was useless to pursue the business further.

Then after a few more words he went on deck. The wind had fallen to a steady blow, but the sky was still overcast and the atmosphere was heavy and clammy and not consistent. It was as though the low-lying clouds dipped here and there to touch the sea. Every now and then the *Gaston de Paris* would run into a wreath of fog and pass through it into the clear darkness of the night beyond.

In the darkness aft of the bridge nothing could be seen but the pale hint of the bridge canvas and a trace of spars and funnels now wiped out by mist, now visible again against the night.

The Prince leaned on the weather-rail and looked over at the tumble and sud of the water lit here and there with the gleam of a port light, then he passed to the bridge.

The wind was still steady, but the clouds had consolidated and the night was pitch-black. On the bridge the *Gaston de Paris* seemed driving into a solid wall of ebony.

The Prince, after a glance into the binnacle, was preparing to go down the bridge steps when a cry from the look-out made him wheel round. Suddenly, and as if evolved by magic from the blackness, the vague spectre of a vast ship showed up ahead on the starboard bow making to cross their course. Thundering along under full canvas, without lights and seemingly blind, she appeared to be only a pistol-shot away.

Then the owner of the *Gaston de Paris* did what no owner ought ever to do. Seeing destruction and judging that by a bold stroke it might be out-leaped, he sprang to the engine-room telegraph and flung the lever to full speed ahead.

CHAPTER II.

DISASTER.

LEFT alone, Mlle. de Bronsart finished the all but completed piece of embroidery in her lap. It did not take her five minutes. Then she held up the work and reviewed it with lips slightly pursed, then she rolled it up, rose, and went off to the state-room of Mme. de Warens to bid her good night.

Madame was sitting up in her bunk reading Maurice Barres' "Greco"; the air of the place was stifling with the fumes of cigarettes, and the girl nearly choked as she closed the door and stood facing the old lady in the bunk.

"Why don't you smoke?—then you wouldn't mind it," cried the latter, putting her book down and taking off her glasses. "No, I won't

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have a port opened; d'you want me to be blown out of my bunk? Sit down."

"No, I won't stay," replied the other. "I just came to say good night—and tell you something. He asked me to marry him."

"Who—Selm?"

"Yes."

"And what did you say?"

"I said 'no.'"

"Oh, you did! And what's the matter with him—I mean what's the matter with you?"

"How?"

"How! The best match in Europe and you say 'no' to him—a man who could marry where he pleases and whom he pleased, and you say 'no.' Good-looking, without vices, richer than many a crowned head, second only to the reigning families—and you say 'no.'"

The old lady was working herself up. This admirer of Anacharsis Clootz and dilettante of Anarchism had lately possessed one supreme desire, the desire to have for niece the Princess Selm.

"I thought you didn't believe in all that," said the girl.

"All what?"

"Titles, wealth, and so forth."

"I believe in seeing you happy and well-placed. I was not thinking of myself. Well, there, it's done! There is no use in talking any more, for I know your disposition. You are hard, mademoiselle, that is your failing—without real heart. It is the modern disease. Well, that is all I have to say. I wish you good night."

She put on her spectacles again.

"Good night," said the other.

She went out, closed the door, and entered her state-room.

It was the same as Mme. de Warens', only larger, a place to fill the mind of the old-time seafarers with the wildest surprise, for here was everything that a mortal could demand in the way of comfort and nothing of the stuffy upholstery that the word "state-room" suggests to the mind of the ordinary traveller.

Having closed the door she stood for a moment glancing at her reflection in the mirror. The picture in the mirror seemed to fascinate her as though it were the reflection of some stranger; then, turning from the mirror, she sat down for a moment on the couch by the door.

She felt disturbed. The words of Mme. de Warens had angered her, producing the effect of a false accusation to which one is too proud to reply; but the momentary anger had passed, giving place to a craving for freedom and fresh air. The atmosphere of the state-room felt stifling: she would go on deck. Then she remembered that she was in a thin evening dress and that she would have to change.

The two women shared a maid, and she was in the act of stretching out her hand to the electric bell by the couch to summon the maid, when the craving to get on deck without delay became so strong that she rose, went into the dressing-room, and, without assistance, changed her gown for a tweed coat and skirt and her thin evening shoes for a pair of serviceable boots. Then she slipped on her oilskin and sou'wester and, coming back into the state-room, caught a momentary glimpse of herself in the mirror, a strange contrast to the elegant and black-gowned figure that had glanced at its reflection only ten minutes before.

She was coming up the saloon companion-way when the engines, easily heard from here, suddenly began a thunderous pow-wow; the ship lurched forward and from the blackness of the open hatch above came a voice like the sudden clamour of sea-gulls. Then she was flung backwards and stretched, half-stunned, on the mat at the companion-way foot.

For a moment she did not know in the least what had happened. She fancied she had slipped and fallen; then, as she scrambled on to her hands and knees, someone passed her, nearly treading on her, and rushed up the companion-way to the deck. It was the chief steward. Rising and holding on to the rail she followed him.

The deck was aslant, and in the windy blackness of the night nothing was to be seen for a moment: but the darkness was terrific with voices, voices from forward of the bridge and voices from alongside, as though a hundred drunken sailors were yelling and blaspheming from a quay.

For the tenth of a second the idea of being alongside a quay came to her with nightmare effect, heightened by a ruffling and booming from the sky above, a rippling and flapping and thundering like the sound of vast and tangled wings.

Then a blaze of light shot out, making day.

The arc lamp of the foremast, always ready to be used for night work, had been run up and switched on.

To starboard, and stern on to the *Gaston de Paris*, a great ship, within pistol-shot of the deck and with her canvas spilling the wind and thrashing and thundering, was dipping her bows in the sea. Men were fighting for the boats, and the stern was so high that more than half of the rudder showed like a great door swinging on its hinges. On the counter in bold letters the word

"ALBATROSS"

showed, and to the mind of the gazer all the horror seemed focused in that calm statement, those commonplace letters written upon destruction.

Clinging to the hatch coaming, she saw, now, as a person sees in a dream, sailors rushing and struggling aft along the slanting main deck. The engines had ceased working, but the dynamos were running on steam from the main boilers, and through the noises that filled the night the sewing-machine sound of them thrashed like a pulse. What had happened, what was happening, she did not know. The great ship to starboard seemed sinking, but the *Gaston de Paris* seemed safe, except for the horrible slant of the decks; she called out to the sailors, now clustered here and there by the boat davits, but her voice blew away on the wind. She saw

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Prince Selm, who was struggling aft along the slippery, sloping deck, clutching at the bulwarks as he came: he seemed like a man engaged in some fantastic game—an unreal figure: now he was on the deck on all fours, now up again, clutching men by the shoulders, shaking them, shouting. She could hear his voice. The starboard boats were unworkable owing to the list to port. She did not know that; she only knew, and now for the first time, that the *Gaston de Paris* was in fearful danger. And instantly the thought came to her of the old woman below in her bunk and, on the thought, the mad instinct to rush below and save her.

Holding on to the woodwork of the hatch, she was crawling towards the opening when blackness hit her like a blow between the eyes. The arc lamp had gone out, the dynamos had ceased running.

On the stroke of the darkness the *Gaston de Paris* heeled slightly deeper, flinging her to her knees, and as she hung, clutching the woodwork, she heard her name.

It was the Prince's voice. She answered, and at once on her answer a hand seized her cruelly as a vice. It caught her by the shoulder. She felt herself dragged along, buffeted, lifted, cast down—then nothing more.

CHAPTER III.

ADRIFT.

THE boat tackle of the *Gaston de Paris* was the latest patent arrangement for lowering boats in a hurry, every boat was provisioned, and the water casks left nothing to be desired; there were frequent inspections and boat drills, yet when the *Gaston de Paris* foundered only three souls were saved.

The starboard boats, owing to the list, could not be lowered at all; every boat had its canvas cover on, which did not expedite matters; the patent tackle developed defects in practice, and to crown all the men panicked owing to the sudden darkness that fell on them like a clap on the extinction of the electric light. The port quarter-boat, into which the girl had been flung, had two men in her and was lowered away by Prince Selm, the doctor, and the first officer; panic had herded the rest of the hands towards the pinnace and forward boats, and the pinnace, overcrowded, was stoved by the sea as soon as she was water-borne. The other boats never left their davits, they went with the ship when the decks opened and the boilers saluted the night with a column of coloured steam and a clap of thunder that resounded for miles.

The whole tragedy from impact to explosion lasted only seven minutes.

The two men in the boat with the girl had shoved off like demons and taken to the oars as soon as the falls were released. If they had not, being so short-handed for the size of the boat, they would have been stoved; as it was they were nearly wrecked by a baulk of timber from the explosion. It missed them by a short two fathoms, drenching them with spray, and then the night shut down, pierced by voices, voices of men swimming and crying for help.

The rowers did not know each other. The bow oar shouted to the stern, "Is that you, Larsen?"

"No, Bompard. And you?"

"La Touche."

They could see, now, the waves like spectres evolving themselves from the night, a vision touching the very limit of dimness, and now, as they entered a mist patch—nothing. The voices to port and starboard were ceasing, one by one—being blotted out. Then silence fell, broken only by the sound of the oars. La Touche shouted and shouted again, but there came no response. Then came Bompard's voice: "Is that hooker gone, too?"

"Curse her, yes. I was the look-out. Sailing without lights."

"This woman seems dead."

"It's the girl. I heard her squeal out as they hove her in. Let her lie. Well, this is a start!"

"A black job, but we're out of it, so far."

"Aye, as far as we've got—as far as we've got. Well, there's no use rowing, there's no sea to hurt her—let her toss."

The oars came in and the fellows slithered from their seats on to the bottom boards. Ballasted so the boat rode easy. They lay like shivering dogs, grumbling and cursing, and then, as they lay, the talk went on.

"*Mon Dieu!* What a thing—but we've grub and water all right."

"Aye, the boats are all right for that."

There was a long silence and then came Bompard's voice: "Things happen and what is to be must be. Well, they're all gone a hundred fathoms deep and here we are drifting about with a dead woman. I'd sooner have any other cargo if I was given my choice."

"Sure she's dead?"

"Aye, she's dead sure enough by the way she's lying; not a breath in her."

Neither man suggested that she should be cast over. She ballasted the boat, and for Bompard she was something to lean against.

Then, after a while, conversation died out. They had nothing more to talk about. The boat rode easy. There was nothing to do, and these men, blunt to life and sea-hardened so that to them all things came in the hour's work, nodded off, La Touche curled up in the bow, Bompard with his grizzled head on the breast of Mlle. de Bronsart.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COAST.

THE girl was not dead as Bompard imagined; she had been stunned and had passed from that condition into the pseudo-sleep that follows profound excitement.

She was awakened by a flick of spray on her face, a touch from the great sea that had claimed her for its own.

Lying as she was she could see nothing but the ribbed sides of the boat, the grey sky above, and a gull with domed wings and down-curved head, poised, as though suspended on the end of a string. It screamed at her, shifted its position, and then passed, as though blown away

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on the wind. She sat up. Bompard had drawn away from her and was lying curled up on his side; La Touche on his back, forward, showed nothing but his knees; across the gunwale lay the sea, desolate in the dawn, turbulent, yet hard and mournful as a view of slated roofs after rain.

She had never seen the sea so close before; she had never smelt its heart and the savour of its soul, bitter, fresh, new and ever-renewed by the blowing wind.

The whole tragedy of the night was alive in her mind as a picture, but it seemed the picture of what another person had seen; her past life, her own personality, seemed vague and unconnected with her as the past life and personality of another person. This was reality. Reality new, terrific, pungent as that which the soul may experience on awakening after death.

She knew, as though the desolate sea had told her, that the great yacht was gone and everyone on board of her; yet the fact, perhaps from its very enormity, failed to realize itself fully in her mind. Then, in a flash, and horribly clearly, came the picture of her immediate environment on board the *Gaulois de Paris*, quite little things and things more important; the silver-plated taps of the bath in the bath-room adjoining her cabin, the silk curtains of her bunk, the hundred and one trifles that made for comfort and ease. She saw the cabin servants and the face of the chief steward, a fat, pale-faced man, a typical *maitre d'hotel*; the dinner of the night before, where the people seemed to her phantoms, and the food, table equipage, knives, forks, and spoons realities.

All these things stood forth against the blankness and desolation of the sea, the sea she could touch by dipping her hand over the gunwale, the sea that had stripped her of everything but life and body, the dress and boots she wore, and the yellow oilskin coat that covered her. Her hand resting on the gunwale showed her that she still wore her rings, exquisite rings of emerald, ruby, and diamonds, fresh washed with spray. They held her eyes as her mind, swaying just as the boat swayed to the swell, tried to reconstruct yesterday and to feel.



"'MON DIEU!" CRIED THE OLD FELLOW, AS IF ADDRESSING SOME UNSEEN PERSON. 'TIS ALL TRUE, THEN——' THEN, AS THOUGH REMEMBERING SOMETHING, 'BUT HOW IS MADEMOISELLE ALIVE?'"

At this moment Bompard, suddenly moving in his sleep, roused himself and sat up. His rough, weather-beaten face was expressionless for a moment; then his eyes fell on the girl and recognition seemed to come to him.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the old fellow, as if

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addressing some unseen person. "'Tis all true, then——" Then, as though remembering something, "But how is mademoiselle alive?"

"I don't know," said the girl, unconscious as to what he was referring to. "I know you, I have seen you often on deck. Who is the other man? Oh, is it possible that we are the only people left?"

Bompard, without replying, swung his head round, then he rose and came over the thwarts. He caught La Touche by the leg.

"La Touche—rouse up—the lady is alive. It's me. Bompard."

La Touche sat up, his hair tousled, his face creased; he seemed furious about something and, pushing Bompard away, stared round and round at sea and sky as if in search of someone.

"*Bon Dieu!*" cried La Touche. "The cursed boat!" He spat as though something bitter were in his mouth and wiped his lips with the back of his hand. He did not seem to care a button whether the lady were alive or not. He had been dreaming that he was in a tavern, just raising a glass to his mouth, and Bompard had awakened him to this.

The girl could not repeat the question to which there seemed no answer; she crawled into the stern-sheets and, sitting there, half-bent, watched the two men.

La Touche, rising and taking his seat on a thwart and looking everywhere but in the direction of the girl, as though ashamed of something, began cutting up some tobacco in a mechanical way, whilst Bompard, on his knees, was exploring the contents of the forward locker. La Touche was a fair-haired man, younger than Bompard, a melancholy-looking individual who always seemed gazing at the worst of things. He spoke now as the girl drew his attention to something far away in the east, something sketched vaguely in the sky as though a picture lay there beyond the haze.

"Aye, that's Kerguelen," said La Touche.

Bompard, on his knees, and with a Maconochie tin in his left hand, raised his head and looked.

"Aye, that's Kerguelen," he said.

The girl, with her hand shading her eyes, was still looking.

"Can we reach the land?" said she.

"Why, yes, mademoiselle," said Bompard; "the wind is setting towards there and we have a sail. I'm going to step the mast now when I've taken stock—well, we won't starve. The tub is provisioned for a full crew for a fortnight—water too; we won't starve, that's a fact. La Touche, get a move on and help me with the sail."

"I'm coming," grumbled La Touche.

Bompard was munching a biscuit he had taken from one of the bread bags as he worked. She noticed the bag, its texture, and the words "Traversal—Toulon" stamped on it; the Maconochie tin which he had placed on a seat and a tin of beef with a Libby label held her eyes as though they were things new and extraordinary. They were. They were food. She had never seen food before, food as it really is, the barrier between life and death, food naked and stripped of all pretence.

Bompard, coming aft with the sheet, shipped the tiller, and, taking his seat by the girl, put the boat before the wind. La Touche, who had taken his seat on the after-thwart, was busy with the tin of beef; the girl scarcely noticed him.

"Well, it's beef," said La Touche, who had managed to open the Libby tin; "it might be worse."

He dug out a piece with his knife and presented it to the girl with a biscuit; then he helped Bompard and himself, and scrambled forward, leaving his beef and biscuit on the thwart, and reappeared with a pannikin of water; it was handed to the lady first.

The sun was well risen now, the clouds were high and breaking, and the far-away land showed up, vast in the distance, with a white line of snow-covered peaks against the sky, desolate as when Kerguelen first sighted them.

Cléo, with her eyes fixed across the leagues of tumbling, tourmaline-tinted sea, almost forgot the others. That was the place where the wind was bearing them to, a place where there was nothing. Neither hotels nor houses nor huts nor men nor women, a place where no landing-stage would receive them, no voice welcome them. Her throat worked for a second convulsively as she battled with the quite new things that the far-off mountains were telling her.

It was now, and not till now, that she recognized fully what Fate had done to her. It was now, and not till now, that she saw Time before her as a thing from which all the known features had been deleted.

"Mademoiselle's bath is quite ready."

"Mademoiselle, the first gong has sounded."

Oh, the day—the day with its hundred phases and divisions, the breakfast hour, the luncheon hour, the hour that brought afternoon tea, the dresses that went with each phase, the emotions and interests, and changing forms of being, the day which made a person change to its light and the person of ten o'clock in the morning quite different from the person of noon—this thing which we talk of as the day appeared before her now as what it really is, life itself, as civilized men know life, a thing outside ourselves yet of ourselves, and without which the circling of the sun is as the circling of a pointer on a blank dial—this thing was gone.

In the few hours since daybreak quarter-deck and fo'c'sle had vanished. They had become welded into one community, all equal, and the lady was no longer the lady. There was no hint of disrespect, no hint of respect. They were all equal, equal sharers in the chances of the sea.

And now, away in the distance and leagues from the coast they were approaching, vast islands disclosed themselves suddenly through the sea haze, standing like giants waist-deep in the ocean, whilst the coast itself with its cliffs and rocks of black basalt and dolerite showed

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clear, extraordinarily clear, with every detail defined in the sunlight.

The coast was ferocious, and the whole country from the sea foam to the foothills looked tumbled and new, with the newness of infinite antiquity. The last thunders of creation seemed scarcely to have died away, the last throe scarcely to have ceased, leaving million-ton rock cast on rock, and the new, sheer-cut cliffs spitting back their first taste of the bitter sea.

"There is nowhere to land," said the girl. She was shuddering as a dog shudders when overstrung.

"Aye, it's a brute beast of a place," said Bompard. "Well, we must nose along on the look-out. There's no coast but hasn't some landing-place where a boat can push in. Y'see, it's not like a ship. A boat can go where a ship can't."

They had drawn nearer shore, so that the boom of the swell in the caves and on the rocks came to them with the crying of the shore birds; passing a headland like a vast lizard they opened a beach curved like the new moon and seven miles from horn to horn.

"There's our landing-place," cried Bompard; "big enough to pick and choose from."

"Lord!" shouted La Touche. "Look over there—moving rocks!"

He pointed half a mile away to seaward.

Bompard looked.

"Those aren't rocks, they're whales," said he.

A pair of whales showed, standing up, a male and female courting, a miraculous sight, as though they had entered a world where the original things of life still moved and had their being untroubled by man and untouched by Time.

Bompard shifted the helm and the boat, heading for the shore and no longer running before the wind, moved less easily, shipping an occasional dash of spray.

The change of movement, the dash of spray, the altered course were to the girl like the turning of a corner. Running with the wind as they had been, and with a parallel shore, the boat was the world and the coast and islands a panorama. With the twist of the helm Reality made the coast a destination. Up to this moment the uncertainty of whether they could land had held her mind; up to this moment all sorts of vague possibilities, the chance of meeting a ship, the chance of being blown out to sea, the chance of this or that had come between her and the realization of the fact that this prison was hers.

The monstrosity of the idea stood fully revealed only now on that beach where there was nothing but sand, nothing but rocks, nothing but gulls. Close in now, Bompard let go the sheet and they unstepped the mast, the boat rocking in the trough of the swell. Then they got the oars out.

As they bent to their work, over the creak of the leather in the rowlocks the rumble and fume of the seven-mile beach came mixed with the yelping and mewing of the gulls. The boat made slow progress, then a few yards from the surf line it hung for a moment till the rowers suddenly gave way and, moving like a released arrow, she came on the crest of a wave; then the oars came in with a crash and the two men, tumbling out, dragged her nose high and dry. They helped the girl out, and as they pulled the boat higher she stood, the wind flicking her oilskin coat about her and the spindrift blowing in her face.

CHAPTER V.

THE AWAKENING.

THE great beach of Kerguelen shows above tide mark long stretches where no sand is, only rock. This is the breeding-place of the sea elephant. Half-way between the lizard point and the point farther to the east a river comes down disemboguing through three mouths; on the banks of this river is the seal nursery, where in summer the young sea elephants tumble and play and take their swimming lessons, whilst the mothers lie on rocks and the fathers fish and hunt and fight in battles, the roaring of which resounds for miles. Here the penguins drill and hold councils and law courts, and marry and get divorced and hold political meetings; here the rabbits play and the terns forgather; and here the winds that blow from everywhere but the east hunt and yell and pile in winter a twenty-foot sea that breaks in seven miles of thunder under seven miles of spray thick as the smoke of battle.

Duck and teal haunt the place, and gulls of nearly every known kind snow it and flick it with movement. Yet above the thunder of the waves and the cries of the birds, and the shouting of the winds when they blow, there hangs a silence—the silence of the remote and prehistoric. The living world of men seems cut off from here by far-away doors and for ever.

After supper they had explored the cave mouths in the cliff opposite to where the boat had beached. There were three caves just here. One was impracticable owing to water drip from the roof, but the other two, floored with hard sand, were good enough for shelter. The men had stowed the provisions and themselves in the westernmost, giving the girl the other and the boat sail for a pillow.

It was old Bompard who thought of the latter. La Touche seemed to have no thought for anyone or anything but himself. He grumbled all the time during supper, grumbled at the fact that there was no stuff to make a fire with, that they had nothing warm to drink, that some time soon their tobacco must run out. It seemed to Cléo, as she lay with her head on the hard sailcloth and her body on the hard sand, covered with the oilskin coat which she had taken off to use as a blanket, that through the league-long rumble of the surf she could hear him grumbling still. She did not care. Hard though the floor was she did not mind, she was chloroformed, chloroformed by the air of Kerguelen. The air that fills the lungs with life, keeps a man going all day with an energy and buoyancy unknown elsewhere, and then fells him with sleep.

She awoke when the whale birds had ceased

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"THE PENGUINS FORMED LINE, BROKE INTO COMPANIES, DRILLED A BIT, AND THEN BEGAN TO MOVE UP THE BEACH."

crying, just after dawn, awoke fresh and new and full of life. She felt none of that troubled surprise which comes when the mind has to adjust itself to the new situation on awakening for the first time after a great disaster. It was as though her mind had already adjusted itself and discounted everything.

She rose up and leaving the oilskin coat and sou'wester on the floor of the cave, came out on to the beach.

The fine weather still held and the day was strong now, lighting the beach, the sea, and the distant islands through a sky of high, grey, eastward-drifting clouds. The boat lay where it had been pulled up, and legions of birds were flitting and blowing about and stalking on the sands as far as eye could reach.

She came to the cave where the men were. Bompard and La Touche, lying on their backs, might have been dead but for the sound of their snoring. Bompard was lying with his wrist across his eyes, La Touche with both hands beside him clenched. The tins of beef and the bread bags showed vaguely in the gloom behind them.

She stood for a moment watching them, and then, turning, she came down to the boat lying high and dry on the sand. She was trying to realize that on the morning of the day before yesterday at this hour she had been lying in her bunk on board the *Gaston de Paris*, to realize this and also the fact that her present position seemed scarcely strange.

She ought, so she told herself, to be astonished at what had happened and to be bewailing her fate, yet, looking back now over yesterday and the day before, everything seemed part of a level and logical sequence, almost like the events of a stormy day on board ship. The tragedy of the destruction of the *Gaston*, only partly experienced, could not be fully felt.

Standing by the boat she tried to realize it and failed, tried to grasp what she knew to be the horror and pity of it, and failed. She was neither hard nor insensible, she simply could not grasp it.

And her position here, with two rough men, very little food, and little chance of escape: how she would have pitied herself a few days ago could she have foreseen! Yet here, with the firm sands under her feet, and the wind blowing in her face, reality, instead of hurting her as it had done in the boat on awakening yesterday morning, soothed her and reassured her. Everything seemed firm again, and the fear that the ugly coast had raised in her mind had vanished.

She came along the beach looking at the gulls, turned over huge star-fish, and picked up kelp ribbons to examine them. Half a mile or so from the cave she was about to turn back when her eye caught a strange appearance on the sea, hundreds and hundreds of moving points drawing in to the shore, white and black points like a shoal of fish only half-submerged. It was a fleet of swimming birds.

She sat down on the sand to watch as they took the shore with a rush through the foam. Then, safely beached, the fleet became an army of penguins. She had seen pictures of penguins, so she knew what they were, and she had read

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Anatole France's "Penguin Island"; these, then, were the real things, and she watched them fascinated as one who sees storyland taking visible and concrete form.

The penguins formed line, broke into companies, drilled a bit, and then began to move up the beach.

The figure of the girl did not seem to disturb them in the least.

One company passed to the left, one to the right, whilst that immediately fronting her halted a few feet away and saluted her, bowing like little old-fashioned men in black swallow-tail coats and immaculate shirt fronts, little old-fashioned men with sharp, quizzical eyes, polished, humorous, polite, and entirely friendly.

The company on the right wheeled to examine her as did the company on the left, so that she found herself almost in a hollow square. Wherever she turned there were birds bowing to her, or things in the semblance of birds, absolutely fearless, so close that she could have touched them had she carried a walking-stick.

She rose up to allow them to pass, and they went on like mechanical things wound up and released, forming line again and seeming to forget her.

As she came back along the beach her mind was battling with a problem that had suddenly risen. She had neither brush nor comb nor glass. Her hair was beautiful, and she loved it. Her face was beautiful, but she did not love it, it was herself: she could not view it from an independent standpoint; but she could view her hair almost as impartially as a dress, and she loved it with the strange passion that women have for things of texture.

The hair of Cléo de Bronsart had been waited upon like a divinity by many a priestess in the form of a maid. It had been dressed and shampooed and treated by artists and adepts: the hours of brushing alone if put together would have made a terrific total. The result was perfection, and even now, after all she had gone through, it showed scarcely disarranged, lustrous and beautiful, dressed with artful simplicity in the Greek style, and outlining the perfect curves of her head.

The wind was blowing now in gusts from the sea, but she scarcely noticed it as she walked, facing the problem that shipwreck had put before her, a problem the first of a long queue ranging from soap to a change of garments.

She was fighting it, and at the same time battling with the strengthening wind, when suddenly something sprang on her with the yell of a tiger and flung her on the sand, pinning her there.

(To be continued.)

ACROSTICS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 58.

(The Fourth of the Series.)

SINCE mortal man first hoisted sail,
What sailor told so sad a tale?

1. Here rival fleets in deathly struggle met;
   It was B.C., and not A.D. as yet.
2. The prototype of Haidée, she supplied
   Help to a fugitive who else had died.
3. A constellation and a fell disease;
   Strange that one word should serve for both of these!
4. Six cannot ever be confused with seven,
   But two is sometimes not unlike eleven.
5. A pirate ship, she vanquished many a foe;
   Her final doom what Briton does not know?
6. Shun the loud pedal when this piece you play;
   'Tis calm and peaceful as the close of day.
7. An English river here will come to view,
   Its syllables in number only two.

KING COLE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 59.

AGAINST his theories though we kick,
Yet we were all once up a stick.

1. Phenomenon of mind and brain,
   Foretells the future, some maintain.
2. In Shakespeare may this word be sought;
   There's plenty, but it ends in nought.
3. In argument we this employ,
   'Tis all about a father's boy.
4. A changing thing, but yet 'tis found
   That facts it tells by turning round.
5. A foolish adjective is seen
   By putting palindrome between.
6. This present for his lovely queen
   Gave Strephon in the meadows green.

ALFIL.

Answers to Acrostics 58 and 59 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than by the first post on February 8th.*

The solution to each acrostic must be on a separate piece of paper; a second answer may be sent to any or every light, and should be written at the side of the first one; at the foot of each solution every solver should write his pseudonym and nothing else. This pseudonym should be limited to one word.

ANSWER TO No. 57.

1.	P	o	P
2.	E	ar	L
3.	A	ppl	E
4.	C	otto	N
5.	E	igh	T
6.	&	rass	Y

NOTES.—Light 2. Real. 6. Count Julius Andrassy, 1823–1890.

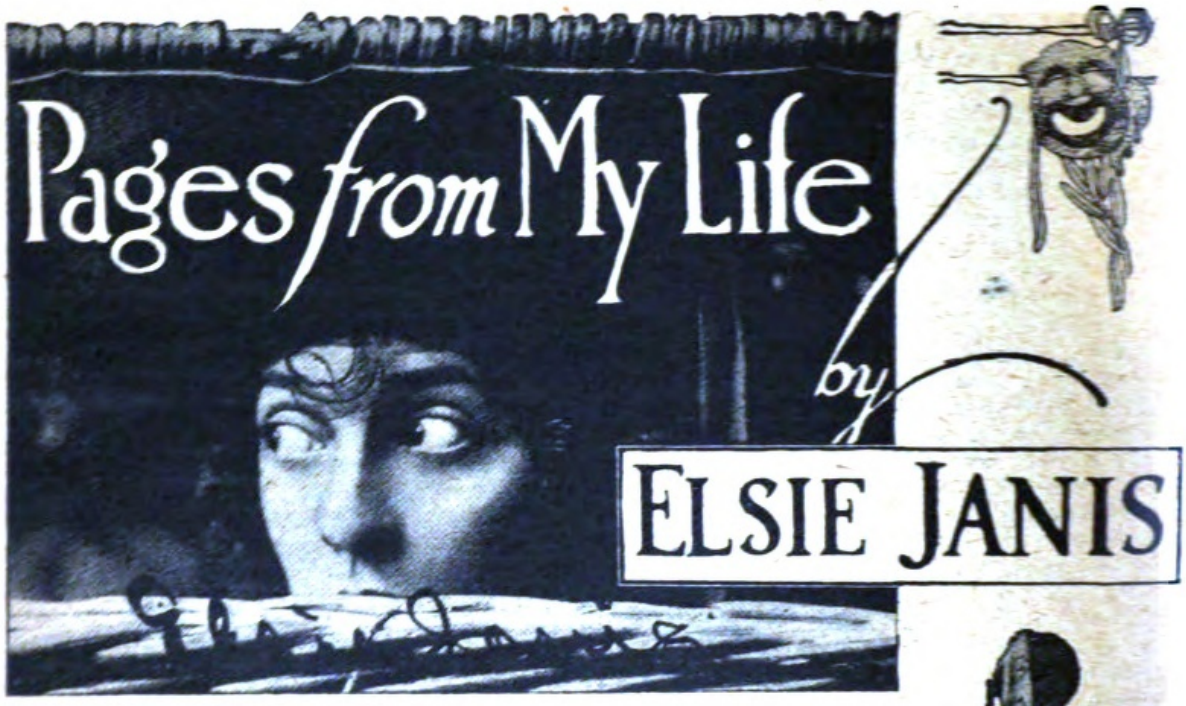
For the second and fifth lights of No. 54 other birds and Italian towns apply, besides the acrostician's words, and they must be accepted as correct.

RESULT OF THE NINTH SERIES.

Three of the six acrostics appear to have been very difficult, the correct answers being very few in number. The maximum score for the whole series was 43. Zyme, who scored 42, gains the first prize, and will receive a cheque for three guineas; Flapper, Somerford, Wals, and Yoko scored 40, and are awarded two guineas each; and Cobweb, who scored 39, gains a prize of one guinea. Each of these six solvers will be ineligible for a prize in the tenth series now running. Their real names and addresses are:—

Zyme, Mr. J. W. Pulsford, 57, Deauville Road, Clapham, S.W.4; Flapper, Mr. John Charrington, Shenley Grange, Barnet, Herts; Somerford, Mrs. Roper Tyler, Barton House, Tetbury, Glos; Wals, Mr. W. Stradling, Norris Hill, E. Cowes, I.W.; Yoko, Mr. F. Rawson, 10, Richmond Mansions, London, S.W.5; Cobweb, Mr. C. W. Cooper, 131, Trinity Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.17.

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RATHER should I say, pages from "our" life, for even in print I do not care to be separated from one to whom I really owe what success has fallen to me—my mother. Indeed, it is not possible to write of myself without associating my mother with all I say. Our relationship is more than that of mother and daughter. We are partners—she managing-director of the firm Janis and Co.—I the partner who displays the goods.

It is an ideal partnership—for this reason. The managing-director was not only the founder of the firm, but she was the first to discover the value of the goods, and to place in her partner's way every facility for developing and improving their quality. There is no man like my mother.

She was my first critic and my first admirer. To-day, she is my most severe critic and—still my admirer.

I suppose I was what people call a precocious child. An original child is generally stamped precocious by those who do not know the real meaning of the word. So far from being precocious, however, I was really a very ordinary child—my managing-director will probably disagree with that, for I never knew a mother who had an ordinary child. I had one or two rather unconventional ideas, however, which, to my great satisfaction, and, as it afterwards proved, to my great benefit, I was allowed to develop.

I have said that it was my mother who first discovered me, for I was only a few hours old when, with superb impudence, I began to mimic and entertain her. And that I suppose is the reason why she allowed me, without restraint and punishment, to mimic whom I liked.

Of course, every child is a mimic, more or less. My bump of mimicry, however, seemed to be abnormally developed. I was never so happy as when trying to copy the voices and gestures of people I saw and came into contact with, much to the disgust, no doubt, of some of my relatives. My first serious attempt, however, was the outcome of a visit to the theatre, when I saw Edna May in "The Belle of New York," before she came to London. As soon as I got home I attempted an imitation with a palm-leaf fan tied around my face. Then I went to my mother's room—she was ill at the time—and sang the chorus of "Follow On," much to her delight. After that I used to entertain the family with various imitations, and was allowed almost without restraint to mimic whom I liked and when I liked, without fear of punishment.



Photo. Poulsham & Banfield.

I enjoyed myself hugely, particularly when at seven years of age I was taken to a social gathering at the White House, and invited to entertain the company. Without the least nervousness I audaciously mimicked the President (President McKinley) before his Cabinet, much to the delight of himself and his colleagues.

I don't think, however, that I should have the audacity to mimic President Wilson, although he would probably be greatly tickled with the idea. People on this side do not really under-

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able to invent such a good problem as that propounded by President Wilson, when in one of his merry moods. His hypothesis was this:—

A young man has come to call on a young woman, and they are sitting somewhat stiffly in the parlour waiting for mother to come down and act as chaperon. While they are waiting, the young woman's nose begins to bleed, and the young man remembers having heard that a piece of cold metal applied to the back of the neck will stop the trouble. He looks around the room and sees the key of the door, and in his embarrassment he locks the door in getting the key out. He applies the key to the young woman's neck, but just at that moment the mother comes down and, finding the door locked, demands entrance. In his excitement the young man drops the key down the young woman's back. The question then was: "What would you do if you were the young man?" Wilson's answer was, "Get the key at any cost." This, however, by the way.

It was Cissie Loftus, the greatest of all mimics, in my



AS LEADER OF THE JAZZ BAND.
Photo. Arbuthnot.

AS SHE APPEARS WHEN SINGING "I LOVE THEM ALL JUST A LITTLE BIT."
Photo. Arbuthnot.

Photo. White Studio.

d what a keen sense of humour he possesses, how much he appreciates a joke. We like on that account.

u may have heard of the game of impossible ems. Mother and I were rather fond of ing it. You invent some situation—the e absurd, the more fun—placing your ple in a position of embarrassment and plexity.

en you ask, "What would you have done ne same circumstances?"

to the present, however, I have not been

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opinion, who ultimately inspired me with the idea of becoming a mimic. My first stage appearance was as a pocket edition of Cissie Loftus, and since then I have impersonated some hundred and twenty artistes.

A discussion once overheard outside the Palace Theatre regarding my real nationality led to one of the most charming of compliments regarding my mimicry.

"Bejob, she's a gem! I'm glad she's Irish!"

"Na, na, ma laddie, I tell ye she's guid Scots!"

"*Non, non, messieurs; c'est une Parisienne, sans doute.*"

Whether the trio ever really settled the matter, I do not know.

My impersonations have ranged from Harry Lauder to Sarah Bernhardt, and although my portrayal of the Scotch comedian is, perhaps, the most popular of my imitations, I always look back with pride to the occasion when the great French tragedienne told me that she thought my mimicry of her was life-like and that I ought to become a great actress. But, really, I don't like tragedy. I love happiness and sunshine, and surely that is all we wish for!

I love dollars, too. A shocking, mercenary confession, isn't it? But who among those who read these lines, if honest with themselves, are not similarly afflicted? I am fond of the comfort, luxuries, and nice things money can secure, and of the opportunity it gives one of helping the less fortunate.



IN "THE PASSING SHOW."
Photo. Poulsham & Banfield.



Photo. TWO CHARMING PORTRAIT STUDIES. [*Poulsham & Banfield*

Photo. Arbuthnot.

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Talking of money takes me back to the story of my introduction to the London public. For several years I had spent part of my holidays in England, and I must confess that I wanted to captivate the English as they had captivated me. I went round to all the shows, and I noticed the public liked dancing and romantic episodes with humorous songs, and that, above and beyond all, what is called the very English entertainment must be simple, direct, and refined.



IN SONG, "THAT IS LOVE IN SUNNY ITALY" IN "HULLO, AMERICA!"
Photo. Arbuthnot.

It seemed to me that most of the things I liked doing could be poured into a revue, and so I told Mr. Butt, as he then was. The American salary I had been getting, however, was too much, so we shook hands with mutual regrets.

Then I felt that an English encore was even worth the loss of a week's salary, so it being up to me, I suggested an unpaid week on trial, and if that succeeded, I would be worth what my other managements paid. They called it a sporting offer, and besides introducing my own songs I was allowed to suggest improvements and largely alter the show.

Thus it came about that I made my first bow to a London audience in "The Passing Show." Four days after my *début*, Sir Alfred Butt came to me and said :—

"Go ahead, we can stand the American salary."

I felt when I made my return visit to London last year to appear in "Hullo, America!" that I was bringing the States with me. I have had a great time with our boys over here. They have descended upon me in scores, at the Palace and elsewhere, just to shake hands and talk about nothing in particular and everything in general. They have said all sorts of nice things to me and about me, but really it is *they* who have provided *me* with pleasure and entertainment.

Oh, the stories and experiences I have heard! I must certainly write a book about them some day. Meantime, I am awarding the first prize to the story told me by an American chaplain, just



Photo.] A FAVOURITE STUDY. [*Hoppé.*

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after one of General Allenby's great victories in Palestine.

"Well, boys, the Australians are in Bethlehem," he said, while talking to some wounded American soldiers in hospital.

"Gee!" exclaimed one of the Doughboys. "I guess the shepherds watched their flocks that night."

London has always had a great fascination for me. The people, taking them collectively, never hustle and rush, but they get through all the same. There is something about England and the English—an inherent, dignified stateliness, which one cannot help admiring.

I remember, on one of my first visits, we went to stop in the country, and there one sees the typical Englishwoman at her best. Of course, the Englishwoman has learnt the art of wearing French frocks, but I prefer her ruralized and tailor-made. And as for the country! Well, we have hills and plantations and ranches, picturesque enough for cinema, but I had never seen any really old houses until I came to England.

My early explorations of London, however, were marked by one or two amusing errors, due to the confusion of names. I remember, for instance, going out to the Welsh Harp at Hendon, on one occasion, quite convinced that I must be on the borders of Wales.

The cosmopolitan side of London life, to my mind, is the least attractive of all, perhaps because one lives so much in *cafés*, restaurants, and on the boulevards abroad. Yet London has a night city, and it is wonderful to think that in narrow Fleet Street alone there are men and machines at work for half the world. Fleet Street and all its little tributaries interest me very much.

You see, had acting not succeeded, I should have written. As it is, I have two published romances which are widely read at home—"The Love Letters of an Actress" and "A Star for a Night."

Perhaps I am just a wee bit proud of my poetical efforts and may be permitted to quote here my verses, which I have called "Irish Philosophy":—

You may feel a bit of sadness
Without really being sad,
You may sense a touch of gladness
Without really being glad.
You may even feel some madness
Without being really mad . . .
But when it comes to badness
Then look out

For a little bit of sadness
Will catch a fellow's eye
And a little bit of gladness
Will send his spirits high,
And with a little madness
You may very well get by!
But when it comes to badness
There's a doubt

For there's sadness that depresses
And there's madness that distresses,
Also gladness that expresses
What the joy of Life's about.
You can do without the sadness
And the madness or the gladness;
But that little bit of badness
People cannot live without.

I have also produced my own play; written, produced, and played in four moving-picture plays; published a book of verse; composed several songs and invented new dances.

When in 1915 I brought the Fox-Trot to England, I was rather nervous about it catching on, although the cautious, sneaking movement, like rag-time, but forty-horse-power slower, fascinated me. To my great delight it fascinated London also.

The Fox-Trot has now given place to the Jazz-band, and it is surprising how the word "Jazz" has caught on. In America it is quite common. An harmonious riot in anything is a Jazz—a band composed of tin can and coco-nut shells; a blouse or pair of pyjamas the colours of which shriek at you; a cocktail which makes you want to climb trees; anything big and outrageous is "Jazz."

Really, however, I despair of finding anything startling or remarkable, as I turn over the pages of my diary. I should love to tell you a good story, but what can I say? No bold, bad bandits have held me up in the Wild West, my jewels have not been stolen, my motor-car has not been wrecked; nobody has fallen in love with me sufficiently to give me a million dollars. I have not even been shipwrecked.

It is astonishing, however, how many friends you find when a little success comes your way. I have been amazed at the number of girls of my own age who claim having been at college with me, whereas I never went to either college or school. Some people who never guessed our identity have assured mother and I that they knew Elsie Janis, who was married to one of their friend's dearest friends. It is not my fault that I have not committed bigamy a thousand times. So far as I know, however, I have not yet met my husband. I haven't any set ideas as to the right Mr. Right, should he ever appear. Only with a career and a mother like mine, marriage is one of those indefinite romantic possibilities and all the rosier for being so remote.

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Sealing-Wax

by LYNN DOYLE.

Illustrated by A. Leete.

IT was no way safe to go out shootin' with Mr. Anthony, the solicitor, at any time, him bein' so nervous and short of the sight; but he was a plucky wee man and full of sport, an' I risked my life with him an' his gun many a time just on that account, always hopin' it would be himself he'd shoot in the end an' not me. But when he took to courtin' I made up my mind the only chance I had of dyin' in my bed was to fall out with him as quick as I could. I got no end of chances. He was a kind of wanderin'-minded at the best, but afther the love took him the divil a livin' thing was safe within a ring eighty yards round him, barrin' game-birds; an' the day he got the first letter from the sweetheart he even shot a cock-pheasant by mistake.

The letters put him clean through himself altogether. Every now an' then he'd slap the gun down on the ground as if it was as harmless as a walking-stick, an' would sit down on the neardhest ditch an' take out a letter to read; an' by the time he'd lift the gun again ye'd think he'd forgot whether a charge comes out through the muzzle or the breech. The way we fell out was this: One day afther reading a letter he picks up the gun an' sits considherin' for a minit.

"What the divil is he thinkin' about now?" sez I to myself.

All at once he wheels round on me that sharp that he skins the bridge of my nose with the muzzle before I could juke my head.

"I wonder, Pat," sez he, "was it the right barrel or the left I fired before I sat down?"

"Why the divil don't ye open the breech an' look?" sez I, a bit cross. For his fingers was playin' the piano on the two triggers, an' it was in my mind that it was myself would be the first to find out.

"It's all right, Pat," sez he, "it was the left barrel I fired, the choke-bore."

An' so it was; for that minit the right barrel went off, an' if my setter pup's head had been where his tail was he was a dead dog. Divil a word did I say, good or bad, but lifts my own gun an' away for home near as hard as the dog. For Mr. Anthony had a great tongue in his head, an' with him practisin' every Tuesday in the Petty Sessions Court had got very handy with it, an' I knowed if I once let him get started he'd deluder me into goin' on with him again. He did his best too. Four times he come out one errand to the house to talk me round. But I still hid when I seen him comin', an' burned thirteen an' fourpence worth of letters he wrote me, an' never wrote him a scrape back; so at the last he gave me up as a bad job an' let me alone.

But though I kept out of his way I still heard what he was doin', an' he was at the courtin' strong. A mortal fine girl she was too, Mr. Livingston the land-agent's daughter, Miss Betty. It all begun with Mr. Anthony's takin' the office below his, an' meetin' the daughter on the stairs. The first glimpse of her Mr. Anthony had he tumbled over head an' ears in love with her, an' with the ram-stam way he had of runnin' at everything he clean swept her off her feet.

There was some thought she was too good for him. Not that she was so much of a beauty, but she was a pleasant-faced wee body, an' always the same whenever ye met her, an' had a pair of darlin' grey eyes with the kind of look

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in them that says, "Ye can depend upon me." To my mind she was just the girl for a twittery, excitable wee body like Mr. Anthony.

I'm not sayin' a word against the wee man, mind ye. A more open-hearted wee fellow never stepped, or a kindlier, an' was as true as steel; but to live with him all his life was no nervous body's job, as ye may have gathered. It was a long while since it had come into my head that I'd live a deal longer if he was once married an' settled down, an' had give up the shootin' for good. For I knowed that while he kept at it him an' me was sure to run across each other again, an' if we did an' he wanted me with him I knowed I could never hold out, not if the crowner had his jury ready picked for me.

Sure enough I did run across him.

It was all over a great hare that come to the Scroggy Knowe, an' beat everybody to kill. They tried her every way, with beagles, an' with greyhounds, an' with guns, an' she was too many for them all. When things would get a bit too hot for her she'd disappear for a while, an' the country would be full of liars that had shot her every man of them; but the grass of that hill must ha' been to her liking, for in a wee while back she'd come, an' they'd all start out to shoot her over again.

'With the talk there went on about her I was keen to get a shot at her myself, but I daren't venture. Courtin' an' all, Mr. Anthony had heard about the hare, an' courtin' an' all he be't to have a shot at her. By his own account he hadn't killed her less than five times; but the only body he was ever able to produce was a yearlin' calf of Tammas McGorrian's, an' people was of the opinion that as far as Mr. Anthony was concerned the hare was still in the land of the livin'. But the last of the times he killed her he was so certain about it that he shook people a-bit. Less than half an ounce of lead he hadn't put into her, he swore, an' saw her rollin' over twice. He give in that when he got up to the spot she was gone, but it was only to go away somewhere an' die, he was positive about that, an' left the gun behind him the next night he come out, an' went round searchin' the ditches with a pair of opera-glasses.

Wee Robbie Dixon told me about seein' him wandherin' round; an' when I heard he had no gun with him it come into my head that this was my time to make up friends with him again. So I took down the old muzzle-loader an' put a couple of charges in her just in case I'd come across the hare myself, an' off I goes for the hill.

When I got there I saw no signs of either the hare or Mr. Anthony, an' afther a while I got tired trapesin' about, an' made up my mind to save my powder an' shot an' go off home. But that very minit a flock of green plover riz just across the hedge from me, an' I let off the two barrels at them. I seen a couple of them fall, an' run along the hedge lookin' for a gap, when I heard a great patterin' of feet behind me, an' when I stopped an' looked round, makin' sure the police had me this time, who was it but Mr. Anthony, runnin' hot-foot, with the eye-glass bouncin' off his chest with every step, an' him trippin' over every brier-shoot an' whin along the ditch-side.

"Did ye kill her, Pat?" sez he, stutterin' with the excitement, an' glammin' all over the breast of his waistcoat for the glasses. "Is she dead? Where is she?"

"Did I kill who?" sez I.

"The hare," sez he. "Was it not her ye shot? I've been trackin' her this half hour, an' she came up this way. Half-a-dozen times I seen her," sez he, "an' got within fifty yards of her, creepin' on my hands and knees. Look at my breeches! Of all the luck," sez he. "Fifty yards, did I say? Not thirty yards either. I saw her as plain as I see you; settin' up with her ears cocked. Damme, you'd think it was to spite me! Twenty years I might walk about this hill with a gun in my hand an' see nothin', an' the first time I come out without one I have to pick my steps for fear I'd tramp on a hare. What did ye say ye shot, then?"

"A couple of green plover," sez I.

"Aye, that's more of it," sez Mr. Anthony. "Green plover," sez he; "they've been as thick as midges all evenin'. I had to brush them away from my face with my handkerchief. You'd think they knew I had no gun. An' I felt I could shoot this evenin', too. Was there ever such luck? Here, Pat, lend me that old musket of yours, an' we'll have a look round for the hare before we go home."

"Ye won't do much harm with that, anyway," thinks I to myself, handin' him the gun.

"I wonder ye wouldn't buy yourself a breech-loader," sez he, lookin' at it a bit disgusted.

"If ye'd a wife an' six childer to keep ye wouldn't wonder a bit," sez I. "She does my turn well enough. I wish I had all I ever killed with her."

"I doubt I couldn't do myself justice with a weapon like this," sez Mr. Anthony. "But away and get the plover, an' we'll take a walk round."

"Where did you see the hare last, Mr. Anthony?" sez I, when I came back.

"She was sittin' in the corner of Mr. Bermingham's ten-acre field, just waitin' for me to shoot her," sez he, "when that young thoroughbred of his—the one his daughter is lookin' to win the Hunters' Cup with—came canterin' over the hill, an' the hare made off along the ditch, goin' easy. She'd settle down again very soon, if we could only tell where. Come on, Pat, we'll go round that way."

"Sure it's fallin' dusk now, Mr. Anthony," sez I; "you'd never see her."

"Of course I'd see her," sez he. "That's the best of bein' a trifle short-sighted. I can see as well in the dusk as in daylight."

"An' that's the Bible truth, anyway," sez I to myself. "But his claws is pretty well cut with the gun bein' empty."

It was a blessin' she was. Every rush-bush an' tussock of grass he seen, down he'd go on his hunkers, fixin' the glass tighter in his eye with one hand an' waggin' the gun behind him with the other for me to make no noise. If

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there had been a couple of charges in the gun, or even one, I wouldn't ha' been in my own shoes for a pension!

We wandered round the ditch of the ten-acre field this sort of a way, Mr. Anthony every now an' then keekin' through the bushes, an' pluckin' the glass out of his eye on a thorn-branch every time he drew back his head. The third or fourth time he done it crack goes the glass again the barrel of the gun an' into fifty pieces.

"Now we'll get goin' home," thinks I. An', troth, I wasn't sorry, for my back was nearly broke with the stoopin'. But not a bit of it. Mr. Anthony's blood was up, an' he wouldn't listen to me.

"Blethers," sez he, "I can see just as well without it. It's only a bally nuisance, anyway. I shot a cock-pheasant a month ago an' me had the wrong eye shut in my hurry. Easy here now, Pat; this is a likely corner."

With that down he goes on his face in among the briers, as if shooting-suits was got for nothin', an' pushes the muzzle of the gun through the hedge. I heard one click, an' then another, an' then afther a minit out he comes feet foremost from among the briers, leavin' near as much clothes stickin' to them as he left on his back.

"She's missed fire," sez he in my ear. I could hear his teeth grindin'. "Drat the old blunderbuss! she's missed fire; an' I had the hare that well covered that I was near afraid to fire for fear of blowin' her to bits."

"Sure the gun wasn't loaded, Mr. Anthony," sez I. "Don't you mind I fired the two barrels just before ye come runnin' up?"

I don't know whether a man can curse wickeder undher his breath or not, but it sounds wickeder.

"Couldn't ye remind me, ye thick-skulled old dunderhead?" sez he at the last, when he had his system brave an' well cleared. "Did ye think it was a bird of Paradise I was out afther, that I'd be satisfied with lookin' at it? Wait; maybe she's not away yet."

Down he goes into the ditch again, an' comes out fair squirmin' with excitement.

"She's there yet!" he splutthers. "Damme, she's there yet, an' nearer the ditch now, if anythin'! Gimme your powder an' shot—quick!"

"I have no shot with me," sez I. "I just brought out the powder-horn in case the primin' fell."

But if he was vexed before, he went fair demented then; all he had said at the first was nothin' to what he got out of him this time.

All at once he stopped.

"Hold on," sez he, "we're not beat yet. Gimme the powder."

He snaps the powder-horn from my hand, and, with him bein' all of a tremble, I would say he didn't pour in less than a quarther of a pound into the left barrel.

"What's the good of that, Mr. Anthony?" sez I. "Ye'll never kill the hare with powder, barrin' she sits down on the muzzle."

"Stones," sez he, "ye old fool!" glancin' all round him on the ground. "Small stones. Search about you, there."

"Not a bit of use, Mr. Anthony," sez I. "Ye'd only blow them to dust, especially with the charge you have in. Sure there's enough powder in the gun to blast a quarry. You'd need to use metal of some kind."

"Have you anythin' about you would do, Pat?" sez he, feelin' all over his pockets. "Confound it all, why did I change into my shootin' clothes! Ye haven't a penknife or a key? Feel now, quick."

"Nothin' but the key of the barn-door," sez I, fetchin' it out. "An' the only thing ye could fire that out of would be a drain-pipe."

"I've the key of the safe myself," sez he, gropin' in his pockets; "but I have to hand over the Maxwell deeds to-morrow, an' if the sale fell through I'd lose over two hundred pounds of fees, an' me wantin' to make money just now. Tck, tck, tck," sez he, "was there ever such a spite? If I could only shoot that hare I'd wipe the eye of the whole country. An' Betty wouldn't want me to stop shoofin' then. Wait—wait now—I have somethin'!" He looks in the palm of his hand a minit, considherin'. "No," sez he to himself, "I daren't do it."

Just then we hears a thumpin' of hoofs on the far side of the hill.

"It's that cursed horse," sez Mr. Anthony, dhroppin' something into the gun an' leppin' into the ditch. "She'll be away."

"Take care, Mr. Anthony," I calls to him. "Watch where ye shoot."

But it was too late. Bang goes the gun like young thunder, with the charge was in her. Mr. Anthony lights on his back among the briers with his heels in the air, an' the same minit there comes a terrible screech of a horse from across the ditch.

"Oh, heavenly powers," sez I to myself, "he's shot Mr. Bermingham's thoroughbred!"

The wee man was crawlin' out from among the briers with a face the colour of chalk, barrin' one bad tear of a brier across his nose.

"I doubt, Pat," sez he, all shakin', "I've done some harm to the horse."

"Doubt be hanged!" sez I. "Did ye not hear the scream of him? Listen a minit."

We stood there gazin' at each other. But not a sound from across the hedge. I jumped into the ditch an' looked through. The horse was lyin' just on the crown of the hill, an', as well as I could see in the dusk, there wasn't a move on him, barrin' a bit of a twitch in his hind legs.

"He's killed dead," sez I; "an' what's to be done now?"

But for the first time in his life Mr. Anthony had nothin' to say. He just stood there gapin' at me, with his knees shakin', an' every now an' then thryin' to put the string of his eyeglass in his eye as if the glass was still on the end of it.

"Come on, Mr. Anthony" sez I, stoopin' for my gun. "There's no use cryin' over spilt milk. We'll put a mile or two between us an'

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this, anyway. Keep close along the ditches for fear we'd be seen. Run now, like blazes!"

Away we went, hell for leather, Mr. Anthony leadin'; an' for the size of his legs it was wonderful how he covered the ground. When we'd run about a mile or so I called on him to stop, for he had me clean winded.

"We'll separate now, Mr. Anthony," sez I. "Nobody seen me leavin' the house with the gun. I'll slip her back quietly now it's near dark. An' anybody that met you knows you came out of Ballygullion with a walkin'-stick; so you're all right. Good-bye now. You've got off better than you deserve, an' be thankful. Take to drink if ye like, from this on, but for Heaven's sake sign the pledge against shootin'!"



"MR. ANTHONY LIGHTS ON HIS BACK AMONG THE BRIERS WITH HIS HEELS IN THE AIR."

"What's wrong with my shootin'?" sez Mr. Anthony. He was comin' to himself now the worst fright was off him. "I'll lay my head to a ha'penny the hare's lyin' dead in the field. I seldom miss a snapshot like that. The seal must have gone out through her. I was a bit heavy-handed with the powder."

"The what went through her?" sez I.

"The seal," sez he. His jaw dropped an' he stood lookin' at me open-mouthed.

"Pat," sez he, at the last, "we're ruined. No, *you're* not ruined. I can pay for the horse. But I've lost half my practice, an' the easiest half of it, too, an' my best girl, an' my whole chances in life. This is the end of my shootin'. I should have listened to Betty. I was the makin's of a good shot—she gave in to that—but I'm unfortunate at it, bad scran to it, I'm unfortunate! The divil fly away with that dirty, steeplechasin' brute! Could he not stand at peace like a Christian an' eat grass, instead of makin' a travellin' circus of himself?"

"What in the name of patience is wrong now, Mr. Anthony?" sez I. "How will we be found out?"

"Listen, Pat," sez he. "You know I'm courtin' Miss Betty Livingston. Everybody knows it. The whole gossipin' town of Ballygullion knows it, all but her father, an' he might have knowed it if he'd had a light on the stairs up to his office. We kept it from him because I wanted him to give me the estate business on my merits, now that old Johnston is likely to retire, an' not have people sayin', an' maybe himself thinkin', I was courtin' his daughter for it. So Betty an' I have been writin' an odd note to each other; an' she wasn't too sure of the post-office—they take a great interest in a love affair in Ballygullion post-office—an' she gave me an old seal of her great-grandfather's to seal up any letters I might send her. It was that I put down the gun," sez he, "thinkin' it would surely stop in the hare's body. But it didn't; an' now it's stickin' in the carcass of that gallopin' wild Arab of the desert, an' I may leave the country!"

"Wait, now," sez I; "what was cut on the seal?"

"Betty had my monogram cut on it before she gave it me," sez he. "But I wouldn't care a fig for that. I got my head clerk to draw it for me, an' he's one of them fancy penmen, so the divil himself couldn't read it. But Betty's father'll know the seal."

"Could ye not get Miss Betty to square him?" sez I.

"Is it tell her I fired off her seal at a hare?" sez Mr. Anthony. "Have you no gumption about girls at your time of life? An' for another thing, she'd never let me fire another shot if

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she heard of this disaster, an' I might want to start again sometime. No," sez he, "we'll take our chance. Maybe they won't dig the seal out of him. There's some good luck due to me after this evenin's work."

"I wouldn't put too much dependence on that, Mr. Anthony," sez I. "Ye've been lucky with the girl, an' that's as much luck as a man can expect in one year. If Mr. Bermingham doesn't ferret out who killed the horse it's a queer thing. I tell you he'll raise holy wars, an' he'll be all the worse on account of the beast bein' Miss Mary's. She was desperate set on the horse, an' she'll not let this lie. You'd better find out the price of a ticket for America," sez I—"for two."

But the extraordinary thing was there was no row riz at all after the first outcry when the horse was found. I had a nice wee story made up of where I was that evenin' against the day the peelers would be out cross-questionin' me; but the divil a peeler came near the house at all, nor even round the country, as far as I could hear, an' ye may guess I kept my ears open. I heard Miss Mary Bermingham cried very hearty when the horse was bein' buried in the demesne, an' had two of the hoofs cut off to have them mounted; an' the father came out one evenin' to see the place where he was killed, lookin' very wicked, they said; but after that there was no word of them makin' a move, an' I begun to think Mr. Anthony's luck had turned. As for himself, he was as elastic as an india-rubber ball any time; an' when he wasn't found out straight away he put the whole business out of his mind. The only bad fright he got was when he seen all he had left of his shootin'-suit when he got home, an' minded that the balance of it was stickin' to the briers where he done the deed. But for all he was a lawyer, I'd been quicker than him there; for I got up early the next mornin' an' went an' put a match to the ditch.

The seal was the only thing that bothered me; an' it kept on botherin' me. It still ran in my mind that they'd never bury the horse without the wound bein' well examined; and if they did I knowed there was trouble brewin', for all the quiet way things was goin' on. So I kept a bit wary, with some kind of a handy lie always in my cheek; an' it was just as well.

About a week after the horse was killed I was standin' in Ballygullion market, when who should come up but Miss Mary Bermingham. Not that there was much to wonder at in that, for I knowed her well with her comin' out our way huntin' many a time; an' she seldom passed me without biddin' me the time of day or maybe a bit of a crack. But I took a tight grip of my tongue all the same an' lay very low. She stood a minit or two askin' me about the wife an' the family an' the prospects of a good winter's huntin', makin' all the time as if she was just goin' to pass on. All at once she pulls her hand out of her pocket.

"Did ye ever see that before, Pat?" sez she, holdin' it under my nose. There was a big gold seal in the palm of it.

"I never did, Miss Mary," sez I, well pleased to be startin' with the truth, anyway. "There's not many country farmers carries them things at their watch-chain."

She looked very hard at me, but I didn't move a muscle.

"I found it in the demesne the other day," sez she. "You didn't hear of anyone losin' such a thing?"

"I did not then, miss," sez I. "But if I do, I'll tell him who has it."

"No," sez she, "tell me first. I'd like to have the pleasure of givin' it back. Don't forget, now, Pat. If you hear of anyone that has lost a seal you're to be sure an' tell me before you tell the owner."

"I'll not forget, Miss Mary," sez I, as she went off with a nod an' a smile. "Boys," sez I to myself, as I stood lookin' after her, "isn't the weemin deep, too? I wonder has she been to Mr. Anthony yet?"

But I was brave an' easy in my mind about him even if she had, for, whether it was the lawyerin' or a natural gift, I knowed Mr. Anthony could lie like a burial-card. All the same, I thought I'd have a word with him just to put him on his guard; so when I had the pigs sold away I goes round to his office. When I went in they told me he was in the estate office upstairs, an' sent me into the private room to wait.

A mighty queer kind of a private room it was for a solicitor to have. I'd seen it many a time before an' knew what it was like, but after what had happened I thought it would ha' been different this time; but it wasn't.

There was guns all over the place: a double-barrelled breech-loader in one corner an' another behind the door, an' a match-rifle over the mantelpiece, with a huntin'-crop crossed over it. Away in a corner was a glass case full of stuffed birds that Mr. Anthony had persuaded himself by this time he had shot; an' all over the mantelpiece, an' even on his desk, was cartridges of every sort an' description, some empty an' some full. Lookin' at it all, you'd ha' said he was a great sportsman altogether; an,' troth, accordin' to his gifts, so he was.

I hadn't right finished takin' stock till in he came, lookin' that worried that I made sure somethin' bad had cropped up about the horse in the meantime; for the last time I seen him he hadn't a care in the world, no more than if horses was vermin.

"What's up Mr. Anthony?" sez I. "What has gone wrong with ye?"

He slapped a handful of deeds down on his desk an' upset an inkstand before he answered me.

"That's right," sez he, "pour yourself all over the place! Hit me when I'm down! Damme," sez he, pullin' out his handkerchief an' moppin' up the ink, "damme, but the very writin' utensils are down on me! What's up, Pat? I'll tell ye what's up. The landlord of the estate is upstairs, an' the agent with him, an' they're settlin' whether I'm to get the law-work of half a county; an' have as good as made

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up their minds to give it to me. I'm a made man," sez he, "an' my income is goin' to be trebled—an' it's all no use to me, an' less than no use."

"It's a very poor imitation of bad news," sez I. "What's wrong about it?"

"Listen an' I'll tell you;" sez he. "You an' me is old friends; an' I must tell somebody—Betty has fallen out with me."

"What about, Mr. Anthony dear?" sez I.

"I don't know what about," sez he, risin' an' trampin' round the room. "That's the exasperatin' part of it. It all begun about four or five days after that horse met with the accident. Up till then all was goin' on as usual. I had two or three notes from her, an' met her every day, on the stairs. All at once she stopped comin', and she stopped writin'. I hadn't been writin' to her for reasons of my own, but I wrote then, an' all the answer I got was my ring back, an' my letters, an' the divil a scrape of the pen then or since, though I've written to her twenty times. I called at the house, an' she wasn't at home, though I seen her through the dinin'-room window both times I went. An' when I meet her in the street she just turns an' runs. I know somethin' about dogs an' horses an' guns—ye'll give in to that yourself, Pat. Well, I thought I knew somethin' about weemin, too; but I was wrong."

"Ye didn't give her any cause to fall out with ye that ye can think of?" sez I.

"None in the wide world, Pat," sez he. "I've been beatin' my brains about it till I'm that muddled I can hardly draft a lease, an' blast me if I can think of anything that even a woman could take offence at; an' I make part of my livin' out of unreasonable weemin. I give in that I've been a bit extra civil to Miss Mary Bermingham latterly, seein' that I was lookin' out for the estate work; but Betty knew what I was after. She couldn't be shirty about that."

"I suppose not," sez I; "though, mind ye, ye were on ticklish ground. There's nothin' else ye can think of? She wouldn't be vexed about ye losin' the present she give ye?"

"What present?" sez he.

"The seal," sez I.

The wee man broke into the first glimmer of a smile I'd seen on his face since I came in.

"I bamboozled her there, Pat," sez he. "I bamboozled her there. I sent to Belfast the next day an' had a new seal cut with just the same curlikews on it as the old one, as far as Dixon here could remember them, an' I didn't write to her till I got it. It was pretty cute of me, Pat, eh?"

"I know where ye are now, Mr. Anthony," sez I. "Ye've been too cute; that's all has been the matter with ye." An' I told him what had passed between Miss Bermingham an' me that very afternoon. "Ye can put two an' two together, Mr. Anthony. Miss Betty has seen Miss Bermingham with the seal, an' thinks ye lost her present, an' was likely a bit vexed, but would ha' thought nothin' of it in a day or two; an' you must come along with your false seal, throwin' dust in her eyes instead of ownin' up like a man. Ye know what she is herself, as straight as a rule, an' ye can guess what she thinks of your cleverness. I'll lay my head to a ha'penny that's what it's all about."

I expected Mr. Anthony to be dancin' round the room, cursin' himself, for that was the way with him. He was always either up or down. But there were queer turns in him, too. All he does is sit down at the table very cool and collected and lay a sheet of paper before him on the desk.

"Wait a second or two, Pat," sez he, "till I think." He sat there cogitatin' for a long time. "It seems to me," sez he, at the last, "that this is one of those very rare an' distressin' cases where it's goin' to be necessary to tell the truth. It's unprofessional, but it'll have to be done. I'll have to tell Betty about the horse, that's clear. Not that I mind about that. It was the brute's own fault, as I'll explain to her. You can bear me out on that question, Pat?"

"Anythin' you say, Mr. Anthony," sez I, "I'll swear to."

"But the awkward thing about tellin' Betty is that she'll never rest till I confess it all to Mr. Bermingham and his daughter. That's how Betty is built. She can't help it. It's a most exasperatin' thing about her, but that's why I think so much of her, all the same. Now, as soon as Mr. Bermingham knows I shot his horse—or his daughter's horse—I lose my chance of the estate business. An' if I lose the estate business Betty's father'll never look at me for a son-in-law. Livin' above me here, he knows fairly well what my practice is worth without it; an' he's a man of big notions. Ye see what must be done, Pat?"

"The divil a bit of me," sez I. "It seems to me ye're in a fix."

"Betty must marry me before I tell; that's all," sez Mr. Anthony. "She'll do it, too, the darlin'; I know she will. She's fond of me. Pat, damme she's fond of me; an' she doesn't care a fig for money any more than I do myself. An' she'll be that pleased with me ownin' up about the seal and the horse that she'll do anythin' I want. Gimme my pen," sez he, gettin' excited all at once. "I'll write to her this very minit. Half-a-dozen lines'll do. She'll come down to hear the rest. There's no time to be lost," sez he, scribblin' away for dear life. "It might come out about the horse any minit. If Miss Mary didn't know how straightforward I am she'd have suspected me long ago. I can work the licence all right—an' I've an old college chum'll marry us. Fetch the office-boy, Pat. Where's my seal? Look on the desk," sez he, strikin' a match.

"I wouldn't use that seal again if I was you, Mr. Anthony," sez I.

"I'm a fool," sez Mr. Anthony. "I'm a thick-witted fool. Of course I mustn't use it. Blast it, I've burnt my fingers! What'll I use? Here, the end of this will do," sez he, pickin' up a cartridge-case an' clappin' it on the blazin' wax.

"Stop, Mr. Anthony!" I shouts. "Stop!"

But the powder was quicker than me. There

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was a flash and a bang would ha' split your ears. Away goes I backwards over the chair on the broad of my back. The case of stuffed birds just missed my head by about six inches as it fell; but if it missed me, the ceiling didn't, for my head was singin' for days after from the dunt I got on the skull with a bit of the plasther centre-piece.

By the time I was right come to myself the room was cleared of the whole town of Ballygullion but Mr. Bermingham an' Mr. Livingston an' Mr. Anthony's head clerk. When the clerk went out I riz to my feet an' looked over at Mr. Anthony. The two gentlemen had got his head on a cushion where he was lyin' on the floor, an' was pourin' into him what water was left in the jug afther puttin' him out. The eyebrows was burned off him, an' part of the hair; an' as for his face, you'd ha' thought they had swept the chimbley with it. Divil a thing he could do but gasp an' curse, though they were doin' their best between sips of water to get out of him what had happened. Then they turned to me, but for all I was a bit dazed I had my wits well enough about me to let on I hadn't; so they made nothin' of that.

In the middle of the cross-examination who should come runnin' into the room but Miss Betty, an' at her heels Miss Bermingham. Miss Betty was as white as a ghost. She never says a word, but drops on her knees beside Mr. Anthony an' takes his head in her lap.

"We're ruined now," thinks I. "He'll blurt out the whole thing before them all, with the state he's in." An' that very minit here don't I see Miss Bermingham stoop down and pick up the false seal off the floor. She took one look at it, an' one at Mr. Anthony an' Miss Betty. The two gentlemen was lookin' at them purty hard already.

Mr. Anthony was the first to speak.

"Stand back, everybody," he gasps out. "There's somethin' I want to say to Betty."

So we all drew back, not knowin' whether it was his last dyin' speech an' confession or not; an' Mr. Anthony draws down Miss Betty's head an' whispers to her a long time.

"It's not so bad," sez I to myself. "Even if Miss Mary has found us out, Mr. Anthony has his blow in first with the sweetheart."

I could see Miss Betty's face changin' as he spoke, an' when he stopped she was as red as fire.

"Then you didn't *give* it to her," sez she, takin' a look across the room at Miss Mary; an' with that she bends down her head an' kisses



"THERE WAS A FLASH AND A BANG WOULD HA' SPLIT YOUR EARS. AWAY GOES I BACKWARDS OVER THE CHAIR."

Mr. Anthony where she thought his mouth was likeliest to be, an' she made no bad shot at it.

Ye should have seen Mr. Livingston's face. He half opened his lips to speak; but Miss Mary was beforehand with him.

"Not a word, now, Mr. Livingston," sez she. "This is a case of true love, as you might have seen long ago if you hadn't been so—so busy lookin' after my father's affairs," she puts in, smilin'. "You're goin' to give your consent; an', father, you're goin' to make Mr. Anthony solicitor for the estate. Now, there's no more to be said."

Mr. Bermingham looked at Mr. Livingston, an' then the two of them shook their heads, half

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"'CONGRATULATE ME, PAT,' SEZ HE. 'I'M GOIN' TO BE MARRIED THIS DAY SIX WEEKS.'"

laughin', an' looked at Miss Mary an' back at each other again.

"Come on, now," sez Miss Mary, "that's settled. I see Mr. Anthony isn't goin' to die this time; an' we're not wanted here."

The two men went out, an' Miss Mary was just goin' afther them when Mr. Anthony lifts his head.

"Wait a minit, Miss Bermingham," sez he. "There's somethin' on my mind."

"I haven't time now," sez Miss Mary. "Come on, Pat." An' off she goes afther her father.

I sat in the outside office tellin' lies to the clerks I suppose fifteen or twenty minits; an' there was no stir at all inside. But at last Miss Betty looks out of the door with a very black face an' beckons me in.

Mr. Anthony was sittin' up in a chair smilin' like a Christy Minstrel. When he saw me he riz up an' holds out his hand.

"Congratulate me, Pat," sez he. "I'm goin' to be married this day six weeks. If I'd only this horse business off my mind I'd be the happiest man in the world."

"More power to the two of ye," sez I, afther a whoop just to relieve my feelin's. "I'm a poor man, but it's a queer thing if I won't be first in with my present."

But I wasn't. Just that minit there comes a knock on the door, an' in walks the office-boy with a brown-paper parcel.

"You're to open it at once, sir," the messenger said.

"All right," sez Mr. Anthony. "Ye needn't wait. Open it, Betty," sez he.

She an' I took off the wrappin', an' here out on the desk tumbles a horse's hoof mounted in silver, an' a wee note stuck on it with a pin.

Mr. Anthony looked at me, an' me at him, an' if I was the foolishest-lookin' of the two it was because Mr. Anthony's face was black.

"Read the note, Betty," sez he, at last.

Miss Betty opened it an' read:—

"DEAR MR. ANTHONY AND BETTY,—

"I think this pin-cushion will be your first present. It's a token of friendship and good-will—*and a close tongue.* Good luck!

"MARY BERMINGHAM."

"Isn't she a brick, Anthony?" cries Miss Betty. "Is it any wonder I was jealous of her?"

"She's more than a brick," sez Mr. Anthony. "She's an angel. Betty, you must go this minit an' thank her—for me in particular. Tell her I owned up about the horse. I'd like her to know that—though, mind ye, it was all his own fault. An'—an', Betty," sez he, "ask her when he was found did she see any sign of a dead hare."

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CAMBRAI.

THE SECOND PHASE.

The sudden change which made this battle the most dramatic in the war.

BY

A. CONAN DOYLE.

A Whirlwind Attack—The Rally—Desperate Defence of the Twenty-ninth Division—Guards to the Rescue—The Northern Attack—A Slaughter of Germans—The Results.

IT was clear before the end of November, 1917, to the British Commanders that the enemy had grown so strong that the initiative had passed to him, and that instead of following up attacks it was a question now of defending positions against a determined endeavour to shove back the intruders and splice the broken line. The multifarious signs of activity behind the German lines, the massing of troops, the planting of batteries, and the registration of ranges all warned the experienced observers that a great counter-offensive was about to begin. There was no question of a surprise at any point of the line, but Bourlon was naturally the place where the enemy might be expected to be at his full strength, since it was vital that he should regain that position. At the same time it was clearly seen that the storm would break also at the south end of the line, and General Snow had given every instruction to the G.O.C. Fifty-fifth Division, which held the position next to the scene of action. The experienced leader took every step which could be thought of, but he was sadly handicapped by the state of his division, which had been so severely hammered at Ypres, and had in the last few days had one brigade knocked to pieces at Knoll. With only two brigades, full of young troops who had taken the place of the casualties incurred in the north, he had to cover at least ten thousand yards of ground. We will begin by endeavouring to follow what occurred in this southern sector, and then turn to the equally important, though less dramatic, doings in the north.

The attack in the south was delivered upon a front of ten miles from Vendhuille in the south to Masnières in the north.

A WHIRLWIND ATTACK.

Shortly after seven in the morning the tempest suddenly broke loose. The surprise was so well carried out that, though the British General was expecting an attack, and though he had his wire patrols pushed up to the German trenches only a hundred yards off, still their reports at dawn gave no warning of any sound to herald the coming rush. It came like a clap of thunder. An experienced officer in the front British trench said: "My first impression was that of an earthquake. Then it seemed to me that an endless procession of aeroplanes were grazing my head with their wheels. On recovering from the first shock of my surprise the Germans were far behind me." There was no question of protective barrage, for the quickest answer to the most urgent S.O.S. would have been too late to help.

This account refers particularly to the 166th Brigade, upon the left of the Fifty-fifth Division, which got the full blast of the storm. It and the guns behind it were overrun in an instant by the weight and speed of the advance. The general in command did all that could be done in such an emergency, but it was impossible to form a fixed line. The alternative was to swing back, hinging upon the right of the division, and this was done, so that there was always a

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flank formed upon the left of the stormers. There was a ravine, called Ravine 22 upon the maps, which ran down between the Fifty-fifth and Twelfth Divisions. With the terrific force of a flood the Germans poured down this natural runway, destroying the British formations upon each side of it. The Fifty-fifth Division was shattered to pieces at this point by so terrific an impact upon their feeble line, but the small groups into which they were broken put up as good a fight as they could, while the line formed anew between the village of Villers-Guislain and the farm Vaucelette, which was a strong pivot of resistance. In this part of the field units of the 165th Brigade of Liverpool battalions, together with the 5th Royal Lancasters and the 10th Liverpool Scottish, of the 166th Brigade, stood stoutly to their work, and though the enemy, after penetrating the lines, were able to get the village of Villers-Guislain, which they had turned and surrounded, they were never able to extend their advance to the south on account of this new line of defence through Vaucelette, though it was composed entirely of infantry with no artillery support. However, even with this limitation, the situation was bad enough, since the 166th Brigade was almost cut to pieces; upon the extreme left one battalion, the 5th South Lancashires, was nearly destroyed. Of the division generally, it was said by a higher general that "they fought like tigers," as might be expected of men who had left a great name on the battle of Ypres, and who were destined for even greater fame when four months later they held Givenchy at the critical moment of the terrible battle of Armentières. Here, as always, it is constancy in moments of adversity and dour refusal to accept defeat which distinguishes both the British soldier and his leaders.

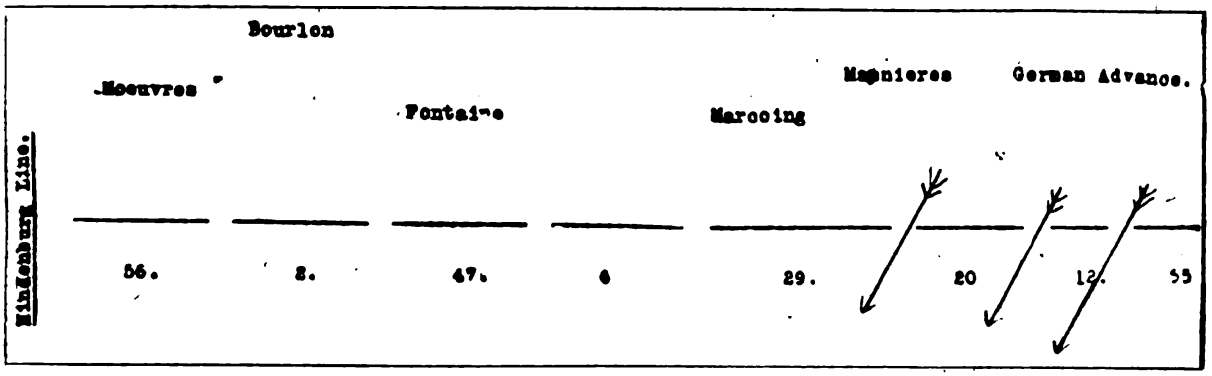
We shall now see what happened to the Twelfth Division upon the left of the Fifty-fifth. When the German stormers poured down Ravine 22 their left-handed blow knocked out the 166th Brigade, while their right hand crushed in the side of this division. From the ravine in the south to Quarry Farm in the north the German infantry surged round the position like a mountain spate round some rockhearted islet, where the edges might crumble and be washed out by the torrent, but the solid core would always beat back the waters. The line of the division was a curved one, with the 35th Brigade upon the right, the 36th in the centre, and the 37th upon the left. It was the right-hand brigade upon which the storm burst with its full, shattering force.

The 7th Suffolks, next to the fatal ravine, shared the fate of the 5th South Lancashires upon the southern edge of it. By a coincidence the colonel had been invalided for appendicitis the day before, but Major Henty, who was in command, was killed. The 5th Berks and 9th Essex, broken up into small parties and enveloped in a smoke cloud through which they could only catch dim glimpses of rushing Germans, were pushed back to the north and west, still keeping some sort of cohesion, until they reached the neighbourhood of Bleak House, where they rallied once more and gathered for a counter-attack. Everywhere over this area small parties were holding on, each unconscious of all that was passing outside its own little smoke-girt circle. Close to Villers-Guislain upon the south side of the ravine Sapper Company 70, together with the 5th Northampton Pioneers, held on bravely for many hours, shooting into the flank of the German advance, who poured over the British gun positions, which were well forward at this point in order to support the troops in Masnières and Marcoing. Some of the incidents round the guns were epic in character, for the British gunner does not lightly take leave of his piece. Many were fought to the last instant, their crews hacking at them with pickaxes and trenching tools to disable them even while the Germans swarmed in. Lieutenant Wallace, of the 363rd Battery, with five men, served three guns point-blank, their trails crossing as they covered three separate fields of fire. Each of this band of heroes received a decoration, their leader getting the V.C. The 92nd R.F.A., near La Vacquerie, also repulsed four separate attacks, firing with open sights at a range of two hundred yards before they were forced to dismantle their guns and retire.

The 7th Norfolks, on the left edge of the 35th Brigade, were farthest from the storm centre and stoutly beat off all attacks. Only one lieutenant was left upon his feet at the end of the day. Separated from their comrades the Norfolks were rather part of the 36th Brigade upon their left, who were also fiercely attacked, but were more happily situated as regarded their flank. The 9th Royal Fusiliers were pushed back to the Cambrai Road on the north, but with some of the Norfolks built up a solid line of resistance there. Next to them upon the left the two companies of the 8th Royal Fusiliers, which were in the line, lost very heavily, in spite of a splendid attempt to rescue them made by the other two companies led by their heroic colonel, Elliott Cooper. In this brave effort the leader gained his Victoria Cross, but also unhappily a wound from which he eventually died. This counter-attack drove the Germans back for the first time in this terrible morning, but their lines were reinforced and they came on once more.

The 37th Brigade upon the left had their own set of troubles to contend with. The Germans had beaten hard upon the neighbouring Twentieth Division, breaking into their line upon the right of the flank 59th Brigade. In this way they got into Lateau Wood and on to the Bonavis Ridge, which placed them upon the left rear of the 37th Brigade. The unit was in imminent danger of being cut off, but held strongly to its line, the pressure falling particularly heavily upon the 7th East Surreys and upon the 6th Buffs. Pam-Pam Farm was the centre of some very desperate fighting on the part of these two units. The brigade was sorely tried and forced backwards, but still held its own, facing upon two and even three

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BATTLE ORDER OF THIRD ARMY. CAMBRAI, NOV. 30th. 1917.

different fronts, as the enemy drifted in from the north and east.

THE RALLY.

In the meantime a train of independent circumstances had built up a reserve line which was destined to be of great importance in limiting the German advance until reinforcements could arrive. Their stormers had within an hour or two reached not only Villers-Guislain and Gonnelieu, but had even entered Gouzeaucourt, three miles deep in the British line. This village, or rather a quarry upon its eastern edge, was the headquarters of the Twenty-ninth Division, and the Germans were within an ace of capturing its famous commander, General De Lisle. The amazed commandant of the local hospital found a German sentry at his door instead of a British one, and with the usual British good-humour sent him out a cup of tea. No doubt he did the same to the Irish Guardsman who in turn relieved the German in the afternoon. Captain Crow, of the Staff, was killed. The G.O.C. Division, General De Lisle, with quick decision organized a temporary defence for the south end of the village, and then hurried up to join his hard-pressed men at Marcoing. The G.O.C. Twelfth Division, General Scott, a veteran of many battles, had energetically hurried up the two battalions which he held in reserve. They were the 6th West Surreys and the 11th Middlesex. Some hundreds of odds-and-ends near headquarters were also formed into a unit and pushed to the front. These went forward towards the firing with the vaguest notion of the situation, meeting broken groups of men and catching occasional glimpses of advancing Germans. The G.O.C. of the 35th Brigade, General Vincent, had been nearly caught in Gonnelieu, and found the enemy between him and his men. As he came back with his Staff, pausing occasionally to fire at the advancing Germans, he passed Gauche Wood, and there met the advancing battalions, which he helped to marshal along a low ridge, the Revelon Ridge. The Northumberland Hussars lined up on the right of these troops, and two brigades of cavalry coming up from the south formed on the left of them at a later hour. The whole held firm against all enemy attacks and made a bulwark until the time when the Guards advanced in the afternoon. When that event occurred this Revelon line formed roughly a prolongation of the new line established by the Guards and Cavalry, so that a long dam was formed. Commanding officers in this critical part of the field gave a sigh of relief in the early afternoon as they realized that the worst was over.

Douglas Smith's Twentieth Light Division was on the left of the Twelfth, and its experience was equally trying. It was upon the riflemen of the 59th Brigade that the main shock fell, and it came with such sudden violence that the Germans were through the right unit and in the rear of the rest before the situation was fully realized. The 61st Brigade upon the left had also a most desperate time, their flank being penetrated and turned so that for a time they were cut off from their comrades of the Twenty-ninth Division at Masnières. By this determined German attack the south bank of the Canal was partially cleared for their advance, which put them in the position that they could push along that bank and get hold of Les Rues Vertes and the southern ends of the bridges so as to cut off those British troops who were across the Canal. In this dangerous movement they nearly had success, and it was only the desperate fighting of some of the 86th Brigade which saved the situation. The prospects were even worse upon the right of the division, for the Germans broke through Lateau Wood, and so got completely behind the 10th K.R.R., who were the flank battalion. From the desperate struggle which ensued only few ever emerged, for the battalion was attacked on three sides and was overwhelmed after a long and splendid defence, which twice repulsed heavy frontal attacks before the flank advance rolled up the line. The battalion got separated from its own headquarters in Lateau Wood, and the O.C., Colonel Sheepshanks, with the twenty odd men who composed the Staff, fought a little battle of its own against the stormers coming down towards the Bonavis-Masnières Road. The survivors of the brigade rallied upon the reserve battalion, the 11th R.B. on the Hindenburg Line. The 11th K.R.R., on the left of the brigade front, had endured a similar experience, but their losses were not so terribly severe. The aeroplane attack worried the troops almost as much as the infantry, so that it is no exaggeration to say that there were times when they were assailed from four sides, the front, each flank, and above at the

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ONE OF THE MOST HEROIC EPISODES OF THE WAR—

"A COMPANY OF THE 13TH ESSEX HELD A HURRIED COUNCIL OF WAR, IN WHICH THEY SWORE MORNING THEY LAY WITH THEIR FACES TO THE

same instant. These aeroplanes gave the impression of being armour-clad and invulnerable to rifle-fire.

DESPERATE DEFENCE OF THE TWENTY-NINTH DIVISION.

Upon the left of the Twentieth Division, with its centre at the village of Masnières, was the Twenty-ninth Division, a good unit to have in the heart of such a crisis. The Twenty-ninth and Sixth Divisions held the centre of the British line that day and were the solid nucleus upon which the whole battle hinged both to left and right of them. Both divisions were seriously compromised by the push-back to the south of them, and their battery positions were taken in reverse, but they held the whole of their ground without giving an inch and completely beat off every German attack. A Guernsey battalion made its mark in the fighting that day and rendered most excellent service, as did the Newfoundlanders; but the main strength of the divisions lay, of course, in their disciplined British veterans, men whose war-hardened faces, whether in Gallipoli or Flanders, had never been turned from an enemy. It is no light matter to drive such a force, and the four German divisions who drove in from Masnières to Bauteaux were unable to make even a dint in that formidable line. For two days the villages, both Marcoing and Masnières, were firmly held, and when at last

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THE FIGHT TO DEATH OF THE ESSEX MEN AT MŒUVRES.

TO FIGHT TO THE DEATH. WITH A HAND-CLASP THEY RETURNED TO THEIR WORK, AND IN THE SKY—ALL TRUE TO THEIR VOW OF DEATH."

a readjustment of the line was ordered it was carried out voluntarily and deliberately in accordance with the new plans made necessary by the events in north and south.

In this great fight the 86th Brigade was on the right at Masnières with the 16th Middlesex upon the right, the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers upon the left, and the 2nd Royal Fusiliers by the sugar factory east of the village—details which have been rescued by the industry of Mr. Percival Phillips. The 87th Brigade extended to the left, covering a wide front as far as the Cambrai Road. The 1st Inniskillings were on their right, the 1st Borderers on their left, and the 2nd South Wales Borderers in support. The 88th Brigade was in reserve at the time of the attack, but quickly moved up and was in the heart of the subsequent fighting.

Masses of German infantry were reported at Crevecœur, and within a very short time a rush of grey infantry was swirling down past the flank of the Middlesex men, and breaking the connection with the Twentieth Division on the right. Some of the assailants got along the south bank and actually seized Les Rues Vertes at the same moment that a counter-attack by the Guernsey men swept into the village and drove them out again. This was a really vital point, as the capture and retention of the village would have been most serious. Many soldierly actions were performed in this clash of arms, showing that the mechanical side of modern

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warfare can never quite eliminate the brave pushing heart and the strong arm. Captain Gee, of the Staff, among others rescued an ammunition dump, armed with a revolver and with a heavy stick with which he beat down all opposition at the cost of a serious wound to himself—a fair price to pay for a subsequent V.C. The Germans were foiled for the moment, but they had found the weak spot in the line, and all day they hammered at it with characteristic tenacity, while all day the men of the Twenty-ninth stood up to one attack after another, their dwindling line fraying to the last degree but never breaking before the enemy. Les Rues Vertes became a Golgotha of Germans, but it was still in the evening safe in the hands of the British defenders. One of the classical examples of British courage and discipline during the war, fit to rank with Colonel Pears and his cancer at Ovillers, was furnished by Colonel Forbes Robertson, of the 16th Middlesex, now a V.C., who, stricken in both eyes and temporarily blind, was still led by his orderly up and down the line in order to steady it. Let such a story help our descendants to realize the kind of men who stood between Germany and the conquest of the world.

Next morning saw no surcease of the fighting in this quarter of the field. If anything, the ranks of the assailants were thicker and their rushes more insistent upon the morning of the 21st. But the Twenty-ninth had called up its reserves, and stood with every bristle on end across the German path. The trouble behind the line had greatly weakened the artillery support, but the trench mortars gave all the help possible to the hardworked infantry. The villages were knocked to pieces by the enemy guns, but the British stuck like leeches to the ruins. The Brigadier of the 86th Brigade was among his men in the front of the battle, encouraging them to dwell upon their aim and steadying their weary ranks. The 87th Brigade, in the north, though itself attacked, spared some reinforcements for the hard-pressed men in the south. Once Les Rues Vertes was lost, but a counter-attack won it back again. This was still the position when, on the night of December 1st, the orders were given for the general readjustment of the line by the evacuation of the Masnières Salient. Well might Sir Douglas Haig send a special order to the G.O.C., General De Lisle, thanking him for the magnificent services rendered during two days and a night by the Twenty-ninth Division.

GUARDS TO THE RESCUE.

The Guards, who had been drawn out after their hard spell of service in the Bourlon attack, were moving into a rest-camp behind the lines when they were stopped by the amazing tidings that the British line was broken, and that the Germans were scattered anywhere over the undulating country in front of them. It was eleven-fifteen, and they were marching from the hamlet of Metz when the first news of disaster reached them—news which was very quickly followed by signs, as gunners were met coming back with the sights and sometimes the broken breech-blocks of their abandoned guns in their hands. Over the ridge between Metz and the Gouzeaucourt Wood a number of gunners, sappers, and infantry came in driblets, none of them hurrying, but all with a bewildered air as though uncertain what to do. To these worried and broken people the sight of the taut lines of the Guards must indeed have been a great stay in their trouble. The Guards moved forward in the direction of the turmoil, but their progress was slow, as there were gun-teams upon the narrow road. The first brigade was leading, being the unit which had suffered least in the Bourlon fighting. The young Brigadier, General de Crespigny, a dashing but cool-headed soldier, galloped ahead in an effort to clear up the situation, and after doing a mile or so across country he suddenly saw the grey coats of German infantry among the trees around him. Riding back, he halted his brigade in a hollow by Gouzeaucourt Wood, fixed bayonets, and then, deploying them into the line, advanced them in extended order across the fields. From in front there came an occasional shell, with the constant cracking of machine-guns, which increased as they topped the low ridge before them. "We advanced into the blue in perfect lines," says one who was present. Once under fire the brigade went forward in short rushes of alternate companies. "Our fellows were not shouting," says the same witness, "but chatting among themselves, and smiling in a manner that boded ill for the Huns." The 2nd Coldstreams were on the right, the 3rd in the centre, and the 1st Irish upon the left, with the 2nd Grenadiers in close support. As the brigade came upon the fringes of the German advance they swept them up before them, keeping the Metz Gouzeaucourt Road as their right boundary, while a force of dismounted cavalry moved up upon the farther side. The Irish upon the left passed through the wood, and broke with a yell about 2 p.m. into Gouzeaucourt Village, which was not strongly held. The Germans bolted from the eastern exits, and the Guardsmen passing through made a line beyond, getting in touch upon the left with the 4th Grenadier Guards of the 3rd Brigade, which formed up and advanced upon that side. They were aided in this advance by a small detached body representing the Headquarters Guard of the Twenty-ninth Division and by a company of North Midland R.E., who held their post inviolate all day, and were now very glad to join in an offensive. As they advanced, beyond the village they came into a very heavy fire, for the St. Quentin Ridge faced them, and it bristled with machine-guns, field-guns, and 5·9's were also playing upon them, but nothing could check that fine advance, which was in time to save a number of heavy guns which could by no possibility be removed. It was itself aided in the later stages by a brigade of guns of the 47th London Division, which swung into action straight from the line of march and did good service in supporting the attack. By nightfall the total ground gained was over two miles in depth, and a definite line of Guardsmen and

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cavalry covered all this section of the field, limiting and defining the German advance. General Byng must surely have breathed more freely when the good news reached his headquarters, for, but for this energetic operation, there was nothing to prevent the Germans flooding into the country behind and getting to the rear of the whole northern portion of the Third Army.

The further operations of the Guards upon the next morning can only be given in a more extended account; meanwhile we may say of these operations that they were the first truly successful offensive on a large scale which the enemy had made since the gas attack upon April 22nd, 1915, nearly two and a half years before, and it would be a sign of a poor spirit if we did not admit it, and applaud the deftness and courage of the attack.

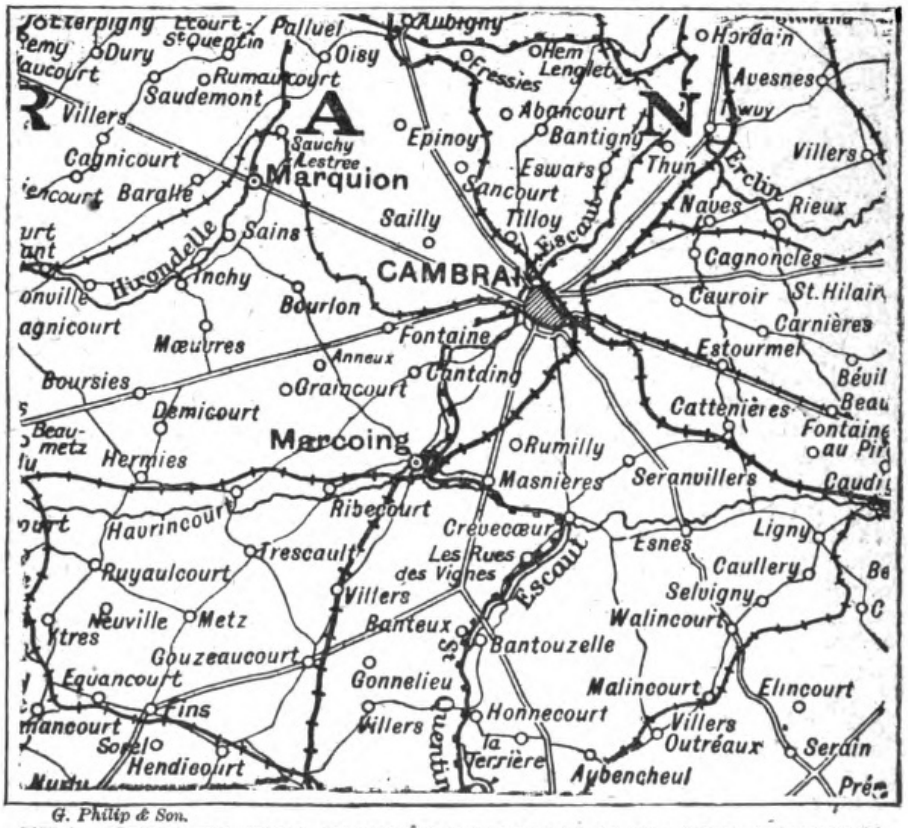
THE NORTHERN ATTACK.

We shall now turn to the northern sector, which extends from Tadpole Copse, upon the left, to that solid centre of resistance furnished by the two veteran divisions at Marcoing and at Masnières. It was upon the left of this curve that the German attack broke upon November 30th from the Hindenburg Line to the village of Fontaine, a front of about six miles. The attack, which began about nine o'clock, differed from that on the south, because the element of surprise was wanting and because the ground was such that the attacking troops could be plainly seen. The final result was to push back the British line, but this was mainly as a readjustment to correspond to the change in the south. To effect this small result all accounts are agreed in stating that the Germans incurred such murderous losses that it is improbable that any have been more severe since the early days of the war. If on the balance the British lost the day in the south they gained it in the north, for, with limited loss to themselves, they inflicted most severe punishment upon the enemy.

The arrangement of the troops upon the northern curve of the battle line was as follows. Forming a defensive flank between the old British line and Tadpole Copse was the 168th Brigade, and to its right, facing Mœnvres, the 169th Brigade, both of them of the Fifty-sixth London Territorial Division, which had been a week in the fighting line and was very worn. Next to them, upon the right, was the Second Regular Division, from Mœuvres to Bourlon, with elements of the 5th, 6th, and 94th Brigades in front. Upon their right was the Forty-seventh London Territorial Division, occupying the line drawn through Bourlon Wood. Upon their right again were the Fifty-ninth South Midland Territorials, near Fontaine, who in turn linked up with the left of the Sixth Division, thus completing the semicircle of battle.

A SLAUGHTER OF GERMANS.

After a short but very severe bombardment the German infantry advanced upon the line from Tadpole Copse to Bourlon Wood, a front



G. Philip & Son.

THE SCENE OF THE FIGHTING DESCRIBED IN THE PRESENT INSTALMENT.

of about four miles. There were four fresh German divisions, with three others in reserve, and the attack was driven on with the utmost resolution, falling upon the outlying British outposts with a force which often destroyed them, although the furious resistance of these scattered bodies of men took all the edge off the onslaught. It was also beaten into the earth by the British artillery, which had wonderfully fine targets as the stormers in successive lines came pouring over the open ground between Mœuvres and Bourlon. The artillery of the Fiftieth Division had been left in the line, and a gunner officer of this unit described how his guns swung round and enfiladed the German attack upon the right as it stormed up to the line of the Forty-seventh Division. "It was one Howitzer battery, D. 178, that first tumbled

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to the fact that the Boches were attacking, and had driven in some of the Second Division posts. This battery swung its guns round at right angles, getting on to the advancing enemy in enfilade and over open sights. Every other battery in the country opened within five minutes." Every observer agrees that the targets were wonderful, and that it was only in places where the ground gave him protection that the German storm troops could reach the expectant British infantry, who received him with such a murderous fire of rifles and Lewis guns that his dead were heaped thickly along the whole front.

Taking the action from the left, the outposts of the 169th Brigade were driven in, but put up a series of desperate fights. From Mœuvres to Tadpole Copse the action raged, and then extending round the British left wing the enemy poured out from the back of that portion of the Hindenburg Line which ran upon the flank of the 168th Brigade, so that both units were involved in heavy fighting, with a limited field of fire which gave fewer advantages to the defence than were found on the rest of the line. The Westminsters, the London Scottish, the Post Office Rifles, and the 2nd Londons all bore themselves with special bravery in a long day of desperate fighting, during which commanding officers were in at least one instance compelled to stand, bomb in hand, defending their own headquarters. It was a grim battle and the losses were heavy, coming upon troops which had already lost enough to shake the *moral* of any ordinary infantry; but the thin ranks held firm and the positions were retained. At one time the Germans were round the right flank of the 169th Brigade, and so cut off a company of the 13th Essex. There is a wonderfully dour military spirit amongst these East Saxons. It was an anxious situation, and it was saved by the utter self-abnegation of the company in question, who held a hurried council of war in which they swore to fight to the death. This grim gathering, which might furnish a theme for a great artist, consisted of Captain Robinson, Lieutenant Corps, Sergeant-Major Edwards, Platoon Sergeants Phillips, Parsons, Fairbrass, Lodge, and Legg. With a hand-clasp they returned to their work, and during the whole night their rifle-fire could be heard, though no help could reach them. In the morning they lay with their faces to the sky and their men around them, all true to their vow to death. It is a story to remember.

The left flank of the Second Division was held by this same 13th Essex, the 2nd South Stafford, and 17th Middlesex Battalions of the 6th Brigade. This brigade was cut into two parts by the Canal du Nord, a huge trough of brickwork without any water, eighty feet across, with steep sloping sides. The bridges across were swept by German fire, and the only transit was by ropes to help the climber. All day the fight raged furiously here, the Germans within bombing distance of the defence, which was never penetrated for an instant. Save for one small isolated trench, with about seventy men, this whole line held firm against every form of attack.

Snipers and bombers fired across from bank to bank, while down in the dried bed of the Canal there was constant close-range fighting. All night the difficult post was held, as was the line on the extreme left, where the 17th Middlesex were bowling back every attack with their well-sustained fire. There was no more wonderful individual record in the battle than that of Captain MacReady-Diarmid, of the 17th Middlesex, who fought like a d'Artagnan of Romance, and is said to have killed some eighty of the enemy in two days of fighting before he himself at last met that fate from which he had never shrunk. A V.C. was assigned to his family.

On the right of the 6th Brigade was the 99th Brigade, the victors of Delville Wood, who were also furiously engaged, meeting such waves of German infantry as were able to get past the zone of the British barrage. German field-guns unlimbered suddenly on the crest looking down on the British lines only a few hundred yards off. The crews were shot down so swiftly that only one gun got back in three rounds. Then there came a rush of two battalions in full marching order, debouching in fours from Bourlon Village, and deploying in the open. These also were shot to bits. The whole front of the brigade was dotted with broken guns and huddled grey figures, while many despairing of getting back threw up their hands and sought refuge in the British lines. Battalion after battalion was thrown in at this point until the best part of a division was spread bleeding over some twenty acres of ground. The three battalions chiefly engaged, the 1st Berkshires, 17th Royal Fusiliers, and 1st Rifles, from right to left, had such a day as trench warfare could never afford.

At the outset the force of the attack pressed back the 1st Berkshires, upon the right, together with the left wing of the Forty-seventh Division. For a few moments the situation was alarming. However, after three hours of ding-dong fighting, the volume of fire was too much for the stormers, and they fell back. At the same time the 17th Royal Fusiliers, who had rallied under cover of their outposts, shot down everything in front of them. The 1st K.R.R. had a day of wonderful fighting—snipers, rifle grenadiers, Lewis gunners, and machine gunners were all equally glutted with slaughter. "The Germans in mass formation came on in waves offering a splendid target at a range of from fifteen hundred yards to point-blank. In addition, they were enfiladed by the machine gunners and subjected to very heavy fire from our guns for two and a half hours. The second attempt never looked like succeeding and was smothered in a very short time."

The 17th Royals have been mentioned as being in the line at this point, though they really belonged to the 5th Brigade. The fact was that in a previous operation they had won a long trench advancing at right-angles to the British position and leading up to the Germans. This was called the Rat's Tail on account of its shape,

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and it was still occupied by the Royals when the attack broke out, so that they were placed in a most difficult position and were pressed back down this long trench fighting a desperate rear-guard action, as will be told later. Their presence in the Rat's Tail was the more unfortunate as it helped to screen the Germans and to contract the fire-field of the main line behind them. After clearing the Rat's Tail the remains of the battalion found themselves upon the right of the 1st K.R.R.

The remaining brigade of the division, the 5th, had some of its men also in the front line and as busy as its comrades. It is stated in the account already quoted that even the wounded men of the 2nd H.L.I. were propped up, so that they might continue to fire upon the Germans. It was a brigade which had suffered many an evil quarter of an hour in the past, and it is no wonder that the men took a fierce joy in such a fight when at last they could meet their hated enemy face to face. Side by side with the Highlanders were those veterans of 1914, the 2nd Oxford and Bucks, the battalion that broke the Prussian Guard. They also had many an arrear to wipe off, nor were their less experienced comrades of the Royal Fusiliers less intent upon the work in hand. It was a costly experience for the War-Lord and his legions.

In the evening, save for the one loss at the Canal Lock, which has been already recorded, the whole three-thousand-five-hundred-yard front of the Second Division stood inviolate, and was clearly defined when the British force withdrew by the thick pile of German dead which marked it. Indeed, it is claimed that at the end of the day the posts which were thrown forward by the defenders were more advanced than before the attack had broken. Those posts which had been overwhelmed in the morning were found to have perished most gloriously, for, in almost every case, the British dead were ringed round with the bodies of their assailants. Among the many epics of these isolated posts none is more glorious than that of a platoon of the 17th Fusiliers under the two company officers, Captain Stone and Lieutenant Benzeery, both mentioned in despatches, who fought absolutely to the last man in order to give time for the main body behind them to get ready for the assault. The official report of the officer commanding says: "The rearguard was seen fighting with bayonet, bullet, and bomb to the last. There was no survivor." The annals of war can give few finer examples of military virtue.

Another splendid epic had been furnished by the posts of the 1st Berkshire Battalion, upon the right of the Second Division. They were all drawn from one company under the command of Lieutenant Valentin. The Germans surged in upon them in the afternoon, and there was a most grim and terrible fight. Three of the posts were destroyed, but when the ground was regained it was difficult to find the British bodies on account of the piles of German dead which were heaped round and over them. Six other posts remained intact after six hours of close fighting, in which they were continually attacked by superior numbers who fell in heaps before the steady fire of these experienced soldiers. Rapid-fire had been brought to perfection by the training system of the Second Division, and its general was justified of his wisdom. The six weary posts which remained intact after the storm had passed are said to have killed no fewer than five hundred of their assailants.

The 47th London Territorial Division, upon the right, had endured a similar experience to that of their regular comrades of the Second Division, and the 140th Brigade, upon the left, had been particularly strongly engaged. The 6th London Rifles and the 15th Civil Service Rifles held the post of honour, and the conditions were much the same as those already described, save that the field of fire was more restricted. In the afternoon attack a gap was formed between these two battalions, but was quickly closed by one of those heterogeneous musters of signallers, orderlies, and general utility men who have so often done good and unobtrusive service—silent supers who suddenly spring into the limelight, play the part of the hero, and then fade away to the wings once more. This attack of the afternoon fell with great force upon the right unit of the division, the 141st Brigade, who lay in their gas-masks half poisoned with mephitic vapours among the brushwood of Bourlon Forest. These fine troops, the London Irish, Poplar, St. Pancras, and Blackheath Battalions, endured all that gun or gas could do, and held their whole line intact until the evening.

THE RESULTS.

So ended the swaying fortunes of the hard-fought and dramatic battle, beginning with a surprise attack of the British upon the Germans, and ending by an attack of the Germans upon the British, which, if not a surprise to the commanders, at least produced some surprising and untoward results. The balance of these varied actions was greatly in favour of the British, and yet it could not be denied that something of the glory and satisfaction of Byng's splendid original victory were dimmed by this unsatisfactory epilogue. On the balance in ground gained the British had a solid grip of eleven thousand yards of the famous Hindenburg Line, as against an unimportant British section between Vendhuille and Gonnelieu. In prisoners the British had eleven thousand as against six thousand claimed by the Germans. In guns, the British took or destroyed one hundred and forty-five against one hundred taken or destroyed by their enemies. In the larger field of strategy the whole episode was fruitful, as it stopped all reinforcement of the Germans in Italy during the critical weeks while the Italians were settling down upon the line of the Piave. One result of the action was a reorganization of the British machine-gun system, which was found to have acted in an unequal fashion during the operations, some formations giving excellent results while others were less satisfactory.

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Head Waitress at "The Duck"

by KEBLE HOWARD

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.



I.

"LOOK at it what way you will," said Landlord Floot, "it's a nasty thing to happen."

"After all these years," sighed Mrs. Floot. "I don't want to say anything against your Aunt Sophy, specially now the poor old thing's dead and gone, but she always had a tiresome, aggravating, domineering way with her."

"That's just it," agreed the landlord. "She had. And so has my sister Charlotte. They were as like as two peas. I might have known from that how Aunt Sophy would leave her half-share in the Duck."

"Excellent!" chuckled Lawyer Beardmore, stirring the slice of lemon in his empty glass. "Excellent, Mr. Floot! Not a man in the town can beat you for a jest when you're so minded!"

"Jest?" repeated Floot. "I meant no jest, Mr. Beardmore. I haven't felt less like jesting these ten years. I suppose there's no chance of a mistake in the will? No other way of reading it?"

The anxious couple fixed their eyes on the lawyer. They were simple, kindly people, "well spoken of" by high and low in Great Pulford and the neighbourhood. Their house was noted as much for their smiling faces as for the excellent quality of their liquor and their generous measures. The prospect of a cold lunch, or a hot dinner, or a well-aired bed at the Duck had cheered many and many a traveller over the long and lonely roads that led to Great Pulford.



The lawyer shook his head. "The meaning of the will is as plain as a pikestaff, Mr. Floot. Your Aunt Sophy leaves her half-share in this house, the contents, and the goodwill to your sister Charlotte, the said Charlotte to have an equal say with yourself in the management of the house, and to be at liberty to dispose of her half-share to any person at any time should she so choose. But, after all, why be so down in the mouth about it? Why should she choose? Where could she find a better investment for her money?"

"It isn't that," replied Floot, mournfully. "I'm not afraid of her selling her share. I wish she would. I'd buy it of her myself. What I'm afraid of is the equal say in the management. I know my sister Charlotte, Mr. Beardmore; you don't. She'd be a match even for you—let alone an easy-going old chap like me. It's a nasty thing to happen, look at it what way you will."

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"But why run away with the idea," persisted the lawyer, "that she'll want to interfere? As like as not she'll never come near the place."

"Never come near the place?" echoed the landlord. "Why, man alive, she's coming to-morrow."

"We had a postcard this morning," moaned Mrs. Floot.

"But not to stay?" queried the lawyer. "Just to have a look at her property and then off again, I'll be bound!"

"Give me the postcard, Maggie. Now, Mr. Beardmore, listen to this: 'Shall arrive Thursday, with luggage, by the 3.15. Send omnibus to the station, and keep nice room with good view. Furniture coming later by goods.' That don't look like off again, eh, Mr. Beardmore?"

The lawyer had to admit that it did not. By way of consoling the perturbed couple, he annexed another drop of the landlord's fast-dwindling stock of whisky, added a lump of sugar from his pocket, helped himself to hot water from the kettle on the cheerful hob, uttered a platitude or two, and presently took his leave.

"Maggie," said Mr. Floot, "this is our last night of peace and comfort in the old Duck. I'm sorry, old lady, but it isn't my fault. We must make the best of the situation. 'Them as worry don't trust, and them as trusts don't worry.' You know my favourite motto. So cheer up, put a good face on it, and don't, whatever you do, get to cross-purposes with Charlotte if you can avoid it. If the worst comes to the worst, I'll sell out myself and leave her in possession. Now you toddle off into the kitchen, and I'll have a look at the gentlemen in the bar-parlour."

They turned down the gas in the office-sitting-room, exchanged a kiss in the flickering firelight, and went about their various duties. The bar-parlour was soon ringing with jolly, unaffected laughter. The old landlord had got to work with his jocosities.

But his heart was filled with forebodings. As for Mrs. Floot, the spoon with which she basted the roast lamb for the *table d'hôte* felt like a ton weight in her hand.

II.

Miss Charlotte Floot duly arrived by the 3.15 train the following afternoon. She was a large woman, with black hair, a stern mouth, and a terrifying eye. The landlord himself went to meet her.

"Well, David," said Charlotte, eyeing him intently, "you've aged."

"Have I, Charlotte? Well, I can't say the same for you. You don't look a day older."

"I know it. I take care of myself. I deny myself. No luxuries. An austere life is the way to make old bones. Where's the fly?"

"I ordered the bus, Charlotte. I thought, with all your luggage——"

"All my luggage? All what luggage? Haven't you a cart for luggage, man? I'm surprised at you, David, asking me to ride in the bus. You appear to have forgotten that I am now your partner!"

"I wish I could!" thought Mr. Floot.

"It's clear," continued Charlotte, "that I have come on the scene not a moment too soon. You never had a genius for business, and the goodwill of the hotel must be going to rack and ruin. I'll look into it. *I'll* soon put things to rights."

"I wouldn't make too many changes, Charlotte, just at first. It's an old-fashioned place, you see, and my patrons are a bit old-fashioned, and they seem to like things done in the old-fashioned way. We get along very nicely. We're all very happy together. I shouldn't like to offend the patrons with too many changes just at first."

"You needn't talk to me as though I were a born idiot, David. I sha'n't offend the customers as long as they behave themselves. But I won't put up with any nonsense, either. It's a privilege to use my hotel, and that's the way they must look at it. Is that your wife in the doorway?"

"Aye, Charlotte, that's poor Maggie."

"You may well call her poor Maggie. I never saw a woman so changed. Well, Maggie! You've aged."

"Have I, Charlotte? Ah, well, we can't any of us expect to stay young for ever. Come right into the parlour. I've got a nice cup of tea ready for you!"

"Never take tea! Given it up these five years. Bad for the digestion. Bad for the nerves. A glass of hot water is sufficient for anyone at this time of day, and that don't cost much."

The hot water sipped, and the luggage bestowed in the best bedroom, the old couple escorted Miss Floot over the hotel.

"What's this?" she inquired, tartly.

"That's the bar-parlour, Charlotte. My little province. It's well known in Great Pulford and round, is the bar-parlour at the Duck. We have quite a company of an evening, don't we, Maggie?"

"Musty!" declared Charlotte. "Smells musty. Pipes! Beastly things, pipes! There should be a notice up: 'No pipes allowed.' That would give the hotel tone."

"No pipes?" cried the landlord. "But, my dear Charlotte, we should be ruined! Everybody smokes a pipe these days. Cigars are prohibitive in price. I smoke a pipe myself."

"Well, all I can say is, don't expect to see *me* in your bar-parlour."

"No, Charlotte, I won't. I wouldn't, not on no account. It's no place for you, my dear. You keep out of it."

"Thank you, David; I can take care of myself. What's this?"

"This is the still-room," said Mrs. Floot, meekly. "I preside here."

"Dirty!" pronounced Charlotte. "Dirty and dark. You want those curtains down, and the whole place distempered."

Mrs. Floot, swallowing an angry rejoinder, slipped her hand into the landlord's warm, strong fist. He gave it a squeeze, and they both felt better.

"And this, I suppose, is the dining-room?"

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"Yes, Charlotte. At least, we call it the coffee-room. A bit old-fashioned, no doubt, but the patrons seem to expect us to be a bit old-fashioned. Nice room, ain't it?"

"It could be, perhaps. Those green and red glasses are awful. So's the picture of the stag drinking, and the big mirror over the mantel, and the red loops to the curtains. I'll tell you what it is, David. You can keep your bar-parlour, and poor Maggie can keep her still-room. This shall be my department."

"The coffee-room, Charlotte? But in what capacity?"

"The dining-room, if you please. I constitute myself head waitress."

III.

MISS FLOOT soon made herself felt in Great Pulford. On the third evening after her arrival, Tom Moody, the auctioneer, turned into the Duck for a much-needed meal. He gave a cheery nod to the company in the bar-parlour as he passed by, and then, all unconscious of the reception awaiting him, hurried to the dining-room.



"CHARLOTTE BARRED HIS EXIT. 'FIVE SHILLINGS, PLEASE.'"

Miss Floot, dark, tall, and forbidding, was giving a final touch to the table appointments.

"'Evening!" cried Tom Moody, dropping wearily into his favourite chair.

"You can't sit there," said Charlotte.

"Can't I, my dear? How's that?"

"That table's for four. Are you alone?"

"Why, yes, my dear, except for your charming company!"

"When I wish for compliments I'll ask for them. I'm not a barmaid. Kindly take this seat."

"Oh, very well, very well! I'm too hungry to argue the point, though I've sat at that table for the last twenty years. I'll take what's going, miss, and please to bring me a sherry and bitters to start with."

"No cocktails allowed in this room. If you must have a sherry and bitters, you know where to get it."

Tom Moody stared as though the big soup-tureen on the sideboard had suddenly broken into a *pas seul*. What in the world had happened to the old Duck? Was Floot crazy, to engage a woman like this as head waitress?

However, he did without the sherry and bitters and went on with the soup. That was as good as ever, and likewise the fish, but he couldn't enjoy his dinner. It didn't taste right.

"Have you your ration-book?" inquired Charlotte.

"Yes, miss. Here it is."

"That's no good. You've only a half-coupon left. You can't have any beef."

"No beef? But I'm starving! They never used to ask for more than a half-coupon in the old days."

"The old days," said Charlotte, icily, "have gone, never to return."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" The auctioneer, a quick-tempered man always, rose from his chair and flung his napkin to the floor. "Then I'll go as well, never to return—until Floot gets a head waitress that knows how to treat an old customer with proper respect."

Charlotte barred his exit. "Five shillings, please."

"You can whistle for it! Here's a couple of bob. I've had no dinner."

"You'll pay five shillings, or I shall whistle for a policeman!"

They looked at each other. Moody knew well enough he had no redress. He must pay the five shillings, and take his revenge by boycotting the house and spreading the story all over the town.

Landlord Floot saw his old friend pass the door of the bar-parlour at five miles an hour. He was not surprised. He had overheard the dialogue from the foot of the stairs.

Poor Maggie cried herself to sleep that night.

IV.

SOMETHING must be done. Everybody felt that. After all, the town had a sort of vested interest in the Duck. It was more than a mere hotel. It was an institution, almost as much so as the Corn Exchange and the Market Cross and the Old Tollgate. Intolerable that one woman, and

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a stranger at that, should set to work to destroy an institution.

Miss Floot, you understand, was not to be discouraged. She was a person of principle. She always had been and always would be. With her, self-respect was first, principle next, and human nature nowhere. She had no interest whatever in human nature, save as a vanity to be squashed and thrown aside.

Something, therefore, must be done. The dining-room at the Duck, except for chance custom, was empty. Mr. Stygle, the leading confectioner, and Mr. Brookhouse, the wealthy farmer, and Mr. Neck, the draper, and Mr. Leuty, the house decorator, had all met with rebuffs similar to that of Tom Moody. The only person to whom Miss Floot was at all civil was Mr. Beardmore, the lawyer. Mr. Beardmore could see no harm in Miss Floot. But then Beardmore, as everybody knew, had been entrusted with Miss Floot's "affairs," and Beardmore would have poisoned his mother for sixpence.

Yes, Great Pulford was up in arms. Great Pulford was a spirited little town. It had had its own riot. The Great Pulford Riot was a matter of history. Everybody had been concerned in the riot, even the vicar. There had been pictures of the riot in the *Police Gazette!* Likely that Great Pulford would sit calmly by and see the Duck converted into a mission-room!

Besides, Great Pulford was warm-hearted, and it could not bear to see poor old Floot and his wife so down in the mouth. The landlord never jested now, and Mrs. Floot had taken to crying in church. Many of the other matrons would then cry in sympathy. Once, in the very middle of his sermon, the vicar had been startled by the sound of violent sobbing. He had, rather tactlessly, selected for his text, "And the river shall swarm with frogs, which shall go up and come into thine house." This was altogether too much for poor Maggie. She had fought back her sobs as long as she could, but they had their way at last.

It was Tom Moody who helped the poor lady down the aisle. And it was Tom Moody who, no later than that same evening, called a few of his old cronies together and held a council of war.

Charlotte Floot knew nothing of this episode. She was a chapel-goer, and was wont to pray with considerable fluency for the regeneration of the regular patrons of the Duck. Lawyer Beardmore would escort her from the hotel to the chapel and home again. Beardmore was a widower. Great Pulford, you may be sure, knew well enough what to make of *that*.

A few days later, Landlord Floot, slightly shaky with excitement, tapped at the door of his sister's private sitting-room.

"Come in," called Miss Floot.

Floot entered, and closed the door softly behind him.

"Charlotte," he said, "I have some good news."

"Well?" returned Charlotte, sceptically. She was no believer in good news. Her thirst for bad news, on the other hand, was insatiable. She had never been so happy as in the early days of the war.

"I have just received an order for a banquet, Charlotte. Covers for no less than twenty! What d'you think of that?"

"I cannot profess to be surprised. I knew that my methods would pay in the long run. The rise in the tone of this hotel has evidently been noised abroad. You must charge a stiff price per head."

"Oh, there's no bother about that. Ten-and-six per head is to be the charge, and champagne will be ordered. We must do the thing well, Charlotte. The best service and silver. Alderman Pollock, the Mayor, is to be in the chair. It's a long time since we had such a swagger affair at the Duck."

"I presume you realize, David, to whom thanks are due?"

"I do, Charlotte." The landlord turned away, covering his mouth with his hand.

"So much the better. I hope that foolish wife of yours is equally grateful?"

"Oh, Maggie is very grateful, Charlotte. The poor thing is quite animated already. I left her polishing the silver soup-ladle. You'll want assistance for the waiting, but don't you worry on that score. I'll see to that. You shall have all the help you require. Covers for twenty! And the Mayor in the chair! There'll be speeches, Charlotte! I dare say I shall have to make a little speech! You won't mind, will you?"

"If the fortunes of the house are proposed, David, I shall reply. My experience at the chapel will prove invaluable."

V.

THE great night arrived at last, and all the preparations were complete. One long table occupied the whole length of the dining-room, and the damask tablecloth—an heirloom, hand-woven by poor Maggie's grandmother—fairly gleamed with pride beneath the smooth silver and lovely old glass.

The special assistant-waitresses had not yet arrived — they were actually coming from London!—but Miss Charlotte Floot was there in her best black and her iciest mood. She had been told of the Great Pulford Riot. Let there be the slightest attempt at rioting to-night, and they would very quickly see with whom they had to deal.

Laughter and jokes in the bar-parlour below. Sherry-and-bitters, no doubt! Well, the first man to betray the faintest sign of inebriety would be taken by the ear and led from the room, even though it should be the Mayor himself. Such a blow for the repression of hilarity should be struck in Great Pulford this night as the town would not forget for a couple of generations.

Now they were coming up—twenty gross men trampling on the staircloth! No. She was wrong. Nineteen gross men and Mr. Beardmore, the lawyer. She was glad to remember that he

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would be of the party. Such a high-principled man! And so devoted to her and her interests!

They took their seats and the soup was served. Landlord Floot assisted in the serving, all the time apologizing to his sister in an undertone for the non-arrival of the special waitresses. But they would be here, no doubt, by the very next train.

Pop went the champagne! It might have been Peace Night! Ah, well! It's a poor heart that never rejoices, and everyone felt better for the cheerful sizz in the glasses as the landlord went the rounds! Everyone, that is, but Charlotte. No High Executioner could have stalked through his awful duties with half the solemnity that Miss Floot brought to the dispensing of the boiled turbot.

Now the tongues began wagging. There had been, up to this, a slight air of bravado about the company, a something furtive, an atmosphere that suggested a group of naughty boys hatching mischief under the eye of a relentless schoolmistress. With the first glass of champagne, that disappeared. Tom Moody toasted the Mayor, and the Mayor raised his glass to Mr. Moody. Mr. Stygle wished long life and increased prosperity to Mr. Neck, and Mr. Neck replied in heartfelt terms. Mr. Brookhouse paid a warm compliment to Mr. Leuty, and Mr. Leuty, across the rim of his exquisite glass, vowed eternal friendship with Mr. Brookhouse.

Even Beardmore, the cautious, the wily, grew a trifle cordial. He caught the eye of Charlotte and put the wine to his lips in a meaning manner, but Charlotte gave the lawyer such a glare that he set down the champagne untasted, never to touch it again for the remainder of dinner.

The banquet was drawing to a close when Mrs. Floot entered, looking distinctly frightened, and whispered in the landlord's ear. Her message delivered, she at once disappeared, and the landlord passed the mysterious word to the chairman.

"Good," said his worship. "Better late than never. Admit them."

The door opened, and the special waitresses from London entered. Charlotte was so amazed as she beheld them that all speech, all power of movement, left her. They had bright yellow hair, bobbed in accordance with the latest and smartest fashion. They had very pink cheeks, and very red lips, and very black eyelashes, and much powder. They had short black skirts, and silk stockings, and high-heeled shoes, and little lace aprons. They might, in short, have stepped straight from the stage of a current revue!

Pulling herself together with a violent effort, Miss Floot descended upon the simpering minxes. "Leave this room!" she hissed.

Quite unabashed, they returned her glare with contemptuous glances.

"Oh, Flossie," said one, "hark at that!"

"Oh, Mopsy!" cried the other. "Did you ever?"

The company at the table roared. Thus encouraged, Flossie flew to the piano in the corner of the room and rattled away at a lively tune. Mopsy struck an attitude and began to sing:—

"Oh, my! when the war is done!
Oh, lor! won't we have some fun!
Hi-tiddley-hi-ti!
Bang! Whizz! Boom!
That's the stuff to give the beastly Hun!"



"NO HIGH EXECUTIONER COULD HAVE STALKED THROUGH HIS AWFUL DUTIES WITH HALF THE SOLEMNITY THAT MISS FLOOT BROUGHT TO THE DISPENSING OF THE BOILED TURBOT."

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"IN A TWINKLING THE LONG TABLE WAS SHOVED ASIDE, AND THEY ALL FELL TO DANCING."

"Chorus!" she cried, and the whole company took it up. The Mayor beat time and they all sang it at the top of their voices—all but Lawyer Beardmore. He, evidently, was not in the secret. He had been trapped.

The infection spread. The entire staff of the Duck gathered on the landing and joined in the chorus. Mrs. Floot, hysterical with excitement, could be seen in the midst of the maids and the yard-hands beating time, the tears running down her cheeks, to :—

"Oh, my! when the war is done!
Oh, lor! won't we have some fun!
Hi-tiddley-hi-ti!
Bang! Whizz! Boom!
That's the stuff to give the beastly Hun!"

"Gentlemen," cried Tom Moody, "take your partners!"

In a twinkling the long table was shoved aside, and they all fell to dancing. The Mayor took Miss Flossie, replaced at the piano by the organist. Tom Moody took Miss Mopsy; Mr. Stygle seized Nellie, the chambermaid; Mr. Neck whirled Jenny, the kitchenmaid, off her feet; and old David Floot pranced up and down the middle of the room with his wife.

Mr. Brookhouse and Mr. Leuty held hands on high, and they all passed under in the improvised frolic. The floor shook, and might have come down, but nobody cared a rap for that.

"Oh, my! when the war is done!
Oh, lor! won't we have some fun!
Hi-tiddley-hi-ti!
Bang! Whizz! Boom!
That's the stuff to give the beastly Hun!"

Great Pulford had never enjoyed itself so much, not even at the famous riot. It was reported that the people had come out of their houses and were dancing in the street! "Bang! *Whizz!* Boom!"

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"Let it go!" yelled Tom Moody; and let it go they did. It had gone far beyond the original design of giving Charlotte a lesson. This was a sudden revulsion of feeling after four long and dreadful years of war. Miss Floot, with arms folded and brows tremendously beetled, might just as well have tried to dam Niagara with a bath-towel.

And then, of course, came the climax. Quite suddenly the piano stopped playing. A great hush fell on the company, and the staff, and the people in the street. Miss Floot, following the direction of all eyes, saw a police-sergeant and two constables standing in the doorway of the dining-room.

The sergeant advanced. He laid his hand on the landlord's shoulder.

"As the proprietor of this hotel, Mr. Floot, I must arrest you for conducting your house in a disorderly manner. Will you come quietly?"

To Charlotte's astonishment her brother merely smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"I am not the landlord," he said. "I have assigned my half of the property to a deserving charity. My sister is the owner of the other half, and the sole manager."

The sergeant produced a pair of handcuffs. "Will you come quietly, miss?"

Miss Floot was so stunned that she had not a word to say. With a smart click the handcuffs met around her wrists, and she was escorted from the scene of her brief reign of terror to—an adjoining apartment.

Not to the police-station. That would have been carrying the joke a little too far, for the police were not real police, but merely versatile members of the 23rd West Pulfords, quartered in the neighbourhood. And they hailed as Bob and Charlie those exquisite young ladies, Miss Flossie and Miss Mopsy.

Lawyer Beardmore hurriedly arranged the transfer of Miss Charlotte's half-share of the hotel to Landlord Floot. In deference to public opinion, he also disposed of his own business, and followed the lady whither her two thousand pounds led.

The Floots are happier, jollier, and more beloved than ever. When asked about the deserving charity to which he once assigned his half of the business, the landlord will roar with laughter, tap his broad chest with the stem of his pipe, and remind the questioner that charity begins at home.



"THE HANDCUFFS MET AROUND HER WRISTS, AND SHE WAS ESCORTED FROM THE SCENE OF HER BRIEF REIGN OF TERROR."

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What People Laugh at!

by CHARLIE CHAPLIN



Photo. Walker's Mutual.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT HUMAN NATURE PICKED UP IN THE MOVING-PICTURE BUSINESS.

WHENEVER I meet people who ask me to explain the mystery of "making people laugh" I always feel uncomfortable, and begin to edge away. There is no more mystery about my antics on the screen than about Harry Lauder's ability to entertain people. We both happen to know a few simple facts about human nature, which we use in our business. And when all is said and done, at the bottom of almost all success is a knowledge of human nature, whether one be a salesman, hotel-man, editor, or actor.

The one point of human nature that I play upon more than anything else, for example, is that it strikes people as funny when they see someone else placed in an undignified and embarrassing situation.

It isn't the mere fact of a hat blowing off that is funny. It is the ludicrous sight presented by a man chasing up the street with his hair blowing and his coat-tails flying that makes people laugh. When a man walks quietly along a street he is not funny. Placed in an embarrassing and ridiculous situation, however, the human being provokes other humans to laughter.

All comedy of situation is based upon this fact. Comedy moving pictures were an instant success because most of them showed policemen falling down coal-holes, slipping into buckets of whitewash, falling off patrol wagons, and getting into all sorts of trouble. Here were men representing the dignity of the law, often very pompous themselves, being made ridiculous and undignified. The sight of their misfortunes at once struck the public funny-bone twice as hard as if private citizens were going through like experiences.

Even funnier than the man who has been made ridiculous, however, is the man who, having had something funny happen to him, refuses to admit that anything out of the way has happened and attempts to maintain his dignity. Perhaps the best example is the intoxicated man who, though his tongue and walk give him away, attempts in a dignified manner to convince you that he is quite sober.

He is much funnier than the man who, wildly hilarious, is frankly drunk and doesn't care a whoop who knows it. Intoxicated characters on the stage are almost always "slightly tipsy," with an attempt at dignity; because theatrical managers have learned that this attempt at dignity is funny.

For that reason, all my pictures are built around the idea of getting me into trouble, and so giving me the chance to be desperately serious in my attempt to appear as a normal little gentleman. That is why, no matter how desperate the predicament is, I am always very much in earnest about clutching my cane, straightening my Derby hat, and fixing my tie, even though I have just landed on my head.

I am so sure of this point that I not only

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try to get myself into embarrassing situations, but I also incriminate the other characters in the picture. When I do this I always aim for economy of means. By that I mean that when one incident can get two big, separate laughs, it is much better than two individual incidents. In "The Adventurer" I accomplished this by first placing myself on a balcony, eating ice-cream with a girl. On the floor directly underneath the balcony I put a stout, dignified, well-dressed woman at a table. Then, while eating the ice-cream, I let a piece drop off my spoon, slip through my baggy trousers, and drop from the balcony on to this woman's neck.

The first laugh came at my embarrassment over my own predicament. The second, and the much greater one, came when the ice-cream landed on the woman's neck and she shrieked and started to dance around. Only one incident had been used, but it had got two people into trouble, and had also got two big laughs.

Simple as this trick seems, there were two real points of human nature involved in it. One was the delight the average person takes in seeing wealth and luxury in trouble. The other was the tendency of the human being to experience within himself the emotions of the people he sees on the stage or screen.

One of the things most quickly learned in theatrical work is that people as a whole get satisfaction from seeing the rich get the worst of things. The reason for this, of course, lies in the fact that nine-tenths of the people in the world are poor, and secretly resent the wealth of the other tenth.

If I had dropped the ice-cream, for example on a charwoman's neck, instead of getting laughs, sympathy would have been aroused for the woman. Also, because a charwoman has no dignity to lose, that point would not have been funny. Dropping ice-cream down a rich woman's neck, however, is, in the minds of the audience, just giving the rich what they deserve.

By saying that human beings experience the same emotions as the people in the incidents they witness, I mean that—taking the ice-cream as an example—when the rich woman shivered the audience shivered with her. A thing that puts a person in an embarrassing predicament must always be perfectly familiar to an audience, or else the people will miss the point entirely. Knowing that ice-cream is cold, the audience shivers. If something was used that the audience did not recognize at once, it would not be able to appreciate the point as well. On this same fact was based the throwing of custard pies in the early pictures. Everyone knew that custard pie is squashy, and so was able to appreciate how the actor felt when one landed on him.

Many persons have asked me where I got the idea for the type of the character I play. Well, all I can say is that it is a composite picture of many Englishmen I had seen in London during the years of my life in that city.

When the Keystone Film Company, with which I made my first pictures, asked me to leave Karno's "Night in an English Music-Hall," a pantomime in which I was playing, I was undecided what to do about the offer, principally because I did not know what kind of a comedy character I could play. Then, after a time, I thought of all the little Englishmen I had seen with small black moustaches, tight-fitting clothes, and bamboo canes, and I decided to model my make-up after these men.

Thinking of the cane was perhaps the best piece of luck I ever had. One reason is that the cane places me, in the minds of the audience, more quickly than anything else could. The other is that I have developed the cane until it has almost a comedy sense of its own. Often I find it curling itself around someone's leg, or rapping someone on the shoulder and getting a laugh from the audience almost without my knowing that I was directing its action.

I don't think I quite realized, when I first used the cane, how, in the minds of literally millions of people, a cane labels a man as somewhat of a "dude." A young fellow who appears with a cane is very likely to be asked if he isn't afraid of catching cold without it. So when I shuffle on to the scene with my little stick and my serious expression, I at once convey the impression of attempted dignity, which is exactly the thing I want to do.

When I made my first picture with the Keystone Company I was twenty-two years old. (I am now twenty-nine.) You may wonder what I knew about human nature at that age. Well, you must remember that I had been playing before the public ever since I was fourteen years old. It seems a little queer that my first important stage engagement should have been with William Gillette, the American actor, in "Sherlock Holmes," an American play. Nevertheless, it was, and for fourteen months I played the part of Billy, the office-boy, in the London production of "Sherlock Holmes."

At the end of that engagement I went into vaudeville. There I did a song-and-dance act for a few years, giving it up, however, to join one of Karno's pantomime companies.

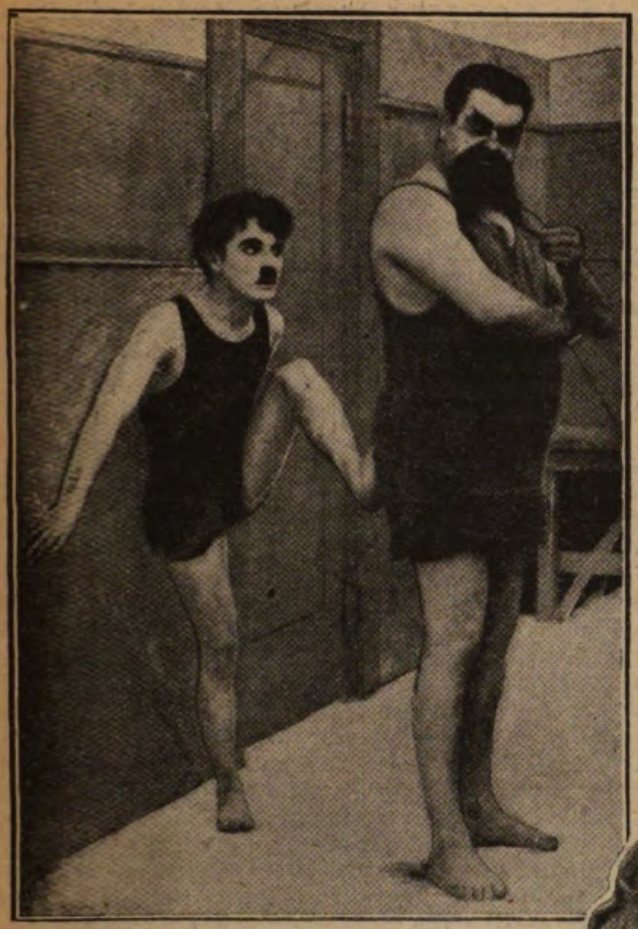
If it had not been for my mother, however, I doubt if I could have made a success of pantomime. She was one of the greatest pantomime artistes I have ever seen. She would sit for hours at a window, looking down at the people on the street, and illustrating with her hands, eyes, and facial expression just what was going on below. All the time she would deliver a running fire of comment. And it was through watching and listening to her that I learned not only how to express my emotions with my hands and face, but also how to observe and to study people.

She was almost uncanny in her observations. For instance, she would see Bill Smith coming down the street in the morning, and I would hear her say:—

"There comes Bill Smith. He's dragging his feet and his shoes are not polished. He looks mad, and I'll wager he's had a fight with his wife, and come off without his breakfast. Sure enough! there he goes into the shop for a bun and coffee."

And invariably, during the day, I would hear that Bill Smith had had a fight with his wife.

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"IT IS MY LUCK THAT I AM SHORT, AND THEREBY GET THE SYMPATHY OF THE AUDIENCE."
Walker's Mutual.

This habit of studying people was really the most valuable thing my mother could have taught me, because it has been only in this way that I have learned what appeals to human beings as funny.

That is why, when I am watching one of my pictures presented to an audience, I always keep one eye on the picture and the other eye, and both ears, on the audience. I notice what people laugh at, and what they don't laugh at. If, for example, several audiences do not laugh at a stunt I meant to be funny, I at once begin to tear that trick to pieces and try to discover what was wrong in the idea or in the execution of it, or in the photography of the scene.

Very often I hear a slight ripple at something I had not expected to be funny. At once I prick up my ears and ask myself why that particular thing got a laugh.

In a way, my going to see a movie is really the same as a merchant observing what people are wearing or buying or doing. Anyone who caters for the public has got to keep his knowledge of "what people like" fresh and up to date.

In the same way that I watch people inside a theatre to see when they laugh, I watch them everywhere to get material which they can laugh at.

I was passing a fire-station one day, for example, and heard a fire-alarm ring in. I watched the men sliding down the pole, climbing on to the engine, and rushing off to the fire. At once a train of comic possibilities occurred to me. I saw myself sleeping in bed, oblivious to the clanging of the fire-bell. This point would have a universal appeal, because everyone likes to sleep. I saw myself sliding down the pole, playing tricks with the fire-horses, rescuing the heroine, falling off the fire-engine as it turned a corner, and many other points along the same lines. I stored these points away in my mind, and some time later, when I made "The Fireman," I used every one of them. Yet if I had not watched the fire-station that day the possibilities in the character of a fireman might never have occurred to me,



CHARLIE CHAPLIN IN THE POLE-SLIDING INCIDENT IN "THE FIREMAN," ONE OF HIS MOST AMUSING IMPERSONATIONS. [*Walker's Mutual.*]

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I was seated in a restaurant once when I suddenly noticed that a man a few yards away kept bowing and smiling, apparently at me. Thinking he wished to be friendly, I bowed and smiled back at him. As I did this, however, he suddenly scowled at me. I thought I had been mistaken in his intentions. The next minute, however, he smiled again. I bowed; but once more he scowled. I could not imagine why he was smiling and scowling until, looking over my shoulder, I saw he had been flirting with a pretty girl. My mistake made me laugh, and yet it was a natural one on my part. So when the opportunity came a few months ago to utilize such a scene in "A Dog's Life," I made use of the incident.

Another point about the human being that I use a great deal is the liking of the average person for contrast and surprise in his entertainment. It is a matter of simple knowledge, of course, that the human likes to see the struggle between the good and the bad, the rich and the poor, the successful and the unsuccessful. He likes to cry and he likes to laugh, all within the space of a very few moments. To the average person contrast spells interest, and because it does I am constantly making use of it in my pictures.

If I am being chased by a policeman I always make the policeman seem heavy and clumsy, while, by crawling through his legs, I appear light and acrobatic. If I am being treated harshly, it is always a big man who is doing it; so that, by the contrast between big and little, I get the sympathy of the audience, and always I try to contrast my seriousness of manner with the ridiculousness of the incident.

It is my luck, of course, that I am short, and so am able to make these contrasts without much difficulty. Everyone knows that the little fellow in trouble always gets the sympathy of the mob. Knowing that it is part of human nature to sympathize with the "under dog," I always accentuate my helplessness by drawing my shoulders in, drooping my lip pathetically, and looking frightened. It is all part of the art of pantomime, of course. But if I were three inches taller it would be much more difficult to get the sympathy of the audience. I should then look big enough to take care of myself. As it is, the audience, even while laughing at me, is inclined to sympathize with me. As someone once said, it feels like "mothering me."

However, one has got to be careful to make the contrast clear enough. At the close of "A Dog's Life," for example, I am supposed to be a farmer. Accordingly, I thought it might be funny for me to stand in a field, take one seed at a time from my vest-pocket, and plant it by digging a hole with my finger. So I told one of my assistants to pick out a farm where this scene could be taken.

Well, he picked out a nice farm; but I did not use it, for the simple reason that it was too small! It did not afford sufficient contrast for my absurd way of planting the seed. It might be slightly funny on a small farm, but done on a large one of about six hundred acres, the scene gets a big laugh, simply because of the contrast between my method of planting and the size of the farm.

On almost a par with contrast I would put surprise.

Figuring out what the audience expects, and then doing something different, is great fun to me. In one of my pictures, "The Immigrant," the opening scene showed me leaning far over the side of a ship. Only my back could be seen, and from the convulsive shudders of my shoulders it looked as though I was sea-sick. If I had been, it would have been a terrible mistake to show it in the picture. What I was doing was deliberately misleading the audience. Because, when I straightened up, I pulled a fish on the end of a line into view, and the audience saw that, instead of being sea-sick, I had been leaning over the side to catch the fish. It came as a total surprise, and got a roar of laughter.

There is such a thing, however, as being too funny. There are some plays and pictures at which the audience laughs so much and so heartily that it becomes exhausted and tired. To make an audience roar is the ambition of many actors, but I prefer to spread the laughs out. It is much better when there is a continual ripple of amusement, with one or two big "stomach laughs," than when an audience "explodes" every minute or two.

People often ask me if all my ideas work out, and if it is easy to make a funny picture. I sometimes wish they could follow the whole process of getting the idea, working out the characters, taking the film, editing and arranging it.

I am often appalled at the amount of film I have to make in getting a single picture. I have taken as much as sixty thousand feet in order to get the two thousand feet seen by the public. It would take about twenty hours to run off sixty thousand feet on the screen! Yet that amount must be taken to present forty minutes of picture.

Sometimes, when I find that, though I have worked hard over an idea, it has not yet taken final shape in my head, and is therefore not ready to be filmed, I at once drop it and try something else. I do not believe in wasting too much time on something that will not work out. I do believe in concentrating all your energies upon the thing you are doing. But if you can't put it right, after having done your best, try something else for a time, and then come back to your original scheme if you still have faith in it. That is the way I have always worked.

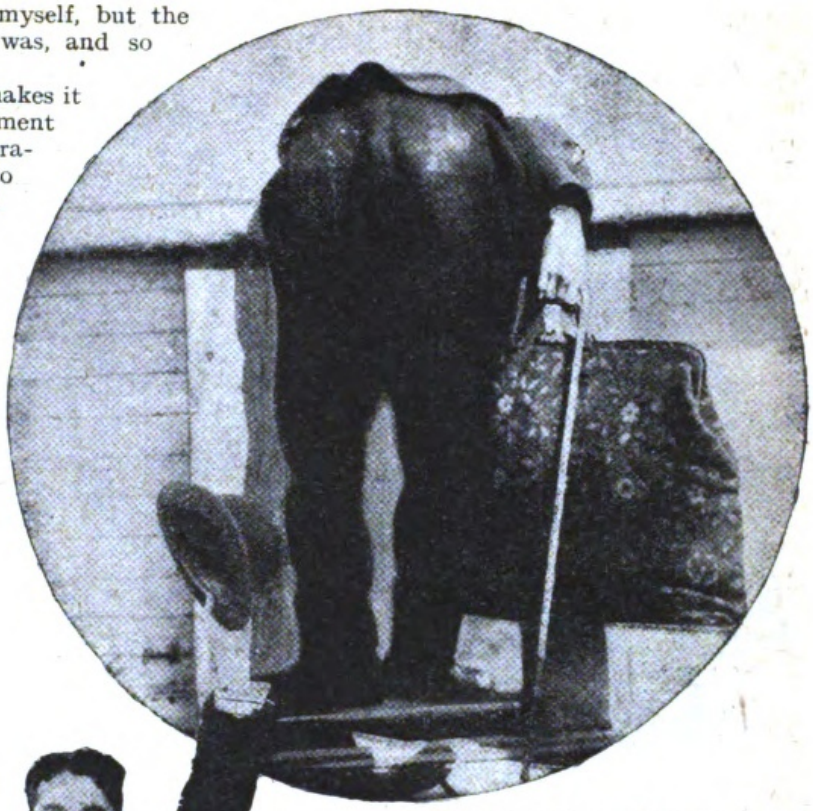
In my work I don't trust anyone's sense of humour but my own. There have been times when the people around the studio have screamed at certain scenes while the picture was in the making, and yet I have discarded those scenes because they did not strike me as being funny enough. It isn't because I think I am so much smarter than those around me. It is simply because I am the one who gets all the blame or credit for the picture. I can't insert a title in a picture, for instance, and say:—

"People, I don't blame you for not laughing.

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I didn't think this was funny myself, but the fellows around me told me it was, and so I let it go."

Here is another point that makes it difficult for me to trust the judgment of those around me. My cameraman and other assistants are so used to me that they don't laugh very much at what I do in rehearsal. If I make a mistake, however, then they laugh. And I, not realizing, perhaps, that I have made a mistake, am likely to think the scene is funny. I didn't get on to this point until I asked some of them one day why they had laughed at a bit of business that I did not think was amusing. When they told me they had laughed because I had done something wrong, I saw how they might mislead me. So now I am glad they *don't* always laugh at my stuff.



NOT WHAT THE AUDIENCE IMAGINES! —A LAUGHABLE INCIDENT FROM "THE IMMIGRANT." [*Mutual.*



TWO GREAT FILM FAVOURITES—MARY PICKFORD AND CHARLIE CHAPLIN. [*Underwood & Underwood.*

Photo.]

One of the things I have to be most careful about is not to overdo a thing, or to stress too much any particular point. I could kill laughs more quickly by overdoing something than by any other method. If I made too much of my peculiar walk, if I were too rough in turning people upside down, if I went to excess in anything at all, it would be bad for the picture.

One of the reasons why I hated the early comedies in which I played was because there *couldn't* be much "restraint" in hurling custard pies! One or two custard pies are funny, perhaps; but when nothing but custard pies is used to get laughs the picture becomes monotonous. Perhaps I do not always succeed by my methods, but I would a thousand times rather get a laugh through something clever and original than through horseplay.

There is no mystery connected with "making people laugh." All I have ever done is to keep my eyes open and my brain alert for any facts or incidents that I could use in my business. I have studied human nature, because without a knowledge of it I could not do my work. A knowledge of human nature is the foundation of success.

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Mrs. Huggins' Hun

by Stacy Aumonier

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS HENRY

MRS. HUGGINS' manifestation of antipathy to her prospective son-in-law was a thing to be seen to be believed. She bridled at the sight of him. She lashed him with her tongue on every conceivable occasion. She snubbed, derided, buffeted him. She could find no virtue in his appearance, manners, or character. She hated him with consuming wrath, and did not hesitate to flaunt her animadversion in his face, or in the face of her friends or of her daughter Maggie. Mrs. Huggins kept a boarding-house in Camden Town, and Maggie was her only child, her ewe lamb, the light of her existence, whose simple, unsophisticated character had been suddenly—within two months—entirely demoralized by the advent of this meteoric youth. Quentin Livermore had appeared from the blue, when she was very distracted about her unlet rooms, and had applied for Mrs. Huggins' first floor, for which he offered a good price. He was a weak-faced, flashy, old-young man, anything between thirty and forty. He dressed gorgeously, lived sumptuously, and was employed in some Government department. He was in the house less than twenty-four hours when he commenced to make love to Maggie, and it was the change in Maggie which particularly annoyed Mrs. Huggins. Maggie was a stenographer in a local stores, and earning good money—a simple, natural girl; but when Mr. Livermore appeared on the scene she began to speak with an affected lisp, to wear fallals and gewgaws, and to do her hair in strange bangs and buns. In a few days they were going out for strolls together after supper. In a fortnight he was taking her to theatres and cinemas. In six weeks they were to all intents and purposes engaged. At least, they said they were engaged. Mrs. Huggins said they were not. In fact, she told her friend, Mrs. O'Neil, in the private bar of the Staff of Life, that she would "see that slobberin' shark cremated" before he should go off with her Mag.

But on the morning when this story commences, Mrs. Huggins was in a very perturbed state. It was a pleasant June morning, and she had finished her housework. She sat down to enjoy a well-merited glass of stout, and to review the situation. Maggie had gone away for a few days' holiday, to stay with some cousins in Essex, and the evening before she had left there had been a terrible rumpus. Maggie had come home with her hair *bobbed*—looking like some wretched office-boy! After Mrs. Huggins had vented her opinion upon this contemptible metamorphosis and had cried a little, she went out, and, returning late in the evening, found her Maggie lolling on a couch in Mr. Livermore's room, smoking cigarettes and drinking port wine! It was a climax in every sense, and to add to her misfortunes the Bean family, who occupied the third and part of the fourth floor, suddenly left to go and live at Hendon, near the aeroplane works where they were nearly all employed.

Mrs. Huggins had now no lodgers except the insufferable Mr. Livermore. It would be impossible to keep up her refined establishment on the twenty-five shillings a week that Livermore paid her without breaking into her hard-earned savings. But this fact did not disturb Mrs. Huggins so much as the difficulty

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of furthering a more ambitious project, which was nothing less than to get rid of Mr. Livermore while Maggie was away.

Mrs. Huggins blew the froth off the stout, took a long draught, and then wiped her mouth on her apron, and continued to ponder upon the problem. No light came to her, and she was about to repeat the operation when she was disturbed by the clatter of a four-wheeled cab driving up at the front door. She looked up through the kitchen window and beheld a strange sight. The cab was laden with a most peculiar collection of trunks and boxes, and standing by the front doorstep was a fat man holding a cage with a canary in one hand and a violin-case in the other.

"Ah! a new lodger at last!" thought Mrs. Huggins, and she slipped off her apron and hurried upstairs. When she opened the front door, she noticed that the fat man had thick spectacles, a Homburg hat much too small for his head, and a tuft of yellow beard between two of his innumerable chins. He put down the canary and removed his hat.

"Have I the honour to speak to the honoured Mrs. Huggins?" he said.

"Mrs. Huggins is my name," answered that lady.

"Ah! So! May I a word with you?" He walked deliberately into the hall and once more set down the canary and the violin. He then produced a bulky sheaf of correspondence.



"SHE FOUND HER MAGGIE LOLLING ON A COUCH, SMOKING CIGARETTES AND DRINKING PORT WINE!"

"I have been regommended. May I have the pleasure of your hospitality for some time?"

"I *have* some rooms to let," replied Mrs. Huggins, evasively.

He bowed and blew his nose.

"I must eggsplain in ze first place, goot lady. I am a Sherman."

There was a perceptible pause whilst these two eyed each other, then Mrs. Huggins said, explosively:—

"Oh! I can't take no dirty 'Uns in my 'ouse."

It might perhaps be mentioned at this point that the speech of Mrs. Huggins was always characterized by directness and force. The Hun bowed once more, and replied:—

"The matter is already at your disposition, good lady. I state my case. If you gan gonsider it, I gan assure you that all my papers are in order. The London poliss officers know me. I report to zem. I have my passports, my permits. Everything in order. I pay you vell."

Mrs. Huggins blinked at the German and blinked at the cab. The cab looked somewhat imposing with its large trunks, and the German's face was eminently homely and kind. Her eye wandered from it to the canary, and then along the wall to the hall-stand, and came to a stop at—Livermore's felt hat! She equivocated.

"What sort of rooms do you want?" she said.

At this compromise of tone the Hun assumed the arbitrariness of his race. He put his things down on the hall-chairs and became voluble and convincing. He was a watch and clock-maker. His business in Hackney had been destroyed by a fire. He had been offered an excellent position at a colleague's in Camden Town, the said colleague being sick and in urgent need of help. He was simple in his requirements: a bed, a breakfast, occasionally a supper. His name was Schmidt, Karl Schmidt. He was willing to pay three pounds a week for the rooms, payment in advance. He had endless "regommendations." Mrs. Huggins found herself following him up and down stairs,

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helping him in with trunks, and listening abstractedly. In a vague way she took to the Hun, and her mind was active with a scheme to use him for her own ends. All the trunks were installed in the third-floor rooms, and she observed him take out an old string purse and say to the cabman :—

"Now have we all the paggages installed? So!"

He paid the cabman, and came into the hall and shut the door. He walked ponderously upstairs, humming to himself. She heard him busy with bunches of keys, opening and shutting trunks and putting things away in drawers. The whole thing had happened so suddenly that Mrs. Huggins still could not decide her course of action. She went downstairs and put some potatoes on to boil. After a time she heard the Hun coming heavily down to the hall again. She went up to meet him. He waved three one-pound Treasury notes in the air and placed them on the hall-table.

"Mrs. Huggins," he said, "please to be goot enough to allow me to present you with zese. I shall be very gomfortable here. It is all satisfactory. I go now to my colleague in pizness. Then I go to eggsplain to the poliss. It is all in order. Yes. I shall not be returnable since zis evening, perhaps eight o'glock, perhaps nine o'glock. In any vay I gom back before ten o'glock. Oh, yes, before ten o'glock!" And he laughed boisterously, bowed, and went out. Mrs. Huggins stared at the door, then went to the window and watched him cross the street.

"Well, I'm blowed!" she muttered to herself, and fingered the three crisp Treasury notes in her hand. She went up to his room and touched all his trunks and small effects. Most of his things were locked up. She said "Cheep! cheep!" to the canary three times, and then went downstairs and had her dinner.

And that afternoon Mrs. Huggins became very busy. In apron, and with bare arms and a broom, she worked as she had not worked for months. The details may be spared, but the principal effect must be observed, that by six-thirty that evening all Herr Fritz's luggage and effects had been installed in the *first-floor* room, and all Mr. Quentin Livermore's property had been piled up in a heap in the hall!



"MRS. HUGGINS WAS IN ONE OF HER MOST MASTERFUL MOODS, AND SHE WAS, MOREOVER, ARMED WITH A BROOM."

We will also take the liberty of passing over the details of the interview which took place between Mrs. Huggins and Mr. Livermore when he came in at seven o'clock that evening on his way to change his clothes and go down West to dine. It need only be said that the accumulated antipathy of their two months' intercourse reached a climax. There may have been faults on both sides, but Mrs. Huggins was in one of her most masterful moods, and she was, moreover, armed with a broom. Mr. Livermore had only a cane, and his superciliousness. He was, indeed, rather frightened, and his sneering comments on her personal appearance had little sting. His ultimate decision to leave at once and go over to Mrs. Hayward's, so that he would still be where Maggie could find him, and where, in any case, it was tolerably clean and the landlady knew how to cook, was the only shaft which told at all, for Mrs. Hayward and Mrs. Huggins were notorious rivals. In the end a cab was secured, and by eight o'clock the triumphant Mrs. Huggins had slammed the door on her hated lodger, with a final threat that "if she saw 'im going about with 'er gal she'd bang 'im over the chops with a broom"!

So excited and exhilarated was Mrs. Huggins by her victory that when he had gone she felt it incumbent upon her to dash down to the Staff of Life for ten minutes to get a glass of beer and to unburden herself to Mrs. O'Neil,

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Not finding her friend there, she had two glasses of beer and hurried back. On arriving at the corner of her street she had another surprise. A taxi was standing outside her door, and a short gentleman with a dark moustache and pointed beard was banging on her door and looking up at the windows.

"Gawdstruth! What is it now?" muttered Mrs. Huggins, hurrying up.

On approaching the stranger he turned and looked at her.

"Well, what is it?" she asked.

The gentleman smiled very charmingly and made an elaborate bow.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "So at last I have the pleasure of addressing the charming Madame Huggin! Madame, my compliments. May I address you on a professional mattare?"

He slipped a visiting-card into her hand on which was printed: "M. Jules de la Roche. 29B, Rue Dormi, Paris."

Mrs. Huggins stared at the card and opened her front door.

"Oh, my Gawd!" was all that occurred to her to remark. The Frenchman—for so he apparently was—bowed again, and followed her into the hall.

"You must pardon my precipitate manners," he said. "I am very pressed. I am in London on business connected with the French Red Cross. I have a peculiar dislike to hotels, and a lady I met in the train was kind enough to refer me to your charming *pension*. I shall owe you a thousand thanks if you will be kind enough to allow me to enjoy your hospitality if only for a few days, or perhaps weeks. Whatever you can do——" He waved his arms and looked quickly, almost beseechingly, round the little hall.

Mrs. Huggins wiped her mouth on her apron and stared at the Frenchman.

"Well, this is a rum go!" she remarked, at last. "I've got a German on the first floor. A nice, quiet feller. And now you're a Frenchy! Now, look here; if I take you in I'm not goin' to 'ave any fightin' goin' on. D'you understand that?"

The Frenchman gave her one of his quick glances, and laughed.

"My dear madame," he exclaimed, "what ees eet to me? I am of entirely a gentle disposition, and if your friend is of gentle disposition, vy should we quarrel?"

"'E's no *friend* of mine," interjected Mrs. Huggins. "'E's a 'Un, but 'e's a lodger. I don't make friends of my lodgers, but I treats 'em fair. If I do the fair and square thing by *them*, I expect 'em to do the fair and square by *me*; but I won't 'ave the place turned into a bear-garden by a lot of foreigners."

M. de la Roche threw back his head and laughed.

"An admirable sentiment, *chère madame*. Then it is settled. I take my effects immediately to—— Vich floor did you mention?"

"I didn't mention no floor," replied Mrs. Huggins, "but if you like to leave it at that, I dessay I can fix you up on the third, and the terms will be three pounds a week."

The face of Mrs. Huggins was perfectly straight when she demanded this extortionate sum; neither did it show any evidence of surprise when the Frenchman quite avidly agreed, and immediately paid her three pounds down in advance. He seemed a gay and companionable gentleman. He had only one valise, with which he ran upstairs. He paid the cabman a sum which seemed to leave that gentleman so speechless he could not even express his thanks. He chatted to Mrs. Huggins merrily about the weather, the war, the food problems, the difficulties of running a lodging-house. He was intensely sympathetic about various minor ailments of which Mrs. Huggins was a victim. He listened attentively to the history of various former lodgers, but beyond eliciting the fact that the German occupied the first floor, he showed no particular interest in his fellow-lodger. He explained that he had considerable correspondence to attend to that evening, so he did not propose to go out, but if Mrs. Huggins could scramble him a couple of eggs on toast and make him a cup of tea, he would be eternally grateful.

Mrs. Huggins was a good cook. It was a matter she took a keen personal delight in. She would neglect her housework in order to produce some savoury trifle for a pet lodger. On this occasion she surprised M. de la Roche by serving him with a large ham omelette and an apple tart.

"After yer long journey you'll want a bite of somethin'," she explained.

Any apprehensions she entertained that her house was to be turned into a bear-garden by a lot of quarrelsome foreigners were early dissipated. At half-past nine that evening Herr Schmidt came in and went up to his room. Ten minutes later M. Jules de la Roche, coming downstairs, beheld the canary in its cage on a chair outside Herr Fritz's door.

"*Ah, le petit bossu!*" he remarked.

The door was ajar, and Herr Fritz stepped out.

"*Bon soir, monsieur,*" he said, in his deep-chested voice. "Are you interested in canaries?"

The Frenchman smiled in a friendly manner.

"My sympathies always go out to the caged, monsieur," he replied. "But what a pretty fellow! Am I right in suggesting that he is of the Belgian species?"

"No, sir," said the German. "Although they vas somet'ing similar, zis is ze Scottish."

"Pardon," replied the Frenchman. "I ought to have known. I have lived at Terceira, in the Azores, where one hears canaries singing in the open all day. Eet ees entrancing."

"Gom inzide," sighed Herr Schmidt, "and let us talk. I am lonely."

Mrs. Huggins overheard this conversation from the hall beneath, and she smiled contentedly. It was a triumph. A bolt from the blue. She had ousted the wretched Livermore, and like manna from heaven these two gentle, simple foreigners, who were willing to pay through the neck, had dropped right into her lap. Her conscience mildly smote her that she had demanded so much from Herr Schmidt, but a

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rapid mental calculation had decided that he must pay at least double, as a penalty for being a Hun, but at the same time it wouldn't be fair to him to take another lodger for less. She had been in any case prepared to bargain, and to considerably reduce her terms, and had been quite nonplussed at not being called upon to do so. So far so good, but the difficulty of detaching the wretched Livermore from her Maggie still remained to be accomplished, for Maggie was to return the day after to-morrow, and Livermore would be sure to be always hanging about the street.

In the meantime, the conversation between the two foreigners upstairs never flagged. They became extremely friendly. The violin-case laid the foundation for an intimate chat on technique, personality, Bach, nationality. From these easily devolved discussions on politics, religion, and hence, inevitably, "this regrettable war." Each man was patently sensitive of the other's feelings. They talked of everything in the abstract, and avoided as far as possible the personal equation. They found each other extremely interesting, but there arrived a point when each was conscious that the other was fencing. Herr Schmidt produced a bottle of whisky and a siphon of soda, but he could not persuade M. de la Roche to partake of more than one glass. It was nearly twelve o'clock when the Frenchman suddenly said:—

"Well, my dear Herr Schmidt, I have had a most entrancing evening. I suggest that you dine vif me to-morrow evening. I have made de happy discovery dat our good Mrs. Huggins is a most excellent *chef*. Why should ve two lonely bachelors not share our meal?"

"I gannot gonziddef anyt'ing more delightful," replied Herr Schmidt. "Only I insist that you dine vif me in my room. I glaim preeminence as ze first-floor lodger." He laughed boisterously, and after further mildly disputing the matter it was arranged accordingly.

The dinner which Herr Schmidt prevailed upon Mrs. Huggins to supply the following evening in honour of his friend M. de la Roche was of such a nature that not only had the like never been served in Mrs. Huggins' household, but probably never before in the whole environment of Camden Town. In the first place there were oysters and grape-fruit, soup, a baked bream, a roast fowl and several vegetables, a lemon-curd tart, Welsh rarebit, and grapes, the whole mellowed with the exhilarating complement of Italian vermouth, sparkling Moselle, and a very old brandy, to say nothing of coffee, cigars, and the dazzling conversation of the two gentlemen.

The preparation of these alluring delicacies occupied Mrs. Huggins nearly the whole of the day, a day which was only marred by a regrettable scuffle in the early morning. It happened at about half-past eight. Mrs. Huggins was at work in the kitchen when she heard a commotion going on up in the hall. Hurrying upstairs, she found M. de la Roche arguing with Quentin Livermore. The Frenchman turned to her.

"Who is dis man, madame? I know him not. He comes into the house unbidden?"

And Livermore cut in:—

"I've come to collect my letters. You're not going to keep my letters from me."

Mrs. Huggins seized her broom and cried out:—

"You get out! You dirty thief and blackmailer!"

She experienced no difficulty in routing Mr. Livermore and sending him flying up the street, and after his departure she told the whole story to M. de la Roche, who kept on repeating:—

"*Nom de Dieu!* How shocking! *Quel perfide!* What a villain!" He was almost in tears.

The rest of the day passed quietly. Both the gentlemen went out soon after breakfast. Herr Schmidt did not return till seven-thirty in the evening, in time for the dinner. M. de la Roche came in at five o'clock, and persuaded Mrs. Huggins to go to the nearest haberdasher's and obtain two clean shirts for him, as, owing to his imperfect knowledge of the English tongue, he was unable to obtain the sort he required. She returned in half an hour, and M. de la Roche thanked her profusely. At eight o'clock precisely he presented himself in Herr Schmidt's room, wearing an ill-fitting evening dress peculiar to Frenchmen. Herr Schmidt was also in evening dress of an ill-fitting kind peculiar to Germans. They bowed and shook hands cordially.

"I am indeed fortunate," remarked Herr Schmidt, "in a city so desolate as London, and in a quarter so *traurig* as zis, to find zo sympat'etic and charming a fellow-lodger."

"*Tout au contraire,*" replied the Frenchman. "The good fortune is exclusively to me. Ah! this London! Was there ever a city so *abaissé*, so *triste?*"

"Never! never!" retorted Herr Schmidt. "Now, let me offer you a glass of goot vermouth, and then ve vill these excellent oysters circumscribe while ze goot Frau Huggins prepares ze soup."

The two men sat down and toasted each other solemnly.

"Doubtless you haf gonsiderably travelled, my frient?" remarked Herr Schmidt, as he disposed of his second dozen oysters.

"I would not venture to address myself as a traveller," replied De la Roche. "True, I have lived in the Azores, and I am at home in Egypt, Morocco, Spain, France, and Italy. But a traveller, *parbleu!* It means something more than that. And you, Herr Schmidt, have you adventured far?"

"No; ze Fatherland—pardon me speaking of ze Fatherland in zese delicate times—ze Fatherland has occupied me for most a long vile; and zen zis dear Engeland, vich I love almost as much as, it occupies me too already. For ze rest, a little Dutchman, a little Svede, a little of the sea, I am a citizen of ze vide, vide vorld, isn't it?"

"Ees eet not curious?" remarked M. de la Roche, as Mrs. Huggins brought in the

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soup. "Eet appears mostly that you visit countries I have not visit, and I visit countries you not visit. Strange!"

"So it happens most nearly alvays. Now, I vould vish much to go to America. And you?"

"Ah! America! Yes, most interesting."

"You do not go to America?"

The German looked at the Frenchman with his mild eyes, and M. de la Roche shook his head.

"No, no, I don't like," he rejoined. "It does not call to me. Interesting. Yes, *très intéressant;* but to me too *matériel*. Life to me must be romance. Romance first, romance second, romance all de time."

"Efen in Camden Town?" queried Herr Schmidt, slicing the bream down the centre. Then he laughed. "Well, after all, vy not? It is to be found, your romance, even in material zings. I lofe material zings, and I find zem romantic. It is a figure of ze mind. Allow me to offer you zome of zis sparkling vine, if it does not to trink a German vine you disgust."

"I am a Cat'olic," replied M. de la Roche, "bot' in my religion and in appreciation of goot t'ings. To your goot healt', Herr Schmidt, and happy days ven peace shall come."

"Happy days!" solemnly replied the German. "May the vorld vonce more to reason gom!"

The wine flowed freely. The fowl was done to a nicety. The conversation never flagged. Mrs. Huggins enjoyed the dinner almost as much as her two lodgers. They were the softest thing she had ever encountered in her professional career. Visions of a bounteous time, in spite of the war, floated before her mind's eye. She even decided that she would treat them fairly and squarely. She would not take advantage of their innocence; but there would be a steady accumulation of "things left over," which were her natural perquisites. She was indeed surveying the remnants of the very solid fowl as it reclined on a dish in the hall, and was mentally performing the skilful operation of "trimming it up" without altering the general effect of the mass, when she heard Herr Schmidt's door open and shut, and he came down the stairs quietly. In the hall he produced a large time-piece from his waistcoat-pocket, and, resting one hand commandingly on her shoulder, he said:—

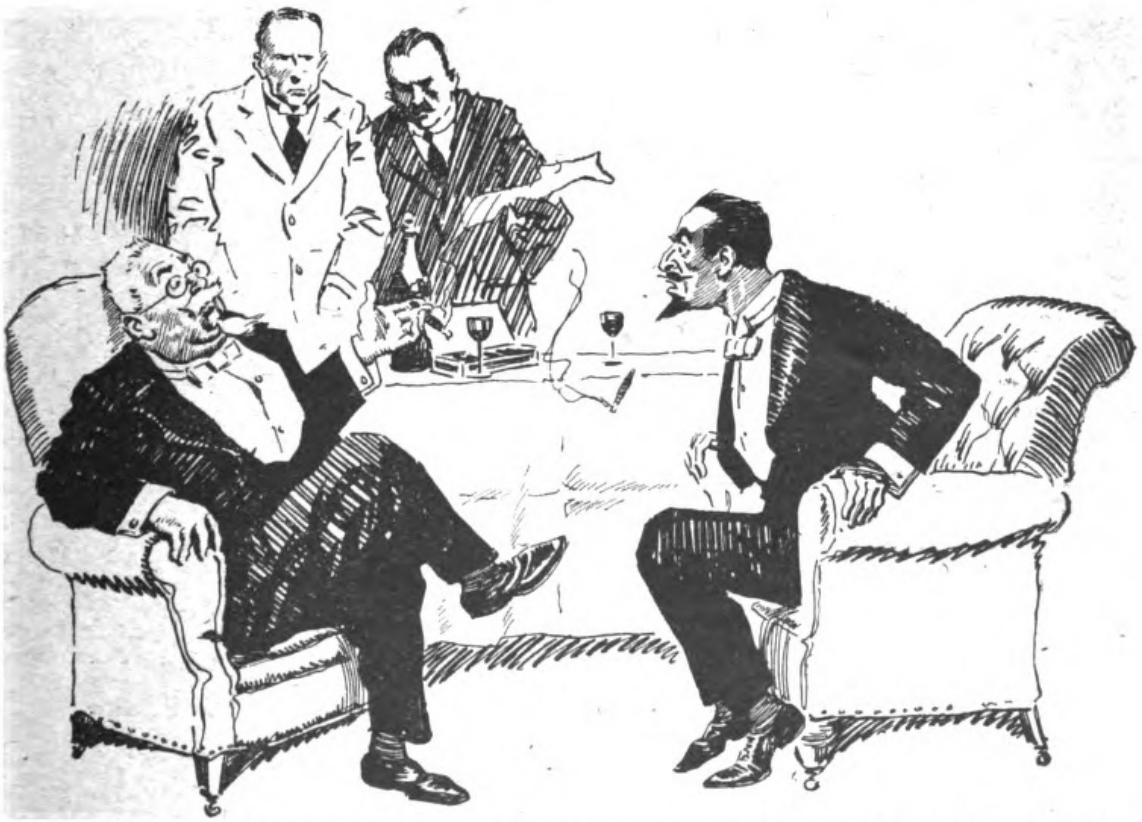
"Mrs. Huggins, in seven minutes precisely two shentlemens vill gall to visit me. Ask no questions. Show them straight up to my room, open ze door, and say, 'Mr. Skinner and Mr. Trout.' Then close ze door and retire till I gall you vonce more again."

He gave her no opportunity to reply to these instructions, but returned to his room. As the door opened she heard him crying out:—

"Pardon me, dear M. de la Roche. You must try von of my Contadinos. I gan really regommend them. I brought zem myself from Amsterdam, the year pefore zis distressful var."

"A thousand t'anks, my dear Herr Schmidt. It is a luxury I seldom allow myself dese days."

The gentle flow of these suave pleasantries reached their appointed crisis. Each man lay



"THE FRENCHMAN LEANED FORWARD AND, CLUTCHING THE ARMS OF THE CHAIR, HE GAVE VENT TO A VERY UN-FRENCHIFIED EXPRESSION. HE SAID, 'GEE-WHIZ!'"

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back in an easy-chair with a divine Contadino between his teeth. On the table stood the little glasses filled with the old brandy.

"Life may be very pleasant and grassifying in the midst of vickedness and sin," murmured Herr Schmidt.

"*C'est très vrai*," replied M. de la Roche. "It does not do to even t'ink of dese t'ings all de time."

"Friendship is vat I value beyond all else. M. de la Roche, to your goot healt'!"

As each man raised the little glass, the door opened and Mrs. Huggins announced:—

"Mr. Trinner and Mr. Snout!"

Two stolid-looking gentlemen entered, and Mrs. Huggins retired.

Herr Schmidt removed the cigar from his mouth and said:—

"Good evening, gentlemen," and then, without changing his position, and in a voice without any trace of German accent, he addressed M. de la Roche as follows:—

"Ephraim Hyems, I have the honour to arrest you on an extradition warrant issued by the United States Government, for embezzlement in connection with the Pennsylvania Small Arms Trust, and, moreover, with an attempt to convey certain information to an enemy agent in this country, under Article 36 of the Defence of the Realm Act."

The Frenchman leaned forward and, clutching the arms of the chair, gave vent to a very un-Frenchified expression. He said:—

"Gee-whiz!"

"It hardly required that native vernacular to convince me that you were not a Frenchman. As a matter of fact, I have lived for many years in Paris, and if I may say so without giving offence, M. de la Roche, your French never convinced me at all."

The pseudo-Frenchman sat there apparently dazed. At length he said:—

"Professionally speaking, Herr Schmidt, it is regrettable that our *rôles* were not reversed. It is true that I know little French, but I happen to have spent some years in Germany. I studied medicine at Leipzig. Your German is appalling. It would not deceive a London policeman. In this present case I am fully prepared to throw up my arms and to cry 'Kamerad!' only I would ask you, as a last request, whether you or your assistants would kindly extract my pocket-book from my breast-pocket and examine my card and any other papers you or they may find. And, finally, whether you will allow me to finish this glass of very excellent brandy."

Herr Schmidt bowed.

"Trout," he said, "turn out all his pockets and hand me his pocket-book. In the meantime, the gentleman can enjoy his last plunge of dissipation."

The solemn-looking sub-inspector did as he was told, and handed Herr Schmidt the pocket-book. That gentleman turned it over slowly and drew out a card. When his eye alighted on it, his face expressed sudden amazement, and then he threw back his head and laughed explosively.

"Cyrus G. Vines!" he exclaimed. "Cyrus G. Vines, of the New York State Police! It's quite true we've been expecting Mr. Cyrus G. Vines for some time on this Hyems case. Holy Christopher! and are you really Cyrus G. Vines? Well, I'm blistered! Also I'm glad, if it's true! We shall require a little more evidence on that count. But in the meantime, will you kindly explain your presence in Mrs. Huggins' house in Camden Town?"

Mr. Vines grinned. There was no longer any of the Frenchman about him. In fact, he carefully removed the little tuft of beard and moustache of the conventional stage-Gaul. He puffed at his cigar, and said:—

"Unless my calculations are at fault, you will be Inspector Hartrigg. It is quite true my duty was to report right away to Scotland Yard. But it happens I'm a young man, Inspector, and I have ambitions to make good. I arrived at Liverpool last Friday; the boat was thirty hours ahead of time. I just thought I'd buzz around for a day or two on my own and see whether I couldn't get the case a bit straighter to hand over. I got wise that this Hyems galoot was boarding on the first floor of this shanty. I tracked him here and found him—disguised as a Hun! Do you take me?"

The "Hun" pulled at the little tuft of beard between his chins, and twirled his genuine moustache.

"Well, this is a nice go!" he said. "Between us we have missed the quarry. I confess I only traced him to this house. I didn't know which floor. But when I discovered that there was only one other lodger, and he—a Frenchman, the case seemed obvious!"

"Say, Inspector," interjected the American, "what was your idea of this German stunt?"

"Hyems has been further suspected of dealing with a German agent, as I have told you. I thought a nice friendly German might draw him out. That is all. It is quite true I don't know German well, although I spent a long time in France. Now, tell me what was your idea of the French stunt, Vines?"

Vines smiled. "A Frenchman enjoys certain prerogatives," he replied. "He can be talkative, inquiring, sympathetic. He can even make inquiries concerning 'things of the heart' without giving offence. Now, Mrs. Huggins is a very charming and sympathetic woman, and she has a daughter, I believe—although I've never had the pleasure of meeting her."

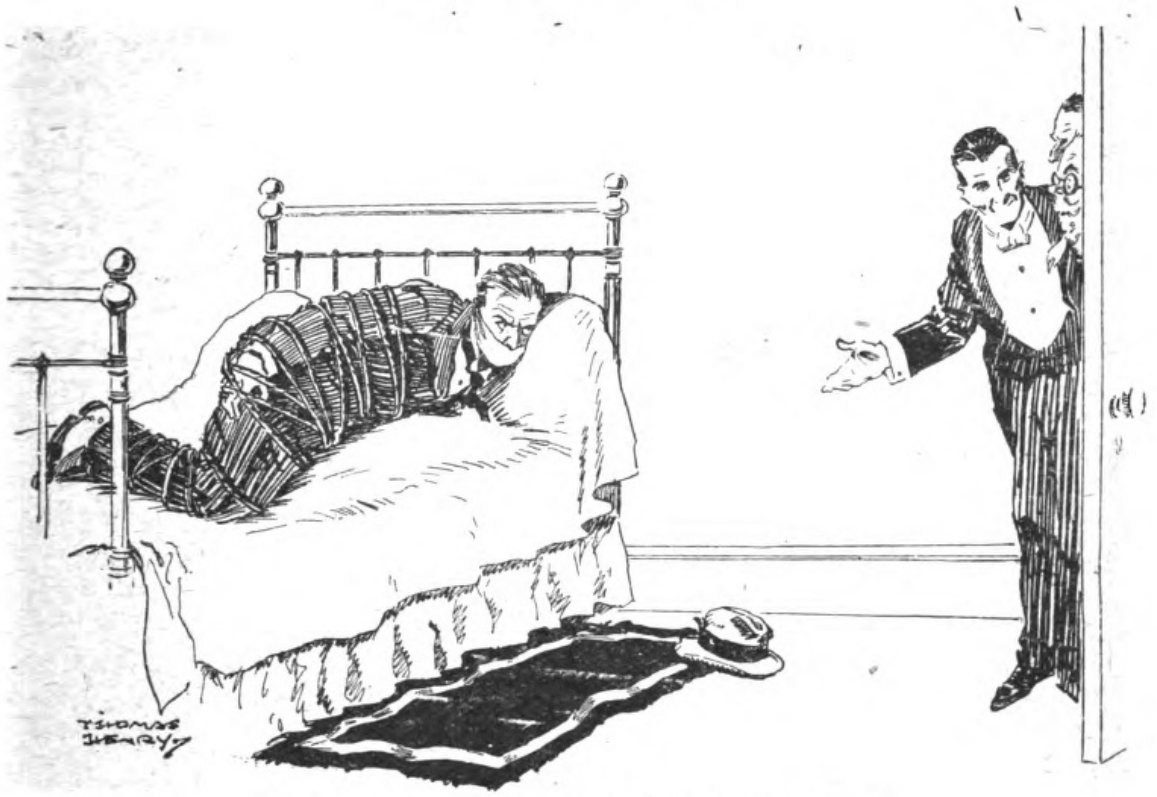
"That's true. But how does this affect Hyems?"

The "Frenchman" rose and said:—

"Inspector, I understand that I am technically under arrest. But you have already granted me two favours while in that condition, and I am bold enough to appeal for a third. It is that you all three should accompany me to my room on the third floor and observe the devastating effect of love."

The four men trooped upstairs, and Vines threw open the door of his bedroom. On his

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"'THIS IS OUR FRIEND HYEMS,' REMARKED VINES."

bed lay Mr. Livermore, neatly gagged and bound.

"This is our friend Hyems," remarked Vines. "We will remove the gag. I put it there because I didn't want our dinner disturbed by any fuss or excitement."

He removed the gag, and said :—

"How are you, Hyems ?"

The wild-eyed man on the bed was in a state of collapse. He glanced at the other four men and closed his eyes, muttering :—

"Go on. It's a do."

Inspector Hartrigg looked at the man carefully. Then he said :—

"By Jove, you're right ! That's Hyems. Skinner and Trout, stay with this man for a few minutes. He's under arrest, remember. I'll call you in a few minutes. Vines, come down to my room again. There are one or two points I'd like to clear up."

"Herr Schmidt" and "M. de la Roche" returned to the room below and surveyed the scene of their repast, and then both laughed.

"Come, a little more of this excellent brandy, M. de la Roche ; and then tell me how you accomplished your capture."

They filled their glasses once more.

"It all came fair easy," explained Vines, "when I had once ingratiated myself with Mrs. Huggins. She's a daisy, that woman ! She was full of this story about Livermore and her Maggie. But it was not till this morning, when the mail came, that I got wise on the real trend of things. Wherever I am I always like to be right there when the mail's delivered. There's information of all sorts to be picked up, even from the outside. This morning there was a long envelope franked and sealed, addressed to 'Herr Schmidt.' I was just crazy to open that communication, and I was just on the point of securing it when Mrs. Huggins came fussing into the hall. I retired to my room again for about fifteen minutes. When I got back to the hall the long envelope addressed to you had vanished and a stranger was fingering the mail. I called for Mrs. Huggins. When she came she soon put the stranger to flight with a broom and her tongue. I was a very sympathetic Frenchman, and then it was she told me the whole story of Mr. Livermore and her Maggie. While she was speaking the whole truth came to me in a flash. I realized that Livermore was Hyems, but I was darned if I could place you. The capture was dead easy. In the hurried removal of Livermore's things last night, our good landlady had overlooked one or two trifles. She had apparently dumped some on that old chest at the top of the kitchen stairs. I found a small stationery box in which I discovered several notes and *billets-doux* signed by 'M.' I am no mug at faking calligraphy. This afternoon I dispatched a note to Mr. Livermore in the handwriting of M. 'Do come at five-thirty. Mother will be out. Tremendously important.—M.' I underlined 'tremendously important' four times. It was one of the lady's minor characteristics. At five-thirty Mrs. Huggins was very considerately buying me a couple of shirts in the High Street. I was alone in the house. I let Mr. Livermore

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in. The rest was just as easy as skinning a rabbit."

"Herr Fritz" laughed.

"Well, Vines," he said, "I congratulate you. It was a smart piece of work. I feel convinced you are destined to 'make good.' It looks as though our friend would even now be free if he hadn't been so enterprising as to rob the mail this morning and steal his own warrant of arrest."

"Ah, so that's what it was!"

"I notified Chief Inspector Shapples yesterday that I had my man under observation, but when I left the Yard the warrant was not complete. The whole thing seemed so simple that he said he'd post it to me, which is quite an irregular proceeding, but one we occasionally indulge in. When it did not come this morning I judged that you had stolen it, and so I obtained a new one to-day. I must say, in fairness to our service, that you have been watched and followed all day, and that you would have found it somewhat difficult to make an escape. I did not arrest you before because I did not wish to miss our little dinner this evening, and I also wanted to glean some information about other parties who are still at large. I thought you were fencing very skilfully, and, if you will allow me to say so, I am glad now that I was quite on the wrong tack."

"Inspector," replied the American, "I have not enjoyed such a dinner for a very, very long time, and I'm real glad to have made your acquaintance."

"After this success I hope the authorities will permit you to assist me in unravelling other little troubles in connection with the case before you return to New York. Here's to your good health and prosperity!"

"And yours, Inspector; to say nothing of Mrs. Huggins! My! isn't she a peach?"

"You know, dearie," said Mrs. Huggins, three weeks later, in the private bar of the Staff of Life, to her friend, Mrs. O'Neil, "it's a very rum thing about gals. There's my Mag, now. Lord! how she took on when this 'ere case came up! She was going to do this, that, and the other; but when they really took 'im away she calmed down like the lamb she is. And now she's already walking out with Sandy Waters, as nice a young feller as you could wish to meet. He's a soljer, you know, an officer; 'e's got all these 'ere stripes on 'is arm—a quartermaster, that's what 'e is, gets 'is perks all over the place. Gets quite a good livin', and when 'e goes, she gets 'er maintenance and a bob a day, what 'e allots 'er like, to say nothin' of seven-and-six for the first child, six shillings for the second, three-and-six for the third, and three bob apiece for the rest; that is, if the war lasts long enough. They're as sweet on each other as a couple of gum-drops in a glass bottle."

Mrs. O'Neil blew the froth off the stout.

"It's a wonderful interestin' case," she said, "what wif all this spyin' and cheatin' and stealin'. Lord! what a narrer escape you 'ad, Mrs. 'Uggins! 'Im comin', too, and stealin' the postman's letters in the mornin'! What a villin!"

Mrs. Huggins coughed, and cleared her throat. Then she looked thoughtfully across her glass, and said:—

"Well, you know, dearie, it's rather funny about that part. Of course, you know, it's nothing departmental to the case, as they say, or I might 'ave spoken out in court about it, but, as a matter of fact, 'e never pinched that letter at all."

Mrs. O'Neil looked aghast, and Mrs. Huggins winked mysteriously.

"No. You see," she whispered, "it was like this 'ere. I was very rushed that mornin', what with the to-do of Mr. Smith's dinner and that, and I couldn't get the b'iler to go. I never take no noospapers now. There's nothin' in 'em, except about this bloomin' war. I takes my *Reynolds's* on Sunday, but as fire-paper that don't last long. Lately I've taken to usin' these 'ere circulars what come from the sales—you know, spring goods, white sales, and so on. I never looks at 'em. I simply rips 'em open and shoves 'em into the b'iler fire. On that mornin', being 'ard-pressed as it were, I runs up into the 'all, and seein' circulars there, I cops 'old of 'em and runs down to the scullery. I rips 'em open and shoves 'em in. It was not till I got the b'iler goin' that I realized that one of the circulars 'ad a great red sealin'-wax blob on the envelope and it was all official-like. It was too late then, but I thinks to myself, 'I burnt somethin' I didn't ought to then. That was a summons or somethin'.' Soon after that I 'eard the rumpus upstairs."

"Lord!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Neil. "You run a risk there, Annie."

"As I say," repeated Mrs. Huggins, "it wasn't departmental to the case. There was enough proved against 'im to 'ang 'im in this country and quarter 'im in America, without draggin' in a silly old envelope."

"Well, I 'ope your Mag'll be 'appy," said Mrs. O'Neil, wiping her mouth.

"My Mag'll be all right; don't *you* worry," replied Mrs. Huggins.

LEST YOU FORGET!

Do not forget that THE STRAND MAGAZINE *may now be sent* POST FREE *to British soldiers and sailors at home and abroad. All you need do is to hand your copies, without wrapper or address, over the counter at any post-office in the United Kingdom, and they will be sent by the authorities wherever they will be most welcome.*

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MULTUM IN PARVO

A COMPENDIUM OF SHORT ARTICLES.

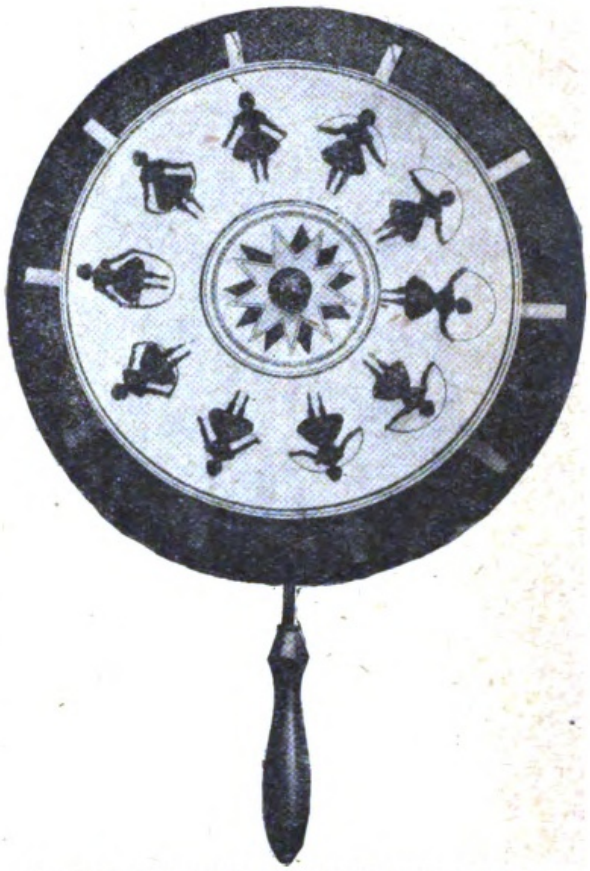
GRANDMOTHER'S "MOVIES."

By HAROLD AVERY.

IT may be difficult to decide in exactly what form the moving picture was first given to the world, but among the earliest of optical illusions which gave the effect of figures and objects in motion was the phenakistiscope.

The toy in question consisted of a cardboard disc upon which (towards the edge) figures were painted in gradually changing positions, indicating, for instance, the movements of the limbs and body of a person dancing. Behind this picture-disc was placed another, slightly larger, in which slits an inch long by a quarter of an inch wide were cut in a direction corresponding with the radii of the circle, and at intervals which brought them above the painted figures, which they equalled in number. The two discs were attached to a handle by means of a screw-nut, and were made to revolve at the required speed by a touch of the hand (Fig. 1). The spectator, holding the toy before his face with the picture side towards a looking-glass, and looking from behind it through the slits, beheld the figures apparently in motion. The picture-disc could be removed by means of the screw-nut and replaced by another of different design.

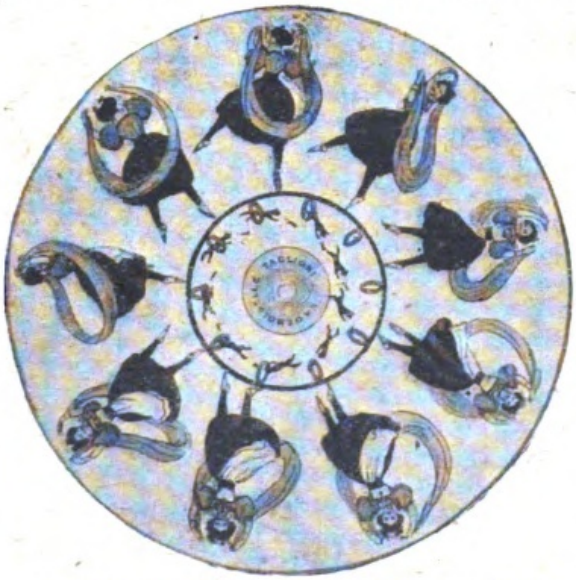
The late Professor Pepper in his "Play-book of Science" states that the phenakistiscope was at one time on exhibition at the old Polytechnic Institution, and mentions that an instrument was constructed by Dubosc of Paris for the purpose of showing the usual phenakistiscope effects on the screen with the magic lantern, though only a very limited picture could be thus exhibited. A selection from a number of discs in the writer's possession, intended for use in the original toy, are shown in the accompanying illustrations; they are hand-coloured, and measure eight and three-quarter inches in diameter.



1. THE PHENAKISTISCOPE READY FOR USE.

Some idea as to the date of their production may be gathered from Fig. 2, below, which, in the centre, bears the inscription "Mademoiselle Taglioni." This famous dancer, at one time regarded as the queen of her profession, made her first appearance in London in 1829, and retired from the stage some twenty years later.

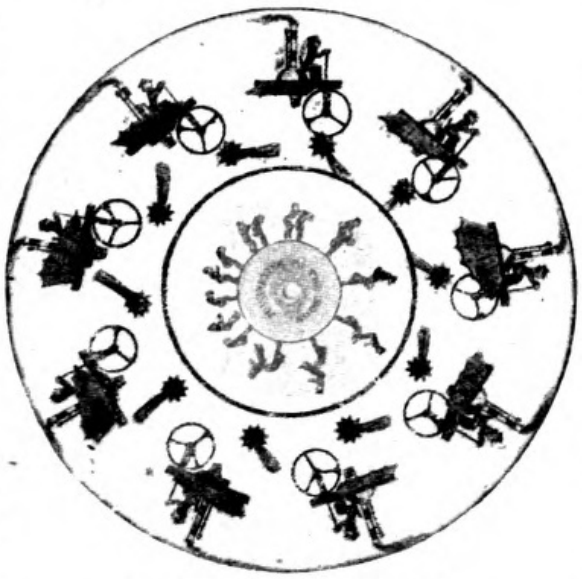
But perhaps the most amusing to modern eyes is the picture (Fig. 3) which bears the inscription "Journeying to the Moon," and which, though it does not forecast the aeroplane so accurately as Mr. Wells's story of the "Land Ironclads" did the Tank, still shows that some imaginative person could be bold enough to conceive the idea of a flying machine in an age when the possibility of London being attacked from the air would have been deemed too absurd for a moment's serious consideration. A green wing rises and falls, and though the engine itself is not visible, a brazier of glowing coals, a boiler,



2. ONE OF THE DISCS DESCRIBED IN THE ARTICLE.

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and smoking funnel imply that the motive-power is obtained by steam. The pilot, an elderly, spectacled gentleman, is seated on what looks like an ordinary dining-room chair; the altitude he has reached can be estimated by the fact that a comet, like some playful celestial porpoise, accompanies him on his voyage, performing cart-wheels—head over tail—beneath his machine. From the redness of his nose one fears that, in spite of the fact that he is almost sitting on the boiler, our flying man feels the extreme cold which no doubt prevails at the height to which he has ascended.



3. ANOTHER OF THE DISCS.

Says Professor Pepper in regard to the phenakistiscopes exhibited at the Polytechnic: "Although the same designs have done duty for many years, they still attract the public attention."

How little did anyone then imagine what would be the future of the "moving picture," and to what extent it would "attract the public attention" at the present day!

A BET ON THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

By JOHN THEODORE TUSSAUD.

AT a time like the present, when the United States is knit so closely with this country, it seems scarcely possible that there should have been a time within living memory when the friendly relations between the two great nations were questioned. Yet "blood is thicker than water" is a truism that had a wonderful exemplification some forty-six years ago, when for a wager of a thousand dollars the star-spangled banner was borne the length of the country to test the feelings of the British people towards it.

The Tussaud Chronicles.

I am indebted to the chronicles of the Tussaud family—that remarkable and ever-available source of information for so much that is noteworthy in men and matters during the past century—for a record of Sergeant Bates's epoch-making journey from Scotland to London bearing aloft the Stars and Stripes, a triumph that gathered in intensity till he arrived at the City Guildhall at the head of as enthusiastic a procession as has ever marched through the streets of London. It was a wonderful ebullition of feeling, as spontaneous as it was real, and while the circumstances, then so resonant, have since been almost forgotten, they are worthy of recall at the present juncture.

Colour-Sergeant Gilbert H. Bates, of the 24th Massachusetts (U.S. Artillery) Regiment, was a patriotic American who had a firm belief in the friendship of the English people for their American brethren.

A Previous March.

He had previously carried the star-spangled banner through the Southern States of America to prove the real affection of the worsted faction for their country. For one thousand five hundred miles through States whose streets had been stained with the blood of civil carnage he marched with the national flag to the strains of patriotic music, an eloquent tribute to his countrymen's deep-rooted love of peace. His passage was a triumphant success, and the exploit is handed down to posterity in Captain Mayne Reid's stirring poem "From Vicksburg to the Sea," the first of its five verses being:—

"Bear on the banner, soldier bold!
How Southern hearts must thrill
To see the flag, so loved of all,
Waving above them still!
What chords 'twill touch, what echoes wake,
Of that far truer time!
Who knows but it the spell may break
That maddened them to crime."

Fomenting Trouble.

This was remotely the origin of Bates's English expedition. Calumny was rife in the States. No theme had been so often discussed for two years as that of the feeling of John Bull towards Uncle Sam. The malicious craft of certain politicians had led them to foster elements of hate towards the old country, and a corrupt section of the Press had lent itself to the unworthy task of exaggerating trifles and distorting facts to suit the fancies of gullible readers.

The Wager.

It was in the course of one such discussion as to the feeling of the English towards Americans that this lover of concord was led to make a wager of one hundred dollars against one thousand dollars that the people of England would not insult the flag of America, but would welcome it heartily wherever it should be borne by an American soldier. Not a few of his compatriots were incredulous of his success, and they predicted that he would miserably fail, while

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one said, "I bet he don't travel twelve miles before he sets face homeward and leaves his bean-pole in the custody of some parish beadle."

The gallant sergeant was determined and confident, however, and, taking passage in the Anchor liner *Europa*, he crossed the Atlantic.

The Man and the Flag.

Bates was a small but well-built man, five feet seven and a half inches in height, square-shouldered and square-headed, clean-shaven, with clear grey eyes, dark hair, and swarthy skin. His age was thirty-four, and he wore the uniform of a sergeant of the Federal Army. He is described as modest, intelligent, well-informed, and a very good specimen of the unassuming, matter-of-fact, and practical Yankee. The flag he carried was from a piece of Army bunting from the headquarters of General Sheridan. It was of regulation size, six feet by six and a half feet, and the hickory staff measured nine feet. Before he left he was assured by a member of Parliament in Chicago that, as the Americans had honoured the English Prince when he visited that country, the English people, in return, would honour the American "Prince"—which was their flag. And so it turned out.

It was on the 5th of November, 1872—Guy Fawkes' Day and the anniversary of the Battle of Inkermann—that Sergeant Bates left Edinburgh for Gretna Green.

The Start from Gretna.

With no quiver of fear and with a heart full of gladness he stood upon Sark Bridge and, uncovering his head, gave the star-spangled banner to the breeze. A few merry rustics gave him some hearty cheers and the historic march was begun. The country before him was England, the Mother country, the home of the English language, the freest and most peaceful country in Europe.

He reached Carlisle that evening without anything more important happening than a rigid cross-examination by an excited old woman as to whether he was heralding a Fenian invasion, and an anxious inquiry from a little boy as to when the circus would arrive.

Arrived at the Bush Hotel at Carlisle, a party of commercial travellers gave him a right hearty British welcome, and this henceforth became the order of the day at whatever town or village he put in an appearance. News of his coming preceded him, and his progress was one continuous ovation, culminating in a veritable furore when he reached his journey's end.



COLOUR-SERGEANT GILBERT H. BATES, WHO, NEARLY FIFTY YEARS AGO, MADE A REMARKABLE JOURNEY FROM SCOTLAND TO LONDON, BEARING ALOFT THE STARS AND STRIPES.

A portrait study by John T. Tussaud, founded on the original model taken from life by his father, Joseph R. Tussaud.

The Wager Withdrawn.

Through Penrith and Shap, where he was cheered by the miners, who had sent men from the quarries to watch for his approach, he made his way to Kendal, where, at a dinner given in his honour, he announced that he had written to cancel the wager he had made—and thus far won. He did this in token of the purity of his motives, and to prove that he was not actuated by mercenary considerations.

From Kendal he proceeded to Lancaster, which city he entered followed by an enormous crowd, a similar concourse escorting him to the outskirts on his departure.

At Garstang, between Lancaster and Preston, he was entertained at a sumptuous repast and the streets were full of people, the church scholars, drawn up in line, cheering the flag and its bearer as they passed.

The Dove of Peace.

The streets of Preston were lined with spectators; at Chorley cheers were given for the Queen and President Grant, and at Bolton the flag-bearer was presented with a pair of clogs and given a live turtle-dove to take back with him to the American President. Manchester was reached on the 14th of November, and here the flag had an immense reception, the crowd in Market Street being so dense that the open carriage which the Sergeant was obliged to enter could scarcely make headway. Lodged at the Royal Hotel, he was presented with a Union Jack and was pestered by several enterprising showmen, one of whom offered him as much as sixty pounds a night for five weeks if he would only consent to lend himself and the flag, but this he resolutely declined to do.

From Manchester to Macclesfield he met with a repetition of the same hearty ovations. At Macclesfield he was treated like a prince, royally entertained, and presented with a gold breast-pin by the Mayor. Through Congleton, Burslem, Stafford, Wolverhampton, and so on to Birmingham, the march was like that of a triumphant warrior, the crowds at Bates's heels, marshalled in military order, tramping along singing the national melodies of the two countries; "Rule Britannia" and "Yankee Doodle" being the favourite airs.

At West Bromwich, where the flag-bearer stood for a moment to salute the Union Jack, a man rushed out and crowned his flagstaff with laurel. He entered Birmingham escorted by a crowd of all classes, both sexes and all ages, and the proprietor of the Hen and Chickens Hotel placed

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the house, the wine-cellar, and even his cash-drawer at his guest's disposal.

Oxford Hospitality.

At Oxford he was met by students from New College, who treated him with great gentlemanliness, one observing, "Sergeant, you surely never expected that the people of England would fall upon one man, did you?" "No," replied Bates, drawing himself up. "I have come through England, not only believing that my flag would not be insulted, but feeling sure that Englishmen would show it such respect everywhere that my countrymen would hail my coming as a step full of joyful hope for the future." "Bravo!" exclaimed the undergraduate.

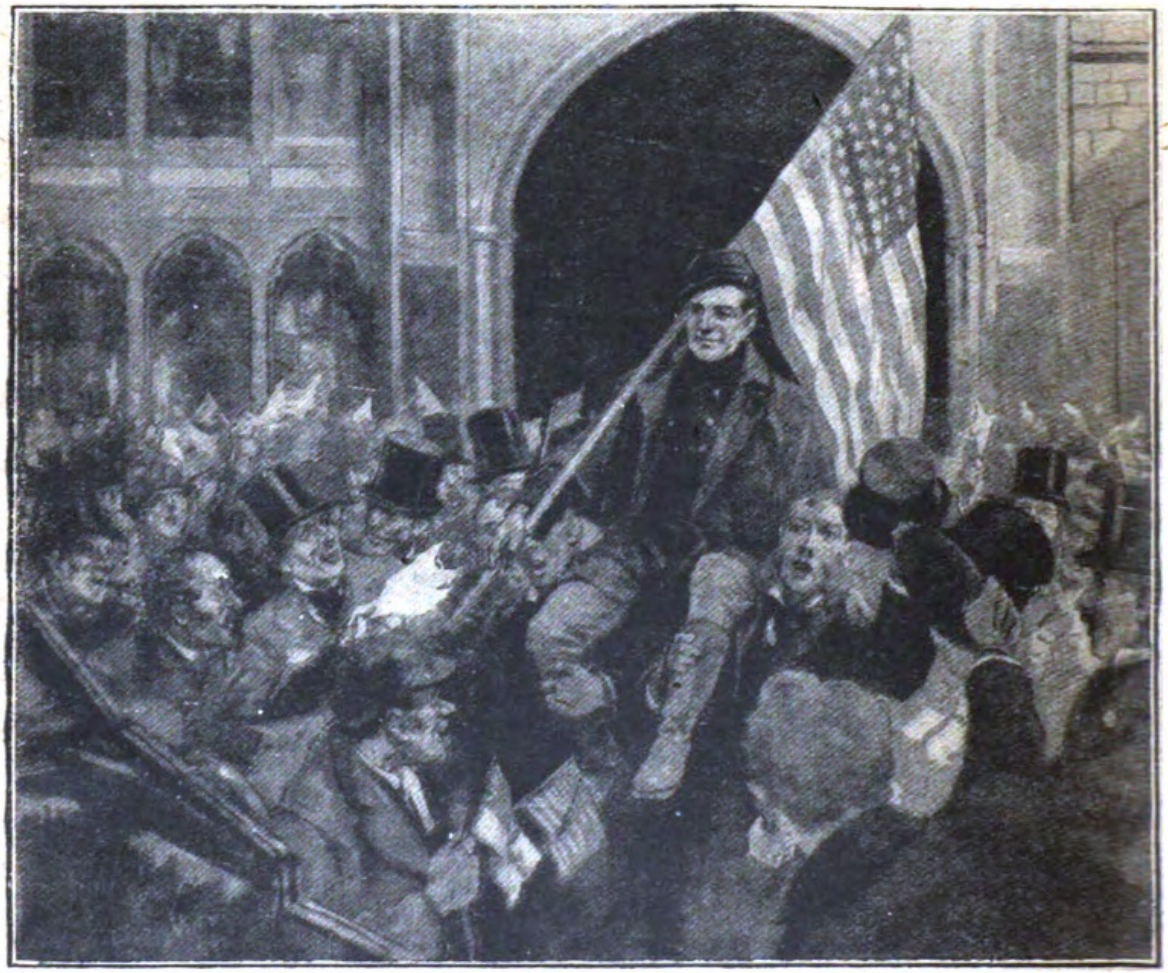
Invitations poured in upon the happy soldier. He supped in University College and breakfasted in Trinity.

On through High Wycombe and Uxbridge passed the soldier with his flag, and the crowd was great as he set out for Shepherd's Bush, whence he was to proceed through London.

There were incidents humorous and pathetic. At one place an aged woman tottered up to him from a wayside house and, leaning on her stick, said, "Let me touch the flag and give my blessing to the bearer. My youngest boy fought for that flag and died for it in your country. He fell with that flag in his hand." Her son, an Englishman, had given his life fighting for the Union. At another place a grimy sweep, fresh from a job, embraced the American most affectionately.

Arrival at Shepherd's Bush.

Bates's quarters at Shepherd's Bush were at the Telegraph, and during the Friday evening the hotel was in a state of siege. Sir John Bennett, an ex-Sheriff of the City, had offered to lend the soldier a carriage, but it was ultimately decided to use an open equipage drawn by a pair of greys, one of them mounted by a postilion.



"BATES HAD PERFORCE TO BE LIFTED ON SHOULDERS AND HOISTED, FLAG AND ALL, BACK INTO THE CARRIAGE."

The daily papers of the 2nd of December, 1872, give a full account of the proceedings. Seated in the carriage was Sergeant Bates holding his beloved flag, while two other flags—the Union Jack and the Star-Spangled banner—trailed behind, the horses' trappings being decorated with international symbols. Up Notting Hill, along Bayswater Road, and through Oxford Street passed the carriage, surrounded and followed by a huge crowd. In Bond Street the horses were taken out and the carriage was dragged by some twenty-five persons along St. James's Street, Pall Mall, by Charing Cross, and through the Strand and Fleet Street, up Ludgate Hill, and along Cheapside to the Guildhall.

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Scene at the Guildhall.

A dense mass of people had congregated in the Guildhall Yard, where a British sergeant was carrying the English Standard. The scene beggared description; the Guildhall itself was full to overflowing, and, having alighted, Bates had perforce to be lifted on shoulders and hoisted, flag and all, back into the carriage, from which place of vantage he made a speech before refurling his banner. He was delighted with his reception in the heart of the great Metropolis and never forgot the sea of faces, the endless crowds, the fluttering flags, the waving handkerchiefs, the cheers, and the kindly greeting of that memorable day. His hand seemed to have been wrung into pulp, and he was struck with the phrasing of the oft-repeated salutation. "Give us your hand, old pal." Cabmen had little American flags mounted on their vehicles or pinned to their horses' heads, ladies had the Stars and Stripes for carriage aprons, and children waved toy flags.

Madame Tussaud's.

Sergeant Bates was somewhat annoyed by relic-hunters, who, could they have had their way, would soon have whittled his flagstaff into imperceptible pieces and riven the banner into a thousand shreds. He gave a piece of flag and his boots to Madame Tussaud's Exhibition as a small offering to those of the British public "who," as he quaintly remarked, "worship such things and who find at Madame Tussaud's perhaps the best field for the satisfaction of their curiosity." Writing from the Langham Hotel, where he was staying, he observed that Madame Tussaud's had previously voted him a niche among the immortal heroes who adorned their exhibition, a mark of honour for which he was told he ought to feel no small pride.

The Sergeant's Prayer.

And what had Sergeant Bates accomplished? He claimed to have succeeded in bringing the two great nations' hearts near to each other till they seemed to beat in unison, and the pulsation of the one was for a while that of the other. "God grant," he said, "that work so begun may not willingly be laid down."

Shoulder to Shoulder.

The continuation of that work has been, and is still being, abundantly manifested ever since the United States joined the Allies in their determined fight for freedom, and there are thousands who echo Sergeant Bates's words, "May the flags of both countries ever wave in freedom and peace till that *far truer time* when there shall be but one flag, because but one people, on the face of the earth."

A PROPHETIC HANDKERCHIEF.

By A. YORICK McGILL.

WHEN I read the fascinating story of how our "Whippet" Tanks, in conjunction with cavalry and infantry, dashed at the foe and harried them so successfully, I drew from a drawer in my desk a handkerchief of prophecy, or, if you like, a prophetic handkerchief. I did not do so as the preliminary of any conjuring trick or to engage in any act connected with divination. It was just to see how the little square of white cotton printed with quaint pictures and lettering was keeping tally of the progress of events. It has been my habit so to do from time to time.

This handkerchief is about a century old. Frequent washing has faded the colour somewhat, but still it is able to tell its story. It has a printed title, displayed along the bottom margin thus: "The Century of Invention, Anno Domini 2000; or the March of Aerostation, Steam, and Perpetual Motion." There is a great landscape with foreground, middle distance, distance, and sky, filled with interesting subjects of the handkerchief-maker's fancy regarding future developments.

But about the "Whippet" Tanks? Well, right across the middle distance there is a double column of twelve military men, headed by an officer. Each gallant fellow is seated astride a little steam-engine having an exhaust-pipe or smoke-funnel at the rear and wheels remarkably like motor-car wheels of to-day, each having a mud-guard exactly like a modern model. From the lips of the officer these words are shown as proceeding: "Attention!!! Get your bellows ready and prepare to blow your fires." Obviously this represents a squadron of steam cavalry engaged in manœuvres. Lest there be any doubt on this score, two figures in cocked hats, tunics, Wellington boots, and such-like old-fashioned gear are shown watching the procession, and one is saying: "Look here, my boy, here are the Steam Guards."

Comment on this is that the prophecy of the handkerchief, that soldiers would forsake the horse for the automobile engine, has been fulfilled long before 2000 A.D.

These old fellows are standing beneath a public gas-lamp which has three tiers of gas-jets. It was not till 1810 that the London Gas Light and Coke Company was formed, and the honoured place in the picture assigned to the gas-lamp indicates that the novelty of the new luminant had not yet worn off. Wafted from the open window of a dwelling overlooking the gas-lamp is this little bit of dialogue: "Why, by all accounts, the coal-mines in the North are nearly exhausted!" "Yes, I saw in the *Steam Register* last night that the coal-mine under Blackheath is to be opened to supply the market." Furthermore, leaning against the shop bearing the name of "W. Blow Out," there is a notice-board reading: "Wonders Will Never Cease. Great Bargains. No Puffing. Selling Off at Prime Cost, 150 Tubs of Hydrogen Gas, as the Proprietor is about to Remove these Premises to Windsor."

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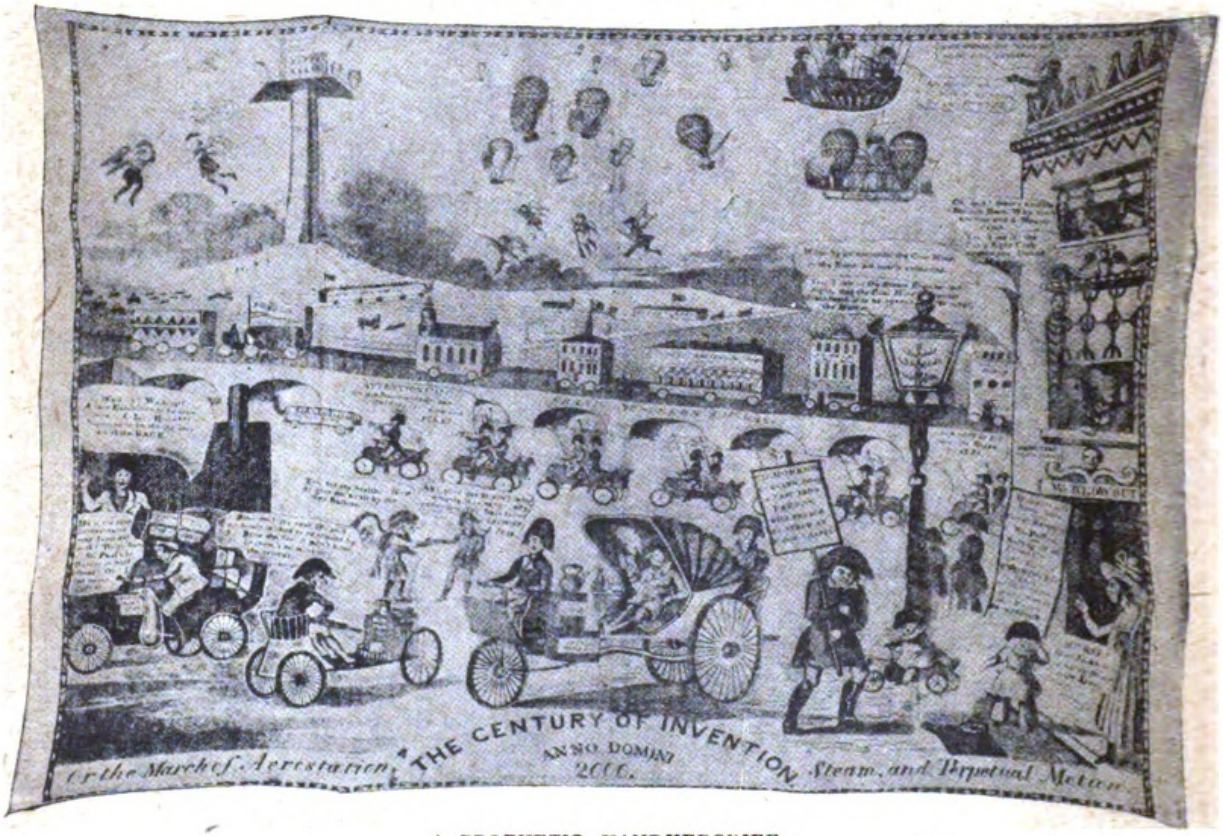
Up in the air, an airship consisting of four Montgolfier balloons, with a boat-shaped structure well crowded with passengers, is speeding along with sails set fore and aft and aloft. This craft is inscribed "The Mail to China." Our handkerchief-prophet has still more than eighty years in hand before his dream in this particular need be justified by fact, but even he would be surprised if he could learn that men have flown from England to Egypt and India "quite in ordinary routine, without special preparation," and that an aviator's flight across the Atlantic is likely soon to be chronicled. Two balloon clubs are seen competing in a squadron race. In each case the aeronauts are shown to be steering by the manipulation of sails, and we are conveniently informed by the voice of a gentleman speaking to his lady friend that "There are four and a stearer (*sic*) in each."

On a huge hollow column set upon a many-sided, broad-stepped base there is seen up among the clouds "The Sky High Inn," displaying a huge bill on which it quotes its terms for each balloon-party making use of its sky-high landing-stage. Good business seems to be doing at the Sky High Inn, as three balloons are moored to the edge of its platform, while, below, a party of aeronauts is seen descending the steps.

With the conventional wings of angels fastened to their shoulders, gentlemen armed with muzzle-loading fowling-pieces are flying about having shots at the feathered game, or having a chat as, with courteously-doffed hats, they make a chance encounter with friends taking a "constitutional" in the air.

In an open carriage propelled by steam an aristocrat, or a past-profiteer of the Napoleonic wars, is seen taking life very easily. A servant in livery is on the box driving the steam-engine, the mechanism of which is discreetly concealed. Another liveried servant is perched in the footman's seat behind. Blowing a cloud from his pipe, reading a book, conscious of having all the ingredients of a bowl of punch—even to a kettle of hot water—to his hand, the great man bowls merrily across the centre of the foreground.

A barber, late for an appointment to shave "His Honour," has had a breakdown of his steam car—quite a small gadabout prototype of a Ford. A porter, also astride *his* car, is "grousing" because his client has expected him to go from St. Paul's to Barnet in half an hour. We get, in a corner, a glimpse of a steam-hauled menagerie, outside which a showman is calling: "Walk up! Walk up! A rare exhibition to be seen here. A Live Horse!!! Supposed to be the very last of the race." There are huge ten-wheeled cars for passengers by road—double-decked cars these, certified to carry "100 inside and 120 outside." There is a chapel on wheels, a balloon-maker's establishment on wheels, a bazaar on wheels, and many other vehicles—and all steam-propelled. The only quadrupeds visible are a pack of dogs and a hunted deer, for even the huntsmen are all astraddle little steam-horses. And for a gracious finish there is, in the foreground, a man carrying over his shoulder a notice to the effect that a cast-iron parson is to preach!



A PROPHETIC HANDKERCHIEF.

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The Man who Understood Women

by Edward Cecil

Illustrated by Stanley Davis

THE sermon was proceeding almost exactly to John Fearon's liking. Here and there he might have put this or that point a little differently. But, after all, the points were there. He checked them off, one by one, as they came from the preacher's lips. Naturally he agreed with them. For the most part they were his own suggestions.

John Fearon sat by himself in his pew, which was to hold six, but rarely held anyone except John Fearon. The church officials understood that no one was ever to be shown into Sir John Fearon's pew. That was the first thing told any new pew-opener. Its long scarlet cushion remained a band of scarlet as you looked down from the gallery, even upon the most crowded congregation which ever filled Sedbury Park Church.

The new minister was doing well. It was through John Fearon that he had been chosen. The strong, hard arguments he now urged, in a cultured Oxford voice, reinforced here and there by a graceful gesture or an apt quotation, were largely John Fearon's arguments.

"Preach a strong sermon on the modern woman. I will tell you what to say"; that had been Fearon's injunction, almost his command. "It's needed. Besides, it will attract attention. I know how to fill the church."

"I will preach my first sermon on Jezebel," the Rev. Edward Maddison had said at once. Naturally he was grateful to Fearon and desired to show it.

"Excellent. You might like to hear my views. Sit down and listen to them. Smoke one of these cigars."

Then had followed the long talk in Fearon's library, a week ago, which was now being reproduced so satisfactorily in Maddison's first sermon to the packed congregation which filled Sedbury Park Church, Burchester.

John Fearon was a dominating sort of man, a very successful man, a very wealthy man, a man of strong views on all sorts of subjects. Success in money-making had made him think that he had also a brain for other things. Natural enough this. He knew how to make money, he knew how to fill a church. It was rather curious, perhaps, that John Fearon, rich man, successful fortune-maker out of manufacturing screws and nails, should also understand women. But, curious or not, that seeming contradiction never struck John Fearon in the light of a contradiction. He understood money-making, and he had made money; he understood women, and he had told the new minister the points to make in his sermon. The two great puzzles of life were not puzzles to John Fearon. He claimed to be a double expert.

"Miss Jessie has come home, sir. I told her you were at chapel, but would be back soon. She has only just come, sir."

With these words John Fearon was greeted as he entered his house. Sedbury House, Sedbury Park, Burchester, the house of Sir John Fearon, was more than an adequate house even for a man who has bought a knighthood. It was a magnificent house, with magnificent grounds. It had more than one garden. It had various "glasshouses." Sir John grew chrysanthemums and orchids. A man must have hobbies. One must do something, if one has no liking for golf or any game in which one cannot always be successful.

Sir John now drew off his gloves and handed his silk hat to his servant before speaking.

"So Miss Jessica has come home. Did she say how long she was going to stay?" he asked.

He was vaguely annoyed at the independent way in which his daughter managed her own affairs—as he always was; at what she was, an actress—an old bone of contention; and also at the fact that his servant had spoken of his being "at chapel," and not "at church." He always used the word "church" himself.

"No, sir. Not definitely, sir. But she spoke of motoring back to London this evening."

Sir John muttered something about "restlessness," and at that moment Jessica Fearon appeared to speak for herself. She came downstairs. She did so with a sure command of herself. Her experience of the stage had given her a certain power to appear well even in the little ordinary actions of daily life. Her youth and striking beauty were never lost. She was well dressed, and she stopped half-way down the stairs and spoke down to her father.

"Well, father," she said, "how are you?"

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"SHE FACED HIM ACROSS THE TABLE, HER ELBOWS ON THE CLOTH, HER PRETTY FACE RESTING IN THE CUP MADE BY HER HANDS."

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He looked up, and he was compelled to see her as she wished him to see her, at her best. She had a difficult thing to do that day, and she was setting about doing it carefully.

"You are looking well, Jessica," he said, in his blunt, direct way, coming straight to the point.

"I am glad you like my new dress," she said, smiling. "I believe it suits me."

"Well, surely you have not come down to Burchester to fascinate *me!*"

She blushed. He looked at her sharply.

"Lunch will not be ready just yet," he said. "Come into the drawing-room."

They went into that room—the woman's room in that house in which there was no woman's touch, in which the housemaid put the flowers the gardener gave her regularly in regular quantities.

But in that room, before lunch, John Fearon found out nothing. Jessica talked about orchids and nothing else, and, although he did not know she was doing so, she talked her father into a good humour.

During lunch Jessica talked about London, and her father talked about Burchester. He was standing for Parliament for one of the city divisions, that in which Sedbury Park was included, and he had begun to nurse the constituency. He told her this as a surprise.

"And *now* I know," exclaimed Jessica, gaily, "why on a beautifully fine morning you go to church in a frock-coat, a stiffly-starched waistcoat, a glossy collar, and a silk hat. You deserve to win!"

She faced him across the table, her elbows on the cloth, her pretty face resting in the cup made by her hands. And she smiled, happy and challenging. For she was happy, very happy indeed. She would be completely happy if only she could be sure of one thing. And she did challenge her father—she had challenged him for years past more or less successfully. She challenged him in her mode of life against his mode of life. Partly in nervousness, partly in sheer high spirits, she now dared actually to make fun of him.

The remark from her point of view was unfortunate. John Fearon took himself very seriously, and he remembered he had gone to chapel that morning not merely because it was wise to do so from the point of view of the next General Election, but also because he was going to hear a sermon for the outline of which at least he was responsible. And that reminded him of a good many things, and of a good deal about Jessica he did not like.

"You shouldn't make fun of things you don't understand, Jessica."

"I am not making fun. I am admiring your tact."

"Nothing of the sort, Jessica. You are imputing to me what would be the motives of a man in your world, in doing what I did this morning. He would be playing the hypocrite. But you are wrong. I am not that. The opinions I stand for I believe. This morning I was in complete agreement with the whole of the sermon."

"Oh, my dear father!"

She was divided between a desire to laugh and a desire to weep. How could he be so deadly serious with no one present except his own daughter! What would the world be like without its harmless deceptions?

Still, she saw that the advantage was now against her. She could have kicked herself for being so foolish as to tread on corns which she knew quite well were there. And suddenly she remembered something which alarmed her. She had seen the subject of that morning's sermon announced on a notice-board outside the church as she had passed it coming home—Jezebel. She could guess what the sermon had been like if her father had liked it. His views on women were known to her.

He pushed aside his dessert-plate and leaned back in his chair.

"And now, Jessica, let's have it. What have you come to see me about?"

Jessica had a fine spirit.

"I've come to tell you something."

"Yes?"

"I'm going to be married."

"Well, if the man is a sound man, that is a sound proposition. You need steadying."

"So that is your idea of marriage, from the woman's point of view."

"One of my ideas. If a woman has good looks she needs steadying. I say it again—marriage steadies her."

"I am not marrying because I feel the need of being steadied. I am marrying a man because I love him."

"I hope he is a good man in a good position."

He spoke tentatively, as if he meant to imply that it was unlikely that she would be able to pick out of her world the sort of man he had in mind. And she felt this and curbed her rising inclination to make no effort to try to conciliate him. What he meant by "good" was so very likely to be something quite different from what she would mean in judging a man. And she ought to be the judge, not he.

"Well, naturally I think him a good man," she said, lightly.

"Who is he? Where does he come from? What does he do for a living? Where and how did you meet him?"

"I met him in London. There is a Burchester Society, as you know. I think you are a vice-president."

"I am."

"I met him at one of the meetings. He comes from Burchester."

"Who is he?"

She did not answer. When it came to the point she was just a little afraid.

"Who is he?"

"His name is Gerald Ormandy."

"Nephew of John Ormandy?"

"Yes."

For a full minute John Fearon looked at his daughter and said nothing.

"It's impossible," he said, at last, just as if he had been finally refusing some business deal.

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"Oh, of course I knew you would say that. You and his uncle have not been on speaking terms for years. But why should he and I have our lives ruined because of that?"



"I cannot enter into details, Jessica. Don't exaggerate about having your life ruined. My daughter cannot marry John Ormandy's nephew."

"Why?"

"Because I say so."

Fearon's brain had been working in its usual way. "Be firm *now*," it told him, "and you will settle the matter." "In dealing with women what is wanted is a firm hand," that was another thing it told him. "A girl's broken heart is easily healed," that was a third thing.

"But you don't seriously think I can accept that—as a reason?"

"Certainly. If I refuse consent that is a very good reason for your not marrying Gerald Ormandy."

"But it's no *reason*. Whereas if I love him, *that* is a reason why I should marry him."

"My dear Jessica, do you expect me to argue the point?"

"Yes, I do."

"One of my rules is, 'Never argue with a woman.' I am not the sort of man to make rules to break them."

"Neither am I the sort of girl to give way simply because I am told to give way."

She answered him bravely. Even though he was her father, he angered her. She coloured. Her eyes shone. She looked adorable.

"And if I do marry without your consent—what is the penalty?"

"The charities in Burchester will benefit very greatly by my death."

"As bad as that?"

"Yes, as bad as that."

"AND IF I DO MARRY WITHOUT YOUR

"You have thought all this out beforehand?"

"Well, I admit I have always thought it possible that I might some day have trouble with you over this very question. A pretty girl is always apt to make a mess of her marriage."

He smiled. But his clumsy attempt to mollify her miscarried. For he was up against her outraged womanhood. She knew his views. And she knew them to be both cruel and unjust.

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"Aren't you — prejudiced?"

He paused, took a cigar from his case, and slowly lighted it. He knew there was a brain against him. How should he best fight it?

"Prejudiced?" he asked, pleasantly. "How? Against John Ormandy, or against women in general?"

"Both."

"Do you know why I quarrelled with John Ormandy?" he asked.

"No. How should I? You have never told me."

"But *do* you know?"

"No. I should be interested to know."

"Oh, it's an old quarrel—long dead. It's best dead—and buried."

He was relieved, however, and he poured out for himself a glass of port.



CONSENT—WHAT IS THE PENALTY?'"

"Come, Jessica. Take my advice. Think it over. I don't consent. I'm sorry, but I can't. You would be throwing yourself away."

But she was not satisfied.

She leaned forward. Her whole thoughts were about the man she loved.

"You can't throw dust in my eyes, father," she said. "What is it you have against John Ormandy? Something which makes you say cannot marry his nephew. What is it?"

"Nothing—now."

"You don't convince me."

"I can't help that. I simply think that this marriage is not good enough for my daughter."

Little did he know what storm he was raising.

"Not good enough!" exclaimed Jessica. "Not substantial enough! Not sufficiently heavily weighted with gold! Not to a man who is likely to squeeze money out of those who work for him and become what you are—rich! Not a good enough price, now or prospective, to be paid for me! Oh, how I hate that sort of view of marriage! I tell you frankly, it is not good enough for me!"

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He drew in the smoke of his excellent cigar, and it comforted him.

"It's no good shouting, Jessica," he said, calmly. "You know my decision."

"A woman always makes a scene," he was telling himself. "But her anger passes. It is only necessary to keep firm."

He understood women, you see!

"Will you come and look at my new orchids?" he said.

"Of course. I should like to see them."

She regained control of herself quickly. She even smiled. For she also had a brain.

He was a little surprised. But he kept his head. By all the rules of the game, she ought to have broken down and cried. He was a little uneasy. It did not occur to him that perhaps after all he really understood less about women than he thought he did. But he was a little uneasy. Why did she not break down and cry?

"Well, come along," he said, lightly. "They are worth seeing."

"Mr. John Ormandy."

The door was closed, and John Fearon stood up to receive the man he had asked to come and see him, and who, although there had been a natural fear that he might not come, had come.

"I am glad you have been kind enough to come and see me. Probably you have guessed what I have asked you to come and talk about. An hour ago my daughter Jessica left me. She is motoring back to London to-night, as she has a rehearsal to attend to-morrow morning. I suppose you know that she and your nephew want to marry?"

John Ormandy, organist of Burchester Cathedral, was a man essentially different in almost every particular from John Fearon. Whereas Fearon was stout, thick-set, strong, and massive in build, he was tall and thin; his shoulders stooped slightly, his face gave an impression, when in repose, of a calm mind prone to thought, but not a strong mind, or, at any rate, one possessing that strength which is popularly supposed to adorn successful manhood. And whereas Fearon's manner was always a little stiff and pompous, even in his most genial moments, and was particularly so now in hiding a nervousness which he would have scorned to admit, but which was none the less real, Ormandy's manners were always natural and easy. He was one of those men who hate to make a fuss. And now, despite the fact that during the last twenty years he had never spoken to Fearon, seeing that he had been asked to come and see him, and by his coming had obviously consented to renew relations with him, he saw no occasion to be stiff and formal.

"Yes," he said, "I know all about it. May I sit down?"

"Of course. This chair. I think you will find it comfortable."

"More than comfortable—luxurious."

He could not resist this dig at Sir John Fearon's library. He glanced casually at the books, behind glass doors, in leather bindings, in complete sets—but probably never read.

"I have not asked you to come and see me without a good deal of hesitation," Fearon began.

"Well, you *have* asked me, and I have come."

"I have acknowledged your kindness in coming."

"Is there really any necessity, Fearon, for all this preliminary fuss? My nephew wants to marry your daughter. Your daughter wants to marry my nephew. I am quite agreeable. You are not. You want to talk things over. I have no objection to doing so."

"Well, you put the thing in a nutshell," said Fearon, bluntly. "I do not consent to my daughter marrying your nephew. Surely even you must admit it would not be—decent."

"I have said I am quite agreeable to the marriage," said Ormandy, quietly.

"Really, Ormandy," exclaimed Fearon, "you are a most impossible man."

"If you mean I am quite different from you——"

"I mean what I say. You are impossible to deal with."

"Then why trouble to deal with me? For my part I do not see the slightest reason why our old quarrel about a woman, whose life you ruined, should stand in the way of my nephew and your daughter marrying. Neither of them knows anything about it. Why should they?"

"Your nephew knows nothing about it?"

"Nothing. I told you twenty years ago that I should keep the secret. I have kept it. I promised never to tell anyone, not for your sake or my sake, but for the sake of the woman who was then alive, whom I loved but whom you possessed."

"I know all about your advanced views, Ormandy."

"My views are not at all advanced. In fact, as things go nowadays, they are quite respectable."

"Even for a cathedral organist."

Ormandy smiled. The vulgar gibe was not worth answering.

Fearon, still walking up and down, began to talk rapidly.

"Let me tell you a story. Twenty years ago there were two young men here in Burchester. One was industrious, hard-working. He was rapidly building up a fortune. The other was an excellent amateur musician—nothing more. The first young man married the prettiest girl in Burchester. The second young man induced her to run away with him. But the first young man, acting swiftly, took a special train and caught the runaways and brought his wife back. He took her back on conditions. The whole thing was kept quiet. Twenty years later the first young man, become a rich man, refuses to consent to his only child marrying the nephew of the man who came near to success in wrecking his married happiness. The nephew, who has lived with that man since childhood, has had his character formed by him, has absorbed his views of life, his curious ideas of right and wrong—is, to all intents and purposes, his son. Of course I refuse my consent, Ormandy. Of course I refuse it. No right-minded man would blame me."

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"I wonder that phrase your 'married happiness' did not stick in your throat, Fearon," said Ormandy. "You never had any 'married happiness,' you know. Neither had she, poor thing. You know as well as I do that Lucy Brooke only married you because her parents made her do it."

"She died my wife, respected as my wife. She had always every comfort money could buy."

"And a husband whose idea of treating a wife was not essentially different from a horse-dealer's idea of breaking in a horse."

Ormandy spoke without a trace of feeling, in a quiet, level voice.

"But I was her husband, and you were not."

"Mercifully for her she died. Has it ever occurred to you, Fearon, that you killed her?"

"You are talking preposterous nonsense," Fearon broke out. "You are abusing my hospitality. I shall not listen to you."

He moved towards the bell.

"Stop!" Ormandy now spoke sharply. "You will listen to me. Your daughter came to see me after leaving you, and after I got your note asking me to come in and see you this evening. She wanted to know why you and I had quarrelled. I did not tell her. I told her that you should tell her, and that she could then decide for herself whether our quarrel was any reason why she should not marry Gerald. If she insists on being told, and Gerald also insists, I intend to tell *my version of what happened in the past.* It's somewhat different from yours. Supposing you consent to the marriage, neither version need be told, and the past may remain dead and buried."

"I shall not consent to her marrying your nephew."

"But you will listen to my version of what happened twenty years ago."

"I suppose I must."

"Well, sit down, Fearon. You fidget me, walking about I am just going to tell you quite quietly and dispassionately my view now of what happened twenty years ago."

Then began half an hour in John Fearon's life which he never afterwards forgot. Ormandy did not spare him. He told him now once again exactly what he had told him twenty years before. After explaining to him that Lucy Brooke never loved him, and that after she married him she hated him, he recalled item by item each detail of that episode of her running away from him.

"She came to me that day quite desperate. I need not tell you the things she said about you. You had not shown actual physical cruelty, but I adhere to my remark that your idea of married life could be summed up under that phrase—breaking the woman in. She told me that living with you had taught her what my love might have made life for her, and she told me that she did love me, had always loved me, had never loved you, would always love me, would burn her boats and cross the Rubicon with me if I would take her across. Remember, I loved her. I consented to help her, and all the time I was holding myself in with all my strength so that I might not take her in my arms and kiss her back to happiness. I even told her to go back to you, at least for that night. But she refused point-blank. She refused to go to any of her relations, knowing well enough that her family had made her marriage with you for their own advantage. Finally, I took her up to London by the last train from Burchester that evening, and you followed us up by taking a special train. But I was taking her that night to my sister's in Hampstead. I told you that at the time."

"And I told you I did not believe you. I didn't and I don't."

"As you please, Fearon. But it was true."

"Who *would* believe such an obvious lie? I caught you up, as you know, after ten o'clock, at the Station Hotel, where you were having supper together and where you had booked a room."

"For myself only."

"Moreover, your sister was not expecting you."

"But I tell you I was taking her up to Hampstead."

"It's twenty years old now. Why not admit the truth?"

"I have told you the truth. Well, it doesn't matter. You exercised what you call your dominant will. You bullied her into returning to you. You worked on her feelings, and finally, for the sake of the child Jessica, not for your sake or her own sake, she gave up the idea of divorce from you through me, and happiness with me—the way of escape which was open to her, and which I was prepared to give, though not in the heat of the moment when she was overwrought, but only when she could face it quite calmly. I did not induce her to run away with me. I did not wreck that which you call so foolishly your married happiness, which never existed."

Fearon muttered something about "the old pack of lies." But he made no other answer.

"Well, you know the end—she died."

For a full minute Ormandy said nothing else. He let that fact sink in. Then, speaking very slowly, he began explaining that the rough-and-ready way of treating women does not mean understanding women.

"Lucy Brooke was as sweet and beautiful a girl as ever lived. Your idea of understanding her killed her. That's blunt, but it's true. Love, kindness, gentleness, patience—things you do not understand—all these are needed by those who really understand women. Give them and you are given what a man like you is never given—knowledge of the woman's soul, which is much more valuable than her body."

"Don't talk sentiment. You and I are men."

"Very different men, I hope."

"Of course. I am the sort of man who makes a success of life; you, the sort which makes, at best, a sort of pleasant failure."

"I am content to be 'a pleasant failure.'"

"You did a lot of harm allowing her to talk nonsense to you. Surely you can see that?"

"I did no harm. I am sorry sometimes I did

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not act more strongly and secure her escape from you. The day she died I felt that I too had shared in the responsibility for her death. I might have saved her."

He spoke with feeling, which he did not trouble to conceal.

"She died respected," said Fearon, coldly.

"She might have lived happy."

"You have very loose ideas about right and wrong. Probably your nephew has the same ideas."

"Very likely he has. Quite a number of people believe nowadays that love is the only true basis on which you can build marriage."

"Well, I am not going to allow Jessica to marry a man brought up as you have brought up your nephew. It wouldn't be safe."

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Fearon, and one of his housemaids entered.

"I found this pinned on the pin-cushion on your dressing-table, sir. I don't know whether I am right in bringing it you. But I thought you might like to have it, before you went up to bed, sir."

"Thank you," said Fearon, curtly, and the girl went out.

But Ormandy noticed that his hand, as he took the note, trembled.

"Excuse me," he muttered, as he opened it.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I have decided to do the Burchester charities a good turn. I am going to marry a man who understands what to give a woman better than you do. I am sorry, but it rests with you whether I am still to remain

"Your affectionate daughter,

"JESSICA."

For a minute Fearon hesitated.

"What a strange coincidence!" he said, looking up. "*She* also left a note for me on the pin-cushion on my dressing-table when she left me to go to you. Now Jessica has left this for me. Read it."

Ormandy read it and handed it back.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, politely, rather than as if he were really interested.

"What can I do?"

"Nothing."

"You mean I must accept defeat?"

"I mean you have lost. You never had your wife's love. You are in a fair way to lose your daughter's. It all comes from thinking you understand women so well, Fearon."

Ormandy did not spare him. Why should he? Fearon himself knew there was no reason why he should, and thought no less of him for not doing so. And then, suddenly, it occurred to Fearon that after all he had not been very successful in a very important thing in life, possibly the most important thing.

"I must think what I ought to do," he said—a little unsteadily, Ormandy thought.

"Which of our charities are most deserving?"

John Fearon drew himself up bravely. At least he could fight.

"Yes," he rapped out. "Exactly. How shall I divide up all this?"

He swept his arm round in a sort of half-circle, which was meant to imply all his worldly wealth.

And presently he was alone, there in his library, Ormandy gone, Jessica gone, his wife dead and gone, his servants gone up to bed. He was quite alone there, free to think undisturbed all night if he so wished.

Well, he was not the sort of man to waste time maundering about with silly thoughts. That was not the way in which he had built up his fortune, built his house and his glass-houses and laid out his grounds, bought his knighthood and all that. Once fairly in politics, he might rise to——

He stopped at that—knighthood, a baronetcy, a son——

Well, he had no son. He might have had a son——

So Lucy had never loved him, had hated him, had always loved Ormandy!

What a tangle life is!

Lucy! Well, nothing could alter the past. What point was there in thinking about it?

He adjusted the light, sat down at his desk, took a clean sheet of paper, and began to jot down the names of Burchester charities.

He had been doing this for some time when something rather strange happened. He seemed to feel a touch on his right arm. He even looked up, so real did it seem. But of course he saw nothing. Still, such tricks does memory play, he immediately remembered an incident, twenty years old, when, sitting at that very table, his wife had put a restraining touch upon his arm when he was in the act of signing certain documents which finally closed a rather sharp piece of dealing even for the screw and nail trade. He had been angry then. He was not angry now. What is the good of being angry when one is alone?

Lucy! Well, that morning he had worshipped God. He supposed he believed in another world. Lucy was there, waiting. For him? No, probably not for him, but for Ormandy.

Then he put down his pen and began to think—almost for the first time in his life, if the truth must be told—against himself.

In the morning the housemaid, dusting the library, saw nothing in the waste-paper basket except a few pieces of torn paper. With a housemaid's curiosity she idly pieced them together.

"Burchester General Hospital—Burchester Hospital for Diseases of the Skin—Burchester Slum Improvement Society—Sedbury Park Church Christian Mission——"

She did not trouble further.

"Not very interesting," she observed.

But those torn pieces of paper *were* interesting. They indicated, possibly, the beginning of the salvation of John Fearon's soul.

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The Hardest Bridge Problems.

SIX MORE EXAMPLES.

The series of problems published in our Christmas Number under the title of "The Hardest Bridge Problems" proved so popular with our readers that we now give another series selected by Mr. R. F. Foster, which we feel sure will be found equally entertaining. Solutions next month.

1.—By R. C. Mankowski.

Y: Hearts—5. Clubs—Queen. Diamonds—Knave, 10, 3. Spades—10, 6, 2.

A: Hearts—King, knave. Clubs—8. Diamonds—Ace, 8, 7, 6, 5. Spades—None.

B: Hearts—4. Clubs—6. Diamonds—Queen. Spades—Ace, queen, 8, 4, 3.

Z: Hearts—Queen, 8. Clubs—9. Diamonds—None. Spades—King, knave, 9, 7, 5.

No trumps. Z to lead. Y and Z to win four.

2.—By Frank S. Busser.

Y: Hearts—Ace, 9, 3. Clubs—10, 4, 3. Diamonds—None. Spades—Ace, 10.

A: Hearts—None. Clubs—King, 7. Diamonds—King, knave, 9, 8, 5. Spades—9.

B: Hearts—King, 6. Clubs—9, 6, 5. Diamonds—None. Spades—King, knave, 8.

Z: Hearts—7. Clubs—Ace, 8, 2. Diamonds—Ace, queen. Spades—Queen, 3.

No trumps. Z to lead. Y and Z to win seven.

3.—By Jay Reed.

Y: Hearts—6, 2. Clubs—None. Diamonds—Ace, 8, 2. Spades—King, queen.

A: Hearts—9, 4. Clubs—None. Diamonds—King, 7, 4. Spades—Ace, 8.

B: Hearts—None. Clubs—Knave. Diamonds—Queen, 9, 6, 5. Spades—4, 2.

Z: Hearts—Knave. Clubs—8. Diamonds—Knave, 10, 3. Spades—6, 3.

No trumps. Z to lead. Y and Z to win four.

4.—By Frank S. Busser.

Y: Hearts—Ace, 4. Clubs—Knave, 7, 6. Diamonds—4. Spades—3.

A: Hearts—6, 2. Clubs—10, 9, 4. Diamonds—Ace, 7. Spades—None.

B: Hearts—King, 5. Clubs—King, 8, 5. Diamonds—None. Spades—King, 8.

Z: Hearts—3. Clubs—Ace, queen, 3. Diamonds—8. Spades—Ace, 7.

No trumps. Z to lead. Y and Z to win five.

5.—By R. C. Mankowski.

Y: Hearts—8, 7, 6, 5. Clubs—10. Diamonds—6, 5. Spades—Knave.

A: Hearts—Ace, 10. Clubs—Queen, 4. Diamonds—King, queen, 8. Spades—7.

B: Hearts—Queen. Clubs—None. Diamonds—10. Spades—King, 10, 9, 8, 6, 5.

Z: Hearts—None. Clubs—6. Diamonds—Knave, 9, 4. Spades—Ace, queen, 4, 3.

Clubs trumps. Z to lead. Y and Z to win three.

6.—By Frank S. Busser.

Y: Hearts—Ace, king, 2. Clubs—10, 7, 4, 2. Diamonds—4. Spades—None.

A: Hearts—None. Clubs—9, 8, 6, 5. Diamonds—Queen. Spades—Ace, 4, 3.

B: Hearts—Queen, knave, 9. Clubs—King, queen. Diamonds—King, 8, 2. Spades—None.

Z: Hearts—3. Clubs—Ace, knave, 3. Diamonds—Ace, 5. Spades—6, 5.

No trumps. Z to lead. Y and Z to win seven.

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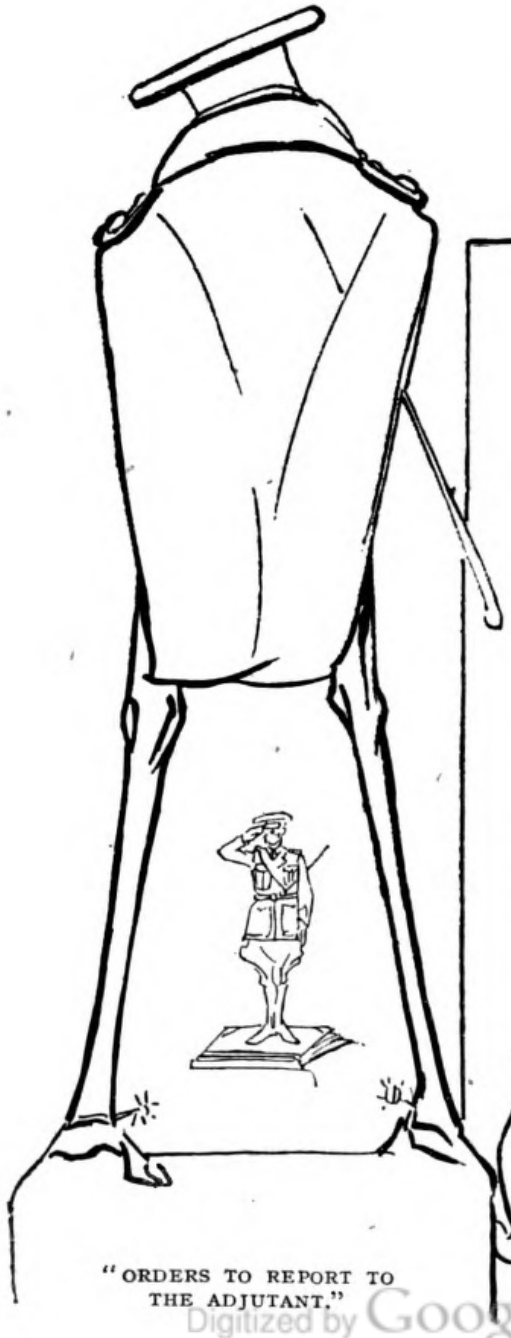
ZIGZAGS AT THE ZOO



The following New Series of this popular feature by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, the greatest living artist of animal life, will be exhibited simultaneously at the principal Cinemas throughout the country in animated form by Mr. Ernest H. Mills, controlled by Kine Komedy Kartoons, 66, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

Drawings by J. A. Shepherd.

FOUR years and a half of war has brought reports from war correspondents everywhere: from the desolated towns and fields of Belgium and France, the inhospitable crags of the Balkans, the parching deserts of Sinai and Mesopotamia, the icy shores of Russia, the poisonous forests of Africa, the lonely isles of Polynesia, and from the battered moving islands of the Navy. The home front has not been neglected,



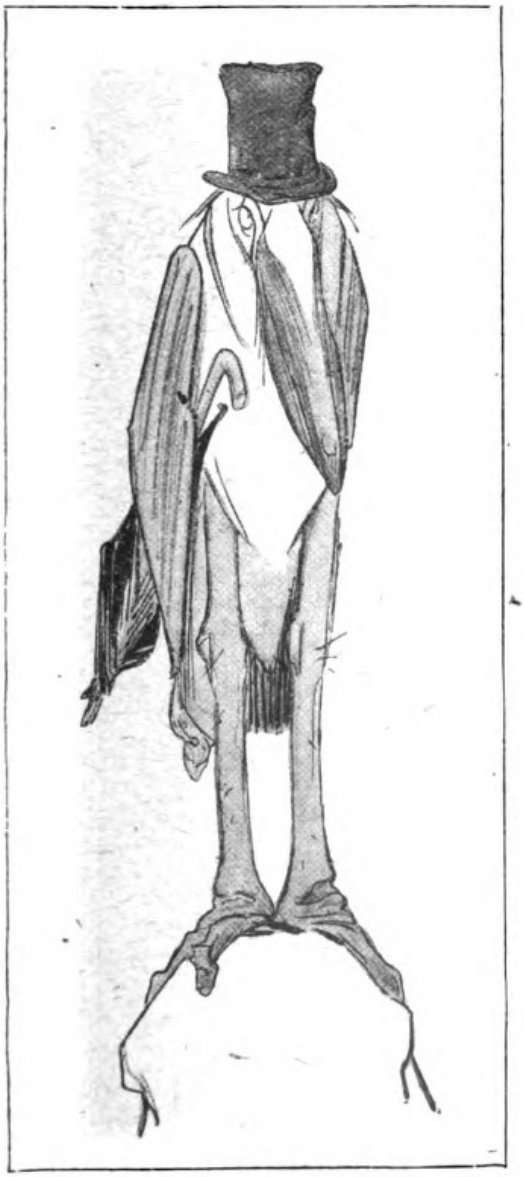
"ORDERS TO REPORT TO THE ADJUTANT."



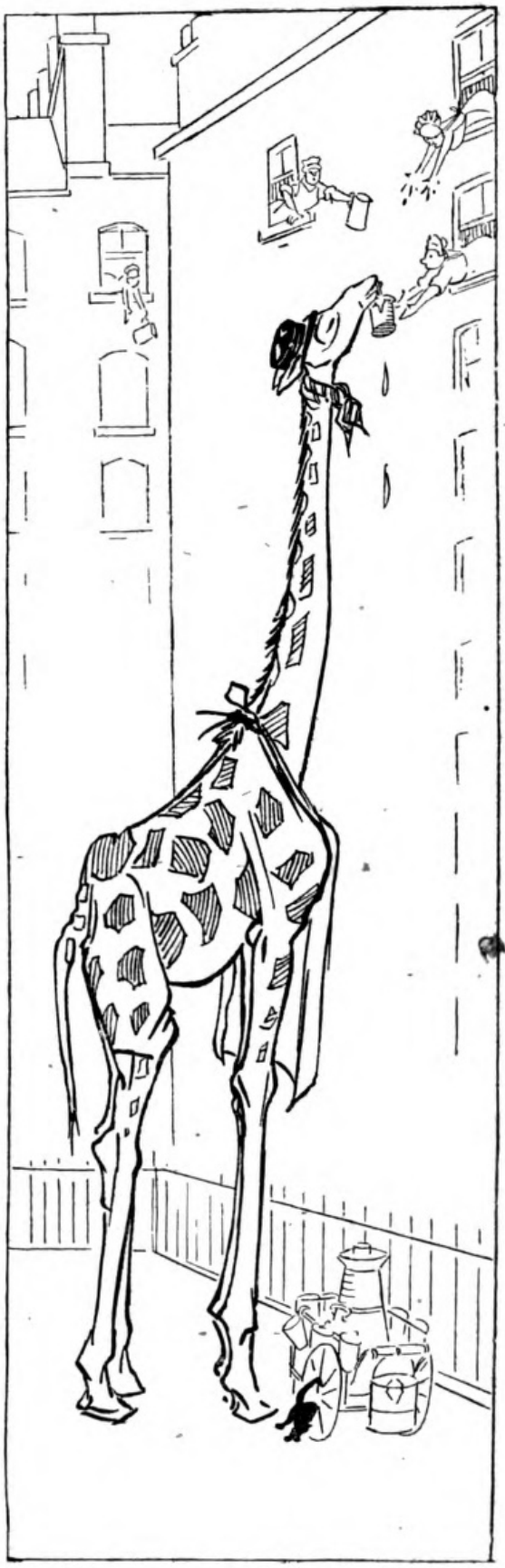
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the tenacious fortitude of the strikers, whom no disaster to our arms could turn from their unswerving pursuit of a bit more, and the women who were splendid, or at any rate as splendid as they could manage on five or six pounds a week, have all received their meed of praise, although perhaps not always done justice to, any more than the dogged tradesman who struggled desperately through on five times his usual profits. All the sufferings of these we have learned to know, but the Zoological front seems to have been forgotten. Nevertheless, the effects of war were felt, and sadly felt, in the dug-outs and pill-boxes of Regent's Park; and the casualty list has been serious.

Moved to repair the serious neglect of this part of the line, the commanding officer of THE STRAND MAGAZINE dispatched the Artist on an urgent mission, with orders to report to the adjutant at the Zoo, in proper form, standing



"AN UNMILITARY PESSIMIST."



NATIONAL SERVICE.

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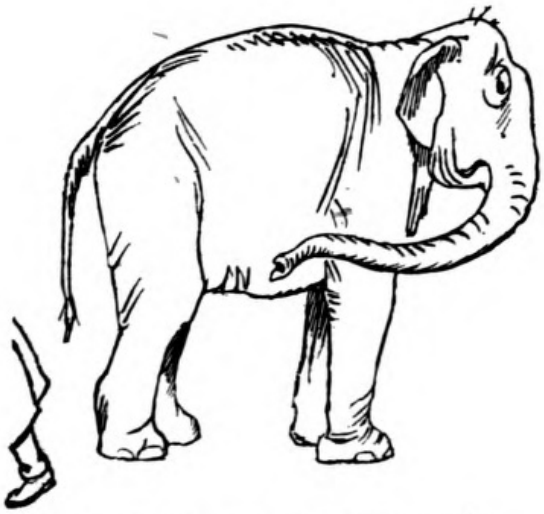
"GOT SUCH A THING AS A BUN ABOUT YOU, MISTER?"



"D.O.R.A."

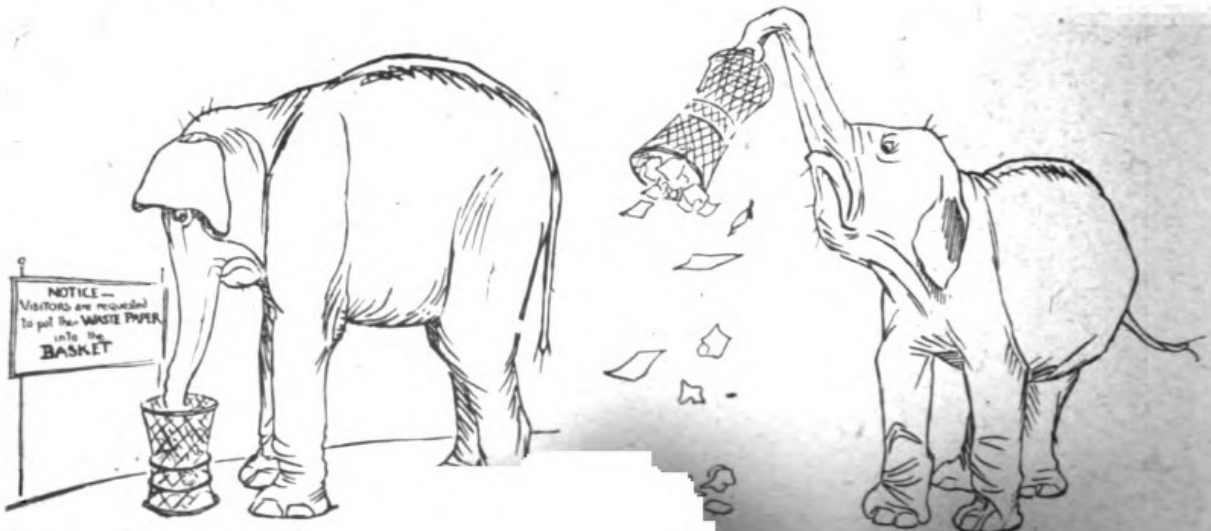
at attention, heels together, feet turned out at an angle of forty-five degrees, and a smart salute.

Alas for the Artist's military ambitions, however, this warlike opening had to be cut; for it was discovered that the adjutant (his immortal name was Billy) had become a casualty of war, and no more would grace the parade of the stork enclosure with his martinet strut, his more than Wellingtonian beak, the tangerine on the back of his neck and the bagpipes in



"COME ON. NO ONE WILL SEE"

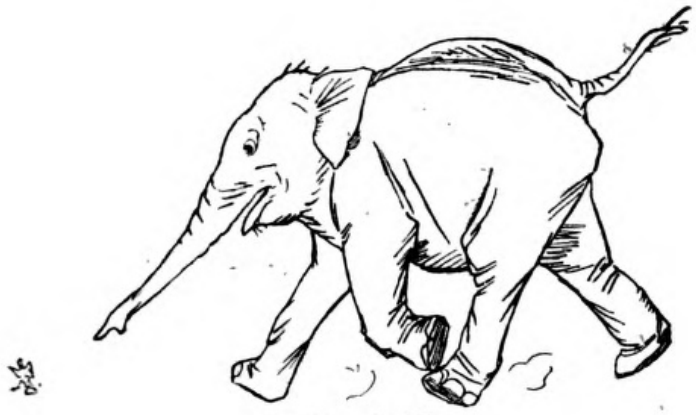
front of it, which had made part of his martial panoply. Billy is gone, and not an adjutant stork remains. In his place mopes the most unmilitary pessimist imaginable—the marabou stork, a pimple-nosed, disreputable old ragamuffin before whom any idea of a military salute is out of the question. The marabou shakes his head if you mention the war. He can't believe it is over, since his rations remain the same; doesn't believe it ever will be. He has his own view of those



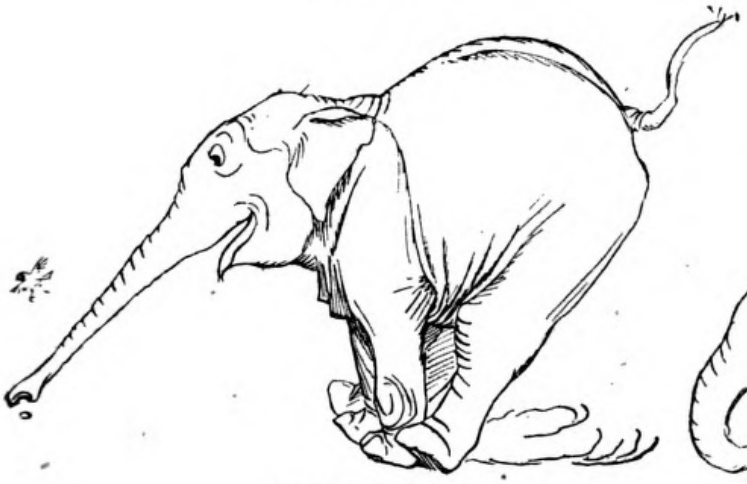
"A LAST H

"NO O

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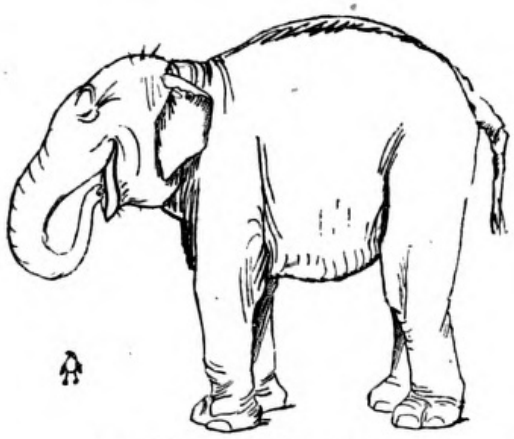
"WHAT HO!"



"GOT IT!"

people who advocated closing the Zoo and eating all the eatable tenants and stuffing the rest; he cannot see why valuable food should be wasted on mere human creatures who have nothing to do in life but stare at birds; for the disreputable marabou has never seen human creatures do anything else.

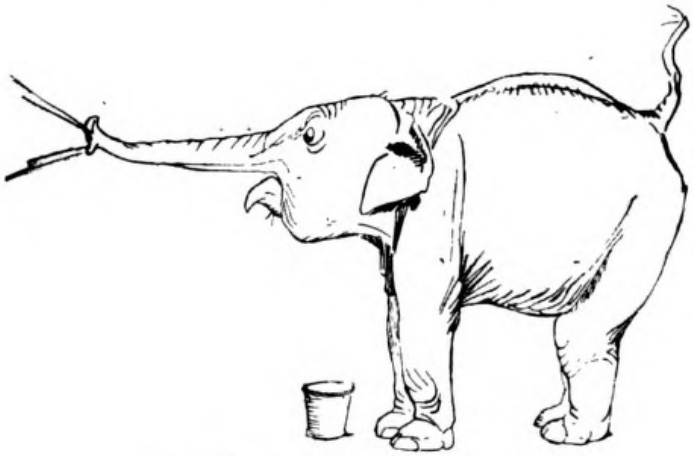
Lack of imagination wastes many opportunities, and the grudgers of food at the Zoo never seem to have thought of adapting the exhibits to war-work instead of suppressing them. The giraffe, for instance, it is true, may consume food that could have been turned into milk by a properly skilled cow; but there is distribution also to consider, and what a getting upstairs and waste of human effort and shoe-leather might have been saved by giving the giraffe a milk-round in these days of many-floored flats! But, no—it never occurred to anybody to adapt the exhibits to the circumstances of war, or even to feed a tiger with a profiteer. Instead, the society took in pigs and hens to board, and to make room for the new lodgers evicted and redistributed the lifelong tenants wholesale. In the enclosures where one was wont to look



A CRUMB OF COMFORT.

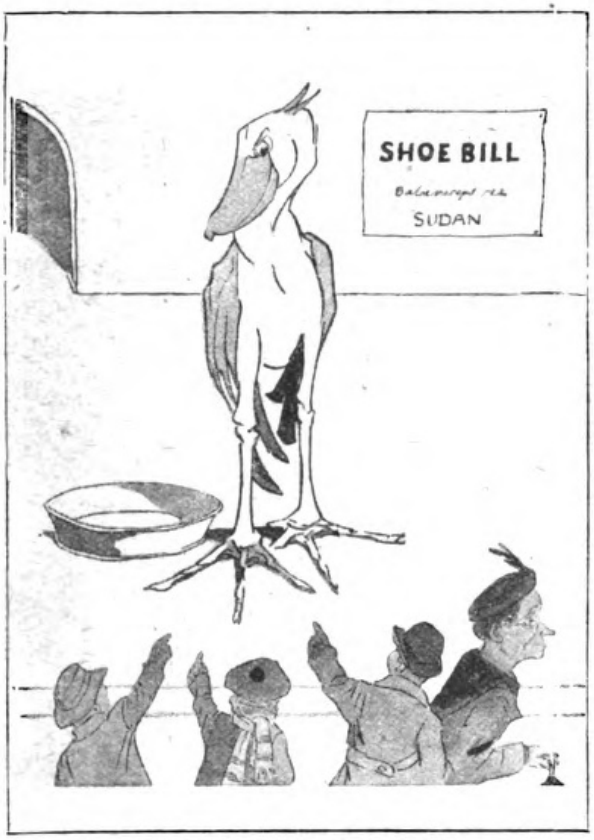


"A WHITE ELEPHANT."



"THAT'S THE CAUSE OF IT ALL!"

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"WHAT'S THAT, MOTHER?"



"THAT? GOOD HEAVENS! SHOE BILL."

for exotic birds of strange and gorgeous plumage one finds the label "Domestic Fowl," and where the rare and radiant birds of the tropics ranged you see rabbits. The war has evicted the elephant-seal and his like, and shell-holes, cement-lined, dot the landscape where their ponds lay Rations of all sorts have been mighty scarce, and, as though to rub it in, threatening notices are posted, menacing with the Defence of the Realm Act any nefarious visitor who dares to



"A TERRIBLE ITEM, THESE DAYS."

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give Bread, Buns, or Biscuits to any Bird or Beast. It has been a sad four and half years for the elephants; they affect not to see the notices, and still desperately beg of visitors, on the wild chance of finding somebody who can't read with a hoard of biscuits in his pocket. In peace time the elephant doesn't cadge; he accepts contributions—or he takes them uninvited—with a lordly condescension that harmonizes with his size and dignity. But in war time, and in the hard times that follow, the elephant's dignity and condescension go, and he becomes a seedy, urgent, and disappointed cadger. He will test the law-abidingness of visitors, and when visitors fail, as they do, he will hunt humbly in odd corners for stray crumbs, turn over waste-paper baskets, and even descend to competition with the esurient sparrow.

Altogether it must be a bad time for elephants



"WHAT!"



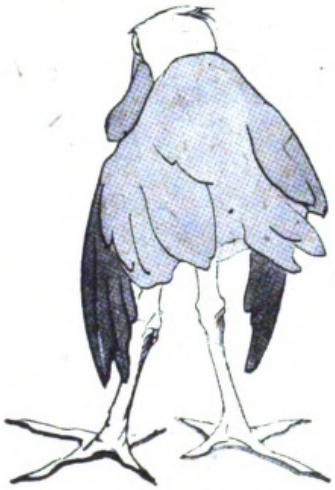
"AT MY AGE!"



"SUCH AN INSULT!"



"AFTER THAT—"



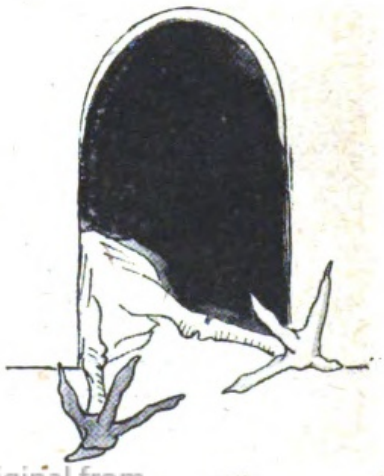
"THERE'S NOTHING BUT—"



"WELL!"

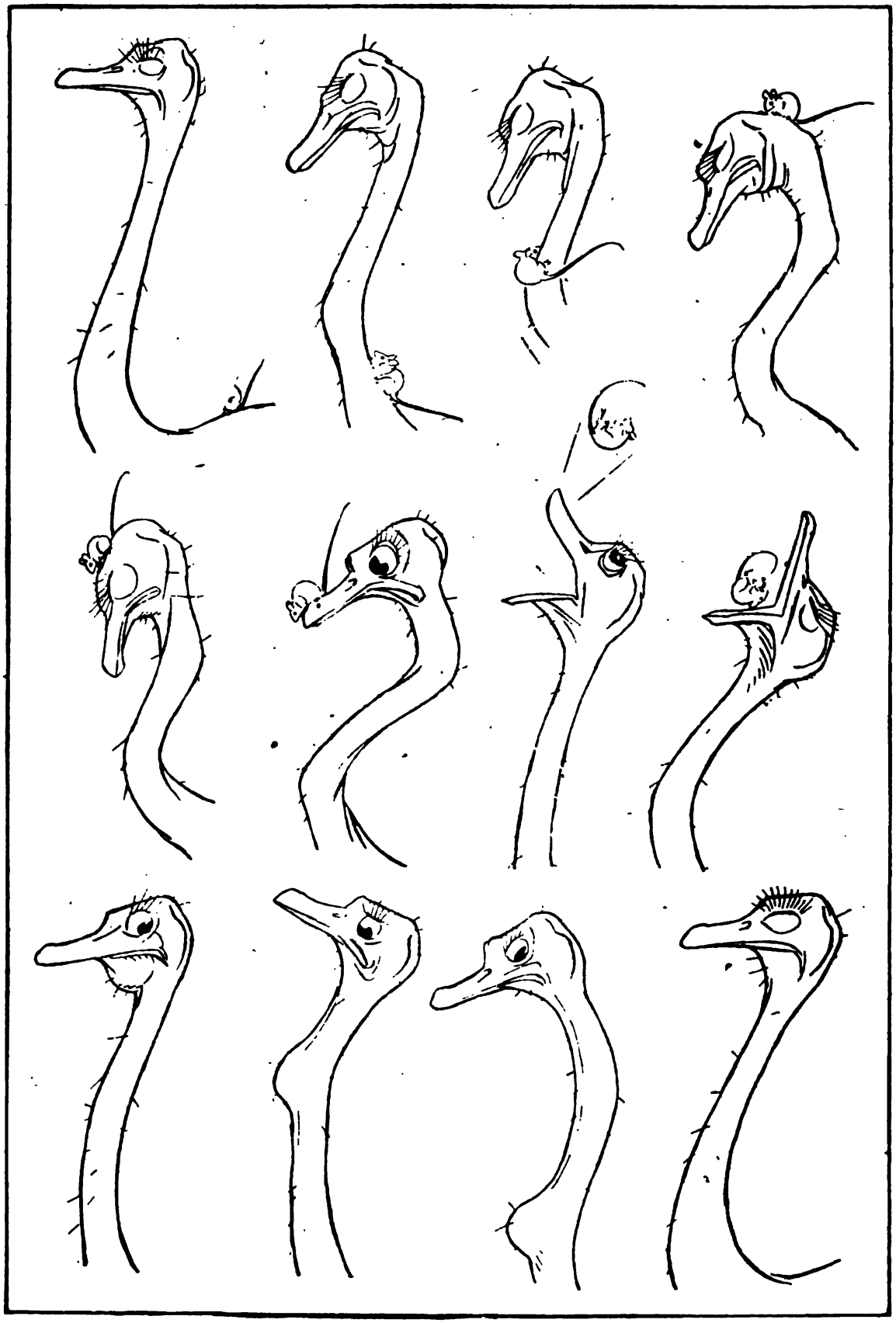


"WELL!"



"——!"

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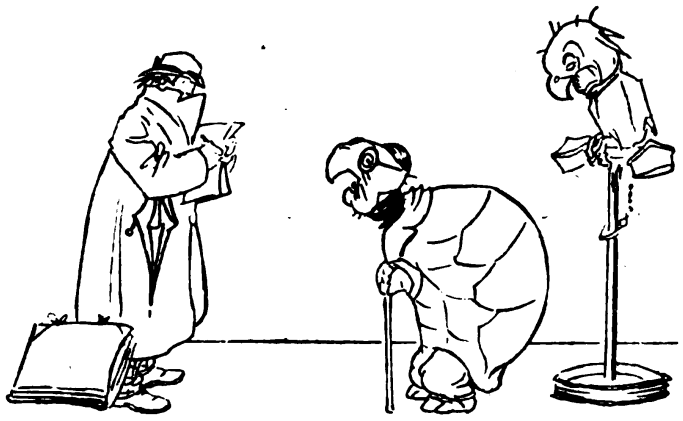
WITHOUT A COUPON. AN OPPORTUNITY—AND A STRATAGEM.

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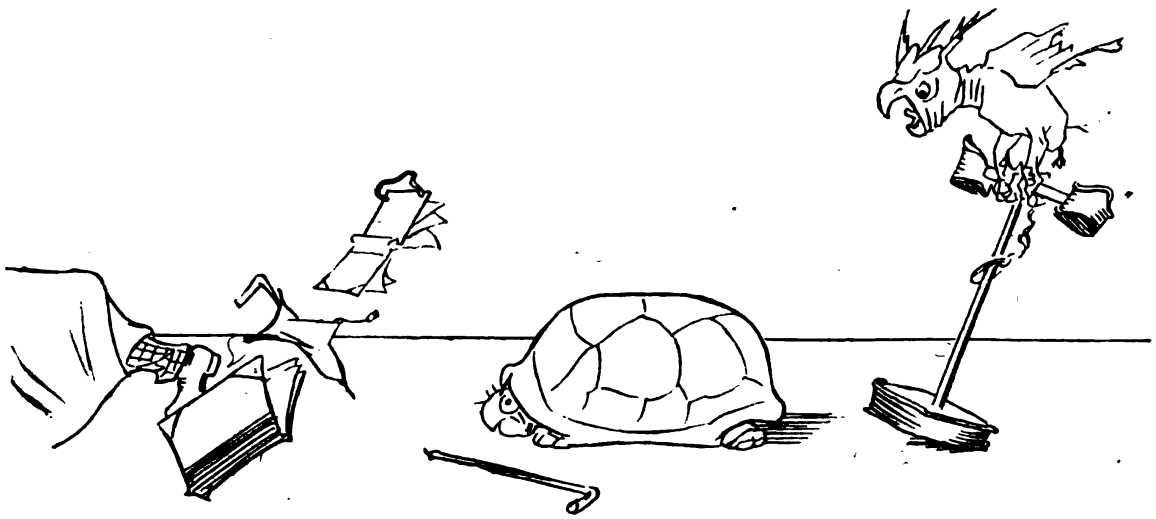
in Europe; it is even said that Kaiser William is regarded as a white elephant by neutral nations—at any rate, nobody wants him even for a show. And any attempt to show him at Regent's Park—well, the other elephants would know how to receive him—the cause of all the bun famine.

He was the cause also—among many other horrors—of the death of Balæniceps Rex, the only specimen of that queer bird, the shoebill, in Europe. The shoebill might have been first cousin to the dodo, and the tale of his extinction here is a war tale and nothing else. Rations were bad, things generally looked glum, and the shoebill wasn't as young as he used to be. Still, he was struggling bravely along in poor health, till his sensitive feelings received a final shock. A worried mother with her family about her, seeking some distraction from domestic cares in a walk through the Zoo, had her attention suddenly called to this queer bird, by the interested squeals of her offspring: "What's that, mother?" The seeker of relief from domestic problems gave a glance at the cage-label and there saw the ominous words "Shoe Bill"! "Horrible!" she exclaimed, turning away with a shudder. "Shoe Bill! What a terrible item that is, these days!" And only anxious to escape such painful suggestions she hurried her convoy off. But poor old Shoebill (the "Father of Shoes," as he is called in his native wilds) succumbed to the shock to his pride. He, sole representative and ambassador of his race, the admired and prized, was now "horrible," and a "terrible" item! He staggered sadly back to his innermost den, and when the Artist inquired for him the next day he was dead!

But then the shoebill was a sensitive bird, and the sensitive, who brood never get through these bad times without trouble. Nobody could unwittingly insult an ostrich, for instance, and the ostrich who isn't too proud to seize any opportunity thrives through anything, and eats everything that comes and anything he goes after, from a mouse or a blackbeetle to a jackknife. Consequently the ostrich is a success in life; for success, and anything else, comes to him who goes after it.



RIVALS.



"TAKE COVER!"

The oldest inhabitant has survived the war, whether he be the tortoise or the parrot. There is great rivalry between the two for the honour, and although he is less noisy in pressing his claims, I am inclined to favour the claim of the tortoise. He can remember the time before the war. The parrot, on the other hand, like all the other parrots here, is proud of being up to date. "Pretty Polly" and such greetings have given way, since all the drilling in the park, to "Halt!" "Form—fours!" "About—turn!" "Eyes—right!" "Hurrump—oroo!" and other military phrases. So that the discussion as to the real claims of the tortoise and the parrot was closured and the tortoise driven into hiding by a sudden scream of "Take cover!"

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Terrible Tuesday

by H.B. Creswell

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Illustrated by G. E. Studdy.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Marytary who lived in a little house with her mother, and the house was at Bilton, near Rudbery. And there was a little boy called Johnny Peascod, who lived near to where Marytary lived, and he had his father; but his father was old, I think, because he did nothing but walk about very slowly. Now, Johnny and Marytary were great friends because they had not any brothers or sisters to play with.

One day, when it was the spring and the hedges were just beginning to put out little green leaves that you can eat and call "bread and cheese" if you like (but I don't!), Marytary and Rose, her nurse, started off for a walk; and it was on Tuesday. It was not an ordinary walk, for they each carried a basket. They started quite early, directly after dinner, and they walked very fast, and you will not guess what they are going to do. Johnny was swinging on a gate, and when he saw them he wondered where they were going, so he shouted:—

"Halloa, Marytary! Where are you going?"

"We are going to Marfield Woods," said Marytary, "to pick primroses; and would you like to come?"

"No," said Johnny. "It's only girls who want to pick flowers. I don't want to."

Now, this was rude of Johnny, so Marytary said, "All right, don't come; but Rose is coming, and we are going to pick a lot of primroses and make them into nosegays; and Rose is going to send them to her sister because she has a little long-clothes baby, and he is going to be christened."

Marytary and Rose walked off, and Johnny went on swinging the gate.

Then Mr. Craddock came into the field, and called out to Johnny to get off the gate, because he would break it; so then Johnny ran off after Marytary, and I think he wanted to do so all the time, really, because he thought he would find some birds'-nests in the wood. So Marytary made friends with him, and after a long walk they came to Marfield Wood.

The wood is a very large wood. You can go right into it quite out of sight and there are very few paths, and you cannot see the end of the wood when you are inside; so that will show you how very big it really is. They found lots of primroses, not growing in one place, but all scattered about, and so they became separated; and Rose was far away from Marytary out of sight among the trees, and Marytary could not see her; and Johnny could not see Marytary either. It was quite still, except that the birds were chirping and singing.

Now, you think this story is not at all exciting; but it is terribly exciting, for suddenly the birds stopped singing, and you could hear them all fly away quietly through the tops of the trees; and last of all a rabbit ran by close to Marytary, very fast; and just then, while Marytary was stooping to pick a primrose (and it was a pink one and very pretty), she saw something move a little way off, and she looked at it sideways, and it made her stay quite still, and she stopped picking the pretty primrose and did not move a finger; and you would have done the same if you had been Marytary, I think, for the thing hat Marytary saw was a Real Lion walking through the wood, and he was exactly as far away from Marytary as one lamp-post is from the next.

Now, of course, there are no lions or wild beasts in England, and the reason this lion was in the wood was that he had escaped from his cage at a circus and had hidden in the wood; and perhaps he is a tame lion, but perhaps he is very savage, and he is nearly sure to be very hungry. What will Marytary do if the lion sees her? I am sure I don't know.

But the lion did not see Marytary because she kept quite still and did not move, and it was clever of her, and you ought to do the same if you ever see a lion; for if Marytary had moved, the lion might have caught sight of her and eaten her up, "*Crunch! Crunch!*" and no more Marytary after that.

The lion walked slowly along and gradually went far away among the trees, so that you could only just see his tail waving in the distance. Then Marytary stood up—she was quite tired with stooping so long—and she looked quietly round her. Now, not far off there was a tall tree that was quite easy for Marytary to climb, because there were nice little branches sticking

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out on each side like the steps of a ladder. So Marytary left her basket and stole away on tiptoe as quietly as she could, so that the lion should not hear her; and he did not. She reached the tree and climbed right to the top of it, and she then looked out, but she could not see the lion because she could only see the tops of all the other trees.

Presently she saw a very funny-looking bird in a tree a little way off. It was big, and had great black wings and a white tail, and Marytary wondered what it was; and then it moved and there was a blue bow, and it was Rose's hat all the time, of course, and it was because Rose had climbed to the top of another tree and Marytary could see her. So Marytary called out, "Here I am, Rose!" and Rose waved her hand to show she was there, too.

Then Marytary saw the branches of another tree waving as though the wind was blowing them about, but there was no wind, and what could it be, do you think? Just then little Johnny's head came poking up out of the leaves, so it was really Johnny all the time. Marytary called out, "Halloa, Johnny!" and Johnny waved his cap to show he was all right, but really and truly he had torn his knickerbockers.

After that Marytary heard a funny noise, and she looked down, and it was the lion running about glaring up into the trees, and he did it because he had heard Marytary calling out. First he found her basket and smelt it, but he did not like the scent of the flowers, and he sneezed and growled, and trod on the basket and broke it and made it quite flat, and it will show how big and heavy he was.

Next he smelt all along the ground as far as the tree, and then he looked up and saw Marytary and showed all his teeth, and began to crouch like a cat that is going to spring.

This made poor Marytary very frightened. She knew that lions cannot climb trees, but they can jump very high; so she cried out, "Oh, Johnny, he is going to jump!"

Then Johnny shouted, and teased the lion by calling out, "Choug-choug-choug-choug!" just as you do to a pig; and the lion heard him just as he was going to jump into Marytary's tree, and he roared with rage and rushed to the tree where Johnny was and jumped right up the stem and clung on, and glared up at Johnny and snapped his teeth and snarled; and that frightened Johnny, so no wonder he shouted to Marytary:—

"Call him, Marytary!"

So Marytary called "Choug-choug-choug-choug!" and the lion sprang down and came rushing to Marytary's tree; but before he reached her tree Johnny began calling him again, and he bounded back to Johnny with eyes blazing and all his hair



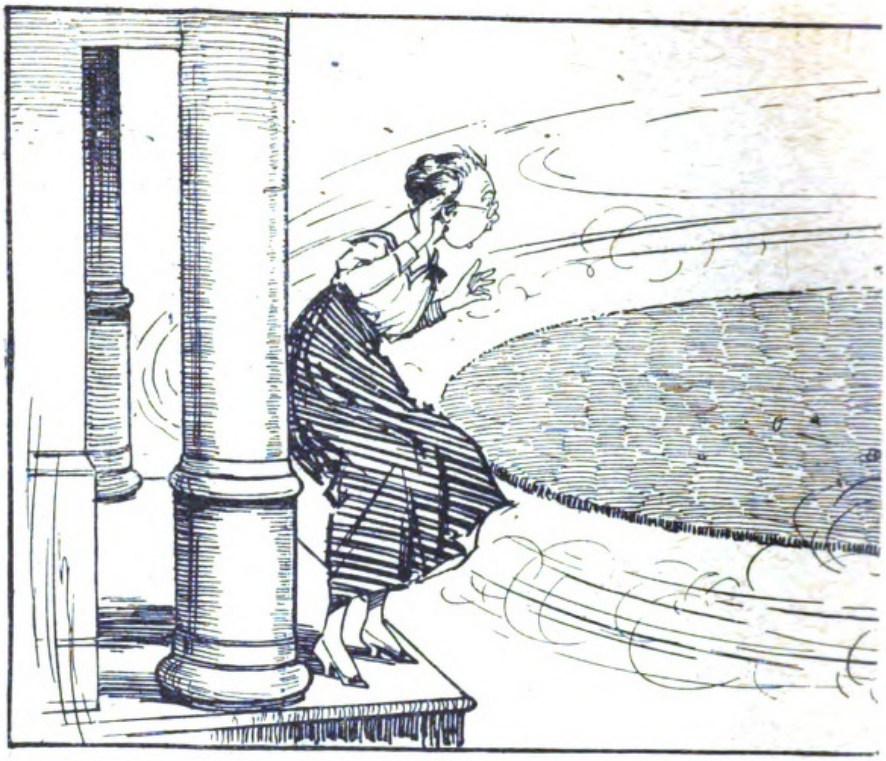
"HE LEANT DOWN AND TICKLED THE LION'S NOSE WITH THE BRANCH."

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standing on end, so that he looked the most terrible monster you ever saw.

He was so angry with Johnny that he sprang into his tree again; but Johnny did not mind, now, because he knew the lion could not jump up as high as the place where he was; so he teased him more and more, and laughed, and Marytary laughed too because she heard Johnny and he did it so well, and this is what he did.

He tore off a long, thin branch, and when the lion was clinging to the trunk of the tree below him and glaring up at him he leant down and tickled his nose with the branch, saying all the time, "Choug-choug-choug-choug, scratch-a-poll, pussy dear!" to make the lion angry. The lion tried to catch the branch in his mouth, but Johnny snatched it away every time; and at last the lion struck at the branch with his paw, but directly he let go with one paw his other paw slipped off the tree and he fell "*thump!*" on the ground.



"HE WAS GOING SO FAST HE HAD ONLY

Johnny did this every time, till the lion was so angry he nearly went quite mad. He sprang high into the air, roaring and growling, and bit great splinters of wood out of the tree-trunk.

Now, while this was going on, four men who were passing along the road by the side of the wood, on motor-bicycles, heard the roaring in the wood, so they stopped and listened, and said, "What's up?" "A cat-fight, I don't think!" and "What price Sanger's circus?" and lots of other things that men say; and then they hurried into the wood to see what the noise was.

Johnny spied them coming, and called out, "Go back!" But they would not go back, but came slowly on till they saw the lion a long way in front of them, scratching away at his hole, with his mane standing out on end, his tail lashing from side to side, and the earth flying up in a shower behind him.

They did not know what it was at first; and then the lion saw them and stopped and stared at them, and they all turned and ran back to their bicycles as fast as they could.

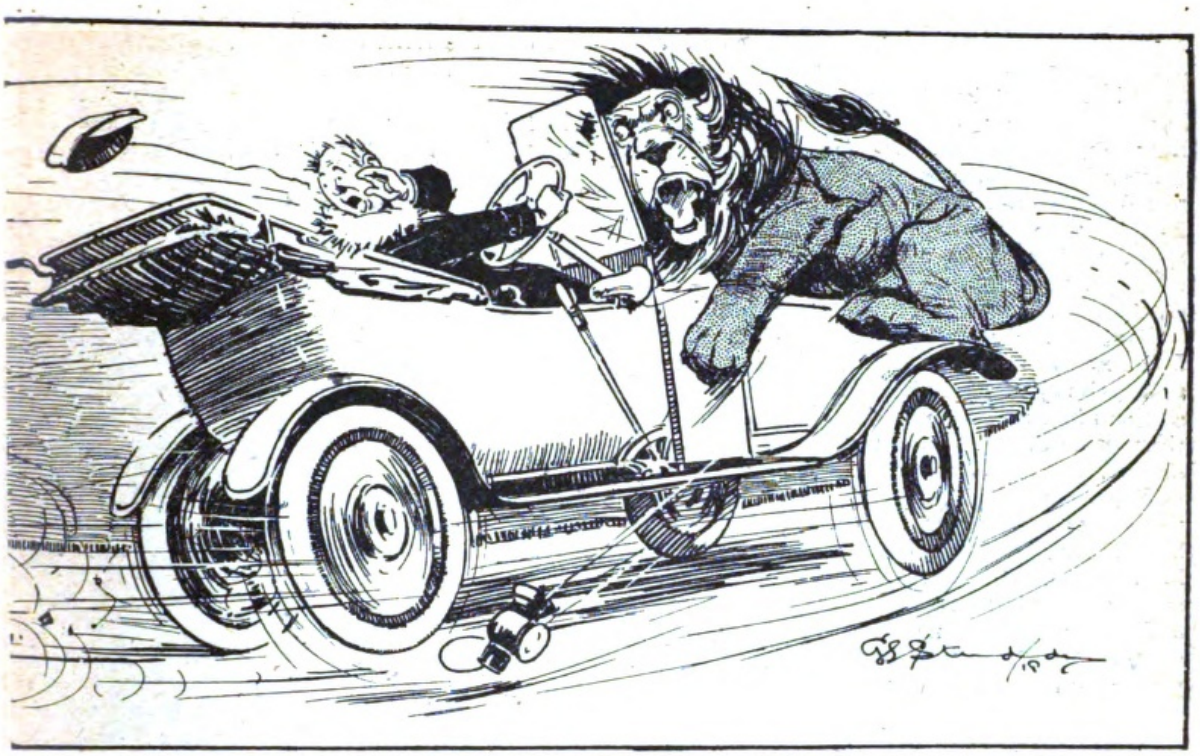
With one tremendous roar the lion sprang after them. He did not run; he went in huge bounds faster than a racehorse, and if he had not hit the branch of a tree and fallen I am nearly sure he would have caught one of the motorists, because he was a fat motorist and could not run so quickly as the others ran; but, luckily, the lion was just too late, and when he sprang over the hedge on to the road the men were all riding away on their motor-bicycles. The lion bounded after them, but they went too quickly for him and got right away, and the lion was quite out of breath at last, so then he went and lay down at the side of the road with his tongue hanging out, and panted.

Very soon after a motor-car came round the corner. The lion gave one spring and jumped right on to the bonnet, which is the part in front of the glass screen; and his legs slipped down on each side of the bonnet, and he lay there panting and showing his teeth and glaring through the glass at the man who was driving the motor-car. Now, this man was all alone; and he was quite a little, thin man and not a big, brave man at all; and he was dreadfully frightened to see the lion suddenly spring out on to him, and I am not surprised, and I feel sorry for him, for he was a nice, kind man with four little children safe at home, and his name was James Montague Pabslip, Esquire, F.R.I.B.A., F.S.A. The only thing that prevented the lion from putting out his paw and scratching poor Mr. Pabslip was the glass screen, and the lion *did* put his paw on it, but the glass was cold and smooth and slippery, and it set the lion's teeth on edge and made him feel all shivery, so he did not do it again.

Then Mr. Pabslip thought to himself, "I must be careful what I do, because if I am not careful the lion will eat me up, and then my four dear little children will not have a daddy any more."

So he made the car go very fast, and the lion put down his ears and looked from side to side;

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TIME TO SAY ONE WORD EACH TIME HE WENT BY THE DOOR."

and it meant that he was frightened, for a lion is not used to being carried along backwards at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

Then Mr. Pabslip thought, " It is all right so long as I go fast, because the lion is frightened ; but if I go slow, or stop, he will jump off, and then get into the car and eat me up."

So he went on and on, and the people he passed on the road stared ; and after he had gone by they said to one another, " Great Scot! did you see that fellow with a lion on his bonnet ? "

But no one could do anything, and poor Mr. Pabslip knew he could not go on for ever and ever without stopping, and when he stopped the lion would be sure to eat him. Then at last he had a splendid idea.

He turned quickly through the gates of a house where a lady lived whom he knew. Now, this entrance-road went round in a circle in front of the house, and Mr. Pabslip went round and round, so that though the motor-car was going fast all the time he was not going farther away, and he thought, " If someone comes, he can stand in the middle while I go round and round, and I can tell him to get a gun to shoot the lion."

So he went round and round in a circle in front of the house, and the gardener came to see why he was doing it, and he gave one look and then ran away home, and never stopped till he had locked the door and got under his bed. And the parlour-maid came to the door because she heard the motor-car going round and round, and when she saw the lion she ran away and put her apron over her head and hid in the cupboard under the stairs and did not have any tea.

Then Mrs. Blinch, the lady of the house, looked out of the window, and it was getting dark, and she said to herself, " That man must be Mr. Pabslip. But why is he going round and round without stopping ? And what is that great bundle he has on his bonnet ? Oh, I do hope poor Mr. Pabslip, F.R.I.B.A., F.S.A., has not gone balmy in the crumpet," and it means that you are mad.

So she rang the bell again and again, but the parlour-maid would not come out of the cupboard, and at last Mrs. Blinch went down herself to see what was the matter, because Mr. Pabslip was rushing round and round and sounding his horn all the time, and it was getting quite dark.

Mrs. Blinch opened the door, and the car rushed by, and Mr. Pabslip called out, " Tell——"

He was going so fast he had only time to say one word each time he went by the door. The next time he came round he shouted :—

" ——someone " (round again)
" ——to " (round again)
" ——fetch " (round again)
" ——gun."

The next time he came past Mrs. Blinch shouted, " *What ?* "

Poor Mr. Pabslip was nearly in despair, but when he came by the door again he called out :—

" Lion ! "

Mrs. Blinch had not been able to see what it was that Mr. Pabslip had on his bonnet, because it was dark and her eyesight was not very good, and she had been attending to what Mr. Pabslip was saying ; but when she heard the word " lion " she took one look as the car came by, and then she rushed into the house,

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bolted the door, ran upstairs, jumped into bed without undressing, pulled the clothes over her head, and shouted under the blankets, "Help! Help! Help!" but there was no one to hear her except the parlour-maid, and she did not hear because she was in the cupboard.

Poor Mr. Pabslip went on rushing round and round in the dark. There was nothing else to be done; he could not go out on to the roads again without any lights, and he could not stop and light the lamps for fear the lion would eat him up.

Then he had another splendid idea. Ha, ha! I feel nearly as glad as if it had been Marytary and Johnny Peascod's idea. It was quite a simple idea, and he might have done it all the time quite easily. Now this was the idea, and he did it.

There was a big, smooth lawn on one side with trees growing on it, and one of these trees had a long, thick branch growing out not very high above the lawn. Mr. Pabslip turned the car on to the lawn and rushed over the grass, and when he got under the tree he quickly shut off the gas that made the car work, and jumped on to the seat and caught hold of the branch, so that the car ran on, taking the lion with it, and left him hanging by his arms. He pulled himself up on to the branch and crawled into the tree, and then he listened. He could not see anything, for it was nearly quite dark, but he heard a gentle splashing sound a little way off, and the lion growling.

Now this is what had happened. The car went a little way and then stopped, and the lion jumped off and tumbled into a pond where there were some goldfish; but the goldfish did not mind, though the lion did not like it at all, for a lion hates to get wet as much as a cat does. Then the lion went off growling to himself and shaking the water off his paws as he stepped, and he went quietly by secret ways in the darkness over the fields, and Mr. Pabslip watched him slink off, and then he smoked a pipe up in the tree, and then he got down and went and had supper with Mrs. Blinch, and he got quite happy again. At last he went home just in time to tell his four little children all about it while they were in bed.

Now, where did the lion go? I am sorry to say he was a horrid lion. He had been taken care of in a nice cage and given delicious bits of meat by kind people ever since he was a little cub, and no one had ever teased him, and he had been used to seeing little children and grown-up people who came to look at him in his cage and say what a beautiful lion he was; yet directly he got loose he wanted to eat people and tear them up! When he left the garden he stole off back to the wood to see if he could not get Marytary or Johnny, after all. But they had climbed down from the trees long before, of course, and were at home, and had had their tea, and Marytary was just going to bed, and Johnny was saying, "Only five minutes more," because he was making a picture of the lion, with Marytary up the tree; and it was like the lion, but it was not like Marytary, really.

So just when Rose was tucking Marytary up in bed the horrid lion was snuffing about under the tree where Marytary had been; and just as she was going off to sleep the lion had begun to sniff out the way she had gone home, like a dog following a rabbit; but he went very slowly, because, as he had been in a cage ever since he was a cub, he had not had any practice, and so he found it difficult to track Marytary, and that is why it took him all night to find out the way that Marytary had gone when she went home.

It was early in the morning, before anyone was up, and just as it was light, that the lion came to Marytary's house and looked up at the windows and sniffed, and wondered which was the window of Marytary's room. Now, Marytary lived in quite a little house, and there were only two bedroom windows that looked out into the street, and I wonder whether the lion will choose the right one, or whether he will choose the other window, and that is the window of Mrs. Marytary's room.

Crash!

Marytary woke up suddenly, and was wide awake at once, and she heard bits of broken glass tinkling down on to the floor, and she looked, and there was the lion trying to get in through the window. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! The lion chose the right room after all, and poor Marytary was dreadfully frightened. She lay quite still and did not move at all, and she thought to herself, "If the lion gets in, I will hold my breath, and then he will think I am dead, and he will not eat me"; and it was a very good idea, I think. But the lion did not get in. He had jumped up on the top of the window underneath Marytary's room, which stuck out a little into the street, and he had pushed his head through the glass, but he was so big he could not squeeze through the window, although he got his head in and his front paws too. He growled at Marytary, but he could not get right in; so at last Marytary jumped out of bed and ran into her mother's room. Her mother was asleep, so Marytary shook her, and she woke up and said:—

"Go away, dear; it is too early."

"The lion is trying to get in at my window," said Marytary.

"The lion?"

"Yes, mummy."

"Oh, no, Marytary; you have had a dream—that is all. Go back to bed, dear."

"No, mummy," said Marytary; "really and truly! Can't you hear him growling?"

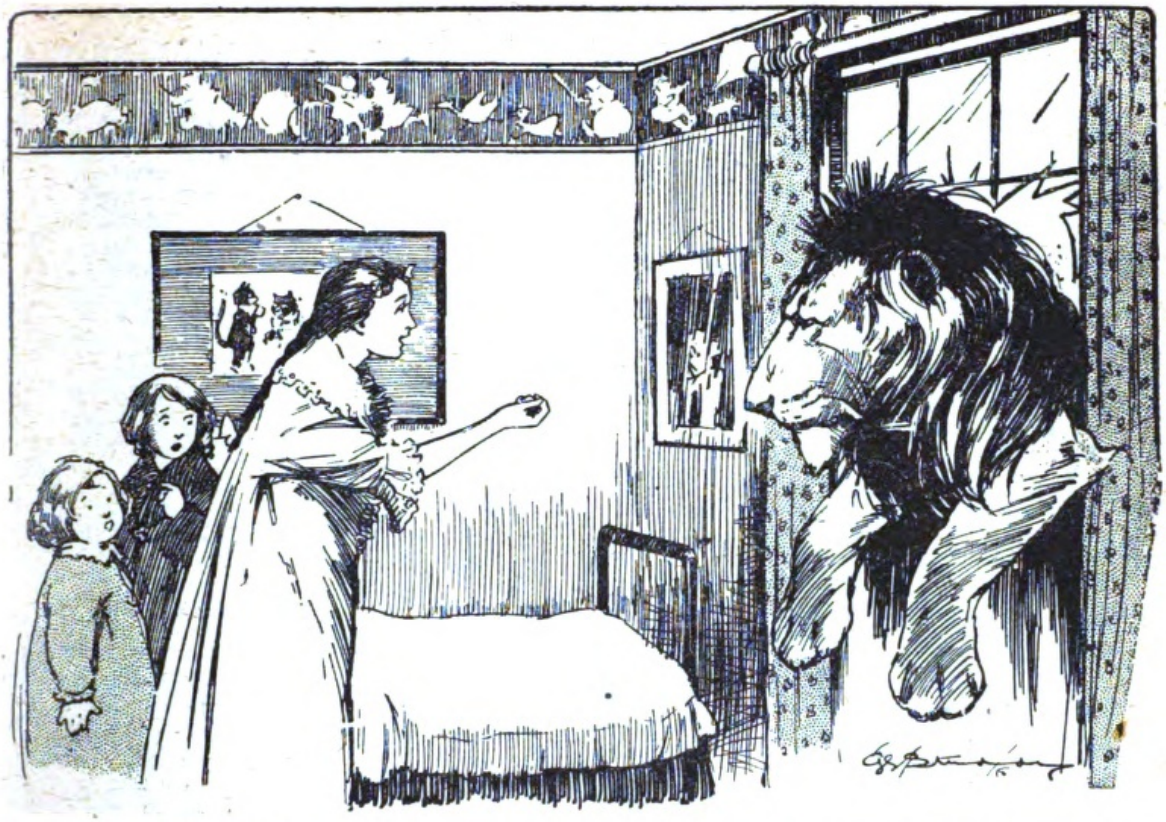
So Mrs. Marytary listened, but she could not hear him, because the lion had left off growling.

"No, dear, it is a dream. Go back to bed," she said.

But Marytary kept on telling her for ever so long, and at last her mother went with Marytary. She just peeped into Marytary's room, and there was the lion's head in the window, so she rushed back into her room, with Marytary, and locked the door and jumped into bed and pulled the clothes over both their heads.

They lay quite still for a long time, but it was very hot in the bed, and you could not

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"SHE HELD OUT HER HAND AND FLIPPED HER FINGERS, AND SAID, 'HERE, THEN, OLD FELLOW, DID UM WAS THEN,' JUST AS IF SHE WERE TALKING TO A BABY."

hear anything, and at last Marytary put her head out. She heard people shouting, so she got out of bed and looked out of the window, and there were a lot of people in the street, and they were all staring at the lion, but ready to run away if he got down.

Now, the lion could not get down because his head was stuck in the window-frame; and he could not get into the room either, so he was caught and Marytary told her mummy so.

Then Marytary saw little Johnny Peascod out in the street, so she put on her mother's dressing-gown and ran down and told Johnny the lion was stuck in the window; and Johnny began to call, "Choug-choug-choug-choug!" and that made the people in the street laugh, and the lion roared and struggled and tried to get down, but he could not pull his head out of the window; and so he became quiet again.

Now, Mrs. Marytary, when she knew that the lion could not move, felt very brave, and she called Jane and Rose, and said:—

"Don't be frightened, you two girls. Come here and look at him; he is such a splendid creature. You need not have any fear if you come with me."

So they went into the room, and there was the lion, with his eyes half shut, for he felt very sad and miserable because he knew he was caught at last and could not hurt anyone, and Mrs. Marytary said:—

"You see he is quite quiet. Such a splendid animal! But he frightened Miss Marytary very much this morning." And she went into the room a very little way and held out her hand and flipped her fingers, and said:—

"Here, then, old fellow, did um was then! It was a pretty bird it am," just as if she were talking to a baby.

Just then Johnny, who had borrowed a chair from Mr. Lewis, reached up and caught hold of the lion's tail and pulled it hard, and the lion suddenly opened his mouth and showed all his teeth and roared, and poor Mrs. Marytary rushed back and jumped into her bed again and pulled the clothes over her head, and Rose and Jane ran away too, but it made them laugh.

Then that naughty little Johnny came running in with Marytary to look at the lion, because you could only see his back in the street; and Mr. Beasley and Mr. Lewis and Mr. Day came too; and when the lion saw Johnny he began to growl and show his teeth, and so Johnny wetted a towel and kept slapping him on the nose with it, and the lion roared again till the house shook, and stuck up its mane and looked terrible; but Johnny did not care, and it made them all laugh, but it was naughty of Johnny to tease him; though I am very glad he did it, because he was such a horrid lion.

After that some men came with ropes, and they tied the lion's legs together, and they tied up his mouth, and then they tied a great pole all along his back, and they cut the window-frame and lifted him into a cart and drove off with him, and he was put back into his cage, and that is the end of the story.

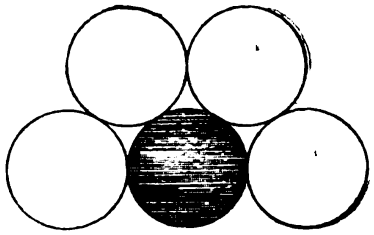
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PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

442.—THE FOUR PENNIES.

SOMETIMES a person will solve practically at the first glance a puzzle that perplexes many others for hours. It does not necessarily indicate any special intelligence. In common parlance, it is "just a bit of luck." Various directions of thought were open to him and he happened to select the right one. Here is a little puzzle of the kind I have in mind. It is suggested to me by a correspondent, G. H. B. You may solve it immediately; on the other hand, you may not. Take four pennies and arrange them on the table, without the assistance of another coin or any other means of measurement, so that when a fifth penny is produced it may be placed in exact contact with each of the four (without moivng them) in the manner shown in the illustration. The shaded circle represents the fifth penny. If you trust to the eye alone, you will probably fail to get the four in correct position, but it can be done with absolute exactitude. How should you proceed? I will give the puzzle in a little more difficult form later on.

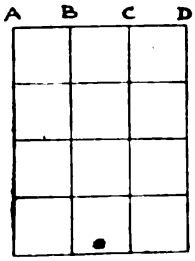


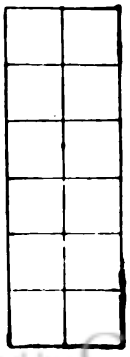
443.—A SIDE-CAR PROBLEM.

ATKINS, BALDWIN, AND CLARKE had to go a journey of fifty two miles across country. Atkins had a motor-bicycle with side-car for one passenger. How was he to take one of his companions a certain distance, drop him on the road to walk the remainder of the way, and return to pick up the second friend, who, starting at the same time, was already walking on the road, so that they should all arrive at their destination at exactly the same time? The motor-bicycle could do twenty miles an hour, Baldwin could walk five miles an hour, and Clarke could walk four miles an hour. Of course, each went at his proper speed throughout and there was no waiting. I might have complicated the problem by giving more passengers, but I have purposely made it easy, and all the distances are an exact number of miles—without fractions.

444.—LINES AND SQUARES.

HERE is a simple question. With how few straight lines can you make exactly one hundred squares? Thus, in the first diagram it will be found that with nine straight lines I have made twenty squares (twelve with sides of the length A B, six with sides A C, and two with sides of the length A D). In the second diagram, although I use one more line, I only get seventeen squares. So, you see, everything depends on how the lines are drawn. Remember there must be exactly one hundred squares — neither more nor fewer.





445.—A CHARADE.

MY *first* once killed a queen to love inclined;
My *second* on a beggar oft we find;
My *third* to readers and myself applies
My *whole's* a vegetable that one buys.

446.—A CRYPTIC MESSAGE.

A CORRESPONDENT sends me the following: "After Ludendorff's boastful account of the last German offensive a British officer at the Front received the following message from home:—

"'How his old Russian hat raises laughter, laughter rings out. Each his laughter over is all ears.'

"Perhaps it was a prearranged code, or the message may have arrived in a mutilated state. How should it be read?"

The reference to mutilation suggests omissions, leaving something to be restored. Probably it will not take the reader long correctly to reconstruct the message.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

437.—A NEW MATCH PUZZLE.

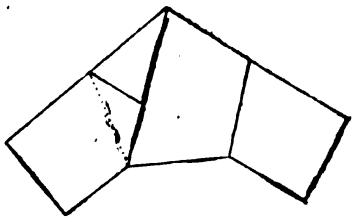
THE smallest possible number is 36 matches. We can form triangle and square with 12 and 24 respectively, triangle and pentagon with 6 and 30, triangle and hexagon with 6 and 30, square and pentagon with 16 and 20, square and hexagon with 12 and 24, and pentagon and hexagon with 30 and 6. The pairs of numbers may be varied in all cases except the fourth and last. There cannot be fewer than 36. The triangle and hexagon require a number divisible by 3; the square and hexagon require an even number. Therefore the number must be divisible by 6, such as 12, 18, 24, 30, 36, but this condition cannot be fulfilled for a pentagon and hexagon with fewer than 36 matches.

438.—DIGITAL COINCIDENCES.

IF we multiply 497 by 2 we get the product, 994. If we add together 497 and 2 we get 499. The figures are the same in both cases.

439.—MAKING A PENTAGON.

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440.—A THREE-MOVER.

1. K to B 4
2. Q to R 7, etc.

1. K to Kt 3

1. K to B sq. or B 3

2. R to R 7, etc.

441.—A WORD SQUARE.

A C R E S
C R A P E
R A I S E
E P S O M
S E E M S

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an Interview with

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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THEY ARE STRUGGLING TOGETHER—SHE FIGHTS DESPERATELY—WHAT A WILD CAT SHE IS!"

(SEE PAGE 172.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. 57. MARCH, 1919. No. 339.

A Problem in Reprisals

by F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

Author of "ACCORDING to ORDERS" &c.

Illustrated by W. R. S. STOTT

IN the dusk of a winter afternoon a battalion of the French Contingent of the Army of Occupation dispersed to its billets in the little German village. The *chef-de-bataillon* and the *médécin-major*, having installed their staffs in their respective bureaux, walked up the street in search of the quarters which had been chosen for them in the meanwhile. The scared faces of slatternly women, obsequiously gesturing the mud-stained French soldiers into occupation of their cottages, turned to look anxiously at them as they passed, in evident apprehension of the order which should let loose a vengeful destruction only too probable to their uneasy consciences. Here and there a haggard-looking man, an ex-soldier, probably, slunk into his house, out of sight, but the native population of the village was preponderatingly feminine. The two officers—the *commandant* good-humoured and inclined to rotundity, his eyes twinkling under brows a shade less grey than his moustache; the doctor a middle-aged man, quiet, restrained to curtness in speech and expression, with eyes that swept sombrely and without interest over his environment—ignored alike the false smiles and the genuinely alarmed glances of these wives and mothers of their once arrogant enemies.

A captain came down the street towards them and saluted on near approach. It was the adjutant of the battalion. He was young, and his natural cheerfulness was enhanced to perpetual high spirits in the enjoyment of the experiences following upon overwhelming victory.

"We are well housed, *mon Commandant*," he said, joyously, with a flash of white teeth under his little brown moustache. "Not a château, it is true—but large enough. The best in the village, in any case. Bedrooms for the three of us, and a room for our mess. Our baggage is already in, and dinner will be ready in half an hour. Everything of the best, eh?"

He finished with his young laugh.

The grey eyes of the battalion-commander twinkled at him.

"And the *patronne*, Jordan? Old and ugly?"

The young man's face lit up. He put one finger to his lips and blew an airy kiss.

"Ah, *mon Commandant!*" he replied, in a tone of assumed ecstasy. "You shall see her! A pearl, a jewel—exquisite! That is to say," he added, with a change of note, "she would be if she were not a *Boche*. One almost forgets it, to look at her. But, *Boche* or not, she is young, she is beautiful, and, *mon Commandant*, rarest of all—she is intelligent!"

The battalion-commander laid his hand on the young man's shoulder and drew him along with them as they resumed their momentarily interrupted progress.

"I see I have to congratulate you upon another conquest," he said, with amused tolerance. "He is incredible, *notre cher Jordan*, Delassus!" he added with a smile to the doctor.

"I don't say that," protested the young captain, with an affectation of modesty. "But we understand each other, and that is already much—although, unfortunately, she speaks no French and my German lacks vocabulary. But she made me understand that her husband was an officer killed in the war. '*Mann—Offizier-tot—Krieg.*' That's right, doctor, isn't it? You are the linguist."

The doctor nodded assent.

"Quite correct. You should make rapid

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progress under an instructor so willing to impart interesting information," he said, dryly.

The young man protested warmly against the implication.

"Your cynicism is out of place, doctor. I assure you. She is *timide—timide* like a frightened bird. I extorted it from her. But you shall see for yourselves. Here we are!"

They were at the end of the village. The young captain led them through a carriage gateway, sadly in need of a coat of paint, up a weed-grown drive to a fairly large house that had once been white, but was now stained with the overflow of gutters long left out of repair. A belt of trees hid it from the road. The main door, in the centre of the house with windows on both sides of it, was open, as if in expectation of them. Wisps of smoke from several of the chimneys hinted at hospitality in preparation.

As the three of them entered the hall, a young woman appeared on the threshold of one of the rooms communicating with it. Her natural slimness was emphasized by a gown of black, and this sombre garb threw into relief the fair hair which was massed heavily above her delicate features. It needed, perhaps, the youthful enthusiasm of the captain to call her beautiful; but her appearance had something of fragile charm which conferred a distinction rare among German women. She stood there, a little drawn back from her first emergence, contemplating them with eyes that evidently sought to measure the potentiality for mischief in these forced guests. Her attitude appealed dumbly for protection, so forlorn and frail and timid was it as she shrank back in the doorway.

"Introduce us, Jordan!" whispered the battalion-commander to his subordinate.

The young captain had lost a considerable amount of his assurance. Rather flustered, he saluted and pointed to his superior.

"*Commandant!*" Then, turning to the other, "Doctor!" he blurted, clumsily.

Their hostess bowed slightly, with a pathetic little smile, as the two officers saluted. The doctor advanced a step.

"Have no fear, *gnädige Frau*," he said, politely, in German. "The war is over and France does not avenge itself upon women. No harm will come to you."

Her face lit up.

"*Ach*, you speak German!"

"I studied in Germany in my youth, *gnädige Frau*, and I have not quite forgotten the language."

She smiled at him.

"Assuredly!" Then, with a swift change of expression, she clutched imploringly at his arm. "You will protect me? I am so alone and frightened!" She hesitated as though seeking a cognate circumstance in him that should compel his sympathy. "You are married?"

The polite smile went out of his face. His expression hardened.

"I was, *gnädige Frau*," he replied, curtly.

She stared at him, divining that she had blundered upon some painful mystery. With feminine tact she steered quickly away from it into the region of safe commonplace. She threw open one of the doors leading into the hall.

"Here, *meine Herren*, is the dining-room," she said, in a tone of colourless courtesy that contrasted with her emotion-charged voice of a moment before. "It is at your service for your meals. There," she pointed to a door at the other side of the hall, "is the *salon*—also at your service. I have had a fire lit in it. Your orderlies are now in the kitchen. I will send them to you to show you your rooms." She inclined her head slightly in sign of farewell, and passed out through a door at the end of the hall.

The young captain looked at his commanding officer.

"Well, *mon Commandant?* What did I tell you? Is she not——?"

His superior interrupted him, a twinkle in his eye.

"She is, my dear Jordan—but you have not a chance against the doctor here!" He laughed, clapping the doctor on the back.

The *médecin-major* frowned. His ascetic features hardened again.

"My dear Commandant, you do me too much honour," he said, coldly. "I assure you that there is no living woman who can interest me."

"Bah!" said the battalion-commander, a trifle fatuously. "You can't teach me! I am sure that something is going to happen between you and that woman. I can always feel that sort of thing in the air, like"—he hesitated for an illustration—"like some people can see ghosts."

The doctor looked him in the eyes.

"*Mon Commandant*," he said, curtly, "if you could see ghosts you would not feel so sure."

There was a moment of unpleasant silence. The captain broke it by shouting for the orderlies.

The three officers were introduced to their rooms and parted to perform their toilet before dinner.

The meal which followed in the rather over-furnished dining-room was overshadowed by the gloomy taciturnity of the doctor, who appeared still to resent the battalion-commander's suggestions of gallantry. Not all the sprightly sallies of the adjutant, nor the persistent *bonhomie* of the battalion-commander, resolutely ignoring any hostility between himself and the doctor, could bring a smile into that hard-set face with the sombre eyes. Their hostess did not appear again, and was not mentioned between them. When they had finished, the captain suggested that they should smoke their cigars in the *salon*.

"I feel I want to put my feet on the piano," he said, with a vague remembrance of a popular picture, "like the *Boches* at Versailles in 'seventy! To infect our hostess's curtains with cigar-smoke is a poor compromise, but it is something! Come along, gentlemen!—let us indulge in hideous reprisals! The *Boche* has devastated our homes—let us avenge ourselves by spoiling his curtains!"

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"'HAVE NO FEAR, GNADIGE FRAU,' HE SAID, POLITELY, IN GERMAN. 'THE WAR IS OVER AND FRANCE DOES NOT AVENGE ITSELF UPON WOMEN.'"

The battalion-commander looked smilingly across to the doctor.

"My dear Delassus, are you for this policy of reprisals?"

The doctor looked up as though startled out of a train of thought.

"*Mon Commandant*, it is a subject on which I dare not let myself think."

There was something so harsh in his tone that neither of his companions could continue their banter. Both looked at the doctor. They knew little or nothing of his private life, for he had joined the battalion only just prior to the armistice; but evidently it contained a tragedy the memory of which they had unwittingly revived. Both maintained a respectful silence for a few moments. Then the adjutant rose and went out of the room. He called out to them from the *salon* that a splendid fire awaited them, and the others rose from the table also.

The battalion-commander laid his hand affectionately upon the doctor's shoulder.

"My dear fellow," he said, "forgive me if I have unconsciously wounded sacred sentiments."

The doctor pressed the hand that was extended to him. They went together across the hall into the *salon*.

A blazing wood-fire fitfully lit up a large room still without other means of illumination. Jordan explained that he had sent an orderly for some candles, as Madame had no petroleum for the lamps. The battalion-commander and the doctor threw themselves luxuriously into deep armchairs on either side of the fireplace and lit

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their cigars. In a few minutes the orderly arrived with the candles. Jordan fitted them into two large candelabra on the mantelpiece and lit them.

The eyes of all three officers roved around the apartment. It was, like the dining-room, rather overfurnished and was particularly rich in bric-à-brac of all kinds. It was, in fact, overcrowded with porcelain figures, small mirrors, pictures of moderate size, all sorts of valuable objects that in almost every case were of *easily portable dimensions*. This last attribute leaped simultaneously to the minds of two of them.

"*Mon Commandant,*" began Jordan, in a humorously affected judicial tone, "I am penetrated by an unworthy suspicion——!"

"French! *Nom d'un nom!*" cried the battalion-commander. "Everything here. The collection of the burglar *Boche* officer! Doctor! You speak German! Ask that woman——!"

Both were suddenly arrested by the attitude of the doctor. He was staring in a fixed fascination at a small Bühl clock upon the mantelpiece. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, snatched down the clock, and gazed eagerly at the back of it.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried. "*This is mine! It comes from my house! Look!*"

He showed them an inscription on the back:—

"*À Jules, pour marquer les heures d'un amour qui ne cessera pas quand le temps même cessera, de sa Marcelle.*" *

He stared at them like a lunatic. "My wife!" he cried. "My wife! Oh, Marcelle, Marcelle, where are you? Where are you?"

The others also had risen to their feet. A tense silence followed upon the wild cry.

The battalion-commander touched the doctor's arm.

"*Mon ami,*" he said, gently, "can we help you?"

The erstwhile sombre eyes of the doctor blazed down upon him, as though searching for a mortal enemy even in this friend. Then, with a distinctly apparent effort of will, the anguished man mastered himself.

"Listen!" he said. "This clock was a present to me from my wife. It was a love-marriage, ours—we loved, she and I——" He broke off, his eyes blazing again. Then, with a gesture of the hand as though he put that from him, he continued: "Before the war I was in practice at Cambrai. We lived out of the town—in a country house such as this. In August, 1914, I was mobilized. They sent me to Lorraine. I left my wife at home, believing her to be safe. You know what happened. The enemy swept over that part of the country. Trench-warfare began and my home, all I cared for in the world—my wife—was in the German lines. I never saw her again. I could never get any news. I waited four desperate years—and then, when we advanced, I went to find my home. It simply did not exist—it was a heap of bricks with a trench through it. My wife—" He pressed a hand over his eyes, then looked once more at the clock. "And now this—here!"

Again there was a tense silence. The battalion-commander broke it at last.

"Interrogate the woman," he said, briefly. "She must know something."

"It is a pity her husband is dead," said the captain, with grim humour. "We could have the pleasure of condemning him by court martial, after he had confessed—whatever there is to confess."

The doctor's face set hard. He replaced the clock on the mantelpiece and wrote a few words on a page of his notebook.

"I am going to have the truth," he said, tearing out the page and folding it up. "Ring the bell, my dear Jordan."

An orderly appeared.

"Take this to Madame," said the doctor, "at once."

The orderly departed. The three men waited, two of them tingling with the excitement of this unexpected drama, the third standing with compressed lips and eyes that seemed to be frowning into a world which transcended this. He was certainly oblivious of his companions in the fixity of his thought. At last his lips moved.

"Marcelle! Marcelle!" he murmured. "My love! I am going to know—and, if need be, to avenge!"

At that moment the door opened and the frail little figure of the German woman appeared upon the threshold.

"*Meine Herren?*" she said, in timid inquiry.

The doctor looked up. His companions marvelled to see the expression of his face change to a smiling courtesy. But there was a glitter in the usually sombre eyes which spurred their hardly-repressed excitement.

"Will you have the kindness to enter, *gnädige Frau?*" said the doctor. His voice was suave, but there was a note in it which his companions, although they did not understand the words, recognized as compelling.

The German woman glanced at him apprehensively, and obeyed. The doctor drew up an arm-chair for her, close to the fire.

"Will you not seat yourself, *gnädige Frau?*" he asked, still in the suave voice with the undertone of command.

She inclined her head speechlessly and sat down. They noticed that her hands were trembling. The doctor motioned his companions to resume their seats. He himself remained standing, his back to the fireplace, his form hiding the clock on the mantelpiece from the eyes of the woman had she looked up. He smiled at her in a reassuring manner, as she waited dumbly for him to state the reason for his summons.

"We are very much interested in your collection of porcelain, *gnädige Frau,*" he said, smoothly. "It is French, is it not?"

A sudden expression of alarm flitted into her eyes, was banished. She nodded her head.

* "To Jules, to mark the hours of a love which will not cease when Time itself shall cease, from his Marcelle."

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"*Ja, ja, mein Herr,*" she answered, hesitatingly. She moistened her lips. Her hands gripped each other tightly upon her lap.

The battalion-commander and the captain observed her with a quickened interest. Despite their ignorance of German, the word "*Porzellan*" gave them the clue to their comrade's opening question.

"It is the result of many years' gradual acquisition, I presume?" he pursued, in a casual tone.

She shot an upward glance at him from under her eyebrows ere she replied.

"*Ja, mein Herr.*"

"It is well chosen," said the doctor. "I congratulate you on your knowledge and good taste. Perhaps you would explain some of the pieces to us—pieces I do not recognize?"

She looked up at him with wide and innocent eyes.

"I cannot, *mein Herr.* I know nothing about porcelain. It was my husband's collection. I keep it in memory of him."

There was an accent of sincerity in the last phrase which drew a sharp glance from the doctor.

"Ah," he said, quietly. "He was killed, was he not?"

Her eyes filled with tears, her mouth twitched.

"Killed in one of the very last battles, *mein Herr.*" She drew a long, sobbing breath and looked wildly at him. "*Ach, Gott!* do not remind me! do not remind me!" she cried. "He was all I had in the world—everything—everything! You do not know how good and kind and loving he was! And now he is gone—he will never come back—never—never! And I loved him so!" She broke down into sobs, hiding her face in her hands.

The doctor waited until the crisis had subsided. A diagnosis of hysteria formed itself in his professional mind.

"So you have no real interest in this collection?" he inquired. "Would you sell it?"

"*Ach, nein—nein!*" she answered. "I keep it in memory of him, my Heinrich, who loved it so. I feel him here when I dust it and care for it." She looked wildly round the room. "I feel him here now!"

The doctor nodded his head in courteous assent to a possibility.

"Did he inherit it?" he asked, casually, as though merely pursuing a conversation which could not, in politeness, be allowed to cease on a note of distress.

She shook her head.

"Ah, he bought it?"

She moistened her lips nervously ere she replied.

"Yes."

"Before the war?"

Her face hardened as she answered again.

"Yes."

There was a moment of silence, and then the doctor changed his position slightly before the mantelpiece.

"And this pretty clock?" he asked, pointing to it. "Did he buy that also?"

She stared at it and then nodded her head.

"*Ja, mein Herr.*"

"*So!*—that is curious. I am particularly interested in that clock, *gnädige Frau.* Can you remember where it was bought?"

She hesitated, ventured a scared glance at him, and obviously forced herself to speak. The two officers involuntarily bent forward in their interest.

"No, *mein Herr.*"

She glanced round as though seeking an opportunity for escape.

The doctor repeated his question in a level tone of authority, his eyes fixed on her.

"You are sure you cannot remember where that clock was bought, *gnädige Frau?*"

"Quite sure." Her breast was heaving. She half rose from her seat. "Why do you ask me all these questions? Let me go! Let me go! You have no right to question me like this! I—I tell you it was bought—it was all bought!"

The doctor stepped forward with a quick movement, seized her wrist, and forced her back into her seat.

"I beg of you!" he said, in a voice that compelled obedience.

She subsided, trembling in every limb. Her eyes followed his every movement with the fascinated attention of a frightened animal.

The doctor came close to her, and from her point of view glanced up to the mantelpiece. Then, stepping back, he arranged the candles so that the face of the clock, seen from her position, was a disc of bright reflection.

Without a word, but with a deliberation which awed even the watching officers by its inflexible though mysterious purpose, he turned to her once more and, with the gently firm touch of a medical man, posed her head so that she looked straight before her. Paralyzed under his masterful dominance, she submitted plastically. She was too frightened to utter a sound. Only her eyes widened as she saw him produce a heavy revolver.

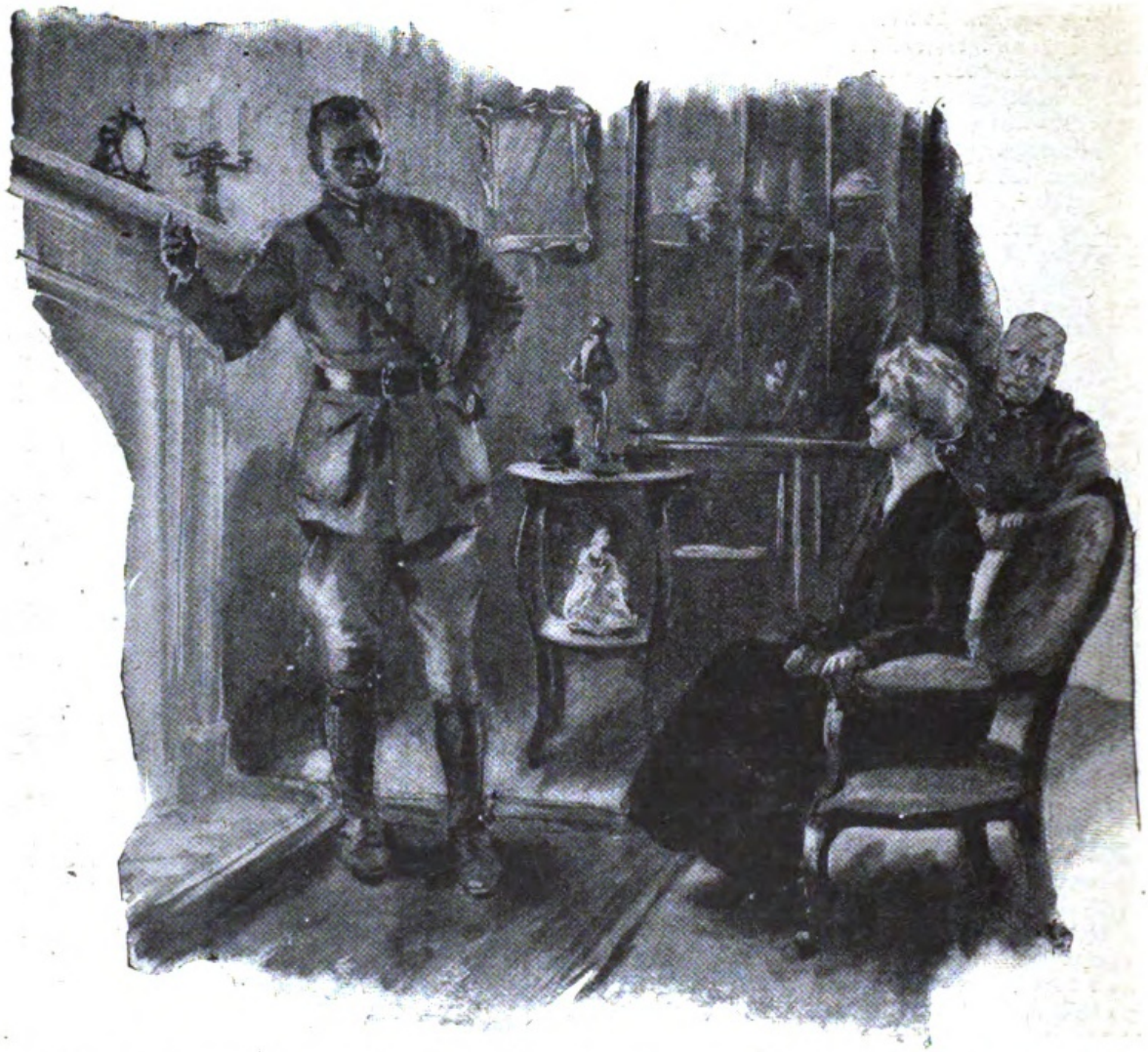
"Now, *gnädige Frau,*" he said, and his voice, though passionless, was intense in its expression of level will-power, "do not move your head! Look up—under your eyebrows. You see that clock? Look at it—continue to look at it! If you take your eyes off it for one fraction of a second I shall shoot you dead! You are looking at it? It marks a quarter to eight. When it strikes eight you will tell me quite truthfully how you came by it!"

He ceased. The young woman, her face white with terror, her mouth twitching, her nostrils distended, sat motionless, staring up under her eyebrows at the face of the clock.

There was a dead silence in the room. The minutes passed. The young woman did not move a muscle. Her wide-open eyes fixed on the clock, she seemed to stiffen into a cataleptic rigidity.

The doctor put aside his revolver. He approached her, took one of her wrists, and lifted her hand from her lap. It lay limply in his.

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"'AND THIS PRETTY CLOCK?' HE ASKED, POINTING TO IT. 'DID HE BUY THAT ALSO?'"

"You are feeling sleepy," he said, in his level, positive voice. "You are going to sleep. My voice is sounding muffled and far away—but you will still hear it. You are losing the sense of your surroundings—but you still see that clock-face. You cannot help but see it. And when it strikes eight you are going to tell the truth." He dropped the hand, which fell lifelessly again upon her lap.

The young woman sat motionless as a statue. Her breathing changed to the deep respirations of sleep, although her eyes remained wide open.

The clock struck eight. At the last of its thin, silvery notes the young woman shuddered. Her lips moved.

"My husband sent it to me," she said, in a toneless, dreamy voice.

"When?" asked the doctor.

"In 1915."

"From whence?"

"From the Front."

"Do you know the place?"

"No."

"You are quite sure?"

"Quite sure."

"And all these other things?"

"My husband sent them to me."

"From France?"

"Yes."

"How did he become possessed of them?"

"He took them out of houses."

There was a pause, in which the young woman did not move in the slightest. She appeared like some oracular statue waiting for the next question.

"Why did you lie to me?" asked the doctor, in his level voice.

"Because you would have thought my husband a thief, and I am so proud of him."

"Can you be proud of him, knowing that he was a thief?"

"Yes," came the dreamy answer. "It was not his crime. He sent these things to me because I asked him for them, and he loved me."

"You asked him to send you these things? Why?"

"Because all the other officers' wives were having things sent to them."

"*So!* Your husband would not have taken them if you had not asked for them?"

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"No. He only took them to give me pleasure. He never thought of anybody but me. That is why I love him so—why I shall always love him."

The doctor bit his lip, and hesitated for a moment.

"You do not think your husband would have offered violence to a woman in the house where he got this clock?"

"No. He loved me too much. He never thought of any woman but me. I am sure of it. He was an ideal man, my Heinrich—always gentle, always loving, always faithful." She paused a moment before continuing. "It is cruel of you to make me realize how much I love him!"

The doctor stood over her, contemplating her, his brows wrinkled in a puzzled frown. His comrades looked at him inquiringly. He ignored them. The young woman, having ceased to speak, remained motionless and upright on her chair. The only sound in the room was the ticking of the clock.

Suddenly the doctor's brows cleared in an evident decision. He lifted the young woman's hand again as he spoke in his level positive voice. His face was very grave.

"You are asleep. But you are going into a very much deeper sleep—a sleep so profound that it takes you far out of this time and place. Nevertheless, you will remain in touch with me, and you will hear my voice. But everything else is going from you. You are now released from the limitations of this body. You are on a plane from which you can enter into any time and place that I shall command."

He dropped her hand and, with his finger-tips, closed the lids over her eyes. Her body still remained upright in its trance-like rigidity.

"What do you see?" he asked.

"Nothing," came the dreary answer.

"Where are you?"

"I do not know. I—I am nowhere, I think," she said, with hesitation. "I—I—oh, do not keep me like this!" There was a new note of anxiety in her voice.

"Wait a moment," said the doctor. He turned to the mantelpiece, took down the clock, placed it on her lap, and clasped her hands about it.

"Now," he said, in his quiet, tense tones. "You are in touch with that clock. I want you to go into the time and place when that clock had another owner—before your husband had it. Focus yourself upon it. Go into the room where it stands."

The young woman's eyelids twitched flickeringly, but otherwise her rigid attitude was unmodified.

"Yes," she said, in a slow and doubtful tone. "Yes."

"What do you see?" asked the doctor. His lips compressed themselves firmly after the words, the muscles of his lean jaw stood out, in the intense effort of his will to keep his emotion under control, to avoid an unconscious suggestion of ideas.

"I see a *salon*," said the young woman, dreamily, "a *salon* with French windows opening on to a lawn. There is a grand piano in it—and a young woman seated at the piano. She is dark—young—oh, she is very beautiful! She keeps on looking at the clock—the clock is on the mantelpiece between two bronze statuettes. She is expecting somebody——"

"Yes?" said the doctor, crouching over her, his fists clenched in a spasm of supremely-willed self-control, his breath coming in the quick gasps enforced by that tumultuous beating of the heart he could not command. "Yes?—Go on!"

"She hears a footstep—she jumps up from the piano. A man comes into the room—a civilian. She throws her arms about him and kisses him. She leads him across to the mantelpiece and takes up the clock. She puts it into his hands—she is showing him something on the back of it, something written! They kiss again. They are in love these two—how she loves him! I can feel that—I can feel her love vibrating in me!" She paused, dreamily. "I know what real love is—and she loves him like that——"

"The man?" asked the doctor, his eyes wild. "The man?—describe him!"

"His back is turned to me—I cannot see his face—— Ah, he turns round. The man is—*you!*"

The doctor looked as though he were going to collapse. His companions watched him, fascinated, completely mystified, trying to guess at the drama their ignorance of the language hid from them. He mastered himself with a mighty effort.

"Yes," he said. "You have the place right—but not the time. Go on a year—more than a year! Go on to the time when this clock passed out of that woman's possession!"

"More than a year!" she repeated, dreamily. "I—I must sleep—I cannot——" She was silent for a few moments. "Yes—yes—I see the room again. The young woman is in it. She is seated at a little table—writing. She looks up—oh, how sad and pale she is!—but she is still very beautiful. I am so sorry for her—she is so unhappy—and she is still in love, I can still feel it vibrating in me. She is picking up a photograph—she kisses it—it is yours!—she kisses it again and again. Why are you not with her? I feel that you are a great distance off—she does not know where you are. That worries her, because she loves you so." She stopped.

"Go on," said the doctor, sternly. "What do you see next?"

"She puts away her writing hurriedly. She is frightened of something—someone is coming, I think—yes! The door opens—a soldier—no, a German officer! Oh, she is frightened of him, but she is brave! She stands up as he comes towards her. She draws back from him—he is between her and the door. He puts out his hands, tries to hold her—*Ach!*"—her voice rose to a scream—"*it is Heinrich!*"

"Go on!" commanded the doctor. "*Go on!* What do you see?" His voice was terrible in its inexorability.

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"Oh, no, no!" she whimpered. "No! Don't make me see! Don't make me see! I don't want to—I don't want to—*Ach, Heinrich, Heinrich!*" Her voice came on a note of anguish. "I cannot bear it!"

The doctor frowned at the rigid figure with closed eyes that began to sway slightly to and fro upon its chair. Her face was drawn with a suffering beyond expression.

"See!" he commanded. "And tell me what you see!"

"Oh!" she moaned; "you are cruel—cruel! I do not want to see! I do not want to look!"

"You must!"

"Oh!" Evidently she surrendered helplessly. She commenced in a fatigued, dreary voice. "They are there together—the two of them! That beautiful woman—oh, I hate her now, I hate her!—*Ach, Heinrich, have you forgotten me?*" It was as if she called to him "He does not hear me. His eyes are fixed on the woman." She continued in short, panting sentences uttered with increasing horror. "She is retreating from him—farther and farther back. He is following her. Oh, something terrible is going to happen—it is in the air—I feel it—something horrible!—What?—Ah, *he is trying to kiss her!* My Heinrich! Oh, how dreadful, how dreadful!—Oh, don't make me see any more—don't make me see any more!—He has got her in his arms—she is struggling. Oh, I can't look—I will not look!—Oh, Heinrich, and I loved you so!" Her voice fell from the scream of a nightmare to a plaintive moaning. "Oh, no more—no more! I can bear no more!"

"Look!—Look to the very end!"

The doctor's comrades shuddered at his aspect as he crouched over her, seeming as though he were trying to peer with her eyes into some scene of horror they could not even imagine.

The young woman's face was a mask of agony.

"Oh, you torture me," she moaned, "you torture me—I see, and I do not want to see—oh, I do not want to see——"

"What do you see?"

"They are struggling together—she fights desperately—what a wild cat she is! He is pinning her arms to her sides with his embrace—she throws her head back, back, to escape him. Ah! She has broken away! She runs to the table. *What is she going to do?*" The seer's voice rose in acute alarm. "*Ach*, a revolver! Oh, no, no!" The ejaculation was a vehement and agonized protest. "*Heinrich!* Oh, leave her—leave her! No, he laughs at her as he follows—and she is so desperate. Ah, he has got her up in a corner—he has seized her again—she is crying out—it is a name—she cries it again and again——"

"What name?"

"I hear it! *Jules!—Jules!*—that is it—*Jules!* Oh, what a tone of despair!"

The doctor closed his eyes and swayed. Then, mastering himself with a superhuman effort, he said, hoarsely:—

"Go on!—to the end!"

"I cannot see plainly—they are struggling still. *Ach!* the revolver! *She has fired!* I see the thin smoke in the air. What has happened? He has her in his arms—he stumbles with her. *Ach, she is dead!* She has shot herself. He stretches her out on the floor—he is bending over her. *Ach*, Heinrich, Heinrich, you have broken my heart!" She wailed as if from the depths of a wretchedness beyond all solace. "You have killed my love for ever! I hate you! I hate you! I shall hate you as long as I live—I hate myself for having loved you! *Faithless, despicable brute!*"



"TEARS WERE TRICKLING DOWN HER CHEEKS FROM THE CLOSED EYES. HER TRANCE WAS UNBROKEN. SHE SAT STILL NURSING THE CLOCK."

She finished in a tone of fierce vindictiveness, a resentment, at once horrified and implacable, of unforgivable wrong.

But the doctor no longer heeded her. Hands to his brow, eyes closed, he reeled away from her.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" he groaned. "Marcelle, Marcelle! How shall I avenge you?"

He glanced at the now silent and still rigid figure of the young woman. Tears were trickling down her cheeks from the closed eyes. Her trance was unbroken. She sat still nursing the clock.

Then, with a deep breath, he drew himself erect. The jaw that expressed his powerful will set hard again. His two companions looked with horror upon the dreadful pallor of that face from which two fierce eyes blazed. A little laugh broke from him. It was a sickening mockery of mirth.

"*Mes amis!*" he said. "You asked me a little time ago what I thought of the policy of reprisals. I ask you that question now. That

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young woman, in a hypnotic trance, has just described to me, as though she had seen it acted before her eyes, the suicide of my wife. She killed herself rather than be outraged by that woman's husband. In her waking life the young woman is, of course, totally ignorant of the event. In her waking life she adores the memory of her dead husband as of a perfect and faithful lover. Now, in her hypnotic state, she loathes him—her love has turned to bitter, jealous hatred. She despises him. In fact, she feels towards him just as she would have felt had she witnessed the scene that destroyed my life's happiness. It rests with me to call her back to waking life, totally ignorant of her husband's crime, adoring him as before—or to leave her in an agony of shattered love. Virtually, her husband murdered my wife. Her memory of him is the only thing that I can touch. Shall I leave it sacred? Or shall I, justly, kill it? What do you say? It is a pretty little problem in reprisals for you!"

His comrades stared at him in horrified astonishment.

"But," cried the battalion-commander, "are you sure——?"

"Look at her!" replied the doctor.

The young woman still sat rigidly upright. Her face was drawn with anguish. Heavy tears rolled ceaselessly from under the closed eyelids. She sobbed quietly in a far-off kind of way that was nevertheless eloquent of an immense despair.

"She sees what happened?" queried the captain, in an incredulous and puzzled tone.

"Three years ago. She is looking at it now," asserted the doctor. "She sees her husband bending over my dead wife. Come, *messieurs*, let me have your verdict!" He seemed to be experiencing a grim, unhuman enjoyment at their evident recoil from the terrible problem he offered them. "I must wake her soon!"

"And if she wakes—knowing——?" faltered the captain.

"She will probably kill herself. She has been living in an intense love for the idealized memory of her husband. The revulsion will be overwhelming."

The battalion-commander interposed.

"But, *mon cher*—a suicide—that goes beyond——"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Her husband drove *my* wife to suicide."

"It is terribly logical," murmured the young captain, "but"—he glanced at the unconscious figure in its mysterious and awful grief—"one needs to be God to indulge in logic to that point."

"And yet we are but men," said the doctor, "and the problem is there before us—must be solved at once! In my place, what would you do?"

The battalion-commander rose. He went up to his comrade and looked him in the eyes.

"*Mon cher*," he said, solemnly, "God forbid that I should ever be in your place! I do not know."

The doctor turned to the young man. There was a terrible smile on his lips.

"And you, *mon cher Jordan?*"

The captain rose also. He also read the hell in the doctor's eyes. He shook his head and shuddered.

"*Mon ami*," he replied, "I should go mad."

The doctor nodded grimly.

"The terrible thing is that I cannot go mad," he said. "I am still sane. So you both decline the problem?"

The two officers shook their heads, not trusting themselves to speech.

The doctor turned away from them and covered his face with both hands. He reeled to the mantelpiece, leaned against it. They saw his body shake in the intensity of the nervous crisis which swept over him.

"Marcelle!" he cried. "Marcelle! If you are a living spirit, counsel me! Shall I avenge?"

The watchers turned to the entranced woman as though involuntarily expecting a reply through her from that mysterious region where her soul was in touch with the long-past tragedy she had revealed. She still wept silently in that awful sleep which was no sleep. But no word passed her lips. Only the clock she held upon her lap struck one silvery note, marking the half-hour.

At the sound the doctor turned from the fireplace and took up the clock. He gazed, with a passionate intensity, upon the inscription on the back.

"Marcelle!" he murmured. "Our love ceases not when Time itself shall cease! Though you are dead, that still lives—*that* was not murdered! I understand, my beloved, I understand!"

He put the clock gently upon the mantelpiece, and turned once more to the rigid, waiting figure. His comrades watched him, spell-bound, keying themselves to deduce his decision from the tone of his voice when he should speak. His stern face was set in an unfaltering resolve they could not penetrate. He lifted her hand.

"*Gnädige Frau*," he said, and the level passionless voice gave no hint to those ignorant of the language of the purport of the German words which followed, "when you wake from this sleep you will entirely forget the hideous dream through which you have passed. You will never remember it, waking or asleep. You will think of your husband as you have always thought of him—faithful and loving. You will completely resume your normal life. You will not even be aware that you have slept. It will seem to you as if you had only just sat down in this chair. But when you wake you will present me with the clock upon the mantelpiece. You will feel an overmastering impulse to do this, and you will obey it. Now," he wiped the tears from her face and blew sharply upon her closed eyelids, "wake!"

The two officers watched her, fascinated. Would she shriek? What terrible paroxysm would be the expression of a heartbroken despair? Or had he——? They held their breath.

Her eyelids flickered for a moment, and then, with one deep sigh, her eyes opened. She smiled round on them.

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"*Meine Herren?*" she said, in her voice of timid inquiry. Then, fixing her eyes on the doctor, "You sent for me?"

The doctor looked at her gravely.

"The Commandant desired me to assure you, *gnädige Frau*, that you need be under no apprehensions during our stay here. We consider ourselves the guests of a charming lady and we hope to leave only a pleasant memory behind us."

His companions marvelled at the strength of will which could enforce so complete a normality of voice and feature.

The German woman smiled up at him, a pathetic little smile.

"You are very kind, Herr Doctor—please convey my thanks to the Commandant." She made a little movement which drew attention to her black dress. "My—my husband in Heaven, if he can see you, will—will bless you." Her eyes filled with tears. "Please excuse me!" she said, with a pretty little gesture of apology. "His memory is all I have—I cannot help bringing him into every act of my life."

"Love need not cease with death, *gnädige Frau*," replied the doctor. "One hopes that those we love still watch over us—though we cannot see them."

She smiled again.

"He had no thought but of me, Herr Doctor, and I have none but of him—I see you understand," she finished, in a tone of involuntary sympathy. "You also have loved?"

"*Ja, gnädige Frau*," he replied, with a grave and enigmatic smile. "I also."

Her eyes went past him to the mantelpiece, rested with a curiously fixed expression on the clock. Suddenly, as though moved by an uncontrollable impulse, she jumped up, took the clock from the mantelpiece, and thrust it into the doctor's hands.

"Please accept this!" she said, appealingly.

The doctor fixed his grave eyes upon her.

"Why?" he asked.

She stammered, evidently at a loss for her reason.

"Because—because I want you to have it—because I feel, I do not know why, that you have protected me from something——" She stopped, puzzled by her own words. "That is absurd, I know!" she exclaimed. "But it belonged to two lovers, Herr Doctor—you, who understand love, will value it, I know. I—I feel you *ought* to have it!"

She left him standing with it. Then she turned to the other officers with her appealing little smile and bowed slightly in farewell.

"*Gute Nacht, meine Herren!*" she said, and went out of the room.

The doctor stared after her, his face deathly white. Suddenly his body broke and crumpled. He sank down to his knees by one of the chairs, still clasping the clock in his hands.

"Marcelle!" he cried, his head bowed over his recovered love-token, his body shaking. "Marcelle! Have I done right?—have I done right?"

The battalion-commander touched his subordinate on the shoulder. Both tip-toed silently out of the room.

ACROSTICS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 60.

NARRATIVE verse upon one side we see,
And on the other lyric elegy.

1. M sery, boredom, utter discontent—
The word is borrowed from the continent.

2. A hill bereft of final letter v'ew:
Thinking of metals—lead or zinc might do.

3. Mine, mine, all mine! But still 'tis only fair
To say that you may also have a share.

4. A fore'gn seapor': any resident
Dwelling herein will know that this is meant.

5. "Laughter" conveys a hint of what is near,
And what the lady has is not sincere.

6. The th'rd of three. Another name he bore,
That of a k'ng two centur es before.

7. R'd'ng and driving, both supply a key;
And wh te the horses surely ought to be.

8. The first should quickly bring to mind his name,
A city still commemorates his fame.

9. Here Youth among the flowers passed happy day
Till wicked uncle had his cruel way.

10. A writer had two names; this was the first.
King Louis was the other one reversed.

PAX.

Answers to Acrostic No. 60 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than by the first post on March 11th.*

Two answers may be sent to every light.

It is essential that solvers, with their answers to this acrostic, should send also their real names and addresses.

ANSWER TO No. 58.

1. A	ctiu	M
2. N	ausica	A
3. C	ance	R
4. I		I
5. E	mde	N
6. N	octurn	E
7. T	ama	R

NOTE.—Light 2. Odysseus.

ANSWER TO No. 59.

1. D	rea	M
2. A	d	O
3. R	easo	N
4. W	eathercoc	K
5. I	nan	E
6. N	osega	Y

NOTE.—Light 3. *Re* a son.

Correspondents who write to the Acrostic Editor and desire answers to their queries should enclose a stamped addressed envelope with their letters, and the A. E. will endeavour to reply. Lack of space makes it impossible to answer in print.

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Captain BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER & "The Better 'Ole"



How The great War Play came to be written.

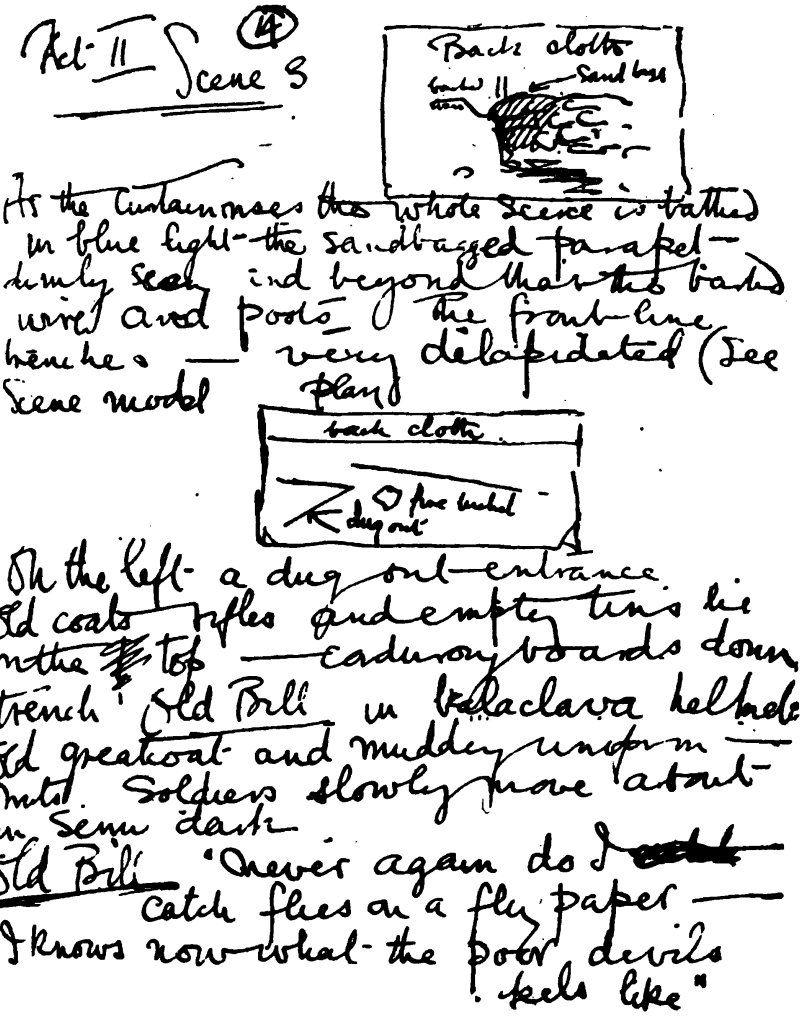
By ISABEL RAMSAY.

"THE BETTER 'OLE." Why, the name alone is sufficient to conjure up possibilities of romance and adventure and the fascination that inevitably attaches to the unknown and half-defined. Weave such a play around those three immortal Bairnsfather creations, Old Bill, Bert, and Alf, add clever dialogue, a touch of sentiment and occasional shafts of wit, and trenchant philosophy which reveals more than anything else the keen insight and human sympathy underlying the author's jocular spirit, and you have summed up the main factors which have made "The Better 'Ole" the most successful war-play of its day.

After it started on its eventful career at the Oxford Theatre, on August 4th, 1917, "The Better 'Ole" was played twice daily, for fifteen months without a break, before London audiences. At the same time it toured the provinces of England, and is still doing so, meeting everywhere with instant success. On October 19th of last year "The Better 'Ole" was acted for the first time before an American audience at the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York. Since then, owing to the unanimous praise of critics, plus crowded audiences, it has been moved to a Broadway Theatre, where it seems "dug in" to the extent of fulfilling the prophecy of a two years' run made on the opening night by one of New York's leading theatrical managers. Old Bill is not satisfied with this, though, and audiences in Canada and Australia, at this moment, are listening to his stentorian greeting of "Ullo" and wondering why Maggie doesn't exert her wifely influence to the extent of making him curtail the length of his moustache, just as audiences throughout India no doubt did when he was in those parts. Old Bill and his boon companions, Bert and Alf, will complete their world-tour with a visit to South Africa, by which time they will have appeared before audiences in nearly every part of the world—Middle Europe excepted!

Most admirers of the "Fragments from France" cartoons (and who is not an admirer of his in these days?) know that the very first (and unpublished) "fragments" were scribbled on the walls of

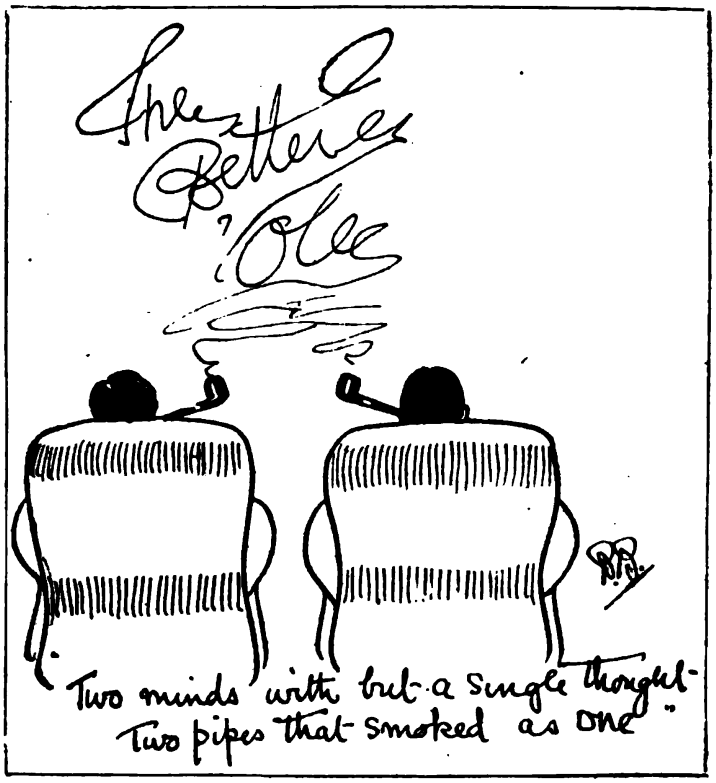
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A PAGE OF THE MS. OF THE FAMOUS PLAY.

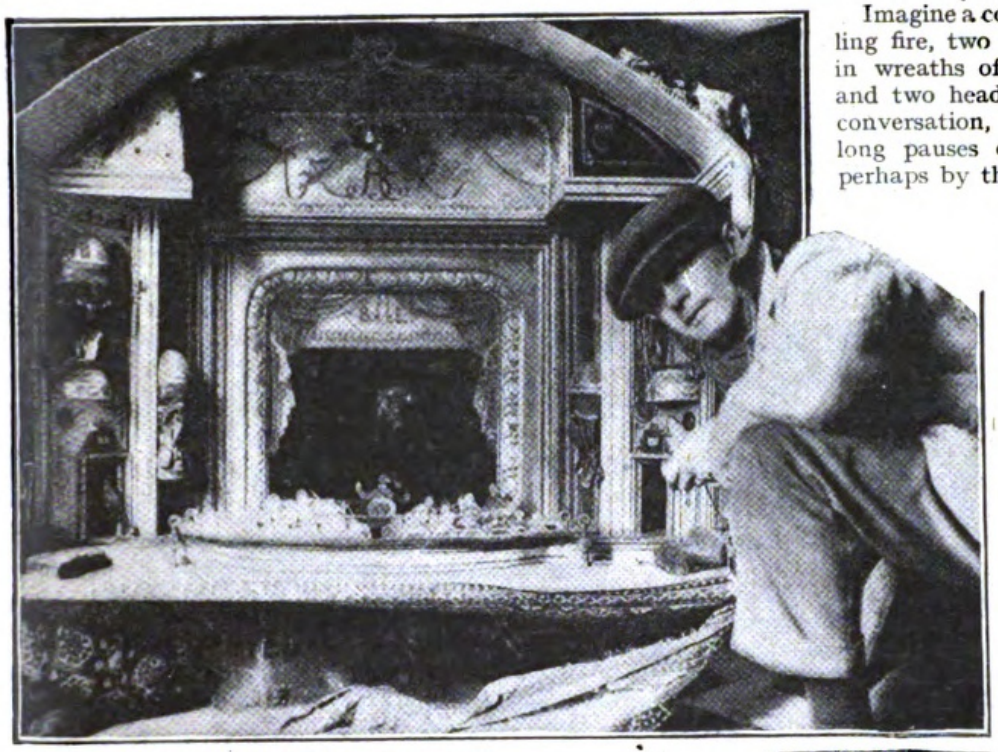
billets and in dug-outs in Flanders, but few are familiar with the origin of "The Better 'Ole" or guess at the causes which led eventually to its being written.

As a matter of fact, the very first seeds of "The Better 'Ole" were germinated in the brain of a small boy when he was taken, nearly twenty years ago, to the Crystal Palace. Here he saw the miniature theatres and the quaint marionette actors who people them, and his quick, receptive imagination was fired to such an extent that he went home and, for many months afterwards, spent all his spare time building a toy theatre. This first effort was a crude affair, made of cardboard, odd scraps of tin, and a few accessories, purchased with what remained of a schoolboy's pocket-money after his inner man had been satisfied with pies and lemonade and other equally indigestible and necessary stimulants. Later it was discarded in favour of a more elaborate structure, which in turn was put on one side and replaced by one better calculated to accommodate the more intricate creations of the boyish mind, now reaching to manhood's estate. There was an interval of some years, during which toy theatres were put aside in favour of the rigours of military training and life in a barracks, and, later, the less harsh and uncongenial tasks devolving on an engineering student, until, finally, in August, 1914, Bruce Bairnsfather, with other members of that First Hundred Thousand, went to sit in the first primitive trenches ever made, in Flanders, ready to perform whatever feats of patriotic valour should fall to the lot of that most pathetically-unrecognized of all war heroes—a Second Lieutenant! Little did he dream as he sat in the Flanders mud and struggled to survive the mental and physical agony of those first months of the war that, as a relief to the tension of suffering caused by his vivid imagination and the horror of his environment, he would draw humorous sketches, destined



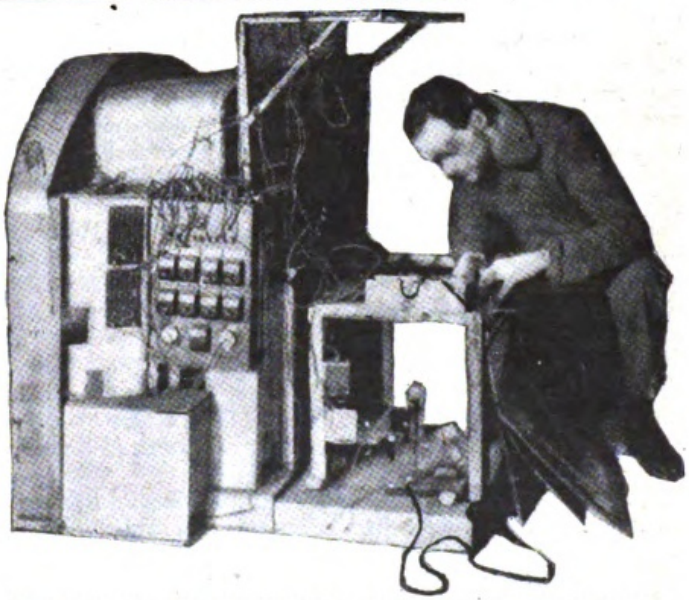
HOW THE AUTHORS OF "THE BETTER 'OLE" COLLABORATED.
Drawn by Capt. Bairnsfather.

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CAPTAIN BAIRNSFATHER AND HIS MODEL THEATRE, IN WHICH "THE BETTER 'OLE" WAS PLANNED AND PRODUCED IN MINIATURE.

Imagine a cosy room, a crackling fire, two forms shadowed in wreaths of tobacco smoke, and two heads bent in earnest conversation, with occasional long pauses of silence broken perhaps by the clink of a glass or the note of a bird echoing from the outside stillness, and you have some idea of the atmosphere in which "The Better 'Ole" was conceived. Sometimes the two collaborators have sat night after night planning and altering a plot, making and rejecting ideas and replacing old with new suggestions ultimately to bring him world-wide fame, and create a national character such as Old Bill, around whom he would one day write a play, which, during the course of a world-tour extending over several years, would be witnessed by millions of people!



THE ELABORATE ELECTRICAL INSTALLATION AT THE BACK OF THE STAGE, BY MEANS OF WHICH THE MOST ELABORATE LIGHTING EFFECTS WERE OBTAINED.
Photos. G.P.U.

Fate, in her usual mysterious manner, had decreed all this, and, as a means to fulfilment, brought about a meeting between Bruce Bairnsfather—now removed from the ignominy of a Second Lieutenancy to the exalted position of Captain—and Captain Arthur Eliot. During a period of convalescing from the effects of a shelling received at Ypres, Captain Bairnsfather had written a short sketch, which had been produced at the Hippodrome and applauded to the extent of seven curtains nightly. Following on the immediate success of his first effort at play-writing, a suggestion was made that he should write a full-sized play. He and Captain Eliot talked over this suggestion, and, immediately on deciding to exert their energies in the writing of a play, they packed their suit-cases and hied them to a secluded country house, where they dug themselves in for the next few weeks, to emerge triumphant with a smile of satisfaction and the complete MS. of "The Better 'Ole."

Needless to add that the stimulants on this occasion were not lemonade and pies—but rather a goodly supply of Scotch and unlimited quantities of Gold Flake cigarettes.

ad infinitum, and not one inspired line has rewarded their nightly vigils or marred the virgin whiteness of the blank sheets with which they started out. On other occasions ideas have been as thick as blackberries on a bush, and the difficulty has been to transcribe them fast enough.

"Old Bill was our main trouble," says Captain Bairnsfather (when you can induce this young playwright to forget his dreams of Art for a sufficient length of time to enable him to discuss his first-born). "The difficulty was to imagine a plot that it would be possible to weave round such a peculiar character as Old Bill—one his typically British temperament and many

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little idiosyncrasies would fit, as it were. After endless thinking and discussion Captain Eliot and I hit upon the romantic plot we wanted, and then came the question of making use of Bert and Alf as foils to Old Bill, working up the character of each of these modern musketeers, thinking out characteristic gags and by-play for each, and fitting them both into the general scheme of the plot. These were the principal and most difficult problems to face. Then came the necessity of impregnating the play with the proper atmospheric feeling of the life and conditions fared by the real Bills, Berts, and Alfs in the trenches I had but recently left; and I can remember how I sat for hours absorbing myself retrospectively in impressions of Flanders and other parts of the battle-front as I had known them during those first never-to-be-forgotten days of Hun hunting. In my mind the setting for the incidents which comprise 'The Better 'Ole' are laid around Armentières, Bailleul, and Neuve Chapelle.

"One point I was emphatic about, and that was the introduction of music and girls to add a touch of brightness to things. Finally Captain Eliot and I emerged from our country retreat feeling very much like undiscovered Pineros, with the fruit of our labours of the last few weeks safe and at hand, and an unbounded feeling of hope and confidence in our hearts. I must say this feeling wore off with alarming rapidity after we had taken our precious MS. to several managers, only to have it sent back to us, in the course of time—refused! Fortunately, before giving up hope, we sent the script of 'The Better 'Ole' to Mr. Charles B. Cochran, who read it, approved, accepted, and made arrangements to produce it forthwith. We then got Mr. Herman Darewski to write suitable music for the show (I always call what he did compose 'Fragments from France music,' because, to my mind, he caught the spirit of the 'Fragments' so well), and I set about designing the scenery and building a super model theatre in which to set it and catch the right effects that I wanted carried out on the real stage.

"Captain Eliot and I had already decided on having two acts and seven scenes, so it only remained for me to design the scenery for the different sets, mount them on cardboard, and try them out with proper lighting effects in the new model theatre I built for the purpose. This one, unlike the earlier efforts of my boyhood days, I made on most elaborate plans, sparing no personal energy or expense in its construction so that I would be able to get the effects down to the minutest detail which I felt were so necessary to a perfect production. To begin with, I built the theatre on accurate lines of proportion, so that, looking at the stage from a distance of six feet, you obtained the same effect as you would by viewing an ordinary stage from the dress circle. The back of the stage I fitted with an elaborate electrical installation, so that I could obtain whatever effects of lighting are obtainable on a real stage, fitted in footlights, trap-doors, and arc lights, and built a grid with which to manipulate my model scenery. The work which all this entailed seemed endless, and Captain Eliot and I spent many hours discussing, planning, and re-arranging things before we felt sufficiently confident that our work in this direction was as near perfection as we could make it.

"Then came the hour for its production, and I lived through the day of August 4th, 1917, in such an agony of apprehension and doubt that, if anyone had suggested withdrawing it even at that late hour, I would have gladly consented. I sat with my mother somewhere in the back stalls where no one would recognize me and strained every nerve to gauge the effect of the play on the audience. After the applause had died down at the close of the first act I breathed freely. My instinct told me the play was a success! After that I don't remember very clearly what happened. I have a confused memory of the audience applauding wildly, cheers and speeches from the stage, what appeared to be millions of programmes being stacked up before me to sign, people crowding round me and stretching across rows of seats in order to shake hands with and speak to me, and honeyed words of praise and adulation to follow from the managers and actors responsible for its production. After it was all over I came away from the Oxford feeling intoxicated and half stupid with elation and the reaction that sets in after any period of intense strain, and crept wearily to the best of all 'oles for me that night—bed.

"I have since seen the first night production of 'The Better 'Ole' in New York, when it was as instantaneous a success as the London production, and it again fell to my lot to have 'greatness thrust upon me' in the shape of cheers and deafening applause, autographing and speeches, and an epicurean feast at Delmonico's to follow. I was to have gone to Australia to father the production of 'The Better 'Ole' in those far-distant parts, but serious ear trouble compelled my return to London and a consequent abandonment of this project . . . And I think that is all," concludes this modest young actor-playwright, with a gentle smile and a wistful glance at the easel on which stands a half-finished *Bystander* cartoon that you feel he is longing to resume work on and so lose himself once more in his world of Art and dreams.

The many people who have seen "The Better 'Ole" and loved it can look forward to seeing its successor, which Captain Bairnsfather and Captain Eliot have just completed and which will be produced shortly.



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The Green Eyes

by ROGER WRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY WARWICK REYNOLDS

CYRIL GRAY suddenly awoke and seemed rather surprised to find himself in bed. The month was June, and as the quarter-light of early dawn was beginning to steal into the room, he concluded it was very nearly three o'clock. It was a wonderful awakening; he had leapt from slumber as a water-nymph might leap from a pool. His brain was miraculously clear and sane.

Then he remembered. It all came back to him like an evil cloud across a radiant sky. He had been ill—seriously ill. How long? He hadn't the faintest idea. Days and nights had all merged into one vague continuity of suffering. For an interminable time, it seemed, his mind had been a jungle of fever-fancies—depressed, distracted, haunted by sinister fears and meaningless apprehensions. But now, with this sublime awakening, the illness had no doubt passed right away, and the shadows had left him for ever. He wanted to shout, to sing for joy!

His wife was sleeping heavily on the next bed—sleeping like one worn out with anxiety and too-long watching. He decided not to rouse her. Nevertheless, he wanted to sing—to sing a new song of his own composing; for Cyril Gray was a young musician. On that day—was it last week, last month, or last year?—when he was stricken down, he had been trying to compose a song, and it had haunted him through broken deliriums. He had tried to sing snatches in his sleep. But it would not come right, and it worried him. He could not remember the final words, but now, with this splendid awakening, the whole thing was complete, words and music! Perhaps his subconscious mind had helped him.

It had been a brilliant idea—this new song of his. He realized the uselessness of beating the old paths of song-writing. The man who is to win fame must discover something new and distinctive, and it struck him that (so far as he was aware) no one had ever tried to set a sonnet to music. How was it, he reflected, that the most perfect form of lyrical poetry was not wedded to immortal music? Surely the thing could be done. The octave was easy enough, and the mounting passion of the sestet, with the magnificence of the grand last line, should inspire the finest music. He had determined to do it—to do it well. He had wrestled with it for days. And now, spontaneously as it seemed, he had succeeded wondrously. He hummed the melody to himself as the room slowly grew into half-light.

The words, too! He did not know where he had read them, and he had forgotten the poet's name, but he remembered it clearly now. It was Tennyson Turner, of course. It described a little girl of three playing with a coloured globe—

> "She patted all the world; old empires peep'd
> Between her baby fingers; her soft hand
> Was welcome at all frontiers . . ."

until she found the spot, a tiny island which was her home. She hailed it joyously, and then the glorious culmination:—

> "And while she hid all England with a kiss,
> Bright over Europe fell her golden hair."

Cyril Gray exulted in silence. It was good to be conscious, to feel free and light, to watch the pale blue of the sky, to see the shadows dissolving in the room. He felt as if he could go floating away into space, buoyed up by sheer happiness, and winged with his song.

But a swift fear darted upon him. Suppose he should forget his dream-sonnet? Forget the words, the melody, and those final chords! It was the easiest thing in the world to forget the gifts bestowed in sleep. They were clear one moment, and faded like a rainbow the next. Was he going to remember? He hummed the tune again, beating time with one finger. He had got it still, complete and miraculous, in his clear brain. If only he had a pencil and score!

It was really important to get it down on paper. Would it hurt him to slip downstairs and jot it down? Was he strong enough to walk? The idea made him laugh. That was the marvellous thing about this sudden awakening of his! He felt better than he had ever felt

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in his life. He could run, or dance, or jump a five-barred gate. He almost felt he could fly.

He slid from the bed and stood up; and he was steady upon his feet. He slipped into a dressing-gown, and stole downstairs into the drawing-room below. The paper was on the piano; he felt the pencil beside it just where he had left it; and he sat on a couch close to the window in order to see. The room was still very dark.

With a fierce joy he transcribed his melody, but he could not be sure of the chords till he had tried them. They were unusual, and combined ecstasy with triumph. He went across to the piano, hesitating. Would it arouse his wife? He thought not, for she was sleeping deeply. Quietly, then, he began to play, but in his enthusiasm forgot his wife, forgot his illness, forgot himself, and struck out the rich, grand, final phrases. They were indescribably effective. He could have cried for very joy.

Something happened that moment that set his heart thumping violently and brought him back to his senses. His dream was shattered by a loud banging at the front door.

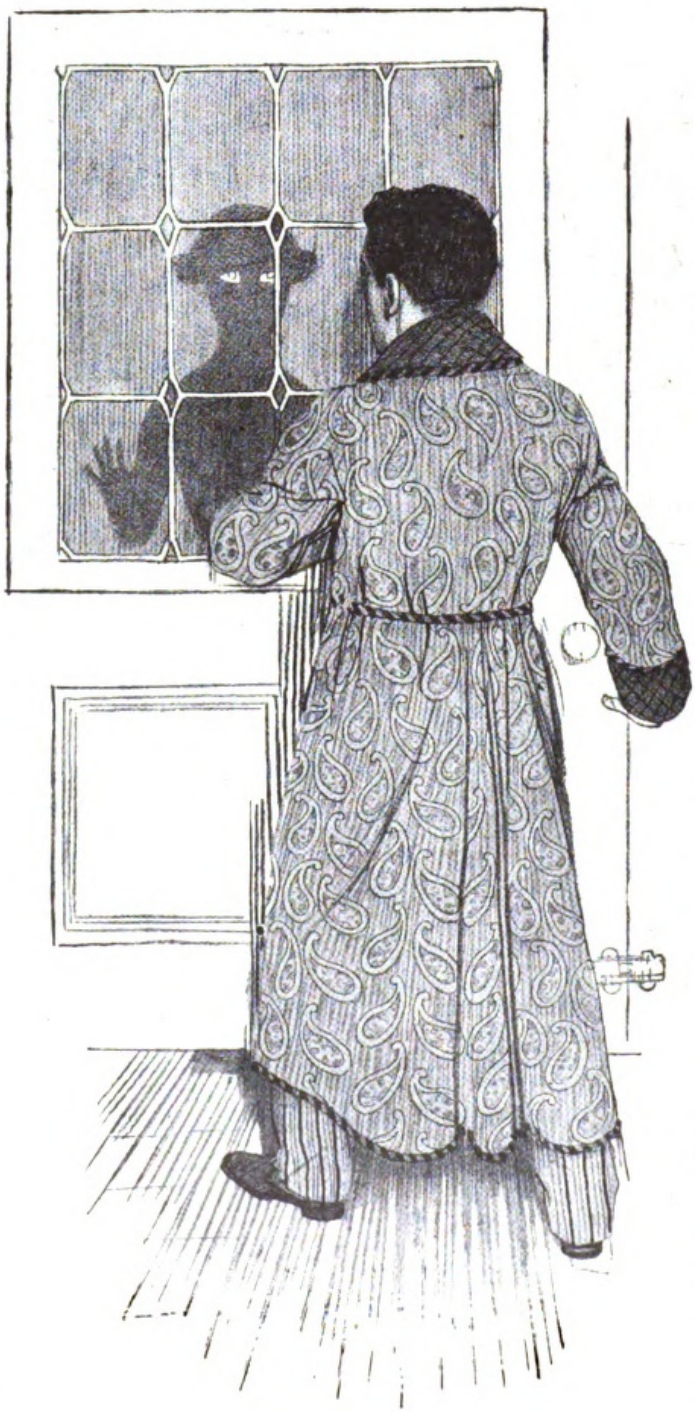
"What can it be?" he murmured, and went close to the clock to see the time. It was barely half-past three. The banging was repeated impatiently.

"The devil!" he said.

Going into the hall, his heart stood still. Through the stained-glass window, he could perceive a dim, grey outline of a figure, while two eyes of intense and vivid green shone through the glass. He had never seen anything so green as those eyes. Like a man dreaming, he opened the door, and without a word the figure advanced, passed him, and entered the drawing-room. He closed the door and shivered.

Cyril Gray was not a nervous man by temperament, but that strange figure frightened him. A sense of uncanny fear drank up his senses—but he followed.

"You wonder who I am," said a sweet voice, and there was a peal of laughter, like a rill of mountain water.



"TWO EYES OF INTENSE AND VIVID GREEN SHONE THROUGH THE GLASS."

"I don't know you," he managed to gasp.

The girl, for girl it was, was tall as himself. Her robe was of black velvet. Her flesh was like ivory. Her eyes were emerald green and lustrous. The light of the dawn was on her face as she smiled at him.

"Are you very surprised?" she asked.

"I'm—I'm afraid I'm dreaming," he said. "I shall waken up in bed."

"Why, what is puzzling you?"

"Your eyes," he said.

"Look at your own in the glass," she said.

His own eyes were distinctly green—and shining like hers.

"What does it mean?" he murmured, half to himself.

"Can't you guess?"

"Not I." (He shook his head and turned again to the mirror.) "I suppose something has gone wrong with my sense of colour? Something to do with my illness, I suppose."

"Your senses are clearer than they have ever been."

"Yes, I can believe that."

"You can see

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better, hear better, feel more richly. Don't you find it so ? "

" Yes, now you mention it."

" And you can work better. You can create with absolute ease. It's simple as wishing. Tell me about your song."

" What do you know about my song ? "

" Ah ! Can't you guess yet ? Suppose I was going past and heard you playing ? It is perfect ! "

" But look here. Excuse me for being blunt. Who are you, and what are you to me ? What does it mean ? "

" It would be rather a shock if I told you, I fancy. You will find out for yourself in a few minutes."

" But it's all so queer and so inexplicable. Here am I in my own little drawing-room, talking to a stranger at half-past three in the morning ! Am I dreaming ? Is this delirium ? I was ill, you know. Too weak to move. Last night I was worse, I believe."

" So you were. Much worse."

" Then, what has happened ? "

" Haven't you tumbled to it yet ? But tell me about your song."

" The thing has been worrying me for weeks —before I was ill. I have had it on my brain all along. The creative impulse was there, but I couldn't get it to take shape. It was chaotic and disordered. At the back of my mind was the impression, but somehow I couldn't translate into music—couldn't get the effects. It has been turning over and over in my brain, going round and round, altering continually, but never by any chance coming right. I woke this morning, about half an hour ago, with the whole thing clear and finished. It was like an inspiration. I feel I could go on composing for hours without the least difficulty or fatigue. The obstacle has gone. It's a wonderful sensation."

She nodded, smiling, and added :—

" And still you don't realize ? "

" I've realized myself. I've come into my own. Is that what you mean ? "

" Partly."

" It's a marvellous experience, and a marvellous piece of good luck ; but beyond that——"

" I think you are the slowest man I've found so far."

She stood up and gazed through the window across the valley. The sky was getting brighter every moment, and fantastic mists were wreathing and coiling from the meadows. He stood beside her in silence, and a strange feeling of gaiety and youthfulness possessed him.

" How do you feel when you look into that sky ? " she asked.

" I feel I could float up and up——"

" Well ? "

" What of it ? "

She turned her weirdly beautiful eyes upon him and laughed again.

" You funny boy ! " she exclaimed.

" This is a terribly funny dream ! " he muttered.

" To go floating up and up——" she suggested.

" Do say what you mean," he begged her, growing impatient.

" Go and play that sonnet again," she replied. " Don't play it with your fingers ; play it with your soul."

" That sounds rather—rather banal," he grumbled. " A bit like Longfellow, or Tennyson at his worst."

He approached the piano, but hesitated.

" My wife," he said. " It will waken her, and she's exhausted, you know. Also, it might be a trifle awkward to explain."

" Explain ? " she repeated, looking mystified.

" Well, rather compromising for you—in the circumstances, don't you think ? Considering that I haven't the vaguest idea who you are. And—and it's not four o'clock in the morning ! "

" Please play. It might help you to see."

" I can hardly see the notes."

" You won't need to see them."

" Perhaps not."

He struck the first chords, and began to sing —he could not help himself. He was carried away with enthusiasm and rapture. And, having begun, he went on with rising exultation until he attained the amazing climax. There followed an interval of stealthy silence, while his strange visitor stood gazing over the brightening earth.

A movement was heard upstairs—then a cry—a long cry of anguish and dismay.

" It's Cicely. She has suddenly missed me," he said, turning pale, and he half turned to go upstairs.

" Hadn't you better go ? " he asked, checking his impulse.

" Stay here," she said, quietly. " Keep still and listen."

He sank down on the couch beside her.

" She's coming downstairs ! " he said, springing upright.

" Sit down. She won't see us."

" She—won't—see—us ! "

" Listen ! "

Cyril Gray's wife did not enter the drawing-room. She ran to the telephone in the passage, and rang up hurriedly, excitedly.

" Is that Doctor Hamer ? Oh ! I'm Mrs. Gray. Will you come at once ? He's gone ! "

" Good heavens ! " said Gray to himself. " Why does she want to call the doctor to tell him that ? "

His wife went on at the telephone :—

" I was asleep. I must have dropped asleep. He's dead ! Dead ! Whatever shall I do ? "

" What's that ? " Gray exclaimed, turning to the strange visitor. " So that's what you were trying to tell me ? That's the meaning of my song ! I can't, I can't leave her like that ! "

" You can't choose now," she replied softly.

" I don't believe it ! "

" If you could choose would you go back ? "

" Certainly, I would."

" And be unable to compose ? To go blundering and fumbling for inspirations that will come right of themselves ? "

" I would ! I shall ! "

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The visitor looked on him with eyes of surprise and incredulity.

"You call yourself an artist? You call yourself a musician?" she said. "No artist would allow a paltry thing like domesticity to stand between himself and his inspiration. In the bodily life you have to grope, stupidly, with clumsy instruments. It is torment to have the creative desire, and yet be almost impotent to express it. The spirit is manacled, imprisoned; but now your spirit is free! Free! You can soar! You can fly! Come!"

She grasped his wrist in enthusiasm, and while she spoke he felt himself surrendering to her spell. But a moment after he saw Cicely standing by the porch, staring with wild eyes towards the high road. An infinite love and sorrow filled him, and he turned upon his enchanting visitor. He was angry with her, and was about to make a fierce remonstrance. To his astonishment, however, she looked different—more aerial, translucent, unreal. The brilliant splendour of her emerald eyes was fading.



"'I AM GOING BACK TO CICELY,' HE SAID. 'YOU CAN GO AWAY.'"

"I'm going back to Cicely," he said. "You can go away."

"As you will," she replied, smiling faintly. "I would not persuade you against your will. On the one hand, there is human life with its struggles and agonies. On the other——"

"I choose the human life," he snapped, abruptly.

The light was now beginning to fill every corner of the room, and the beauteous apparition was dissolving.

Cyril Gray watched his wife for a few seconds. Her face was pale and drawn with a great pain. He did not go to her; he felt it would be useless. He knew—intensely he knew—that at all costs he must return to the bedroom. On the stairs he turned dizzy, and his brain began to grow mazy. He almost collapsed in a swoon, but with every fibre of his being he struggled on. He must not fail whatever happened.

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He could hardly see now, but he staggered on. Three more stairs—two more—one more—and he reeled drunkenly. It was useless to try any more. But he must reach the bedroom; he must reach the bed before he swooned away. In the passage he clung hard to the hand-rail—then he fell, and consciousness almost melted away. But he fought against it—fought with frenzy.

The bedroom at last! He could see the bed vaguely, through a sick mist, and it seemed to him there was a figure lying there. It lay so still, terribly still; yet he felt no fear. A strange longing, rather; a yearning that was like nothing else in life! He reached the bed, drew back the clothes, slipped in, and fell deep into a sea wherein everything was lost.

* * * * *

Cyril Gray emerged some hours later. Doctor Hamer and Cicely were standing over him, looking only half-real, like the lady with the green eyes when he saw her last.

"Cyril, darling!" said Cicely, tenderly.

"I'm all right," he said, feebly. "I'm coming back to life again."

"The crisis is safely past," said the doctor.

"I finished the sonnet," said the musician.

"What's that?"

"He's rambling, I think. The sonnet—it has been on his mind."

"Oh! I'm so relieved! I had such a fright!"

"There's no cause for alarm now, Mrs. Gray," said the doctor. "But I'll call again towards noon. Let him sleep as long as he likes."

Doctor Hamer went out, and his wife returned to Cyril Gray.

"Please go into the drawing-room and fetch my sonnet," he said. "You'll find it on the piano."

"You've been dreaming, dear," she answered. "It can't be on the piano. I've put your things away."

"Please go and see," he begged.

She went—to humour him. To her amazement, she found that he was right. The score was scribbled in blacklead.

He snatched at it eagerly.

"Yes!" he said, excitedly. "It's all right, you see! I wasn't dreaming after all."

And he began to hum it over.

It was all right, and with a beatific smile, still clasping his precious score, he slept like a child.

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"LA FRATERNELLE."

The True Story of a Secret Club of Duellists now Revealed for the First Time.

By MICHAEL MORTON.

Illustrated by S. Seymour Lucas.

In the year 1830 the number of professional duellists in Paris—of ruffians who picked quarrels for the sake of fighting and who were little better than assassins—was so great that a band of young men formed themselves into a secret club, two hundred and fifty-one in number, took a large back room camouflaged by a *café* in front, practised fencing day and night for months, and then selected their twelve best men, together with their president, to challenge and fight these public bullies and kill them off one by one. Their president, Count Joanes de Capaillan, himself a duellist, was a type of the immortal d'Artagnan of "The Three Musketeers"—tall, spare, wiry, not without a "touch" of swagger or *panache*. He and his twelve followers actually put down the gangs of the professional bullies in Paris. The society was kept so secre that its very existence remained unsuspected until long after it had broken up. Its records, however, were preserved, and it is from these that we extract the following account of the circumstances which led to the first duel fought by its adventurers, which is a typical example of its aims and methods.

I.—A DUEL ON BOARD SHIP.

THE FIRST AFFAIR WHICH "LA FRATERNELLE" UNDERTOOK TO REVENGE.

"LA FRATERNELLE" having been duly organized, with its president at its head and the twelve champions fully equipped for the fray, the next business was to ascertain who were the fresh arrivals on the duelling field with whom conclusions could be tried.

During the preceding year the family of *spadassins* had increased considerably, and among them were several whose sinister exploits were the talk of the town, when a new-comer appeared on the scene and concentrated public attention on himself.

His name was Gustave Giraud, and he was a native of Martinique, where he had gained an unenviable notoriety for ferocity, although he was barely four-and-twenty years of age.

He was a half-caste and a very handsome man, with a countenance whose expression gave no idea of the savage nature of his disposition. On the contrary, he was to all appearances mild, affable, and inoffensive. The atrociously brutal deeds committed by him were, nevertheless, formal evidence of the falsity of his mask.

As he was very rich he had surrounded himself, immediately on his arrival in France, with an amount of vulgar, ostentatious luxury that naturally brought him into greater prominence. That, probably, was his deliberate intention. In a short time the audacity of his insults, his rash duels, and his bloody victories made the young mulatto a terror, feared by all and a source of serious anxiety to the town.

Gustave Giraud had scarcely set foot on French soil before he was placed by the members of La Fraternelle in their *index expurgatorius*. Unfortunately, they had not yet completed their six months' apprenticeship, and were therefore completely powerless against the outbursts of the man who had been pointed out to them as one of the most formidable foes with whom they could possibly have to deal. They had received very precise information concerning him, for this man, cruel as a tiger, had found means during his recent sea voyage to render himself hateful and loathsome in the eyes of his fellow-passengers.

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Even his departure from Saint Pierre justified his reputation, seeing that he had quitted his native country in consequence of a duel in which he had killed his best friend, the only friend he had, and what happened on the voyage confirmed it.

It appears that when he came on board the captain could not help confiding his uneasiness to several of the passengers, but they, all of them compatriots of Giraud, begged the captain to overcome his scruples, and receive Giraud as a passenger, because the hatred with which he was regarded in the Colony was so intense that his continued presence there would inevitably lead to scenes of extreme violence, and his departure for Europe was for the good of the country.

Captain Ducasse, who was in command of the *Dactole*, was a good man as well as a good sailor. He yielded to these entreaties and received Giraud on board his ship.

During the first few days of the voyage the young mulatto behaved himself very well, and appearances were all in favour of the absence of anything disastrous happening, when one morning the sounds of fierce quarrelling were heard in the fore part of the ship.

Gustave Giraud was engaged in a stand-up fight with a negro.

The captain, who had never witnessed such scandalous proceedings on board his ship, at once rushed from his cabin to the scene of the encounter, but he was too late. In a moment of uncontrollable passion Giraud had seized the negro round the waist and had hurled him over the bulwarks into the sea.

A cry of horror resounded from the lips of all the sailors who were spectators of the scene, and they would have flung Giraud overboard to keep the negro company if Captain Ducasse, who had fortunately preserved his presence of mind, had not immediately ordered a boat to be lowered.

The sea happened to be calm, and the negro was rescued.

As might naturally be expected, this act of brutality was a violent shock to the little community assembled in the saloon of the sailing ship. The crew made no attempt to conceal the feeling of revenge which they entertained towards the man who could be guilty of such atrocity, and the feeling was all the stronger because the sole reason of the quarrel was that the negro had not been quick enough in getting out of the way of the mulatto when the latter was passing him.

But when the authoritative voice of the captain was heard there was general silence, especially when that officer said in a tone which commanded obedience :—

"Monsieur Giraud, as Commander of the *Dactole*, I order you to follow me to my cabin."

No third person was present at this interview, but it is certain that Giraud, far from repenting of his brutality, or at all events seeking to extenuate it by acknowledging himself in fault, was indignant at the remonstrances of the captain, and without waiting for the interview to come to a fitting conclusion, rushed from the cabin in a towering rage.

As ill-luck would have it, at that very moment M. Lamarque, a passenger and the master of the negro who had narrowly escaped a watery grave, was close to the companion ladder, and found himself face to face with Giraud just as the latter came furiously out of the captain's cabin.

What passed between the two men nobody knew, but a quarrel at once ensued in which violent language was used on both sides. The passengers, male and female, hurried to the spot, and among the latter was Mme. Lamarque, just in time to see her husband receive a couple of blows full in the face.

The vessel was but a week out, and the voyage on an average took two months. The painful situation of the unfortunate passengers, compelled to remain on board with such a wretch, may easily be imagined.

A few moments after silence had been restored M. Lamarque went in search of the captain, who was in his cabin. On seeing him enter, still smarting from the insult he had received in the presence of ladies, M. Ducasse shook him warmly by the hand, but without seeming to notice the mark of sympathy, he exclaimed :—

"Captain, in the name of my outraged honour, in the name of my family, I ask you to sanction an immediate meeting between M. Giraud and me."

The captain motioned M. Lamarque to a seat, and was silent. The situation was undoubtedly grave, unparalleled perhaps in the annals of duelling, as it must have been in the experience of the captain.

If he had been in M. Lamarque's place, Captain Ducasse would certainly have acted as he did. But it appeared to him a fearful, almost a monstrous, thing to let these men kill each other in mid-ocean, on the deck of a ship, under the eyes of the crew, and, sadder still, in the presence of a poor woman for whom the sound of a pistol might mean widowhood. All this seemed atrocious to the sailor who, in thinking of others, forgot all that attached to his own responsibility.

"Captain, once more I implore you," repeated M. Lamarque, as he noticed the hesitation of the Commander of the *Dactole*.

"Impossible," replied Captain Ducasse.

"Impossible, do you say?" exclaimed M. Lamarque, rising abruptly to his feet. "Very well, captain, if you withhold your sanction I swear on my honour that within ten minutes I will blow M. Giraud's brains out."

And, outrageously insulted as he had been, he would have done it. Captain Ducasse understood this at once.

"Be it so, then, and God help us!" exclaimed the sailor. "Only wait until to-morrow. It cannot take place at once."

"Why not?" asked M. Lamarque.

"You cannot fight under the very eyes of your wife."

"I should think myself unworthy of her if I did not fight this very day, and I should hold

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her unworthy of me if she did not approve of my conduct. Rest assured, captain, my wife knows exactly why I am here with you. She is in the saloon with our child on her knee, she is waiting for me, and I have no hesitation in saying that she expects that I shall have wiped out the insult before to-night."

He was right. Madame Lamarque, a young mulatto of four-and-twenty, very pretty, and adoring her husband, was awaiting his return with her arms round their child, a charming boy of six, who was in entire ignorance of what was transpiring. The young woman was pale and downcast, but she had been brought up in a brutal school, and while fully aware of the consequences, she approved of the duel which her husband was seeking. To her, honour stood before life.

Captain Ducasse was surprised to hear M. Lamarque speak as he had just done, but as he saw there was no other way out, he bowed to the inevitable. The request was merely for a prompt settlement of the conditions of the duel, which, in any circumstances, was to be to the death.

All the necessary steps were quickly taken. The second officer of the ship was to act as second to Gustave Giraud, who was amazed when he was informed that M. Lamarque had challenged him to fight on the spot.

"Are you really serious?" he asked his second.

"Perfectly," was the reply.

"There will be ladies present, then," said the duellist, with a smile. "Quite a full-dress affair, so we must not make any mistake. By the way, what weapons does that dear fellow, Lamarque, choose?"

"Pistols."

"Pistols!" replied Giraud, in astonishment. "Tell him then that I shall kill him. I should, perhaps, not have cared to run him through with a sword, but at fifteen paces with a bullet he may rely upon me."

"We need not discuss that," said his second. "The choice of weapons does not rest with you. All I ask of you, as your second, is to be ready in a quarter of an hour."

"I shall be ready."

Whilst the second officer was arranging matters with Gustave Giraud, Captain Ducasse was seeing to everything and issuing stringent orders to his crew, who were one and all bitterly opposed to the mulatto. First of all, the sailors were drawn up in line along the port side of the vessel, with orders not to stir except by command of the captain. The negro, the involuntary cause of the fracas, had been confined in the hold as a precautionary measure, as it was more than probable that, if his master were hit, he would do something desperate to avenge him.

The passengers were shut up in the saloon, a formality carried into effect by the captain himself, who put the key in his pocket.

The young and courageous Mme. Lamarque had, by dint of entreaty, obtained permission to await the issue of the duel in the captain's cabin, which looked on to the deck, as she wished at all hazards to be first at her husband's side if he needed her care.

After these precautions had been taken, Captain Ducasse, assisted by the second officer, loaded the pistols in the presence of the crew, and then, as the duel was to be fought on the larboard side of the ship, he tossed up to decide which of the two adversaries should have the choice of position. Gustave Giraud, who won the toss, chose the forward position. M. Lamarque had, consequently, to stand aft, against the poop.

The distance was fifteen paces. The principals were posted, and chance was consulted a second time to settle who was to fire first, for at that period it was the custom for every combatant to take aim at his adversary as long as he chose. This time fortune favoured M. Lamarque, who claimed his right to fire first.

It was a solemn moment, more impressive, more solemn than usual, because the setting for this drama was so simple in its grandeur, only the sea and sky, and the sea scarcely moved the vessel on which these two men were about to fight to the death. The profound peace and silence seemed to give Nature's tacit consent to the crime which two of God's creatures were about to commit—a gale of wind and a duel would have been impossible. But no! On that day the sea was dead calm.

At last the word was given.

M. Lamarque slowly lowered his pistol and fired.

At the same moment Giraud seemed to seek some support, and his left hand clutched at the air. He then tottered toward the bulwarks, and sank down on a heap of old sails. He was hit.

None of the crew moved. The second officer of the ship alone went to his assistance. Almost simultaneously the anxious and tear-stained face of Mme. Lamarque appeared at the door of the captain's cabin.

"He is dead!" she exclaimed.

"No, madame," replied the wounded man, in a tone full of vindictiveness. "I am not dead."

On hearing these words the unhappy woman uttered a piercing shriek as she covered her face with her hands and fell back on the floor of the cabin in a swoon.

M. Lamarque remained standing with the pistol, still smoking, in his hand.

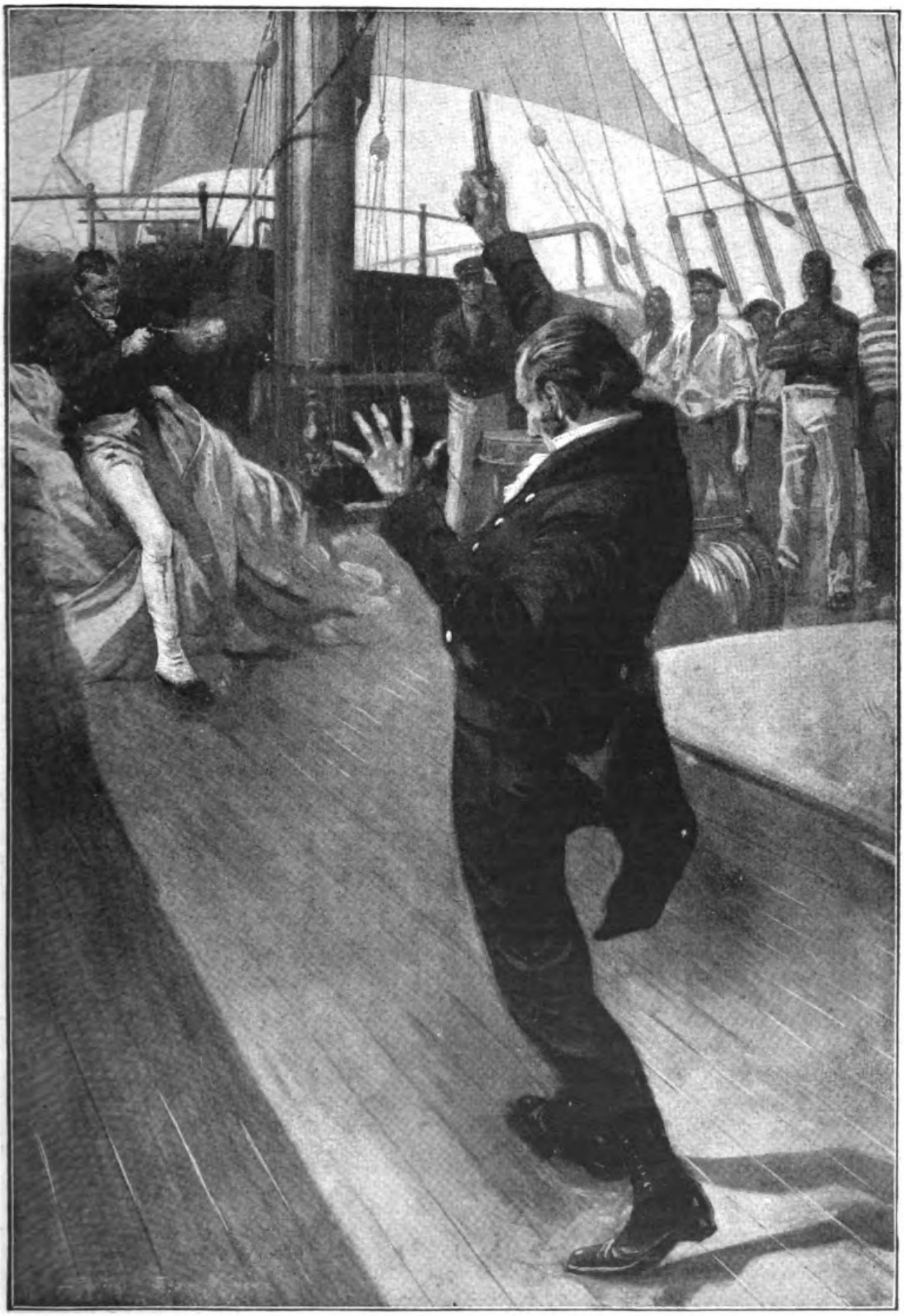
Giraud managed to support himself against the heap of canvas, and so standing, with his right arm advanced, he covered his opponent.

"It is my turn now," he cried, as he fired.

M. Lamarque fell, an inert mass, face downwards on the deck. A stream of blood flowed from him. When he was lifted up he was a corpse. The ball, entering the right eye, had smashed his skull.

It would be futile to attempt to describe the profound emotion with which this catastrophe filled the passengers. As may well be imagined, the remainder of the voyage was a succession of days each of which was, if possible, more distressing than its predecessor, but as this

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"'IT IS MY TURN NOW,' HE CRIED, AS HE FIRED."

narrative is merely intended to introduce the new duellist by means of a detailed account of the duel, there is no need to follow the fortunes of those who witnessed it. Gustave Giraud completely recovered from his wound, and became the pariah of the ship. No wonder,

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then, that from the moment he landed in France he was a marked man.

The members of La Fraternelle did not lose sight of him, and a formal meeting of the committee was held, the result of which was that his death was resolved upon. Gustave Giraud was destined to be the first person against whom the Association decided to act, but he was a formidable foe, and before he was conquered some sad sacrifices had to be made.

II.—THE FIRST DUEL OF "LA FRATERNELLE."

IN these circumstances the Count de Capaillan, their President, who was devoted heart and soul to the Association, without further delay summoned a conference of the twelve champions. The meeting was to be absolutely secret, and the President only gave notice of it to the members of the Committee.

On the appointed day the twelve duly appeared at the place of meeting and received the congratulations of the Count de Capaillan.

It was winter—the month of December—and though it was only half-past three in the afternoon when they took their places in the room set apart for their deliberations, lamps had to be lighted.

The consultation was in reality of deep import, its business being to select a champion—the particular member destined to provoke Gustave Giraud, whose death had been unanimously resolved upon.

At the first word uttered by the President on this subject, the Committee rose to their feet as one man, and a dozen voices exclaimed at once and with equal enthusiasm :—

"I!"

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the Count de Capaillan, "but in order to obviate all possibility of jealousy, this question must be decided by lot. If that were not so," he continued, "I should demand the right of appearing in this first affair, but our rules preclude all preference, and we must comply with them."

A murmur of approbation greeted this declaration, and when it had subsided the President continued :—

"M. de Mériteus, you are, I believe, the youngest among us, and I will therefore ask you to act as secretary. Cut thirteen pieces of paper of equal size, write the name of one of us on each piece, fold them all in precisely the same manner, put them in a hat, and the name which I draw first from the hat will be that of the champion. Are you all agreed ?"

"Yes, yes," was the unanimous response.

Whilst M. de Mériteus was engaged in his task, the sitting was interrupted for the time being, and the other members rose from their seats and indulged in conversation.

When M. de Mériteus, having completed his task, handed to the President the hat containing the thirteen names, each one resumed his place in silence, and calmly awaited the result.

When he had taken the slip from the hat, and was holding it up so that everybody could see it, a solemn silence prevailed. Each one, with his eyes fixed on the President, followed with extreme interest his most trivial movement, and at the moment when he slowly unfolded the paper, who knows but that some heart beat more quickly than was its wont, some breath was not momentarily held ? At last it was seen that the President was about to read the name.

"The lot has fallen on M. le Doux de Montagnac."

Immediately all the members left their places and hastened to surround the man who was to be the first to confront the foe. Radiant satisfaction overspread his face as he pressed the hands stretched out to him and received the congratulations of his comrades. A brave heart and a sturdy arm had M. le Doux de Montagnac.

"Silence, if you please, gentlemen," resumed the Count de Capaillan, who presided over this strange tribunal with singular dignity. "It now remains for us to decide upon the weapon preferred by M. de Montagnac, and to settle in what manner we shall lead our adversary to give us the choice. For, do not forget, gentlemen, that we fight to kill, and with men such as those with whom we have to do, it behoves us to profit by all the advantages which honour allows us. To forego them would be simply foolish. Will you, therefore, tell us, M. de Montagnac, which weapon you prefer ?"

"I have no choice, M. le President, but I think that with the broadsword I can hold my own against all comers."

"Then you must fight with the broadsword. As a rule Gustave Giraud chooses pistols, and consequently you must not provoke him. It is necessary—I must impress this upon you—that he should seek a quarrel with you. You must see to this. According to his usual custom he will probably be at the theatre this evening. All you have to do is to secure a seat next to him."

"I will see to it, sir, and I promise you that to-morrow I will be face to face with this swine," replied the young man.

"Very well," said de Capaillan, with a smile. "I shall be there also," he added, in a tone full of meaning. "And now you are entitled to nominate your seconds from among the members of the committee."

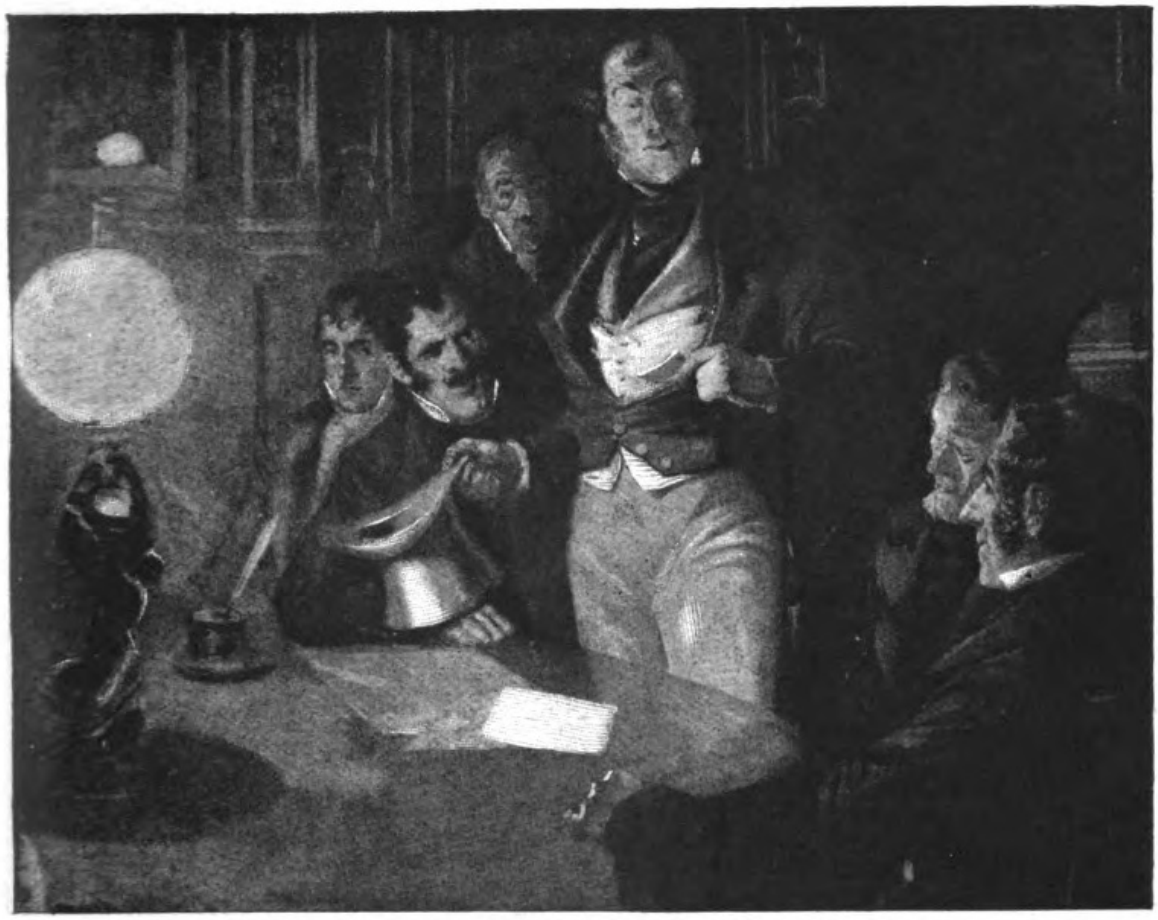
"I have chosen my two friends M. Desaugnac and M. de Chasseneuil," replied M. de Montagnac.

"Gentlemen, hold yourselves in readiness for to-morrow. This meeting is at an end," said the President, rising from his chair.

Although the rules of the Association had been strictly observed, the proceedings of this important meeting were, as has been seen, exceedingly simple.

From that moment the task of bringing about the premeditated duel devolved upon M. le Doux de Montagnac. He was barely five-and-twenty years of age, the bearer of a distinguished name, a very handsome man, and the owner of

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"THE LOT HAS FALLEN ON M. LE DOUX DE MONTAGNAC."

one of the largest landed estates in his Department. The death of both his parents when he was very young had early in life put him in possession of an income sufficient to have allowed of his having indulged to an unlimited extent in all the pleasures of his age.

His disposition was kindly and mild, and from his prepossessing appearance and winning manner it was difficult indeed to divine that he was one of the most formidable of the Committee of La Fraternelle.

It was nine o'clock when he entered the theatre. He made his way at once to the stalls, looked round about him, and as soon as his eye lighted on the man of whom he was in search, he proceeded to take an unoccupied seat by his side.

Gustave Giraud, who had an unenviable faculty for creating a void around himself whenever he entered a place of public resort, and was fully aware of that fact, at first appeared completely astounded at the sight of this young man placidly taking a seat by his side.

"He must be a stranger" said the duellist to himself.

But when, immediately afterwards, he recognized in his neighbour one of the young exquisites whom he was in the habit of meeting in his daily walks abroad, he mentally added :—

"This seems to me to smack of audacity."

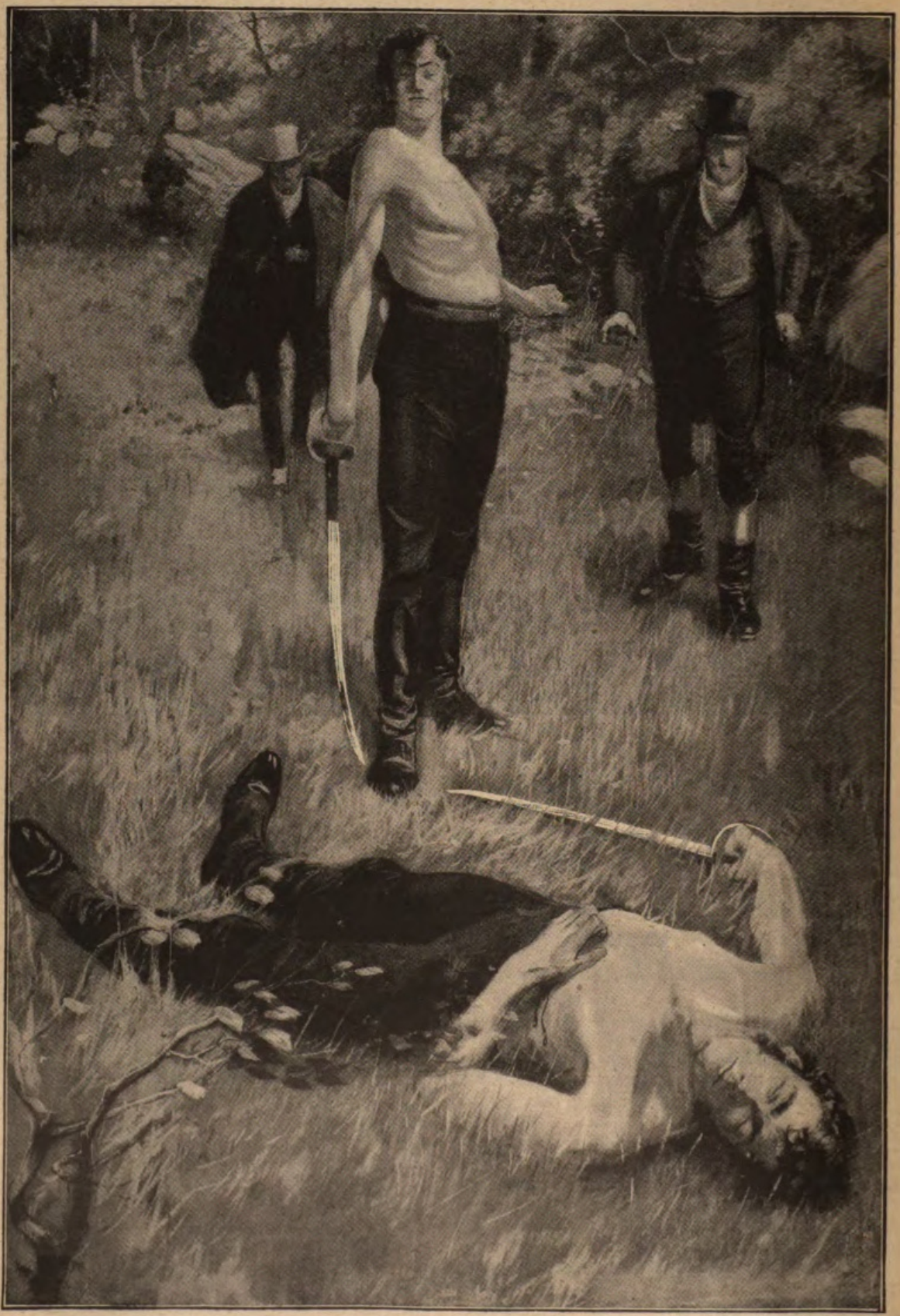
Meanwhile, the champion of La Fraternelle took a seemingly careless glance round the theatre, but he, nevertheless, did not fail to note that the members of the committee were scattered about the house, and especially in evidence was the Count de Capaillan, who was enthroned in a prominent box in the balcony, triumphantly conspicuous in a costume which drew every eye upon its wearer.

De Montagnac could not help smiling as he recognized his chief, and in truth M. de Capaillan presented an almost grotesque appearance. His attenuated figure was well-nigh lost to view beneath a voluminous apple-green coat of antediluvian cut, such as the boldest of eccentrics would not have dared to wear at that epoch.

The collar of his coat, green, of the shade of a billiard table, was high and rolled, a formidable rampart such as was worn by the Generals of the Republican era. A frilled shirt of many folds overwhelmed in its sea of embroideries and lace a microscopic vest of canary hue, from whose pockets meandered a couple of pinchbeck chains, as conspicuous as they were vulgar. By way of finish to this costume, he carried in his hand a huge stick with an ivory head, large enough to have served as a sign for an umbrella shop. He looked as if he had dressed for a wager.

The Count de Capaillan had evidently decked himself after this fashion intentionally. In any case he bore the universal gaze without flinching, and was not rendered in the least degree uneasy

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"HE MADE A FUTILE EFFORT TO STAND UPRIGHT, AND THEN FELL SENSELESS TO THE GROUND."

by the whisperings and smothered laughter around him. To all appearance he was unconscious that he was the cause of the merriment.

Gustave Giraud, like everybody else, was amused by the grotesque apparition, and indulged in some *sotto voce* remarks upon it. When the

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curtain fell he rose to go out, and as he passed de Montagnac he said to himself in an audible tone :—

"I must certainly go and get á nearer view of that ape."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said de Montagnac, addressing him pointedly, "but that ape is one of my intimate friends."

Giraud, who was more than surprised by this observation, looked straight at the speaker. He, however, kept his temper, in spite of his astonishment at the manner in which his soliloquy had been answered, and said, insolently :—

"In that case, sir, you should advise your friend to perform his monkey tricks elsewhere."

"As a negro you should be more indulgent. The ape is probably a member of your family," replied Montagnac.

The word negro was perhaps the most insulting epithet that could have been applied to the mulatto, but considered as a provocation it was not sufficient. De Montagnac, though he was calm enough, was prepared for some act of ferocity. He was right, for Gustave Giraud sprang upon him, and, seizing him by both ears, he wrenched them as if he would tear them out by the roots. The young man gave a cry of pain which he could not suppress.

The entire audience, who had witnessed the altercation but had not heard a word of what was said, were filled with indignation. De Montagnac, however, retained his presence of mind sufficiently to request Gustave Giraud for his address.

"There it is, fool!" said the mulatto, as he handed it to him. "I look forward to killing you to-morrow."

"We will see about that," replied de Montagnac, quietly. He then left the theatre, where everybody was loudly protesting against an act of such cowardly brutality.

When M. de Montagnac reached the vestibule of the theatre his friends surrounded him. The Count de Capaillan was smiling triumphantly and radiant with satisfaction.

"Ah, Count!" said the young man as he shook hands with him, "I have to thank you for this."

"I know it," was the reply. "Did I not tell you that I should be at the theatre this evening? And did I not tell you to place yourself side by side with Giraud? Remember, my dear friend, you had really no valid reason to be insulted by the wretch, and I feared lest in your impatience you would be the first to attack. That gave me the idea of dressing myself up in this costume, which my grandfather wore in the days of the Directory, being well assured that the elegant mulatto would make fun of the old *rococo*. But, I confess, I am sorry for your ears."

"Oh!" said de Montagnac, with a threatening gesture. "That savage act is his death-warrant."

At ten o'clock on the following morning the two adversaries and their four seconds met at the appointed place.

The duel was arranged with the minutest care. The broadsword, or *demi-spadon*, as it was called in those days, was the weapon chosen, and the encounter was to be to the death.

In order to obviate, as far as possible, all slight wounds, that is to say all wounds not sufficiently serious to stop the duel, each combatant wore on his right hand a fencing gauntlet reaching up to the elbow.

They fought naked to the waist, and were to engage as often as they pleased.

Lastly, if one of the combatants should be disabled by a wound from continuing the fight, he was to have the right to call his adversary out again when he saw fit, and so on until one of them should be killed.

It was butchery, if you will, but such actually were the conditions of the duel.

But as chance sometimes takes upon itself to enliven the gravest situations in life, so just at the moment when the two adversaries were about to confront each other, sword in hand, something occurred so comic as to appear almost incredible. In this case, however, the authenticity is guaranteed by one of the seconds.

This, in a few words, is what happened.

The meeting took place on a Sunday morning outside Bordeaux in a small wood which was traversed by a narrow footpath.

The seconds had just told their principals to strip, and the order had been obeyed, so that they had only their trousers on when a group of peasants—men, women, and children—on their way to mass appeared on the scene.

What was to be done? In order to ward off suspicion a prompt decision was absolutely necessary. One of the seconds conceived a sublime idea.

"Come along," said he to his companion before the peasants could hear what he said. "Let us have a game of leap-frog."

The hint was taken at once, and principals and seconds without delay set to work like a parcel of schoolboys.

Imagine for a moment the *sang-froid* of these men. In a few moments they would be doing their utmost to kill each other, and here they were, in order to save appearances, giving each other a "back."

At length the peasants disappeared, Gustave Giraud and de Montagnac were face to face, and the duel commenced.

At the first pass M. de Montagnac received a thrust in the right arm. The blood flowed freely, but he was not disabled. Immediately afterwards, after making a feint at his adversary's head, he recovered suddenly and ran him through the body. Gustave Giraud was wounded mortally. He made a futile effort to stand upright, and then fell senseless to the ground. Two days later he was a corpse.

Such was the first duel of La Fraternelle—the first of a series which only ended when every professional bully and assassin had been weeded out of Paris.

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The BEACH of DREAMS

A Romance

by

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

Illustrated by Tom Peddie

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST INSTALMENT.

Cléo de Bronsart—a girl of twenty, unmarried, dark-haired, fragile, and beautiful as a dream—was one of four guests of Prince Selm on his palatial steam-yacht, the "Gaston de Paris." Cléo, one of the old French nobility, had no leanings towards the People. She looked on the lower classes just as she looked on animals, beings with rights of their own, but belonging to an entirely different order of creation. Consequently, when the vessel was wrecked and she found herself and two rough and sea-hardened sailors—Bompard and La Touche—cast upon the inhospitable shores of Kerguelen, sole survivors of the catastrophe, these views lent piquancy to her situation. Two or three days later she was walking along the beach one windy morning, facing the problem that shipwreck had put before her—a problem ranging from soap to a change of garments—when suddenly something sprang on her and flung her on the sand.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HELPLESS ONES.



IT was the wind. The Wooley, which is the fist of Kerguelen suddenly clenched and hitting out from the shoulder of the great islands, now suddenly stormed about with foam and veiled in spray.

Half stunned, she twisted round, still lying, but fronting it now with her arm protecting her face. The beach had loudened up in thunder from end to end, but the yelling Wooley as it met the cliffs and howled inland almost drowned the thunder of the waves. Then it died down as suddenly as it had come, and the boom of the surf rose high, as the girl, gathering herself together, got up and struggled on.

She was no longer thinking of her hair. It was the first lesson of the school of Kerguelen. "Here you shall think of nothing but the moment, of the ground beneath your feet, of the bite you put in your mouth, of the rock that stands before you."

When she reached the cave, with her petticoats threshing about her, she was met by the two men, and as she came up to them La Touche was cursing the wind. The Wooley had all but blown him down, too. He had got up sooner than Bompard, and had received the full force of it "in the pit of the stomach." He seemed to look on it as a personal matter affecting him alone.

He turned into the cave, and they fetched out the can of beef they had opened yesterday, some biscuits, and a water breaker, and, sitting at the cave mouth, they ate just as the men of the Stone Age ate, with the palms of their hands for plates and their fingers for forks. They spoke scarcely at all. The ill-humour of La Touche seemed like a contagious disease; even Bompard, the imperturbable, seemed glum.

It was the girl who broke the strain.

Suddenly she began to speak, as if giving voice to carefully thought-out ideas. Yet what

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she said was absolutely spontaneous, the result of a quick, educated mind suddenly grasping the essentials of their position, suggestion breeding suggestion.

"We want food, for one thing; our provisions won't last for ever."

"There's rabbits enough," said Bompard. "Remember those rabbits we saw running out on the beach last evening?"

"I can snare rabbits all right," said La Touche, "but where's the wire to make snares with? See, we're caught everywhere."

"Wait," said Bompard.

He got up and went down to the boat, hunted in one of the lockers, and returned with a spool of wire.

He flung it at La Touche.

"There's your wire," said he.

Cléo's eyes brightened; the spool of wire seemed to her a fruit suddenly born from her words. She had accomplished something; it was perhaps the first real accomplishment in her life.

"Where did you get it from?" asked La Touche.

"The forward locker," replied Bompard.

"Are there any other things in the locker?" asked the girl.

"Oh, *mon Dieu*, yes," replied the old fellow. "There's a lot of truck, but it's no use to us."

"Let's go and see," said Cléo. She rose up and came down the beach followed by the others. The wind from the mountains had died away, but the sea torment remained, and, though the tide was beginning to ebb, the spray of the waves almost reached the boat.

It had been listed to one side by the Wooley, but was undamaged, and the forward locker was still open as it had been left by the careless Bompard.

It was one of the boats used for fishing and deep-sea work, hence the contents of the locker: a fisherman's knife in its sheath with belt, a paternoster, invaluable for the fathoms of fishing-line attached, a small American axe with the head vaselined, a canvas housewife with sail-needles, a few darning needles and some pack thread, and a number of odds and ends, including some extra heavy lead sinkers.

Bompard looked on apathetically, and La Touche stood with his hands in his pockets, as the girl fished the things out one by one, placing them, some on the sands and some on the thwarts of the boat.

The things seemed to have no interest for the men; accustomed all their lives to being looked after as far as shelter and food were concerned, they seemed absolutely helpless in front of new conditions. Men are like that, especially men of the people, and when you read of Crusoes and their wonderful doings on desert islands you read Romance.

The quick, trained mind of the girl seemed to see clearly where they could scarcely see at all. She had imagination, and she was a woman—that is to say, a being more gifted than man, with prevision in affairs purely material.

Bompard did not see any use in the axe, and said so. The girl, with her hand resting on the gunwale of the boat, stood like a housekeeper trying to explain to a mere male creature the use of some household implement.

"We will want a fire, and an axe will chop wood," said she.

"Aye, and where are you to get the wood?" asked La Touche. "There's not a tree on this blessed place, nor the sign of one."

"Well, we shall have to look—there may be trees inland, there's sure to be bushes of some sort—anyhow, we will take these things up to the cave, they will be safer there."

The baling-tin of the boat caught her eye; she included it amongst her prizes.

This baling-tin, like a psychological instrument, exhibited the mind of Bompard as though that said mind had been scooped out and placed in it.

To him it was a baling-tin; here there were no boats to be baled out—where was the use of it?

To the woman it was a possible pot to boil things in if they could get a fire and things to boil.

She explained, and Bompard saw the light. La Touche saw it, too, but promptly pointed out that they had no fire and nothing to boil. He seemed to find an odious satisfaction in the fact, a satisfaction which Bompard faintly reflected, and for a moment the girl seemed to glimpse in the two men a lethargy of mind almost unthinkable. A lethargy and laziness, mulish, and kicking at anything that disturbed it—that actually fought against betterment because betterment meant exercise of intellect and action.

Cléo, standing and shading her eyes, looked away up and down the beach as though measuring its possibilities.

Then they brought the things up to the cave, and the men lit their pipes.

"I'm sure there must be lots of food to be found here on the beach," said she. "Then there is a big break in the cliffs lower down that seems to lead inland. I think the best thing we can do is to start now and hunt about and see what we can find. You two can go inland, and I will go along the beach. It's absolutely necessary to find some sort of food, and wood to make a fire."

The smokers were disposed to argue.

But a will was at work stronger than theirs, and presently, tapping out their pipes, they rose up.

The cliff break was a narrow gully piercing the basalt and bending upon itself; here they parted, the men striking up the gully, and the girl continuing her way along the beach.

"And be sure to look out for some wood," she cried after them; "any sort of wood."

"Aye, aye," said Bompard, "we'll be on the look-out right enough."

Then they vanished, and she pursued her way alone, picking up things as she went, turning over shells and thinking of her companions.

The wind had fanned up again to a strong breeze, but the sound of the surf had fallen with the receding tide, and the stretch of wet sand below high tide-mark was strewn with

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huge kelp-ribbons, masses of seaweed, shells, all empty, cuttle-fish bones, and star-fish.

Then she saw the penguins. She had not noticed them before. They were drawn up in long lines at the base of the cliff, and the sight of them destroyed the sense of desolation which was oppressing her.

She watched them for a while, and then went on. She had no time to waste; the thought of coming back empty-handed after all her talk to the men pursued her. She was looking for food and had found none—nothing but the star-fish.

She had neared the rock surface now that stretched away level and smooth, broken by cracks and pot-holes and strewn here and there with weed.

It was like looking at Silence herself, silence set off and explained by the beach noises, the sound of the surf, the calling of the terns, the mewing of the great white gulls.

She saw Kerguelen as it is, as it was, as it ever will be. Standing there alone, she saw it for the first time in all its utter nakedness. I no food were to be found on the busy beach, what food could be found in that carved, silent, cruel land where not a single tree showed in all the miles of desolation?

Where the sand met the rocks a huge conical stone stood with a gull roosting on its top, and just as a person fixes on some object as the limit of their walk, she determined to go as far as this stone and then turn back.

As she drew close to it the gull flapped its wings and flew away, and she saw that the thing was not a stone, but the figure-head of a ship, the form of a woman with ample breasts, broken and scarred by years of weather. The arms were gone, but the great face remained almost in its entirety, staring away across the sands and the sea.

It had once worn a crown, but the crown was broken away all but a little bit on the left side of the head, and it had an appearance of life that almost daunted the girl as she stood looking,



"AS SHE DREW CLOSE TO IT SHE SAW THAT THE THING WAS NOT A STONE, BUT THE FIGURE-HEAD OF A SHIP, THE FORM OF A WOMAN."

watching it, and listening to the singing sound of the beach echoes and the mewing and crying of the gulls.

Then, as she moved closer, her foot struck on something half buried in the sand. It was a baulk of timber; ship's timber was all about, sanded over, and in places half uncovered. Here was firewood enough for twenty years. In the figure-head alone there was enough to supply their wants for a long time to come.

She sat down to rest on a projecting piece of this timber near the figure. Close up to it like this it lost its touch of life and became simply a block of wood, and from this point she could see the beach over which she had travelled

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stretching away and away to the Lizard Point with the foam breaking around it and flown about by the never-resting gulls.

She had come nearly three miles, and she had found something worth finding by just keeping on.

She rose up, and before starting back she glanced inland towards the mountains across the broken country.

Then she shaded her eyes.

Beyond the fringe of the beach, and amongst the high broken rocks, stood a cross.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CROSS.

THE thing itself startled her less than the fact that she had not seen it before. It was as though it had been put up whilst she sat to rest.

It was so striking, so palpably evident, that anyone coming along towards the figure-head as she had done must have been attracted by it. To verify this she walked a few yards away, and even as she did so the cross vanished, shut out from sight by the rock to the left of it. Only from the point of view of the figure-head could it be seen.

It was as though the beach had tried to frighten her again.

She came towards it, noticing, as she came, the shortness of the arms. It was less a cross than a sign-post—a sign-post raised on a mound of small rocks. It was tarred to preserve it from the weather; from the left limb close to the post a metal box was hanging by a wire, and on the post itself, a few feet from the base, there was a plate of galvanized iron nailed to the wood. On the plate were stamped some words.

She stepped up on the mound and read: "KESTREL EXPEDITION. CACHE I. DON'T DISTURB. 19—."

The date was three years back.

The cache, whatever it might be, was under the mound; also, this thing had evidently nothing to do with the wreck, for the embossed metal plate must have been prepared in some civilized country for the purpose to which it had been put.

She reached up and tried to detach the box, and, pulling on it, brought down the slat of wood that formed the arms of the cross, the nails that had held it having rusted away.

Then, having detached the box, she examined it. It was an ordinary sailor's tobacco-box. She pressed the spring, opened it, and found a piece of paper folded in four, and inscribed as follows, the writing done with a purple indelible pencil:—

Opened the cach.
Took nuthing out.
Stuck in som extry goods.
Put the ship about.
To any one that finds it in this darned hole.
Sam Slocum,
Master Mariner. Thresher 19—.

Then, as an after-thought:—

Keep up your spirits.

The date was a year after the date on the post. The cache had not been visited evidently since then.

She walked round the mound to a spot where the covering rocks had fallen away a bit, and, going down on her knees, began pulling them apart and carrying them off one by one, dumping them a few yards away. Her rings hindered her, and, taking them off, she put them in the tobacco-box and the box in her pocket. Under the rocks lay a covering of sand. She fetched the arm of the cross, and scraping away at the sand came upon something hard. It was the end of a barrel. Then she stood up, flushed with her work—and satisfied.

The stores were there, whatever they might be, and with the help of the two men they could easily be uncovered. The question whether they would be of any use after all the years they had lain there occurred to her, but she put it aside. They would soon see.

Then she started back for the caves, taking the slat of wood with her as a trophy.

When she reached the caves the men had not yet returned; leaving the slat of wood leaning against the cliff, she came down to the boat and stood for a moment looking at the sea. The tide was far out now and coming in again, the sea had fallen to a gentle, glassy swell, and the treacherous wind had died away to a faint breeze. Out there where the waves were coming in and at the limit of the sands rocks were uncovered: shaggy, black rocks that seemed covered with fur. She came down to them and found that the fur was a coating of mussels. Here was another find. She began to pick them, and then, running back to the cave for the baling-tin, filled it to the brim, and placed it in the boat. Having done this, she sat down with her back to the boat to rest and wait for the men.

Her hands went up to her hair and began to arrange it as best they could. Had she been alone on the beach she would have taken the pins out and left it loose for the winds to comb and blow about, but the thought of the men prevented her. She did not like the idea of them seeing her going about with her hair down; after her experiences in the boat it seemed absurd to quibble over a thing like this, and she tried to argue with herself without avail. It seemed to her that if she went about in *négligé* like that she would lower herself. How? There was nothing unwomanly in flowing hair, there was nothing indelicate. No, but women of her class never appeared before men in that fashion—she would lower herself socially.

A fool would have laughed at her, holding that amidst castaways there was no such thing as social position, and, though fools are not inevitably wrong in their opinions, he would have been wrong.

Though Bompard and La Touche had dropped the "mademoiselle" in addressing her, they treated her since landing with a certain respect which would have been wanting had she been a woman of their own class.

The class difference held, and was a greater protection to her than anything else. In their eyes she was not a woman, but a lady, a fact that

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chilled familiarity, or worse, and, with the aid of her superior intelligence, gave her authority.

She felt this instinctively, and determined that at no time and in no manner would she allow her position to degrade.

Then, having done what she could to her hair, she took the rings from the tobacco-box and put them on. She would have much preferred not to have worn them, they irritated her; but they were part of her insignia and she put them on.

A shout caused her to turn. It was the men. They were coming along the beach from the break in the cliffs; Bompard leading, La Touche lagging behind.

Bompard was carrying something under his arm. It was a Kerguelen cabbage. La Touche carried nothing.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CACHE.

WHEN she lay down that night on the hard sand with the sailcloth beneath her head, she could not sleep. The wretchedness of having to lie down fully dressed, of being unable to change her clothes, fell on her like a blight.

She lay fighting the problem. It was impossible to go on like this; one might live with little food, but to live always without undressing and changing one's things was impossible. This problem was insoluble, or seemed so. Then she found a half-solution. She would discard her stockings and under garments, make a bundle of them, and put them under the sailcloth; she would not wear them again. She would suffer from cold! No matter, anything was better than that feeling of being fully dressed always. The weather, besides, was fairly warm. She would learn to do without shoes as well as without stockings. She would have to go about without shoes or stockings. She thought of the men. Strangely enough, the thought of going about without shoes or stockings seemed less repulsive to her than the thought of going about with her hair loose.

As she lay revolving this business in her mind the whale birds, flitting about in the darkness outside, suddenly ceased their crying, and through the silence came a vague mysterious sound that deepened into a humming like the drone of a gigantic top; the humming became a roar, the roar of rain. Rain falling in solid sheets, coming across the land like a moving Niagara, now taking the beach and now the sea. Never had she heard such rain as this, falling in the black and utter darkness. The shelve of the beach saved the cave from being flooded and the beetling of the cliff kept it dry, but it could not keep out the rain smell, the raw smell of Kerguelen carried from inland. Then after a bit the first great onslaught slackened.

The girl raised herself on her elbow; then she rose and cast off the oilskin coat that had served for a blanket. She undressed in the darkness, made a bundle of her stockings and her Jaeger underclothes, and placed them beneath the sailcloth; then, removing the comb from her hair and letting it fall, she came out into the blackness and stood in the torrential rain.

It beat on her head and shoulders and breast, it cascaded down her limbs, soothing as the hand of mesmerism, refreshing, delightful beyond words. Then she came back into the cave and, finding some cotton-waste they had saved from the boat, dried herself as well as she could, dried her hair and twisted it into a knot, put on her blouse, coat, and skirt, and covered herself with the oilskin.

She had solved the question of a bath and change of clothes, at least, for the moment—the discomfort of the rough tweed of the skirt against her unprotected limbs, of the hard bed, of the sailcloth pillow, with its vague smell of canvas and jute, all these were nothing to that other discomfort. These were physical, that was psychical.

She fell asleep and slept till long after dawn. When she came out the rain had ceased, and, through air fresh as though from the hand of Creation, vast clouds were rolling away towards the islands over a blue-green sea.

She had told the men of the cache overnight, and, to her wonder, the thing had interested them, and this morning, when they had finished their biscuits and beef, she found not the slightest difficulty in making them start.

She put on her boots for the journey, and then they strolled along the beach in the usual order, Cléo first, the two others following. The figure-head when they reached it held them entirely in its spell.

She could scarcely tear them away. They discussed it from every point of view, argued over it, pondered over it, and were only brought to their senses by a hint that it would have to be chopped up for firewood.

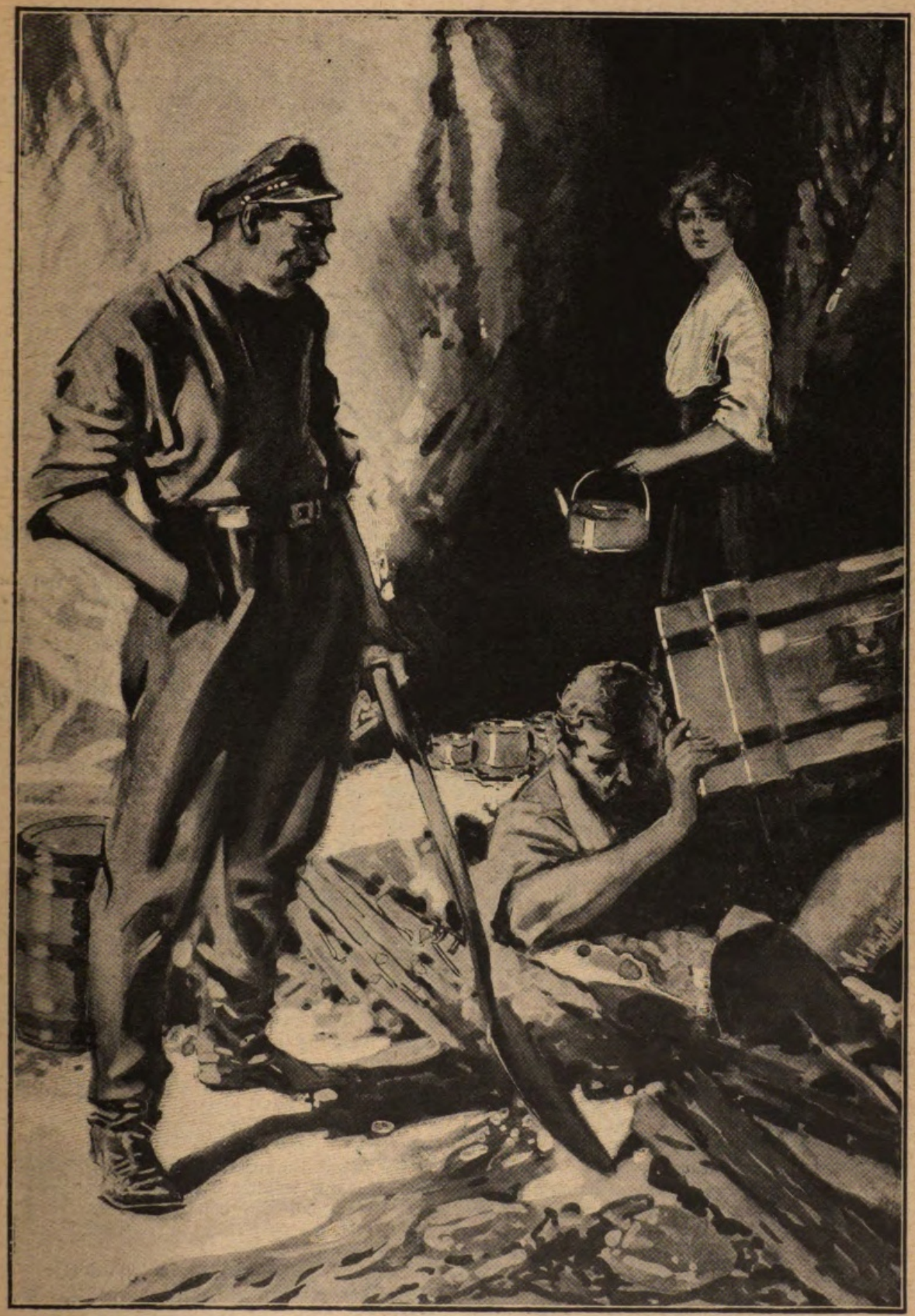
Then, when they reached the cache, there was another long pause for discussion, the two sitting down to smoke whilst they talked it over.

It was not till she set to work pulling more stones away that they began to get busy, then, when once started, they laboured like negroes. The glimpse of the barrel end seemed to inflame them, but indeed they did not want even that, for the business they had set their hands to had all the fascination of treasure-hunting mixed with the thrills of house-breaking. Here was "stuff," plunder of some sort, who could tell what?

An hour and a half of labour brought them sweating to the end of the business, and the presiding gulls saw exposed to the light of day two big barrels, two long cases, and an amount of canned meat and vegetables enough to stock a small shop, also a harpoon of the old type, and two shovels placed by the long cases. Then, after a rest of half an hour, the barrels were sampled. One contained flour, the other blankets and men's clothes: sweaters and coats and trousers. One of the long cases contained kitchen utensils and tin cups and plates, also knives and forks and spoons.

The other contained "comforts," tea and coffee and sugar in sealed tins, some rolls of tobacco, drugs, and a few surgical instruments—all the equipment, in fact, necessary for an

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"AN HOUR AND A HALF OF LABOUR BROUGHT THEM SWEATING TO THE END OF THE BUSINESS."

expedition of a dozen men for six months. Not a drop of liquor.

Perhaps that was why the girl was more overjoyed by the details of the find than the mariners. Bompard, considering the difficulty of transporting the stuff to the caves, proposed that

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they should move their abode right up to the cache.

Cléo pointed out that there were no caves here, so, unless they moved the caves as well as their belongings, they would have nowhere to sleep in.

"I think the best thing we can do," said she, "is to take what we want and then cover up the rest till we want some more."

"Put the stuff under the rocks again?" asked Bompard.

"Yes."

"*Mon Dieu!*" said La Touche.

It was not what he said, but the way he said it, that angered the girl.

La Touche was a problem in her mind. She could understand Bompard, but she could not quite understand La Touche. It seemed to her that he was one of those people who, without much intelligence, yet, or perhaps because of that fact, make fine centres of rebellion. She could fancy him leading a mob to tear down something that vexed him, and everything seemed to vex him at times.

But though she was not clear about La Touche, she was quite clear about herself, and she was determined to be his master. She felt instinctively that he was the leader of Bompard, and that Bompard alone would have been a much better individual in many respects.

"There is no use in saying '*Mon Dieu*,'" said she; "the thing has to be done. The gulls and the rabbits will ruin everything if we leave things about. Come, Bompard."

Bompard rose up at the order, and began to assist in sorting out the things they were to take back with them. Then La Touche, not to be out of the business and perhaps ashamed of himself, or of his position as an idler, joined in.

Had she given the order direct to him he might have revolted; she had conquered him for the moment none the less.

First they began to sort out the things to be kept for immediate use. A saucepan, three tin cups, three tin plates, knives and forks, the teapot and kettle, a canister of tea, sugar, and salt. The canned stuff, including cans of vegetables, Cléo left untouched. She determined to keep it in reserve and depend upon the cabbage plants, one of which Bompard had brought back yesterday.

Then came the question of the flour; that, too, must be kept in reserve, and the opening they had made in the top of the barrel closed up properly. This operation took time, and was conducted with a good deal of grumbling, which fell on deaf ears. The thing was done, and that was the main thing. Four blankets were taken from the other barrel, and that, too, was closed. Then with the shovels the whole lot was sanded over and the rocks replaced, the girl helping in the work as well as directing.

When everything was finished they made three bundles, using the blankets as hold-alls, and started back.

It was now noon and the breeze that had been blowing ever since dawn had died away, but great clouds were banking up over the islands, vast, solemn, leaden-coloured clouds rolling up from the far sea and piling one on the other like alps on alps.

They had nearly reached the caves when a roll of thunder like the ruffle of muffled drums came over the water; but they got under shelter before the rain began to fall, just a few heavy drops at first, and then in a moment a cataract.

The islands vanished, the sea vanished to within a few hundred yards of the beach, the voices of the gulls and the breaking of the waves became merged and vague in the hiss of the sheeting rain.

A fire was impossible owing to the rain, so they dined off biscuits and canned stuff—cold.

When the meal was finished Cléo put the plates out in the rain to wash them. Then a bright idea came to her, and, getting the roll of wire, she asked La Touche to show her how to make rabbit snares.

La Touche took the roll of wire and held it in his hands for a moment.

"This is all very well," said he, "but where is your wire-cutters?"

They had nothing to cut the wire with, and he seemed to look on the fact as a triumph of his own cleverness over Cléo's, till Bompard intervened and showed how, by knotting the wire and pulling hard, a break might be made. This accomplished, and three lengths of wire having been procured, the surly one proceeded to make a snare and to demonstrate how it might be set.

At the end of the business the girl regretted that she had ever started it. She had put herself under the tuition of La Touche, and allowed the intimacy of master and pupil, allowed even in this slight way that he was her superior.

CHAPTER IX.

THE QUARREL.

NEXT morning broke fine. She was awakened by voices quarrelling, and came out to find a breezy and absolutely cloudless day, with the sea running smooth and the sunlight on the far islands.

The two men, who had fallen out over some trifle, were wrangling like fish-women, Bompard having the worst of it, as his ineffectual Southern oaths were no match for the language of the other.

The girl stood looking at La Touche, but he seemed not to mind in the least.

Then she turned away and walked down to the boat.

She heard Bompard say: "There, you have sent her off, talking like that," and what La Touche replied she could not hear, but she guessed it was something not complimentary to Bompard or herself.

The boat was half-full of rain-water. She rinsed her hands in it; then, standing with the warm sun upon her, she almost forgot the men, looking at the purple islands and the gulls like new minted gold, and the great arc of the bay lined out with a thread of creamy foam.

Then, after a while, turning round, she saw that Bompard was lighting a fire with the

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remains of the wood, and, coming up, she helped in the business.

He had arranged the little fire between pieces of rock so as to make a stand for the kettle, and La Touche was opening the hermetically-sealed canister of tea with his knife; neither man was speaking, and the meal passed off almost in silence.

She felt that any moment the quarrel might break out again, and her instinct was to get away from them.

She had left the fisherman's knife and belt in her cave; she went to the cave and strapped the belt around her waist. The boat-hook was lying on the sand, she picked it up and, carrying it, walked away down the beach in the direction of the cache.

The boat-hook was a weapon of sorts, and it was better out of the men's way; the knife was different: it had come to her that in this place it was better to be armed, and she determined always to wear it.

But no sounds of quarrelling followed her, only the quarrelling of the gulls, and, half a mile away, looking back, she saw that the men had separated. La Touche was standing by the boat and Bompard was walking towards the Lizard Point. She sat down to rest for a moment, and she watched the figure of Bompard. It grew smaller and smaller till it reached the point, then it vanished over the rocks.

She saw La Touche walk away towards the caves; he disappeared, and the beach, now destitute of life, lay sung to by the sea and flown over by the gulls.



"SHE REMOVED THE COMB WHICH HELD HER HAIR IN A ROUGH KNOT, SHAKING IT FREE IN THE SUN AND WIND."

CHAPTER X.

WHERE IS BOMPARD?

SOME time later she began to retrace her steps, and as she drew near the caves she looked for the men, but the beach was deserted. Then, looking into the men's cave, she saw La Touche lying on his back asleep, his pipe beside him, and his arm flung across his eyes.

Where was Bompard?

He ought to have been back by this, and, as she turned and looked up and down the beach, a vague uneasiness came upon her.

She remembered now that he had talked about sea birds' eggs, and how to get them. Might he have gone hunting for eggs over those cliffs and fallen?

She remembered also, when the two men had come back from their expedition inland, they had brought an alarming story of a bog like a quicksand. La Touche had blundered into it, and he would have gone down but for his companion. They had also said something about pot holes like shafts in the basalt. She turned her mind away from these thoughts and, passing her fingers through her hair, removed the comb which held it in a rough knot, shaking it free to the sun and wind. She combed it with her fingers and re-arranged it, and then looked again—nothing.

It came to her suddenly that, though she were to sit there for ever, the vigil would

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be useless, that Bompard had gone—never to return.

Then she noticed that La Touche was again awake.

"What has become of Bompard?" she asked. "Have you seen him since he went off this morning over those rocks?"

"Bompard" replied the other. "*Mon Dieu!* How do I know? No, I have not seen him; he is big enough to take care of himself."

"That may be," she replied, "but accidents happen no matter how big a man may be. He has not returned."

"So it would seem," said La Touche, who was busy turning the contents of a tin on to a plate. "But he will return when he remembers that it is dinner-time."

Her lips were dry with anger; there was a contained insolence in the manner and voice of the other that roused her as much as his callousness. His mind seemed as cold as his pale blue eyes. All her mixed feelings towards him focused suddenly into a point—she loathed him; but she held herself in.

"If he has not returned when we have finished dinner," said she, "we shall have to look for him." She took a plate and some of the beef he had turned from the tin and, with a couple of biscuits, drew off, and taking her place outside in the sun began her wretched meal.

When she had finished eating she put the plate by her side and sat waiting for La Touche to make a movement.

Bompard that morning had left his tinder-box behind him in the cave; she heard the strike of flint on steel. La Touche was lighting his pipe. She waited ten minutes or more, then she came to the cave mouth.

"Are you not coming to look for Bompard?" asked she.

"I'll go when I choose," said he. "I don't want orders."

"I gave you no orders," she replied. "I asked you are you not coming to look for Bompard, who may be in difficulties, or lying perhaps with a broken limb—and you sit there smoking your pipe. But I give you orders now: get up, and come and help to look for him. Get up at once."

He sprang to his feet and came right out. It seemed to her that she had never seen him before. This was the real La Touche.

"One word more from you," he shouted, "and I'll show you who's master. You! Talk to me, would you! A woman more trouble than you're worth; off with you, get down the beach—clear!"

He took a step forward with his right fist ready to strike, open-handed. Then he drew back. She had whipped the knife from its sheath.

The boat-hook, which she had brought back with her, was propped against the cliff behind her and out of his reach. He had no weapon.

She did not add a word to the threat of the knife. He stood like a fool, unable to sustain her gaze, venomous, yet held, as a snake is held by a man's grip.

"Now," she said, "get on. Go and search for your companion, and if you dare to speak to me again like that I will make you repent it. You thought I was weak, being a woman and alone. You were going to strike. Coward! Get on, go and search for your companion."

He turned suddenly and walked off towards the Lizard rocks. "I'll go where I choose," said he.

It was a lame and impotent end of his rebellion, but she held no delusions. This was only the beginning—if Bompard did not return.

She put the knife in its sheath and then she put the boat-hook away, hiding it behind the sailcloth in her cave. Then she went into the men's cave. La Touche's clasp-knife lay there on the sand; it was not much of a weapon, but she took it. She examined the dinner-knives again. They were almost useless as weapons. Then she came out again. La Touche had disappeared beyond the rocks and she came to the boat. There was nothing here in the way of a weapon that he might use, unless the oars. They were heavy, but he was strong. She determined to leave nothing to chance, and carrying the oars down the beach to the break in the cliffs, she hid them amongst some scrub bushes. Then she remembered the axe, sought for it, and hid it.

Then she came back and sat down to reconsider matters.

The position was as bad as could be.

As bad as La Touche. Once let this man get the upper hand and she was lost. She would be his slave—and worse. She had measured him finely. Instinct, never at fault, told her that to pull down anything above him would be meat and drink to La Touche's true nature, and that his hatred of her superiority was deepened by the fact that she was a woman.

Were she weak he would beat her and make her cook for him, trample on her, make her his woman to fetch and carry, and, if Bompard did not come back, she was here alone with him, and would have to fight this thing out.

Well, she could not fight it by brooding over it, and she was not helping to look for Bompard.

She drew the knife from its sheath and held the eight inches of razor-sharp steel balanced in her hand for a moment as though admiring it. Then she replaced it in the sheath, and started towards the Lizard Point.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEATH-TRAPS.

FROM the highest shoulder of the point she could see La Touche clambering over the seaward rocks.

He seemed more in search of shells and seaweed than of Bompard. Then, climbing down, she reached the lower ground and struck off inland. If she did not succeed in finding Bompard, she would at least succeed in avoiding La Touche.

Right from the Lizard Point the plain stretched to higher ground which marked the beginning of the sea cliffs, great rocks strewed the way, and

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"HE TOOK A STEP FORWARD WITH HIS RIGHT FIST READY TO STRIKE, OPEN-HANDED. THEN HE DREW BACK. SHE HAD WHIPPED THE KNIFE FROM ITS SHEATH."

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the ground was torn by the beds of small water-courses, depressions that would suddenly become little rivers in the deluging rains; stunted bushes huddled as if for shelter at the rock bases, and the voice of the sea came here, broken and mixing with the whisper of the bushes to the wind.

She crossed the plain.

This place had once been a glacier bed—rounded boulders standing in pools of water told that.

A gull flying in from the sea and carrying a fish in its beak drew her attention: it was being pursued by a larger gull.

As they passed the fish dropped, fell on a patch of yellow ground just in front of the girl, sank, and vanished.

She stopped dead, and drew back with a chill at her heart. Then she picked up a stone and cast it on the patch of ground. It vanished even more swiftly than the fish.

It was one of the bogs the men had spoken of. They had described the treacherous ground as white; this was yellowish, and not very noticeable; it was also death, and another dozen steps would have led her into it.

She advanced cautiously, reached the border line, and, kneeling down, pushed her hand into the yellow mud. It was like pushing it into a cold, slimy mouth. She could scarcely draw it out again. When she did the mud was clinging to her hand like a yellow glove.

She came back to one of the rock ponds and washed her hand; it was like trying to get rid of treacle, and, as she washed, she tried to fancy what would have happened but for the gull; tried to picture herself being slowly pulled down into that cold darkness and entombed there for ever.

Then, skirting the place of danger, she went on cautiously, examining carefully the ground before her. She had not gone ten yards when it seemed to her that a patch right in front of her was ever so slightly darker and moister-looking than the ground she was treading.

She picked up a stone and cast it on the patch. It vanished. Then she knew the feeling of the man who finds himself ambuscaded.

This place was a death-trap, or, rather, a series of death-traps; there might be pits lying in wait for her quite unnoticeable. She turned and began to retrace her steps, so shaken that she would not trust even the ground she had already covered, but kept testing it by casting stones before her.

From a little distance an observer might have fancied her engaged in some new sort of game.

Near the safety of the Lizard rocks her eyes, closely scanning the ground before her, caught sight of something. It was a half-burnt match. No one else but Bompard could have dropped that match. He had started without his tinder-box, had evidently found that match in his pocket, lit his pipe, and walked on. There was only one direction in which he would have walked unless he had struck inland, which was improbable. He would have made, as she had made, to cross to the higher ground.

Even if he had walked inland he would not have escaped, for, casting her eyes in that direction, she could see yellow patches spreading between the rocks.

She knew now what had become of Bompard, and with lips dry as pumice-stone she began to climb till she reached the point where she had sat that morning. If the mud had taken Bompard, had he cried out? If so, La Touche would have heard his cries, for the caves were not so far from the Lizard rocks.

La Touche was nowhere to be seen, but she had no fear about him, or only the fear that he would come back. Bompard was gone. Bompard was dead, she knew it as though she had seen him engulfed, and she was here alone, in this place, with La Touche.

She put her hand to her side automatically, to make sure that the knife was there. Then she sat with her eyes fixed on the distant islands, haze-purple, in the light of the westering sun.

The thought of the boat on the beach came to her with the idea that she might launch it and escape, make for the islands, and put all that sea between herself and the man she hated. But she could not launch the boat single-handed, and, if she could, it would have been impossible to work it single-handed with those big oars.

She came back to the beach. It wanted still a couple of hours of sun-down. There was no sign yet of La Touche, but, just as she knew in her heart that Bompard was dead, she knew that La Touche was all right. He had been keeping to the rocks by the sea; leaving that aside, she knew that he would come back. He was of the sort that remains unscathed when the better man is taken.

She had one dread—that La Touche might get the knife from her, throw it away, and be master by his superior strength.

She had his clasp-knife in her pocket, but it was a thing of little account in a struggle. Well, she must be on her guard. Then came the thought: "But how can I be on my guard when I am asleep?"

Nothing would be easier, if he were really in earnest, than for him to creep upon her whilst she slept and disarm her.

With her mind filled by these thoughts she set to work getting supper ready. La Touche had taken the tinder-box with him, so a fire was out of the question. and she contented herself by laying out what remained of the beef that had served for dinner and some biscuits.

Then she saw that she had only laid two plates. Working half-unconsciously, she had ruled Bompard out. She looked at the things lying there on the sand, then she turned away from them. La Touche had crossed the rocks and was coming along the beach. He was trailing a long ribbon of seaweed he had picked up, and as he drew closer she saw that he had left his ill-humour behind him.

"There was no sight of Bompard," said he. "He has not come back, then?"

"Bompard will not come back," replied the girl; "we shall never see him again."

Then she told of the death-traps beyond the rocks, and of the match.

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La Touche listened, standing, and still holding the ribbon of seaweed in his fingers.

She could see that he believed what she said, and yet his words gave the lie to what was in his face.

"Oh, Bompard will come back all right," said he. "He's not such a fool as to get into any of those bogs. He's sulking that's all."

"No," said she, "he will never come back, and you know it."

She turned away from him. Dusk was now falling, and as she entered her cave the wind from the sea suddenly fell dead. Almost immediately it began to blow again, but now from the land, and, as though this land wind were spreading a pall over the sky, darkness fell suddenly, and with the darkness she could hear the rain coming with the sound she had heard once before like the murmuring of a great top spun by a giant.

Then the rain burst on the beach with a roar through which came the hiss of the rain-swept sea.

The sound was almost welcome. As she lay in the darkness it seemed like a protecting wall between herself and La Touche. La Touche's ill-temper would have disturbed her less than his cheerfulness and amiability, born so suddenly and from no apparent reasons. She had determined not to sleep, and she had lain down fully dressed even to the oilskin coat and with her boots on; to-morrow she would go off and hide amongst the bushes beyond the cliff-break and get some sleep, but to-night she would not close her eyes, so she told herself.

She had taken the knife from its sheath and placed it beside her; her hand rested on it. An hour passed, and now, as she lay listening to the pouring of the rain, her fingers felt the pattern of the hilt. The hilt was striated crossways to give a better grip, and as her fingers wandered up and down the striations, the crossbars of a ladder were suggested to her. The steady pouring of the rain seemed to work on this idea and make it more real. Then she was climbing a ladder set against the cliffs. La Touche was holding it at the foot, and Bompard was waiting for her at the cliff top. He helped her up, and then the dream changed to something else, and to something else, till she woke suddenly to the recognition that she had been asleep for a long time, and that fear, deadly fear, was clutching her by the throat.

She sat up, leaning on her elbow. The rain was still falling, though the sound of it was much less, and the blackness was so intense that it seemed moulded round her. She felt for the knife and found it. Then she lay down again, listening.

The tide was coming in and she recognized, and not for the first time, a curious singing, chanting echo that always accompanied the waves of the incoming tide.

Fear is reasonless—it is also Protean—and this sea voice coming through the night turned the fear of La Touche to the fear of Bompard. What if he were to return, cold and wet, from that terrible graveyard beyond the rocks?

CHAPTER XII.

THE STROKE.

As she lay, listening, through the black darkness and the singing of the sea came a faint sound as of something dragging itself along the sand at the cave entrance. She clutched the knife and sat up. A waft of wind brought with it a tang of stale tobacco and rain-wet clothes. It was La Touche.

She drew up her feet and sat crouched against the sailcloth, the knife half-held in her lap, her fingers nerveless, her mind paralyzed with the knowledge that now, immediately, she would *have* to fight, that the Beast was all but upon her. She knew.

She could hear him breathing now, and the faint sound of his hands feeling gently over the floor of the cave. He was searching for her, the fume of him filled the place, he was almost in touch with her; yet still she sat helpless as a little child, paralyzed in the blackness, as a bird before a crawling cat. Yet her right hand, as though endowed with a volition of its own, was tightening its grasp upon the hilt of the knife.

She had no longer reasoning power. Reasoning power and energy seemed now in the possession of the knife.

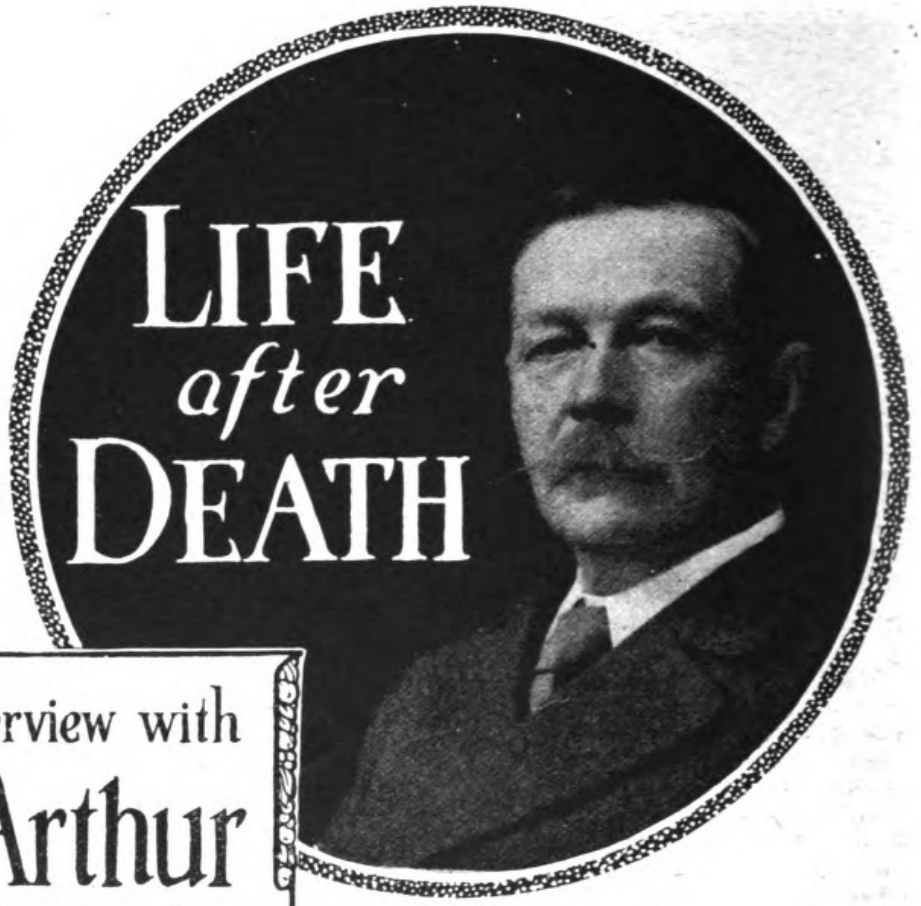
Then something touched her left boot, and at the touch her hand struck out into the darkness, blindly and furiously, driving the knife home to the hilt in something that fell with a choking sound across her feet. She forced her feet from the thing that had suddenly fallen on them, rose, sprang across it, and passed through the cave entrance with the surety of a person moving in broad daylight.

Then the pouring rain on her face brought her to her full senses and recognition of what had happened.

The knife was still in her hand, and her hand was sticky and damp.

(To be continued.)

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LIFE *after* DEATH

An Interview with Sir Arthur CONAN DOYLE

By

HAYDEN CHURCH.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, who has become a convinced Spiritualist, has accorded me a striking interview on the subject of Life after Death.

"Proved Beyond Question."

In his extraordinary book, "The New Revelation," published in the early part of last year, in which he expounds his belief that psychic phenomena have been proved beyond all question, and relates his own psychic experience since the beginning of his thirty years of investigation, Sir Arthur stated that he then knew of thirteen mothers of dead soldier boys who were in communication with their sons. He now tells me that the number of such mothers of whom he has personal knowledge has grown to thirty, and that, in many instances, he himself has been privileged to place them in a position to establish this communication. And in most cases, he declares, the result has been "tidings of great joy." In only two was there absolute failure.

Sir Arthur took a specimen letter, just received, from his pocket, which began as follows: "I am writing to tell you that I had the most wonderful result with Mrs. —— to-day. I cannot tell you the joy it has been to me, and I know now the joy it has been to my friend."

"That is the sort of thing," said Sir Arthur. "In each case the husband, where he is alive, is, so far as I know, agreed as to the evidence. In only one or two out of these cases was the parent acquainted with psychic matters before the war.

"In every case where communication is gained," Sir Arthur went on, "the mother is able to recognize almost immediately that it is really her dead son who is speaking through the medium or being described by the medium. At the very outset the latter will say, 'I see a tall fellow, with a yellow moustache,' or some such personal description; 'isn't his name Jack?' Then will follow reminiscence of the boy's earthly life, in most cases details that could not

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possibly be known to, or imagined by, anyone —to say nothing of a perfect stranger—not intimately acquainted with the life and relations of this particular family. 'Don't you remember when I sowed turnip seed on the lawn?' That is one example that occurs to me.

"In some instances, moreover, as in the case of Raymond, the dead soldier son of Sir Oliver Lodge, who wrote so remarkable a book regarding their communications, matters connected with the son's existence here are touched upon which were not known to his parents, but which, upon investigation, prove to be perfectly accurate. This eliminates telepathy. And, last of all, come messages telling of these boys' life in the beyond—describing it, in many cases, with extraordinary detail, and invariably bearing testimony to the departed one's complete happiness, and expressing his fervent desire that his dear ones on earth should be aware of it, and that, far from mourning him as lost, they should go on living happily—exultantly—during the short period that needs to elapse before reunion takes place. 'It is only your grief which ever clouds my perfect happiness,' is what they say. 'It comes like a cold shadow upon us.'

"Several of these cases have peculiarities of their own. In two of them the figures of the dead lads have appeared beside the mothers in a photograph. One of these was Mr. Wilkinson, of 49, Queen Victoria Street, who gave me leave to quote him. In one case the first message to the mother came through a stranger, to whom the correct address of the mother was given by the spirit. Then communication later became direct. In another case the method of sending messages was to give reference to particular pages and lines of books in distant libraries, the whole conveying a message. This procedure was to rule out all fear of telepathy. Verily, there is no way by which a truth can be proved by which this truth of the possibility of communication with the dead has not been proved."

"How is a mother, who has lost her son in the war, to go to work to get into communication with him?" I asked.

"How?" repeated Sir Arthur. "There is the difficulty! There are true men and there are frauds—blasphemous frauds, the most horrible of all frauds! You have to work warily. So far as professional mediums go, you will not find it difficult to get recommendations. The Spiritualist Alliance of 6, Queen's Square, W.C., would be the best adviser. Even with the best you may draw entirely blank. The conditions are very elusive. And yet some get the result at once. We cannot lay down laws, because the law works from the other side as well as this. But nearly every woman is an undeveloped medium. Let her try her own powers of automatic writing, perhaps, when genuine, the most satisfactory means of communication. There, again, what is done must be done with every precaution against self-deception, and in a reverent and prayerful mood. But if you are in earnest you will win through somehow, for your son is probably trying on the other side."

Warning to Parents.

Here Sir Arthur sounded a warning.

"This matter of communication can be overdone," he declared. "If your boy were merely in a distant country, you would not expect him to continually drop his work and write long letters at all seasons. Having got in touch be moderate in your demands. Do not be satisfied with any evidence short of the best, but, having got that, you can, it seems to me, wait for that comparatively little time when you will join him in the Hereafter. As to the objection that it is illicit and dealing with devils," Sir Arthur added, with a smile, "I can only say that if Satan has set to work to convert agnostics and materialists to the fact of a life after death, and the necessity of preparing for it, he is becoming quite a reformed character."

On the ground that there is nothing so convincing as personal experience, I here asked Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to detail to me some of his own, which he personally regarded as most unquestionable. I also inquired what type of person was the medium to whom he sent the mothers who come to him wishful of getting into "correspondence," as he terms it, with their dead sons.

"She is a little woman with a misty eye," he said. "With me she is variable and inclined to be self-conscious. Sometimes she goes quite wrong, but at other times she has got me very extraordinary and undoubted messages. One instance I may give you as fairly representative.

"'I see a young officer in khaki,' she said. 'His name I cannot make out, but he says you will recognize him easily when you remember the gold coin that you gave him under peace conditions.'

"Immediately she uttered those last words," said Sir Arthur, "I knew that the spirit who was present was that of my brother-in-law, a captain in the Royal Army Medical Corps, who was killed early in the war. Immediately he took his medical degree I went to him, largely by way of a joke, and consulted him about some minor ailment from which I was then suffering. On receiving his diagnosis, I presented him, by way of fee, with an old Georgian guinea which I had acquired some time before. He was quite delighted with it, and always treasured it thereafter, wearing it on his chain. So immediately the 'gold coin' was mentioned by the medium I knew for a certainty that the message was a genuine one, and that my brother-in-law was the sender, since the medium could in no way know of the matter.

"Now I will tell you of another experience that I had recently," Sir Arthur went on, "and one that would have convinced me of the accuracy of these spirit messages, even if I had not had hundreds of absolutely incontestable ones before. In this case I was present at a séance with an amateur medium whom I had previously had no opportunity of testing. I was not sitting in the 'circle,' but was asked if I would care to put a question? 'Yes,' I said, 'I should like to have a test. Let her transmit

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a message that I will know is meant for me personally.'

"After a few minutes this message was spelled out: 'Food Komes (it was spelled with a K) before entomology.' It sounded perfectly ridiculous, and everybody present except myself was distressed that such an evident absurdity had come through. I, however, said immediately, 'I regard that as absolutely final. The test is perfect.' And this is why I recognized the message as meant for me.

"On the day before that on which I attended this séance, I had told my two little boys, aged nine and seven (these are children of Sir Arthur's second marriage) that they must go to work and kill all the caterpillars and other predatory insects in our garden. They were not inclined to do it, for they are very tender-hearted little fellows, but I explained to them that these insects were just as much a menace to our food supply as the German submarines then were. They understood the necessity then, and started at once. So now you can see the significance of the message that I received: 'Food comes before entomology.' It demonstrated to me, to put it at the lowest, that there were abnormal forces at work."

Now, what is this "automatic writing" which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle recommends to the bereaved as an alternative to mediums as a means of getting into communication with those who have gone before? As he indicates, it is a method of communication which anyone may find himself able to practise. All, I understand, that one has to do is to put pencil to paper and try if, after practice, what appears to be a veritable message from outside will write itself automatically and have internal evidence of truth. "You may get nothing. You may get mere scrawl. You may get actual words."

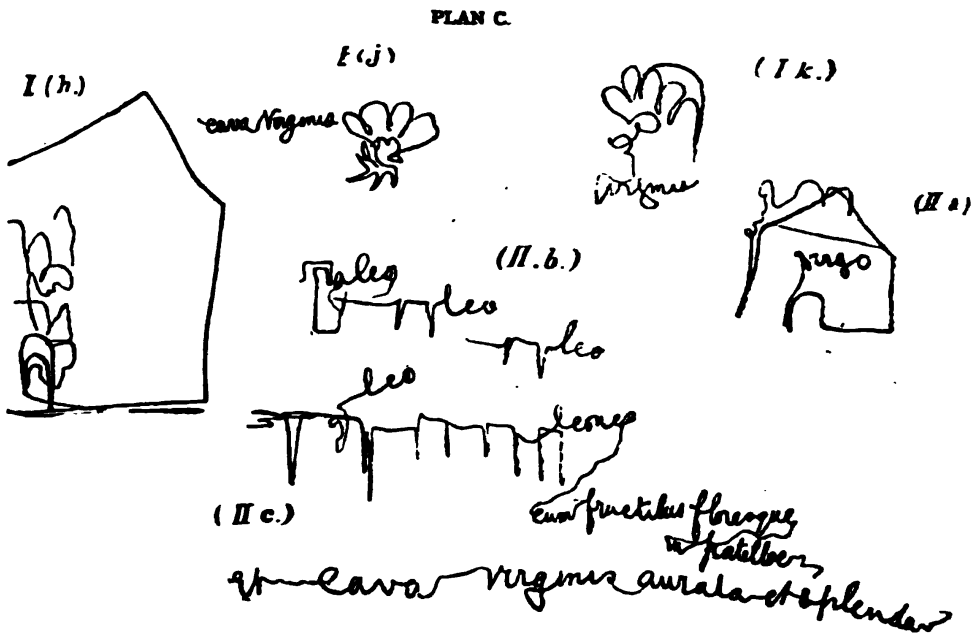
Sir Arthur instances as one out of many extraordinary experiences of this kind a case that is recorded in Arthur Hill's recent book, "Man is a Spirit," of which he himself thinks most highly. It is contributed by a man who takes the name of Captain James. His testimony is, in part, as follows:—

"A week after my father's funeral I was writing a business letter, when something seemed to intervene between my hand and the motor centres of my brain, and the hand wrote at an amazing rate a letter, signed with my father's signature, and purporting to come from him. I was upset, and my right side and arm became cold and numb. For a year after these letters came frequently and always at unexpected times. I never knew what they contained until I examined them with a magnifying glass; they were microscopic. And they contained a vast amount of matter with which it was impossible for me to be acquainted.

A Father's Secret.

"A most sacred secret known to no one but my father and mother, concerning a matter that occurred years before I was born, was told me in the script, with the comment, 'Tell your mother this, and she will know that it is I, your father, who am writing.' My mother had been unable to accept the possibility up to now, but when I told her this she collapsed and fainted. From that moment the letters became her greatest comfort, for they were lovers during the forty years of their married life, and his death almost broke her heart. I have compared the diction and vocabulary of these letters with those employed in my own writing, and I find no points of similarity between the two. I am as convinced that my father, in his original personality, still exists as if he were still in his study with the door shut. He is no more dead than he would be were he living in America."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says that one of the members of his own household at Crowborough was a lady who developed the power of automatic writing, occasionally with remarkable results. "For example," he said, "when the *Lusitania* was sunk, and the morning papers



ONE OF THE "AUTOMATIC" DRAWINGS OF OLD GLASTONBURY WHICH LED TO IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES.

From "The Gate of Remembrance." (Blackwell, Oxford. 6s. net.)

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announced that, so far as was known, there was no loss of life, the medium at once wrote : ' It is terrible, terrible—and will have a great influence on the war.' Since it was the first strong impulse which turned America toward the war, this message was true in both respects. On the other hand, there is no denying that other messages have proved to be not true. Especially in the matter of time they are quite unreliable ; names also are very often stumbling-blocks. Of all forms of mediumship, this one seems to me the one which should be tested most rigidly, as it lends itself very easily not so much to deception as to self-deception, which is a more subtle and dangerous thing."

Of all instances of messages that have been received in this way, Sir Arthur, with seemingly good reason, considers by far the most extraordinary those which led to the discovery of the lost " Edgar Chapel " of Glastonbury Abbey. He strongly urged me, and all others interested in the subject of Psychic Phenomena, to read the book in which the discoverer of the lost chapel, Mr. Bligh Bond, British architect of distinction, and a Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, tells of how he and a friend, for want of better guidance, tried the experiment of endeavourng to get in touch with the long dead custodians of the ancient Abbey, and how the astonishing series of messages that they received, most of them in Early English script and many of them in Latin, resulted in the discovery of one lost chapel, and appear likely to result in that of another, the " Loretto Chapel " of the mystic and storied fane.

Throughout these experiments, which stretched over three years, definite questions relating to the architecture and location of different parts of the ancient Abbey, which had disappeared as a result of desecration in bygone centuries, were put, and definite and nearly always enlightening answers were received. These purported to come from different members of the monkish sect which inhabited the Abbey five hundred years ago, some of them even being signed by one of its abbots—Abbot Beere—who since has been demonstrated to have been a real character. Most of the messages, however, were communicated by one " Father Johannes," a stonemason, who, by the way, mentions that one matter of which he speaks " would be about 1492," the year in which America was discovered ! This monk, as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle observed, is a " real character," many sides of his nature, some of them extremely quaint, being revealed by his communications.

The name of the work, so strongly recommended by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in which these extraordinary experiments, and their almost incredible results, are recorded, is " The Gate of Remembrance."

" It is only fair to add, and indeed to emphasize," said Sir Arthur, " that Mr. Bligh Bond is not a spiritualist, and attempts to explain his own results by some theory that all knowledge floats off into the cosmos and can be regathered by those who have the power. Personally, I am always ready to examine any explanation, but this particular one fails very notably to explain Abbot Beere and Brother John, with their own anecdotes of the detail of their ancient lives."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle regards Spiritualism not as a religion in itself, but as a living proof of that life to come which is the foundation of *all* Religion.

" The basis of Reconstruction," he said, " must be the reconstruction of Religion, because religion, as it is now taught in the churches, has failed. It has failed because it is not believed. If it had not failed, such a world cataclysm as we have just witnessed would have been impossible in our day and generation. The terrible war that has just ended " (we were talking at a London hotel only a few minutes after the news that the armistice had been signed came through on the tape) " was an object-lesson intended to shock us, to steady us. God help us if we fail to profit by the lesson, for we shall never have such a chance again. It is now or never."

What is the nature of the Life Beyond as revealed by the supposedly spirit communications of the authenticity of which, in the mass, Sir Arthur believes so firmly?

" The messages," he said, " revolutionize, as it seems to me, all our conceptions of death. They teach that what St. Paul calls our spiritual body is the exact counterpart of our present one at its best, that the mind carries on as it was before, and that the Bishop of London expressed it very happily when he said that the man was the same five minutes after death as five minutes before, except that the cloud of illness had passed.

" He is in a world which is very analogous to our own, raised, as it were, to a higher octave ; and expressed in terms of ether rather than in denser matter. It is a world of brightness, of intense intellectual activity, of pleasant work, of homely comfort, of sympathetic and loving companionship, all enhanced by the consciousness of God's tender care.

" This is the temporary ante-room to something even grander beyond. Such is the normal destiny of the average human being. For the wicked there are chastening spheres, which, however, should be regarded rather as hospitals for crippled souls than as places of punishment, though their cure comes through sorrow."

Such is " The New Revelation " as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle sees it. He tells me that he is devoting much of his time to urging it upon the public here ; that, in fact, his activities in this direction have " passed beyond his control." " I may lead a movement," he says, " but there is something ahead which is leading me." For the lectures he delivers on this subject he accepts no fees. He hopes to co-operate in a great and impressive Spiritualistic gathering at the Albert Hall, or some other large place of public assembly in London.

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A Back-Garden Handicap

by EDWIN PUGH

Illustrated by H. M. Bateman

MR. ALGERNON COLLIP was very unhappy. He had quarrelled with his sweetheart.

But that was not the worst. He had quarrelled with his sweetheart's mother, a lady of majestic proportions, with a corresponding sense of her own importance.

They had differed as to what constitutes a perfect gentleman. And the argument had ended in personalities.

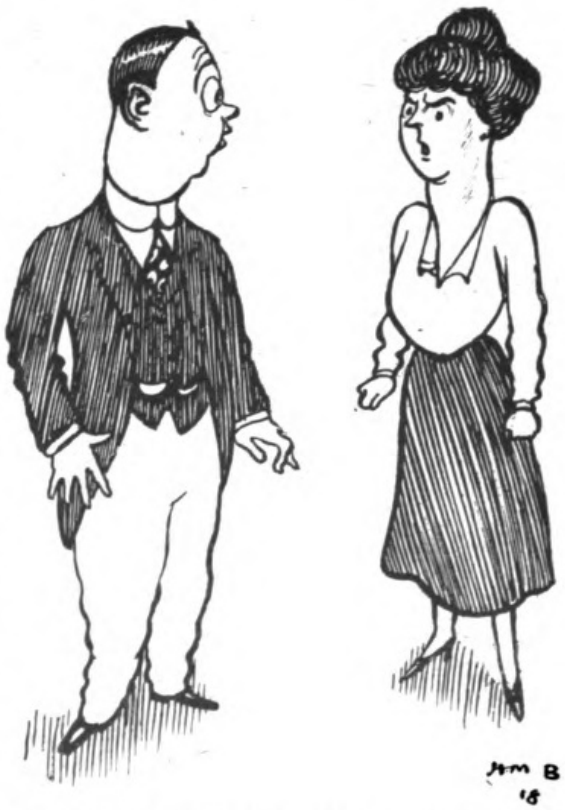
Matilda, Algernon's beloved, had accompanied him to the garden-gate, according to immemorial custom; but only to tell him that, of course, all was henceforth over between them.

He had acquiesced bitterly, and had spent the remainder of the evening—and far more money than he could afford—in playing billiards with an unworthy acquaintance named Poskins at the Dreghorn.

Himself a life abstainer, as he proudly boasted, Algernon had nevertheless arrived home in the small hours, after that debauch, giddy from overmuch smoking of strong cigars, and had wound up a disastrous day by incurring the unmerited suspicions of his mother, who had sat up for him.

On the following morning he did not feel up to his work at the office, and got into trouble with his manager over some eccentric arithmetic. Indeed, as Algernon observed in his perfervid way, there did not seem to be any sense in going on living in such an unsatisfactory world.

Usually he dined late: it was cheaper. But on arriving home from the office this evening he had spurned the smoking repast his mother had spread for him.



"THEY HAD DIFFERED AS TO WHAT CONSTITUTES A PERFECT GENTLEMAN, AND THE ARGUMENT HAD ENDED IN PERSONALITIES."

"I'm going straight upstairs to my room, ma," he said. "And, mind, if anybody calls—anybody, I don't care who—I'm out."

"Out of temper?" suggested his sister Amy. "Besides, nobody ever does call on you."

"Poskins calls sometimes," he reminded her; it was Poskins whom he had in mind.

"Well, I don't call him anybody," said Amy.

"I do not wish for any discussion," said Algernon. "I only wish that, in the event of there being any visitors, you will be kind enough to tell them the usual polite fiction."

And, having thus delivered himself, he went upstairs to his bedroom at the back of the house, to sit in a cane-

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bottomed chair at the window, and cool his burning brow against the glass.

An hour passed.

He grew a little weary of his solitude. His mood of romantic unhappiness, which was in a sense enjoyable, gave way to one of prosaic boredom. He wished he had thought to bring a book or a magazine upstairs with him.

He was debating whether he might, without loss of dignity, go down and get something to read, when there came a prolonged loud knocking at the front door.

He heard his sister Amy issue from the parlour and cross the tiny hall. He heard a sharp click as the latch was drawn. And then a cold draught of air swept up the stairs, chilling his ankles.

"I wonder who it can be?" he said to himself, and rose and crossed his bedroom on tiptoe and listened.

"Ah, my dear Miss Collip!"

At the sound of that deep, resonant voice Algernon started violently. For it was the voice of Mrs. Forder, his sweetheart's mother. And then he heard the sweet dulcet tones of Matilda herself as she greeted his sister, after the fashion of the old-fashioned maidens of pre-war days, with the words: "Well, Amy, my duck of ducks, how goes it?"

Followed sounds of kissing, the heavy tread of Mrs. Collip as she also bustled out to welcome the visitors. After that, the usual rally of shrill feminine voices, sinking abruptly to an indistinct murmur as the four ladies entered the parlour and the door closed on them.

Algernon stole back to his cane-bottomed chair and sat down again with a parched mouth and pricking eye-balls. He was a-quiver with excitement.

In the ordinary way there would, of course, have been nothing at all surprising in this visit from his sweetheart and her mother. The Forders and the Collips had been friends for many years. Mrs. Forder and his mother were old cronies, whilst Matilda and his sister Amy had been inseparable until their respective love affairs had deprived them ever more and more of each other's society.

But at this particular juncture, and in the light of what had passed on the previous evening, Algernon could not but feel that some deeper significance than usual attached to this evening call

Perhaps Mrs. Forder, urged thereto by her daughter, had come to beg his pardon for her overnight rudeness. He could not quite visualize that haughty matron in an apologetic attitude. At the same time, she was very fond of Matilda, and Matilda had more influence with her than anyone else.

Moreover, Matilda possessed a useful knack of performing miracles. Had she not, indeed, won even him, Algernon Collip, from a confirmed misogyny?

Then his mind engaged on another speculation. What if Matilda herself had come to make up their quarrel? He knew the ways of women, how they could convey by a word, a glance, a nuance of expression, whole three-volume novels of meaning. Yes, that was it. Matilda had come to tell him, subtly, that she repented her harsh, hasty words, and was ready to be to him once again what they had always been to one another.

He rose to his feet in a glow of joyous relief. He was on the point of rushing downstairs—or, rather, of going down soberly to join the party—when he had a devastating thought.

He recalled the injunction he had laid upon his mother and sister: "If anybody calls—anybody! I don't care who—I'm out!"

But surely they would not be so foolish, so literal-minded, as to include his sweetheart in this prohibition? Surely, they would have *nous* enough to excuse his absence on some such plausible grounds as that he had retired to his private room to study? (He dabbled in philately.) Presently, no doubt, they would summon him. Amy would call out to him from the foot of the stairs: "Algy, dear, do tear yourself away from those dry old albums for just one minute and come down. Matilda's here." After all, that would sound very well, and he would be able to make rather an impressive entry as the dishevelled white-faced student, somewhat dazed and brain-weary.

As it was by this time getting dark, he lit a candle and surveyed his reflection in the mirror to see if he looked the part. Unfortunately, he was cursed with very round red cheeks that no amount of tribulation and care could ever render pale or haggard. However, he could rumple his hair and disarrange his cravat a little. And this he did. He added one or two other touches, and then sat down again.

Five, ten, twenty minutes passed, and still the summons did not come. The ladies seemed to be making merry. Sounds of muffled laughter reached him. He tried to derive consolation from the fact that whatever his future relations with Matilda might be, her mother had evidently not called to animadvert upon his behaviour.

At the same time, it was exasperatingly obvious that his own women-folk had taken him at his word and told the visitors that he was not at home. He railed silently at their stupidity. And when he heard his Matilda begin to play the piano he was so shocked at the thought of her heartlessness that he was affected almost to tears.

"Wait a bit, though," he said to himself, as he conquered that weakness. "Perhaps she's only killing time in the hope that I'll soon be back. Poor girl! Brave heart! But you shall not be disappointed if Algernon Collip's got a head with brains in it."

He pondered, in the approved attitude, one forefinger touching his forehead lightly.

"I can't go down, unless they call or fetch me. It wouldn't be effective. I should look a fool. And ma and Amy would look fools, too, if they've said I'm out. I wonder if I could steal out and then come back again as if I'd just returned from a stroll? No, the street door shuts too hard. They would hear me go. And

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if they looked out of the parlour window they would see me go. So that's no good."

He relapsed into despair. Another quarter of an hour passed. The music and the talk and the laughter went on, and he felt more and more horribly out of it all. Every moment his gloom increased as he raged and fumed in his impotence against his self-imprisonment. And then, as if a bright light had been flashed upon him, he had his great inspiration.

Years ago, when he was a boy, he had often escaped from that bedroom by the window. It was an easy climb over the scullery-roof. And then, to reach the street, you had only to walk along the top of the wall.

He sprang to his feet, opened the window cautiously, and looked out.

It was dark and cold and misty, with a vague but palpable dampness floating in the air. He cared not a fig for the weather; but he realized that he could hardly hope to tell a credible story after appearing at the street door without hat or overcoat on such a night.

At any risk he must procure some outdoor garments.

The music of the piano still continued. He thanked his lucky stars that Matilda played in such bravura style. If she would only go on whilst he crept downstairs to the hall-stand and back again. . . .

It was a breathless, tremulous Algernon, an Algernon with starting eyes and a thumping heart, that regained the safety of his bedroom, carrying hat and coat, two minutes later.

"So far, so good!" he told himself, gleefully. "Now, to get out!"

And he chuckled as he anticipated the astonishment of his sister when she should admit him into the house presently.

But between the small frame and supple limbs of boyhood and the bulk and the stiffness and the clumsiness that come with man's estate, there is a vast difference that is not to be easily overcome either by superior strength or superior cunning.

Algernon's troubles and difficulties began with his first attempt to slide out of the window backwards. He was inclined (as the French say euphemistically) to *embonpoint*. He stuck fast midway, with his greatcoat in a bundle about his meridian, and had to start again.

This time he removed his greatcoat, rolled it up, and placed it in a corner of the window-ledge. But he forgot to remove his hat, which fell back into the room at a critical moment, and so he had to come back for that. He placed it on top of the greatcoat, carefully. And all the while he was very uncomfortably conscious of making a considerable noise. Luckily, however, the indefatigable Matilda was still pounding out some vigorous air.



"HE STUCK FAST MIDWAY."

At the third essay Algernon did succeed in getting out upon the sill—only to perceive that he had forgotten to extinguish his candle. It stood in dangerous proximity to the muslin curtains, and he was constitutionally nervous about fire. Moreover, the candlestick was a tawdry thing. If the flame were allowed to gutter down it would probably melt the soft thin metal, perhaps burn a hole in the dressing-table, and so start a conflagration.

He could not leave it like that. So, a third time he re-entered the room, to put out the light.

And then it was so dark, within and without, that he hardly dared to risk a fourth attempt. Desperation lent him courage, however, and at last he succeeded in achieving his object, though not without first rasping his scalp so deeply and

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extensively that he felt he must for ever after be afflicted with a permanent bald spot.

With twittering nerves he crouched on the sill, clutching at the lower window-sash with both hands whilst he reached out into the void with a tentative leg.

And the first thing his feet struck against were his hat and overcoat.

The overcoat fell upon the scullery-roof with a thud, and stayed there. The hat bounced briskly over the slates and rolled away into the outer darkness. He reflected that he must have been a fool not to have chosen a cap instead. But he was fast growing reconciled to the sad conclusion that he was various kinds of fool—and had been all his life, without suspecting it.



"HE FOUND IT SIMPLE AND SWIFT ENOUGH, THOUGH NOT EXACTLY PAINLESS."

He could never tell how he accomplished that descent.

He found it simple and swift enough, though not exactly painless. And when he picked himself up, and disengaged himself from an uprooted rose-bush, it was only to realize that he had left his overcoat on the roof of the scullery, along with several square inches of skin from the palms of his hands. But, as a set-off against these losses, he had brought away a good deal of dirt and soot and so on in his mouth and eyes—he did not rightly know how much at the moment—together with the rusty skeleton of a bath and a varied assortment of flower-pots.

The next chapter in this tale of his adventures opened with what might perhaps be called The Ordeal of the Wall.

It was a high, smooth wall, singularly free from any protuberance. Recalling how gaily and lightly he had scaled it in the days of his childhood, he marvelled that it should present such seemingly insuperable difficulties now. He sighed for those long-lost powers which the average boy shares with flies and cats and monkeys. Indeed, had he not discovered a providential dust-bin (by his sense of smell) he never could have got out of the garden at all.

As it was he got out of it so effectually that he only escaped falling into the adjoining premises by the skin of his knees and elbows.

And then began his first stern lesson in the art of the late M. Blondin; a lesson embittered by the recollection that, after all, he had forgotten his hat, and must henceforth affect to sympathize with the No Hat Brigade.

The top of the wall was thicker and more stable than a tight-rope; but it was not nearly so level or so straight, and its thickness and stability were not uniform. There were places in it where its width dwindled to the size of a single brick, and other places where the bricks themselves gave way under him. He covered the first twenty or thirty yards, partly in a stooping posture, partly on his hands and feet, and partly in a straddling attitude, as if he were on horseback.

And then he came to the dread confines of Captain Harker's little place.

Here he encountered a fierce entanglement of dilapidated wooden trellis-work and broken wire-netting. Both of these obstructions, in addition to being insurmountable, seemed almost humanly spiteful. They clawed and prodded, scratched and poked at Algernon, until he felt as full of holes as a sieve, and every hole a separate torture-chamber.

In the nature of things, his unequal contest with these diabolical defences could not last long. It ended for our forlorn adventurer with a sudden frantic clutch at the clouds, a yell,

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some strange acrobatics, a crash, and a firework display.

Algernon had fallen through the roof of the Captain's hen-coop, smashing through the timbers and patchwork of felt, and coming to muddy earth at last with all the spoils of victory clustering thick upon him; splinters sticking in his hair and other more vulnerable parts of him, a sort of tarpaulin scarf round his neck, and speckled from head to foot with poultry-food that was glued on to him with egg-juice.

For quite an appreciable while he sat idly there, watching the rockets and squibs and blue-devils that seemed to light up the prospect. Hens flapped and squawked about his head, whilst somewhere in the middle distance an aged cock, in a voice hoarse and broken with emotion, crowed defiance, discordantly.

Algernon, as he rubbed his head, wondered when he would wake up, and what he could have eaten for supper to give him such a nightmare.

And then, quite suddenly, he recovered full possession of his faculties. He knew where he was, what he had done, and what he had failed to do. And in that same instant he abandoned for ever all idea of carrying out his original project. His only desire now was to escape the impending consequences of his rashness.

With a groan of poignant anguish he scrambled to his feet, and so lifted off the wreckage of the roof upon his shoulders. Thus encumbered, he fought his way out furiously from the dismantled hen-coop, disengaging himself as he went from the fragments of the ruin he had wrought.

But he had caused so great a commotion, he had raised such an eldritch din, as to rouse old Captain Harker from his after-dinner doze. And now that pot-valiant, bloodthirsty seaman, sworn enemy of egg and chicken thieves, came bursting out of his back door, armed with a rusty cutlass and accompanied by his bulldog.

It was no time for sober reflection, truces, or palavers. Whatever presence of mind Algernon may or may not have possessed, he discarded in that instant in favour of absence of body.

There is, so far as I am aware, no official record for an eighty yards' steeplechase, over garden-walls instead of hurdles, but if there had been such a record I am perfectly certain that Algernon would have broken it.

For a man unused to athletics and a little inclined to corpulency, his time was superb, magnificent, unparalleled in the annals of sport. Nobody knows how he did it, least of all Algernon himself; but somehow—anyhow—helter-skelter—he raced across garden after garden—and there seemed an endless succession of them—until he came to the final wall, and in some headlong, miraculous fashion, vaulted over that obstacle also into the Upper Balmaine Road.

He alighted on a shining wet pavement, lost his foothold on the greasy mire, and danced a wild fandango to recover his equilibrium. He knew now that the chase was hotly afoot, that a host of eager pursuers were in full cry after him. He could hear the clatter of countless boots resounding on the slippery stones, a hullabaloo of yells and howls from backyard-land,



"ALGERNON HAD FALLEN THROUGH THE ROOF OF THE CAPTAIN'S HEN-COOP."

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and the barking of many dogs. From all sides these sounds closed in on him as he stood there, shaken and dazed and helpless, not knowing whither to turn and flee.

Then, out of the thick, clammy mist loomed a gigantic helmeted figure. Feebly, instinctively, Algernon tried to dodge, to double—in vain. He was seized by the collar, dragged violently backward, and half-throttled. He felt that in a moment his head must surely burst. Then the hard, bony knuckles relaxed their pressure, and he gazed up into the policeman's face.

"It's all a huge mistake, Mr. Constable," he sobbed, hysterically. "I'm quite a respectable gentleman, really, as I'll prove to you if you'll permit me."

"No need to prove it. You look it," said the policeman, grimly.

"He was after my fowls," wheezed Captain Harker, arriving most inopportunely at this juncture.

"You charge him?"

"Most certainly I do."

"You come along of us to the station, then. Now, you boys."

"One moment!" pleaded Algernon. "Just one moment to explain."

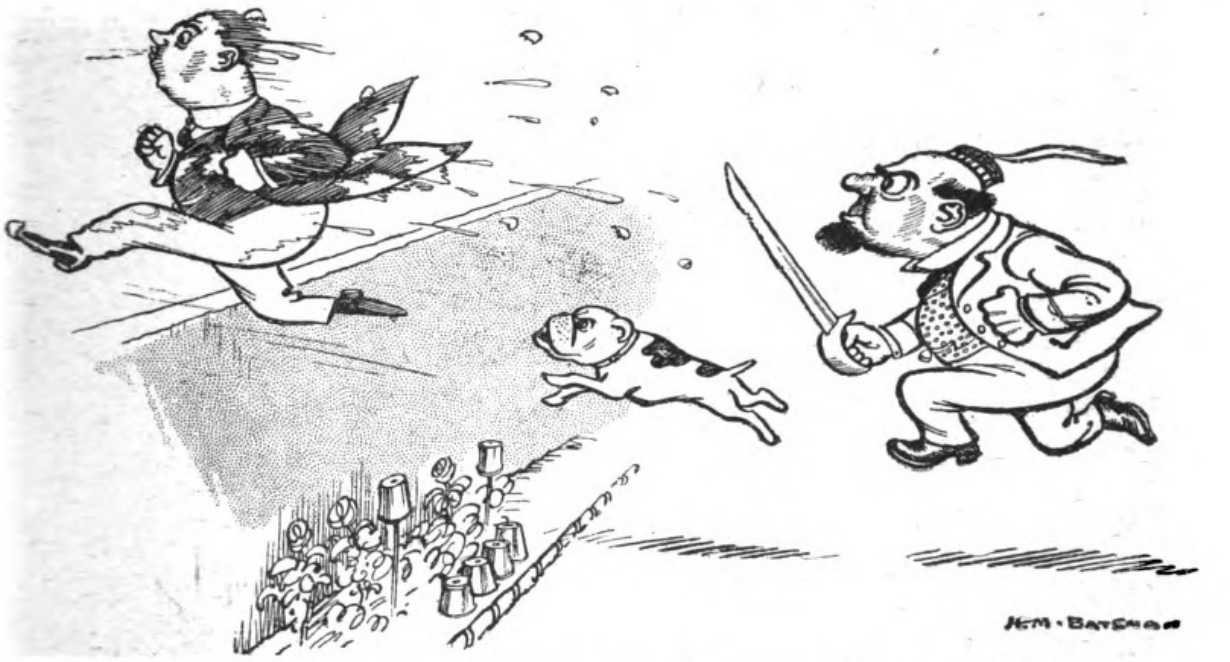
To which the policeman replied, unfeelingly: "The magistrate will give you all the time you want—and more. Are you coming quietly, or how?"

"Not down that street!" screamed Algernon, as his captor swept him round the corner. "I live there!"

Mrs. Collip and Mrs. Forder, Amy and Matilda, hearing an uproar in the street, and being women and consequently curious, went to the garden-gate to discover the reason of the disturbance.

They saw a tatterdemalion figure of a looped and fantastic raggedness, bruised and bleeding and begrimed, being forcibly hustled along between two burly policemen. But only Matilda, with the eyes of love, recognized in that raving, babbling creature her own poor demented Algernon. The air was rent by a piercing shriek.

A description of the scene that ensued might, however, prove both tedious and painful. The reader must, therefore, supply the details out of his own imagination—as he must also supply the arguments whereby Matilda convinced her mother that Algernon must have loved her dearly—not Mrs. Forder, of course, but Matilda—to have gone through such peril and suffering for her—again I mean Matilda's—sake.



"THAT POT-VALIANT, BLOODTHIRSTY SEAMAN, SWORN ENEMY OF EGG AND CHICKEN THIEVES, CAME BURSTING OUT OF HIS BACK DOOR, ARMED WITH A RUSTY CUTLASS AND ACCOMPANIED BY HIS BULLDOG."

E. Phillips Oppenheim at his best!

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AT THAT MOMENT THE TORPEDO HIT US!

By Floyd P. Gibbons.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE DUMPED INTO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN TWO HUNDRED MILES FROM SHORE AT TEN-THIRTY ON A WINTER NIGHT.

FLOYD P. GIBBONS,

the famous war correspondent of the Chicago 'Tribune,' who tells in these pages how it feels to be torpedoed. Last June Gibbons pushed so far to the front for news that a German machine-gun injured his arm and shoulder and put out one of his eyes. Gibbons returned to the United States last September to recover his strength. This photograph of him was made especially for this article.

Photo. Brown Bros.

PEACE will have its great moments of course. Already we have found that the thought of the end of the War is as stirring as the bugle notes of any battle; that there is a thunder of Peace as well as of War.

But though we should live a hundred years, Peace can never make us forget some of the things which have happened because of War. This is a true account of one of those breathless thrills; and a most historic one at that.

On February 17th, 1917, I sailed from New York on the *Laconia*, bound for Liverpool. The ship was an eighteen-thousand-ton Cunarder, carrying seventy-three passengers and a crew numbering two hundred and sixteen. Sunday, February 25th, we entered the "war zone" without having seen a sign of a U-boat.

That afternoon I was seated in the lounge with two friends—one an American named Kirby, the other a Canadian aviator named Dugan, who had been wounded twice in France and had been sent home to Canada to get well. Now he was on his way back to the battle front, "to stop another bullet," as he said.

As we talked, I passed round my cigarette case, and Dugan held a match while the three of us lighted our cigarettes from it. As Dugan blew out the match and placed the burnt end in an ash-tray he laughed and said:—

"They say it's bad luck to light three cigarettes with the same match, but I think it's good luck for me. I used to do it with my flying partners in France, and four of them have been killed; but I am still alive."

"That makes it all right for you," said Kirby, "but it looks bad for Gibbons and myself. Nothing will happen, though. I don't believe in superstitions."

That night after dinner Kirby and I took a brisk walk around the darkened promenade deck of the *Laconia*. The night was black and a stiff wind was blowing. Wet with spray, Kirby and I went to the smoking-room on the boat-deck near the stern of the ship, and joined a circle seated in front of a coal fire in an open hearth.

"What do you think our chances are of being torpedoed?" was the question I put before the circle in front of the fireplace.

The deliberative Mr. Henry Chetham, a London solicitor, was the first to answer.

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"Well," he said, "I should say about four thousand to one."

Lucien J. Jerome, of the British Diplomatic Service, returning from South America, advanced his opinion. Jerome was the best monocle juggler I had ever met. In his right eye he carried a monocle without a rim and without a ribbon or thread to save it, should it ever have fallen from his eye. Repeatedly during the trip across I had seen Mr. Jerome standing on the hurricane deck of the *Laconia*, facing the wind but holding his monocle in his eye with a muscular grip that must have been vice-like. I had even followed him about in a desire to be present when the monocle blew out, but the British diplomat never once lost his grip on it. I had come to the opinion that the piece of glass was permanently fixed to his eye and that he slept with it. After the fashion of the British Diplomatic Service, he expressed his opinion most affirmatively.

"Nonsense," he said, with reference to Mr. Chetham's estimate. "Utter nonsense. Considering the zone that we are in and the class of the ship, I should put our chances down at two hundred and fifty to one that we don't meet a sub."

And at that moment the torpedo hit us!

Have you ever stood on the deck of a ferry-boat as it arrived in the slip? And have you ever experienced the slight sideward shove when the ferry rubs against the piling and comes to a stop? That was the unmistakable lurch we felt. But no one expects to run into pilings in mid-ocean, so everyone knew what it was. At the same time there came a muffled noise, not extremely loud, nor yet very sharp! —just a noise like the slamming of some large oaken door a good distance away. Realizing that we had been torpedoed, my imagination was rather disappointed at the slightness of the shock and the meekness of the report. One or two chairs tipped over, a few glasses crashed from table to floor, and in an instant every man in the room was on his feet.

"We're hit!" shouted Chetham.

"What a wretched torpedo!" said Kirby. "It must have been a fizzer."

I looked at my watch. It was ten-thirty.

Five sharp blasts sounded on the *Laconia's* whistle. Since that night I have often marvelled at the quick co-ordination of mind and hand that belonged to the man on the bridge who pulled that whistle-rope. Those five blasts constituted the signal to abandon the ship. Everyone recognized them. We walked hurriedly down the corridor leading from the smoke-room in the stern to the lounge, which was amidships. We moved fast, but there was no crowding and no panic.

Passing the open door of the gymnasium I became aware of the list of the vessel. The floor slanted down to the starboard side and a medicine-ball and dozens of dumb-bells and Indian clubs were rolling in that direction.

We entered the lounge, a large drawing-room furnished with green upholstered chairs, divans, and small tables on which the after-dinner coffee cups and liqueur glasses still rested. In the centre of the slanting floor of the salon was a cabinet phonograph, and from its bowels there poured the last strains of "Poor Butterfly." The women and several men who had been in the lounge were leaving hurriedly by the forward door as we entered. We followed them through. The twin winding stairs leading below decks by the forward hatch were dark, and I brought into play a pocket flashlight shaped like a fountain pen, which I had purchased before sailing, in view of just such an emergency, and which I had always carried fastened with a clip in an upper vest pocket.

My stateroom was B 19 on the promenade deck, right below the one on which were the smoke-room, the lounge, and the lifeboats. The corridor was dimly lighted and the floor had a more perceptible slant as I darted into my stateroom, which was on the starboard and sinking side of the ship. I hurriedly put on a light non-sinkable garment constructed like a vest, with which I had provided myself, and then donned an overcoat.

Responding to the list of the ship the wardrobe door swung open and crashed against the wall. My typewriter slid off the surface of the dressing-table and a shower of toilet articles pitched from their places on the washstand. I grabbed the ship's life-preserver in my left hand and, with the flashlight in my right hand, started for the upper deck.

In the darkness of the boat-deck companion-way my flashlight revealed the chief steward opening the door of a switch-closet in the panel-wall. He pushed on a number of switches, and instantly the decks of the *Laconia* became bright with light. From sudden darkness the exterior of the ship burst into a blaze of illumination, and it was the illumination that saved many lives.

The *Laconia's* engines and dynamos had not been damaged. The torpedo had hit us well astern on the starboard side, and the bulkheads seemed to be holding back from the engine-room the flood of water that rushed in through the gaping hole in the ship's side.

Proceeding to my station opposite boat No. 10, I looked over the side and down upon the water sixty feet below. The sudden flashing on of the lights had made the dark, seething waters seem blacker and angrier. They rose and fell in troubled swells. Steam began to hiss from some of the pipes leading up from the engine well. It seemed like a dying groan from the very vitals of the stricken ship. Clouds of black smoke rolled up from the giant grey funnels that towered above us.

Suddenly there was a roaring swish as a rocket soared upward from the captain's bridge, leaving a comet's tail of fire. I watched it as it described a graceful arc, and then with an audible pop it burst in a flare of brilliant colour. Its ascent had torn a lurid rent in the black sky and cast a red glare over the roaring sea. Already boat No. 10 was loading up and men and boys were busy with the ropes. I started to help near a

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davit that seemed to be giving trouble, but was sternly ordered to keep out of the way and to get into the boat.

Other passengers and members of the crew and officers of the ship were rushing along the deck, strapping their life preservers to them as they ran. There was some shouting of orders, but little or no confusion.

We were on the port side, which was the highest. To reach the boats we had to climb up the slanting deck.

On the starboard side it was different. The ship careened in that direction, and the lifeboats on that side, suspended from the davits, swung clear of the ship.

The list of the ship increased. From the port boat deck we looked down the slanting side of the ship and noticed that her normal water-line on that side was a number of feet above the waves. The slant was so pronounced that the lifeboats, instead of swinging clear of the davits, rested against the side of the ship. From my position in the lifeboat I could see that we were going to have difficulty in the descent to the water.

"Lower away!" someone ordered, and we started downward with a jerk toward the seemingly hungry rising and falling swells. Then we stopped with another jerk and remained suspended in mid-air, while the men at the bow and the stern swore and tussled with the ropes.

The stern of the boat was down, the bow up, leaving us at an angle of about forty-five degrees. We clung to the seats to save ourselves from falling out.

"Who's got a knife? A knife! A knife!" shouted a fireman in the bow. He was bare to the waist, and perspiration stood out in drops on his face and chest and made streaks through the coal dust with which his skin was grimed.

"Great Gawd! Give him a knife," bawled a half-dressed, gibbering negro stoker.

A hatchet was thrust into my hands and I forwarded it to the bow. There was a flash of sparks as it was brought down with a clang on the holding pulley, and one strand of the rope parted.

Down plunged the bow of the boat, too quickly for the men in the stern, and we came to a stop, this time with the stern in the air and the bow down. One man in the stern let the rope race through his blistered fingers. With hands burnt to the quick he stopped the boat just in time to bring the stern level with the bow.

Then bow and stern tried to lower away together. But the slant of the ship's side had increased, so that our boat, instead of sliding down it like a toboggan, was held up on one side when the taffrail caught on one of the exhaust pipes projecting slightly from the ship's side.

Thus the port side of the lifeboat stuck fast and high while the starboard side dropped down, and once more we found ourselves clinging to the boat at a new angle and looking straight down into the water.

A hand slipped into mine and a voice sounded huskily close to my ear. It was the little old Jewish travelling man whose slightly Teutonic dialect had made him as popular as the smallpox with the British passengers.

"My poy, I can't see nutting," he said. "My glasses slipped and I am falling. Hold me, please."

I managed to reach out and join hands with a man on the other side of him, and together we held the old man in. He hung heavily over our arms, grotesquely grasping all he had saved from his stateroom—a gold-headed cane and an extra hat.

Many feet and hands pushed the boat from the side of the ship, and we renewed our sagging, scraping, sliding, jerking descent. It concluded as the bottom of the lifeboat smacked squarely on the pillowy top of a rising swell. It felt more solid than mid-air, at least.

But we were far from being off. The pulleys stuck twice in their fastenings, and the one axe passed forward and back, and with it my flash-light, as the entangling mesh of ropes was cut away.

Some shout from that confusion of sound caused me to look up. Tin funnels, enamelled white, and containing clusters of electric bulbs, hung over the side from one of the upper decks. As I looked up into the cone of one of these lights, a bulky object descended from the darkness.

It was a man, His arms were bent up at the elbows; his legs at the knees. He was jumping with the intention, I feared, of landing in our boat, and prepared to avoid the impact. But he had judged his distance well. He plunged into the sea three feet from the edge of the boat and disappeared under the water, leaving a white patch of bubbles and foam on the black surface. He bobbed to the surface almost immediately.

"It's Dugan!" shouted a man next to me.

I flashed a light on the ruddy, smiling face and water-plastered hair of the little Canadian aviator. As we pulled him over the side he spluttered out a mouthful of water; and the first words he said were:—

"I wonder if there's anything in that lighting of three cigarettes off the same match? I was in the boat trying to loosen the bow rope and I got tangled up in it. When the boat came down I was jerked up back on to the deck of the ship. Then I jumped for it. Holy Moses, but this water is cold!"

As we pulled away from the side of the ship its receding terraces of glowing port-holes and light towered above us. She was slowly turning over.

There was a tangle of oars, spars, and rigging on the seats in our boat, and considerable confusion resulted before we could manage to place in operation some of the big oars on either side. The gibbering negro was pulling a sweep directly behind me, and I turned to quiet him, for his frantic reaches with the oar were jabbing me in the back.

"Get away from her! My Gawd! Get away from her!" he kept repeating. "When the water hits her hot boilers she'll blow up the whole

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"MANY FEET AND HANDS PUSHED THE BOAT FROM THE SIDE OF THE SHIP, AND WE RENEWED OUR SAGGING, SCRAPING, JERKING DESCENT."

ocean, and there's just tons and tons of shrapnel in her hold."

His excitement spread to other members of the crew in our boat. The ship's baker, designated by his pantry headgear of white linen, became a competing alarmist; and a white fireman, whose blasphemy was nothing short of profound, added to the confusion by cursing everyone. It was the tension of the minute—the giving way of overwrought nerves.

I made my way to the stern where, huddled up in a great overcoat and almost muffled in a ship's life-preserver, I came upon an old white-haired man. I remembered him. He was a British sea captain of the old sailing days. Earlier in the year he had sailed out of Nova Scotia with a cargo of cod-fish. His schooner, the *Secret*, had broken in two in mid-ocean, but he and his crew had been picked up by a tramp and taken back to New York. From there he had sailed on another ship bound for Europe; but this ship had never reached the other side. In mid-Atlantic her captain had lost courage over the U-boat threats and had turned the ship about and returned to America. Thus the *Laconia* represented the third unsuccessful attempt of this white-haired mariner to get back to his home in England. His name was Captain Dear.

"Our boat's rudder is gone, but we can steer with an oar," he said, in a quavering voice, the thin, high-pitched treble of age. "I will take charge, if you want me to; but my voice is gone. I can tell you what to do, but you will have to shout the orders. They won't listen to me."

There was only one way to get the attention of the crew and that was by an overpowering blast of profanity. I called to my assistance

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every ear-splitting, soul-sizzling oath that I could think of. I recited the lurid litany of the army mule-skinner and embellished it with excerpts from the remarks of a Chicago taxi-chaufteur while he changes tyres on the road with the temperature ten below zero. It proved to be an effective combination, this brimstoned oration of mine, for it was rewarded by silence.

"Is there a ship's officer in this boat?" I shouted. There was no answer

"Is there a sailor or seaman on board?" Again there was silence from our group of passengers, firemen, stokers, and deck-swabs.

They appeared to be listening to me, and I wished to keep my hold on them, so I racked my mind for some other inquiry to make or some order to give. Before the spell was broken I found one:—

"We will now find out how many of us there are in this boat," I announced, in the best tones of authority that I could assume "The first man in the bow will count one and the next man to him will count two. We will count from the bow back to the stern, each man taking a number. Begin!"

"One," came the quick response from a passenger who happened to be the first man in the bow. The enumeration continued sharply toward the stern. I spoke the last number. There were twenty-three of us in the boat.

"There are twenty-three of us here," I repeated; "there's not a ship's officer or seaman among us; but we are extremely fortunate to have with us an old sea captain who has consented to take charge of the boat and save our lives. His voice is weak, but I will repeat the orders for him, so that all of you can hear. Are you ready to obey his orders?"

There was an almost unanimous assent to this, and order was restored

"The first thing to be done," I announced, upon Captain Dear's instructions, "is to get the same number of oars pulling on each side of the boat, to seat ourselves so as to keep on an even keel, and then to keep the boat's head up into the wind, so that we won't be swamped by the waves."

With some little difficulty this rearrangement was accomplished, and then we rested on our oars, with all eyes turned toward the still lighted *Laconia*. The torpedo had struck at about 10.30 p.m, according to our ship's time. Though listing far over on one side, the *Laconia* was still afloat It might have been twenty minutes after that first shot when we heard another dull thud, which was accompanied by a noticeable drop in the hulk. The German submarine had dispatched a second torpedo.

We watched silently during the next minute as the tiers of lights dimmed slowly from white to yellow, then to red. At last nothing was left but the murky mourning of the night, which hung over all like a pall.

A mean, cheese-coloured crescent of a moon revealed one horn above a rag-bundle of clouds low in the distance. A rim of blackness settled around our little world, relieved only by a few leering stars in the zenith; and where the *Laconia's* lights had shone there remained only the dim outlines of a blacker hulk standing out above the water like a jagged headland silhouetted against the overcast sky.

The ship sank rapidly at the stern. At last its nose rose out of the water, until it stood straight up in the air. Then it slid silently down and out of sight like a piece of disappearing scenery in a panorama spectacle.

Boat No. 3, the one in which the captain was, stood close to the place where the ship had gone down. As a result of the after-suction the small lifeboat rocked about in a perilous sea of clashing spars and wreckage. The crew steadied its head into the wind, and just then a black hulk, glistening wet and standing about eight feet above the surface of the water, approached slowly to within ten feet of the lifeboat. It was the submarine.

"Vot ship vass dot?" came in guttural English from a figure which projected from the conning-tower.

"The *Laconia*," answered Chief Steward Ballyn.

"Vot?"

"The *Laconia*, Cunard Line," responded the steward.

"Vot did she weigh?" was the next question from the submarine.

"Eighteen thousand tons."

"Any passengers?"

"Seventy-three," replied Ballyn, "many of them women and children—some of them in this boat. She had over two hundred in the crew."

"Did she carry cargo?"

"Yes."

"Is der captain in dot boat?"

"No," Ballyn said.

"Vell, I guess you'll be all right. A patrol will pick you up sometime soon," and without further sound, save for the almost silent fixing of the conning-tower lid, the submarine moved off.

"I though it best to make my answers sharp and satisfactory, sir," said Ballyn, when he later repeated the conversation to me, word for word. "I was thinking of the women and children in the boat. And I feared every minute that somebody among us might make a hostile move, perhaps fire a revolver, or throw something at the submarine. I feared the consequences of such an act."

There was no assurance of any early pick-up for any of us. The weather was a great factor. That black rim of clouds looked ominous. February has a reputation for nasty weather in the North Atlantic. The wind was cold and seemed to be rising. Our boat bobbed about like a cork on the swells, which fortunately were not choppy.

How much rougher seas could the boat weather? This question was debated pro and con. Had our rockets been seen? Did the first torpedo put the wireless out of commission? If it had been able to operate, had anybody heard

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our S.O.S.? Was there enough food and drinking water in the boat to last?

This brought us to an inventory of our small craft. After considerable difficulty we found the lamp, a can of powder flares, the tin of ship's biscuit, matches, and spare oil, the usual equipment of lifeboats.

The lamp was lighted. Other lights were now visible. As we drifted in the darkness we could see them every time we mounted the crest of the swells. The boats carrying these lights remained quite close together at first. One boat came within sound, and I recognized the Harry Lauder-like voice of the second assistant purser, whom I had last heard on Wednesday at the ship's concert. Now he was singing—"I want to marry 'Arry," and "I love to be a sailor."

There was an American woman with her husband in that boat. She told me later that an attempt had been made to sing "Tipperary" and "Rule, Britannia," but the thought of that slinking dark hull of destruction which might be lurking in the darkness around them made them abandon the effort.

The fear of the boats crashing together produced a general inclination toward maximum separation on the part of all the little units of survivors, with the result that soon the small craft stretched out for several miles, their occupants all endeavouring to hold the heads of the boats into the wind.

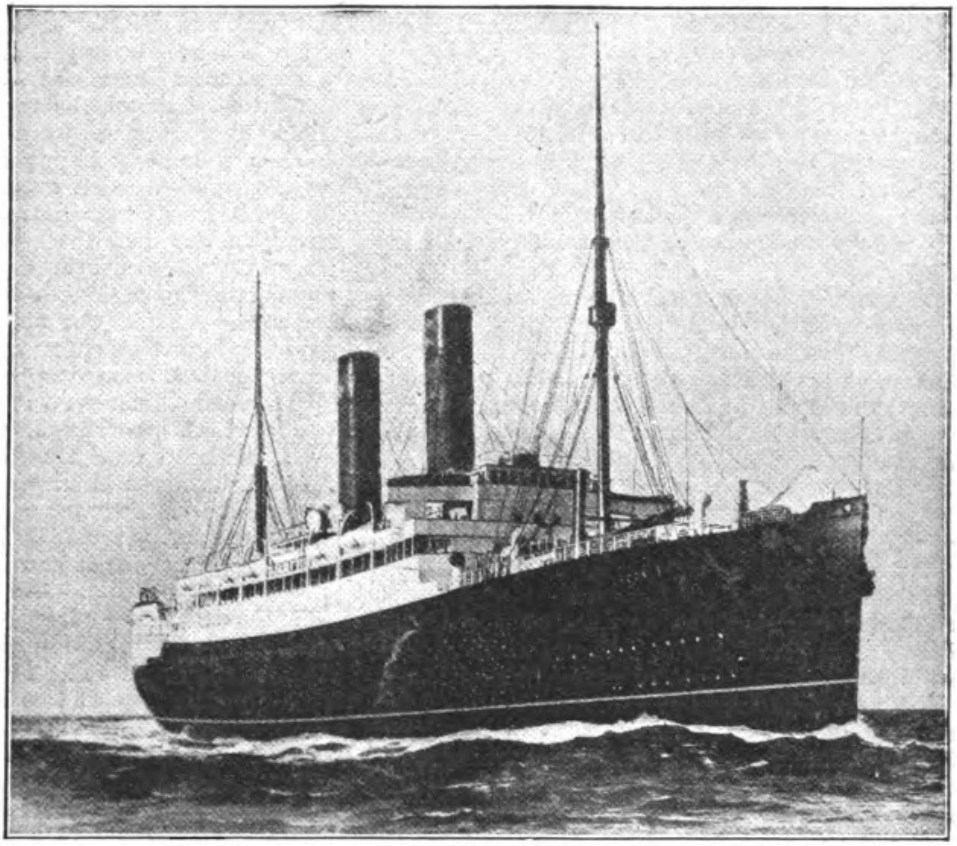
Hours passed. The swells slopped over the sides of our boat and filled the bottom with water. We bailed continually. Most of us were wet to the knees and shivering from the weakening effects of the icy water. Our hands were blistered from pulling at the oars. Our boat's bobbing about like a cork produced terrific nausea, and our stomachs ached from vain retching.

And then we saw the first light—the first sign of help coming—the first searching glow of white brilliance deep down on the sombre sides of the black pot of night that hung over us.

I don't know what direction it came from—none of us knew north from south—there was nothing but water and sky. The light just came from over there, where we pointed.

We nudged violently sick boat-mates and aroused them to an appreciation of the sight that gave us new life.

It was way over there—first a trembling quiver of silver against the black ceiling of the night, then, drawing closer, it defined itself as a beckoning finger, although still too far away to see our feeble efforts to attract it. Nevertheless, we burned valuable flares, and the ship's baker,



THE "LACONIA," THE TORPEDOING OF WHICH IS SO GRAPHICALLY DESCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE.

Photo. by Frank & Sons, South Shields.

self-ordained custodian of the biscuit, did the honours handsomely to the extent of a biscuit apiece to each of the twenty-three occupants of the boat.

"Pull starboard, scnnies," sang out old Captain Dear, his grey chin-whiskers bristling with joy in the light of the round lantern which he held aloft.

We pulled, pulled lustily, forgetting the strain and pain of innards torn and racked with violent vomiting, and oblivious to blistered palms and wet, half-frozen feet.

Then a nodding of that finger of light, a happy, snapping, shooting finger, that seemed to say, "Come on, you men," led us to believe that our lights had been seen. This was the fact, for immediately the on-coming vessel flashed on its green and red sidelights, and we saw that it was headed for our position. We floated off its stern for a while, as it manœuvred for the best position

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in which it could take us on, for the sea was running higher and higher.

The risk of that rescuing ship was great, because there was every reason to believe that the submarine that had destroyed the *Laconia* still lurked in the darkness near by. But those on board took the risk and stood by for the work of rescue.

"Come alongside port!" was megaphoned to us. As fast as we could, we swung under the stern and felt our way broadside toward the ship. Out of the darkness above a dozen pocket flashlights blinked down on us, and orders began to be shouted thick and fast.

When I look back on the experience, I don't know which was the more hazardous—going down the slanting side of the sinking *Laconia* or going up the side of the rescuing vessel. One minute the swells would lift us almost level with the rail of the low-built patrol boat and mine-sweeper, but the next receding wave would swirl us down into a darksome gulf, over which the ship's side glowered like a slimy, dripping cliff.

A score of hands reached out, and we were suspended in the husky tattooed arms of those doughty British Jack Tars. We looked up into their weather-beaten youthful faces, mumbling our thankfulness and reading in the gold lettering of their pancake hats the legend, "H.M.S. *Laburnum*."

We had been six hours in the open boats, all of which began coming alongside, one after the other. Wet and bedraggled survivors were lifted aboard, women and children first. Men who had remained strangers to one another aboard the *Laconia* now wrung each other by the hand, or embraced without shame the frail little wife of a Canadian chaplain, who had found one of her missing children delivered up from another boat. She smothered the child with ravenous mother kisses while tears of gladness streamed down her face.

Boat after boat came alongside. The water-logged craft containing the captain came last. A rousing cheer went up as he landed his feet on the deck, one mangled hand hanging limp at his side.

The sailors divested themselves of outer clothing and passed the garments over to the shivering members of the *Laconia's* crew. The cramped officers' quarters down under the quarter-deck were turned over to women and children. Two of the *Laconia's* stewardesses passed basins of boiling navy cocoa and aided in the disentanglement of wet and matted tresses. The men grouped themselves near steam pipes in the petty officers' quarters, or over the grating of the engine-room, where new life was to be had from the blasts of heated air that brought with them the smell of bilge water and oil and sulphur from the bowels of the vessel.

The injured—all minor cases, sprained backs, wrenched legs, or mashed hands—were put away in bunks under the care of the ship's doctor.

Dawn was melting the eastern ocean's grey to pink when the task was finished. In the officers' quarters, which had now been invaded by the men, the roll of the vessel was most perceptible. Each time the floor of the room slanted, bottles and cups and plates rolled and slid back and forth.

On the tables and chairs and benches the women rested; seasick mothers, trembling from the after-effects of the terrifying experience of the night, sought to soothe their crying children.

Then somebody happened to touch the key on the small wooden organ that stood against one wall. This was enough to send some seafaring fingers over the ivory keys in a rhythm unquestionably religious, and so irresistible under the circumstances that, although no one knew the words, the air was taken up in a reverent humming chant by all in the room.

At the last note of the Amen, little Father Waring, his black garb snaggled in places and badly soiled, stood beside the centre-table and lifted his head until the morning light, filtering through the open hatch above him, shone down on his kindly, weary face. He recited the Lord's Prayer, and all present joined. The little service ended as simply as it had begun.

With exchanges of experiences pathetic and humorous, we steamed into Queenstown Harbour shortly after ten o'clock that night. We had been sunk at a point two hundred miles off the Irish coast, and of our passengers and crew thirteen had been lost.

As I stepped ashore a Britisher, a fellow-passenger aboard the *Laconia*, who knew me as an American, stepped up to me. During the voyage we had had many conversations concerning the possibility of America entering the war. Now he slapped me on the back with this question:—

"Well, old Casus Belli! Is this your blooming overt act?"

I didn't answer him, but thirty minutes afterwards I was pounding out on a typewriter the introduction to a four-thousand-word article, which I cabled that night, and which put the question up to the American public for an answer. Five weeks later the United States entered the war.

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Dodson's Day

by Hylton Cleaver

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier

I.

CLOSE against the wall and under the shadow of a willow, a policeman stood, stiffly alert, listening intently. There seemed no other living thing anywhere in that lonely road. Even the leaves upon the trees had grown still, almost as if to assist the policeman in his listening. And all he was listening to was a gramophone. The gramophone was playing a waltz. The policeman was in love.

Now, all that evening the fact had been fixedly before his mind's eye that to ordinary people the idea of a policeman being in love was a screaming absurdity. It appeared that there was something entirely incongruous about it, and that, properly speaking, a policeman could play only two *rôles* in life, either to stand at street corners and stare, or to sit in a kitchen with his helmet between his knees, eating pie. The man in the street did not consider him brave; few things caused so much general rejoicing as the news that a policeman had been successfully bonneted. As for a policeman being in love, that was purely stupid. Yet P.C. Dodson was in love. And there he stood, torn betwixt injured dignity and sentimental meditation; a tall, lean man, clean-shaven, with hair like hay, and conventional feet; one hand at his belt, the other straight by his side, and both enclosed in woollen gloves; to all appearances such a typical policeman that even She could not imagine him anything else; could not, for example, imagine him sitting by the fire in carpet slippers, with her upon his knee. He could imagine that. And though he had not informed her of the fact, he had at least told her that he was in love.

What had her answer been?

At a moment when she seemed all in the world to him, she had looked at him once and gently laughed, had pushed him teasingly aside.

"Oh, go on," she said. "You aren't in love. Why, *you're a policeman*. Here" —she moved to a cupboard and then looked over her shoulder consolingly. "Here, have something to eat!"

So P.C. Dodson stood by the wall and, listening to the gramophone in the house behind, was sad.

Well, she should see.

A few weeks had passed and the nights were colder. Beside another wall, and in the darkness of a doorway, the policeman stood poised for sudden movement. And now it was not a gramophone that he could hear. It was the faint sound of movement; a little scratching; a very faint clang; silence, and then at last a gentle tapping.

He waited just long enough to feel sure that by quick dramatic action he would not make himself ridiculous, then clambered over the wall, and dropping down noiselessly into the yard, crept towards the building and waited again, listening. He was right. Someone was down the passage. The little door was ajar, and the sound of quiet movement was unmistakable. Nor had he any doubt who was making that noise. His chance had come. He slowly pushed open the door and felt his way forward through the darkness on tiptoe. Fifteen yards down the passage he stopped and looked into the shop. In the faint light of a shaded lamp a man was crouched before a safe. The door was open and his hands were feeling their way inside. P.C. Dodson took a step forward. The man suddenly stiffened, turned his head. In the pitch darkness he could see nothing.

"Collared!" said the policeman.

The man stood up and waited, half-turned towards him, uncertain what to do, or what was going to happen.

"And you?" said Dodson. "You are the skunk who was trying to take my girl away from me. You thought you could get

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"'COLLARED!' SAID THE POLICEMAN."

a good girl tied to you for life. You thought she didn't know you did this."

At first the man did not answer. He just turned and stared into the darkness; his head cocked a little to one side, and finally he said:—

"It's you, is it?"

"Yes," said P.C. Dodson, with relish. "I saw you an hour ago. Then I lost sight of you. But when I heard movement in here, I knew."

"You're clever!" said the other. "Been to a night-school, haven't you?"

"Too clever for you," retorted P.C. Dodson. "I told Maggie what you were a week since. She wouldn't believe me. Called it jealousy. She'll know now."

He paused, and moved another step forward.

"Coming quietly?"

There was a momentary silence; and suddenly the thief moved.

"Well, all I want is my share," said he. "I want what you promised. I'm the man that stands to lose. I want my full share."

At first Dodson didn't comprehend. He was about to speak, then stopped. A door in the shop was being opened. Cautious footsteps were stumbling through the dark.

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"I want my full share," said the thief again, more loudly still. "I want more than this. I want my share."

"Share be hanged!" cried Dodson, and made for him.

"Stop!"

A foot from his man Dodson turned, and the light of a bullseye lantern shone into his face.

"What are you doing here?"

"Lord! We're copped!" cried the thief, and blundered into the policeman. "Look out, Dodson, we're copped!"

Dodson grabbed him by the arm. The other struggled. Dodson held on. "It's you that's copped!" he shouted. "Keep still."

But somehow it was all wrong. He was not a quick-thinking man. He had a vague idea that he was being trapped, but he was not sure how it was being done, or why. He knew only that he must hold on to this man at all costs. Only so could he save that little girl who didn't want a policeman, but who was fascinated by a rogue.

She wouldn't believe the fellow was a rogue. He would make her.

"What are you doing here?" asked the sergeant, again.

"Caught him in the act," said Dodson, a little breathlessly. "Came in and found him at the safe."

"You were talking to him," said the sergeant. "You hadn't got hold of him. He was asking for his share. What's the meaning of that?"

Dodson stared at him.

"Share? I don't want any share. That's his bluff. I caught him."

"He's in it himself," said the thief, turning. "He was outisde when I came in. He's working with me. If I'm for it, he's for it, too."

The sergeant turned to a constable behind him.

"Take over that man, Williams," said he. "Dodson, you'll come with me."

"You mean to say you believe what he says?" demanded Dodson. "You think I'm working with him?"

"Never you mind what I think," said the other. "You come along with me. When I heard him asking for his share, neither of you knew I was in the shop. Why hadn't you got a hold of him? We could hear your voice—you were arguing."

Dodson was about to speak, but closed his mouth grimly and squared his shoulders. All right, let them make fools of themselves then, let everybody make fools of themselves if they liked, Maggie and all. He handed over his man to the other policeman, and turned to follow. . . .

They had come out into the street. The sergeant dropped back and walked beside him. P.C. Dodson felt dazed. He could think of nothing to say. He looked into the immediate future and was startled. If he called Maggie as witness it might only show that she had had dealings with a thief, and they might arrest her, too. He couldn't risk that. He suddenly turned his eyes fixedly, contemptuously upon the figure of the real thief. He was being led along by the arm. He was offering no resistance. He was going so quietly that Dodson felt suspicious. Perhaps he didn't mind doing time as long as he knew he had ruined P.C. Dodson, who was his rival.

Why had those other two come into the shop? Had somebody spread a tale about him? Was the whole thing a trap? He felt suddenly helpless. The idea came to him that he was ringed round with enemies; a nightmare feeling that everybody was pointing at him with an enormous finger. He could not remember a single friend who would stand by him. He was a lonely man. He even had the reputation of being slow and dull. He remembered now that he had once been censured because there had been a burglary on his beat and he hadn't known about it. They would remember that. They would bring it up against him. A lump rose in his throat.

They were at the station and he was being ushered in. He stood by, dully, while particulars were taken down. He heard them spelling out the man's name. Joseph Henry Miller. Yes, that was the chap. He had given his right name. Of course, it wouldn't be any use doing anything else. The police knew something about him. Then he was taken away.

They were turning to *him* now. The sergeants were talking about him.

"You'll need to be searched, Dodson."

"Searched?"

"Come inside."

He followed them in. They began going through his pockets. He stood limply before them. At last one drew forth a little bundle of papers, triumphantly.

"What's this?"

He looked down with wide eyes. They were notes—money—he had never seen them before in his life.

"What's this?"

"I don't know," he said, huskily. "*I* don't know. I've never seen them before."

"But they're in your own pocket, man."

It was plain to him now. In that struggle in the dark, Miller had made sure of his revenge. The case against him was complete.

"Miller must have put them in," said he, "that's all."

"All right," said the sergeant. "You're under arrest." Dodson began to speak. After all, he had his own tale to tell. It was credible enough. Why shouldn't they believe him? He started to explain with a new confidence.

The sergeant cautioned him.

His voice trailed away into silence.

At last he was alone, left standing in that square little room. His thoughts were stupidly jumbled. There came back to him those silly teasing words: "Why, you're a policeman. Here, have something to eat."

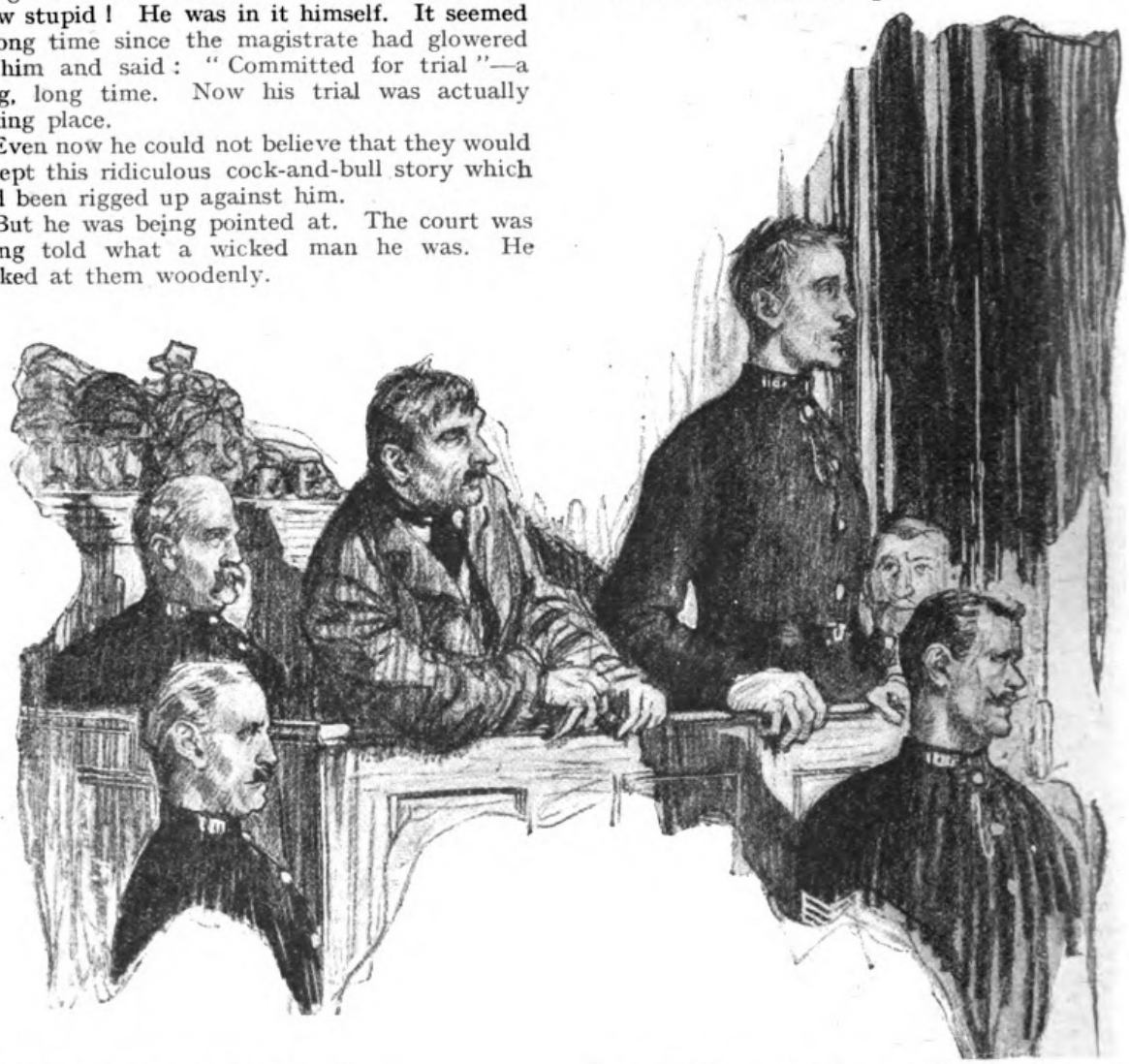
He could no more have eaten pie that night then he could have eaten his helmet. He hated pie. He sat down on a form and covered his face with his hands.

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He had seen the court often enough before, but somehow it all seemed different. For one thing he couldn't see the dock. Of course not. How stupid! He was in it himself. It seemed a long time since the magistrate had glowered at him and said: "Committed for trial"—a long, long time. Now his trial was actually taking place.

Even now he could not believe that they would accept this ridiculous cock-and-bull story which had been rigged up against him.

But he was being pointed at. The court was being told what a wicked man he was. He looked at them woodenly.



Now they were pointing at Miller.

He was so tired of this long story.

At last Miller was giving evidence against him—such evidence—a wonderful tale; and the sergeant, always a spiteful fellow. Even now he didn't know quite why the sergeant had appeared just when he did, just when Miller was loudly demanding his share. After luncheon, his own counsel was upon his feet, and P.C. Dodson listened attentively.

Yes, he was telling the truth; all except Maggie's part. He hadn't told that even to the lawyers. They'd tried to get something more out of him, but he wouldn't bring in her name. The rest was true; a good strong case.

His character? The sergeant (recalled) had sometimes thought him slack. Lately he had had his suspicions. Then they tried to rake up that old burglary against him.

When at last he returned to the court to hear the verdict, he felt sleepy. He could not take proper interest. He had become so used to being thought a thief that he could not work up excitement even for this, the climax of his suffering.

Even if he were set free, would he be happy in the force? They might have a "down" on him. They would think——

"Guilty!"

He heard them, and turned his eyes glassily towards the judge. What? He and Miller? Both guilty? How? It was absurd! He opened his mouth to speak, caught his counsel's eye, and stared at him wildly.

"But——" he began.

Words would not come. He was dumb with astonishment. He turned his tired eyes quickly, and looked round the court as if even now Maggie might be somewhere there to speak for him. No friendly glance met him from any direction. Cold despair seized him instead. He was a policeman. He had been trusted. His sentence was to be more severe than Miller's. Miller had scored.

"Twelve months!"

He would have his hair cropped!

Late that night the only consolation in all the ghastly business occurred to him sardonically as it does to those who have suffered

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"THE MAGISTRATE HAD GLOWERED AT HIM AND SAID: 'COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.'"

beyond the limit of their endurance, and he laughed, once, hysterically.

He was no longer a policeman!

She could never doubt again whether it was conceivable for him to love.

II.

In those long months, many of the little mannerisms which folk had once noticed in Dodson vanished, and his whole mind and bearing became obsessed with a single, lasting though, vengeance.

He choked the idea that he might one day be accepted as a likely lover, and instead of the thing that might have been, he concentrated upon the thing that was.

He had never seen Miller since his trial. But in his mind's eye he saw Miller day in, day out, and especially at night. He saw him, leering, and knew the joy of reaching out and twisting his neck, slowly and deliberately, digging in his finger-nails, and growling at him between clenched teeth. He saw him sitting at table and being served with a cup of tea by Maggie, which was absurd, for he knew that he, too, was in prison. Nevertheless, he gained relief from picturing the scene, in order that he might imagine himself creeping in through the doorway and hitting him on the head with an axe. He remembered over and over again the last look Miller had given him, as they left the dock—a look of triumphant satisfaction—and whenever he remembered that look he felt himself hitting Miller in the face with a blow that disfigured him for life.

Sometimes he paced round his cell, making gestures and murmuring his own strong case over and over again; wondering all the while why nobody believed him. "But he only said *that* when he heard somebody coming," he used to whisper. "It was spite. I'd come upon him. He'd broken open the safe. We were in love with the same girl." And then he would suddenly say "No" quite loudly. "No, I won't say that. We'll keep her out of it. They might arrest her."

And finally he would stop and stiffen, raising a clenched fist to his side, and staring at nothing with a slow smile.

"A few more months," he would say, "and I can kill him."

So the months passed, and as the end drew near he grew less odd, more like himself. He did this deliberately, in case they should think him mad and keep him locked up when Miller was free, but it was difficult, and the constant self-control was a wearing effort.

He wondered what he would do when he came out. First, of course, he would kill Miller. But afterwards? How would he live? Perhaps he would not want to. Should he go and see Maggie? Should he try to explain? He thought not. She might be married.

There was the chance, anyway, that she might bang the door in his face. And then he would suddenly laugh stupidly to himself.

"Why, of course—how idiotic!" he would say. "If I kill Miller, they'll kill me."

So his time passed.

They set him free suddenly. It was unexpected, and he took the clothes and the bit of money they handed to him dully, and looked at them; and then they pointed out the way to him.

"You'll be going into the Army, of course?"

Dodson stared at them.

"Army?"

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"Yes. The war, you know."

"War?"

They grinned and left him.

"War?" said he to himself. "Yes, of course. There's a war on. I'll go and join up. If there's a war they won't mind Miller being shot. He'll be in the Army already. We'll go to the war together, and then, when we get there, I'll shoot him, and they won't know I did it."

He could not find Miller. The Army was a very big concern. There were a lot of men in it. Some were even called Miller. One he met was called Joseph Miller. But Joseph Henry Miller he could not find.

He made few friends. For one thing he was not good company. He moved from camp to camp until it seemed to him that his name and religion must be entered in some forty or fifty thousand different books, none of which had any bearing one upon the other, or, indeed, upon anything else in particular.

Sometimes he wondered whether the name of Joseph Henry Miller was entered in any of these books, and, if so, how he was going to find it.

At last he was drafted to France.

He grew used to shell-fire and to acute discomfort. Compared with the months spent in prison the life was not unbearable. He was invariably tired, but in many ways he enjoyed the ceaseless work and the noise. It was so much better than the hideous monotony of silence he had known. He saw sights that were worse than any street accidents he had ever seen, and looked upon death in a new light. He grew used to talking to a man one minute, going round the corner, and coming back to find the man was dead.

The fourth year of war passed.

Suddenly a change came into life out there.

There were sweeping forward movements.

Trenches were left behind. He found himself moving forward, with others, through country comparatively unshelled, where things were green and trees had leaves. War became more enervating. There were encounters with odd parties of the enemy in open country. Scouting and the work of outposts became more interesting. He grew a little more cheerful. He could bear anything but monotony.

Suddenly, and at last, he came across Miller.

Miller was in a village street, leaning against a wall. He was not looking Dodson's way, and Dodson stood for a very long time and stared. At last he tried to identify Miller's cap badge; he looked at the patches of colour on Miller's tunic, and wondered which unit they denoted. At last he moved away and sat down to think. His heart was thumping excitedly against his ribs. There was a dryness in his throat. Miller was within his reach.

Dodson's day was coming. He must on no account lose him now. He must make quick plans. What should he do? Should he walk boldly up and slit his throat with a bayonet? Should he snipe him from where he lay? Should he hurl a bomb? No. He wanted to talk to Miller first. He had a lot to say to him. What he must do was to coax him into the open, and when he had him covered with a rifle, he would begin to tell him all he had been thinking since that never-to-be-forgotten night when he had come upon him at the safe.

He would watch Miller gradually going grey—stammering excuses. At last, when he had him staring with the glazed look of a frightened rabbit, his cheeks damp with fear, he would shoot, and that would be the excellent end. Since he had been in France he was conscious that he had probably killed a number of men, some of whom, despite their hereditary beastliness, had not done anything quite so low as Miller. Possibly because they had not lived long enough. Well, he would shoot Miller anyway.

How to do it?

First he must know where Miller was to be found. He noticed a man who was passing and who evidently belonged to Miller's battalion. He called to him.

"What mob are you, mate?"

The other told him and passed on.

He knew the Division now. They were in the same corps; lately, they had been in the line together. He wondered why he had not seen Miller before.

For a long time he sat thinking.

When next he looked, Miller had gone.

Dodson rose to his feet and walked back to his billet.

That evening news came to him.

"There's a show coming off," said a man. The man wore that little red armlet at the bottom of his sleeve which indicates to the curious that the wearer may know something; it is the mark of the runner.

"When?" demanded Dodson.

"Day after to-morrow, they say. A pretty big attack. We're in it—going for the railway."

For perhaps the first time since he had been in France, Dodson showed a lively interest. He wondered if Miller's division were in it. He asked. Yes, rumour had it they were operating on the flank.

That night Dodson lay awake. He was not restless. He just lay stiffly beneath his overcoat and stared with wide eyes into the dark. And in his imagination he went through a list of all the cruellest things he could do to Miller, wondering which would give him the greatest pleasure. And under his breath he kept repeating: "It's Dodson's turn now."

It did not seem strange to him that he should have come upon Miller. He saw no odd coincidence about it. To him it had always been a certainty that one day he would come up with this man, and wreak his vengeance. He had been patient. He had known how to wait. Now, at last, his turn was coming, and not a day too soon. Peace was on everybody's tongue. At any time now the war might be over, and it would consequently be more difficult to kill Joseph Henry Miller.

At dawn the next morning they attacked.

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The barrage was not remarkable. There were no longer trench systems that required blotting out. The Boche was holding an elaborate series of posts. Dodson went forward grimly, and noticed that casualties were light and the German artillery retaliation weak. But his sole intention was to break away from his own platoon as soon as he could, and go in search of Miller. He had no real reason to believe that he could find Miller. His battalion might be in support. He himself might not be a man behind a bayonet at all. He might be a storeman or an officer's servant. Dodson didn't know. But that particular instinct which is given to those whose brain is growing weak with strain told him with strange persistency that it would be all right. Fate was upon his side. He had only to exert his will to achieve, and Miller would be within his grasp. Deep down in the bottom of his heart he was certain of it, yet subconsciously certain; that is to say, he did not know it was instinct prompting him any more than a hungry dog knows it is instinct taking him homeward.

Out in the open, he became separated from his company. It was not difficult. There was a certain amount of shelling, and it was easy to duck down at the right moment, to take the wrong direction, or to be caught up and carried along on a wave of the flank battalion's men. By devious ways he headed for the flank upon which Miller's division were operating, and as he went he looked about him with hard, uncanny eyes, a bunch of hay-like hair showing beneath his tin hat, a streak of mud across his forehead.

It was difficult to spot his man. Everybody was so alike—just extended lines of men in khaki moving forward—every man much of a size, every man similarly equipped. Nobody looked at him. Nobody seemed to have missed him; he was not being pursued by an angry N.C.O.—evidently they would consider him hit.

And as he went he muttered to himself again and again:—

"Miller, my boy, it is my day—*Dodson's* day."

Unawares, he came into the thick of a fight. The Boches were holding out in a ruined farm. A machine-gun was stuttering its message from an outhouse. He dropped down on his face and waited. Men in khaki were crawling round the flanks, and, when they had encircled it, began firing into the brickwork. A section of our own Vickers guns came into action and fired a few belts into the ruins. This proved effective. There was a rush through the grass. He heard shouting. They were storming the farm. Presently there came comparative silence. A few men in field grey scurried out into the open and were chivvied back to the rear. The waves of khaki moved on irregularly. Dodson still waited. Well forward a man had caught his eye. He had turned round to look behind him. Dodson stared, every nerve in his body tense. He scrambled to his feet and went forward rapidly; dropped at last in the grass when he could see his man distinctly. Once again he turned. It was Joseph Henry Miller.

Dodson looked to his rifle, and settled himself in the grass. He had forgotten to arrange for his own protection after the event. The fact that somebody might see him shooting Miller had quite slipped his memory.

Then Miller got up and went forward, and at that moment shrapnel burst in front of him, and he shielded his face, then tottered and fell forward. The others went on. But Miller lay where he fell.

Up in the air sprang Dodson, fierce with insensate wrath. He swore a long and bitter oath, stood for a moment, then sank on to one knee and looked at Miller forlornly. There were not many fellows about. Whilst the fight at the farm had been in progress the flanks had gone well ahead. There were very few men behind him, and such as there were seemed chiefly interested in their own particular job at the moment.

And suddenly Miller moved. With a slow, glad smile, Dodson watched him struggle to a sitting position and look around him. He could not see where he was hit—probably in the leg. Dodson decided that he could still enjoy his kill. To Dodson this was not merely a wounded man, and one of his side at that. It was Miller. He crawled a little nearer, and settled himself behind a boulder. He wanted to talk to Miller; but he must have him covered first. Also he must get near enough to make it unnecessary for him to shoot. Still Miller hadn't seen him. They were nearly alone now; though there was movement everywhere, none was near enough to trouble him. At all costs he must continue to be alone with Miller. He worked his way a little nearer.

And then quite suddenly Miller turned and saw him. It was hard to know whether he recognized Dodson at once, or whether he knew a moment's doubt. That Dodson could not say. Only Miller twisted round quickly and reached for his rifle; next moment he had Dodson covered. And then he cried:—

"Keep still! Don't move an inch!"

Dodson moved.

There was a blinding flash in his eyes, and then the whistle of a bullet passed his head. He dropped on to his hands, nearly sobbing with excitement, and fumbled with the safety-catch of his own rifle. His heart was beating wildly and he moved his head. On the instant, it seemed, Miller fired again—and a third time.

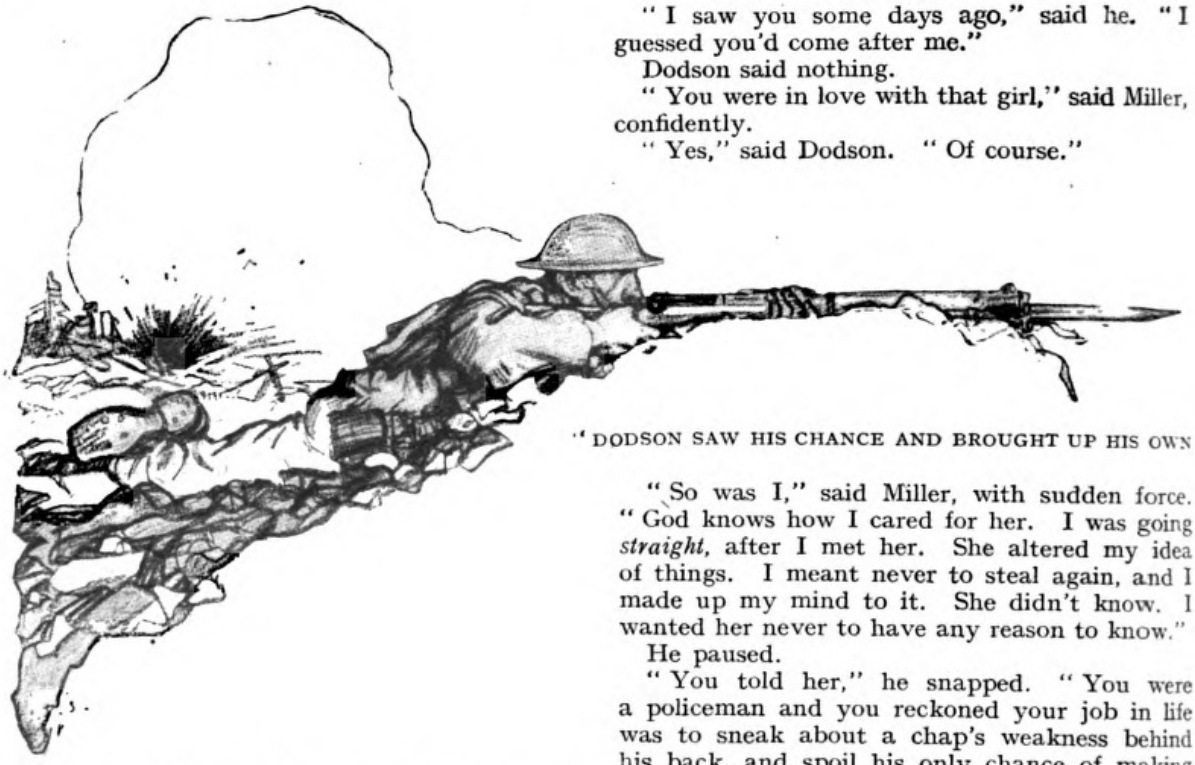
So there came a pause and a curious silence; in the distance occasional shells were bursting. Yet they seemed curiously isolated.

At last Dodson looked up. Miller no longer held a rifle at his shoulder; he was resting on one arm and watching. Dodson saw his chance and brought up his own weapon with a quick movement.

"You silly fool!" cried Miller. "Look behind you!"

He did not duck. He did not seem afraid, did not even reach again for his rifle. Dodson hesitated, his finger on the trigger. God knows why he waited. It was the moment for which he had longed all through a weary, hideous age, and, now it had come, he was hesitating. Nor

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"DODSON SAW HIS CHANCE AND BROUGHT UP HIS OWN

was it altogether because he could not say what he wanted to say without shouting. He hesitated chiefly, one may suppose, because Miller didn't seem in the least afraid, and that rather spoilt things. He had expected to have Miller white and quaking at the very muzzle of his rifle, gripped by the terror of a little two-man battle in an isolated corner of an attack by three British armies.

"Look round, man!" cried Miller again. "Look round, man!"

So at last Dodson released his finger from the trigger and turned his head.

Behind him, and evidently on their way from the farm to a point from which they could shoot him in the back, lay two figures in field grey, their rifles clutched in their hands. One, shot dead in the act of kneeling, had fallen in an odd position to one side, his rifle half-way to his shoulder. The other lay stiffly upon his face.

"Were you *firing at them?*" called Dodson, turning at last; and his voice was husky.

"Sure."

"Hang you, you've saved my life!" cried Dodson, despairingly.

"Why, yes," admitted Miller. "What have *you* saved to-day?"

There was a pause. They looked at each other. Then Dodson buried his face in his hands and burst into tears.

For a little while Miller regarded him thoughtfully, and at last he called:—

"Come over here!"

Dodson rose obediently to his feet and came like a child. Reaching Miller, he sat down on the grass beside him and looked away.

Presently Miller spoke. There was only one topic to discuss.

"I saw you some days ago," said he. "I guessed you'd come after me."

Dodson said nothing.

"You were in love with that girl," said Miller, confidently.

"Yes," said Dodson. "Of course."

"So was I," said Miller, with sudden force. "God knows how I cared for her. I was going *straight*, after I met her. She altered my idea of things. I meant never to steal again, and I made up my mind to it. She didn't know. I wanted her never to have any reason to know."

He paused.

"You told her," he snapped. "You were a policeman and you reckoned your job in life was to sneak about a chap's weakness behind his back, and spoil his only chance of making good."

"I was afraid she'd be trapped," said Dodson. "I thought——"

"No fear of that. I loved that girl as I never loved any living creature on God's earth before or since. And I was going straight."

"Well, she didn't believe me," said Dodson, almost apologetically.

"Yes, she did. She told me I was a thief and I hadn't the face to deny it. She sent me away."

Again he paused.

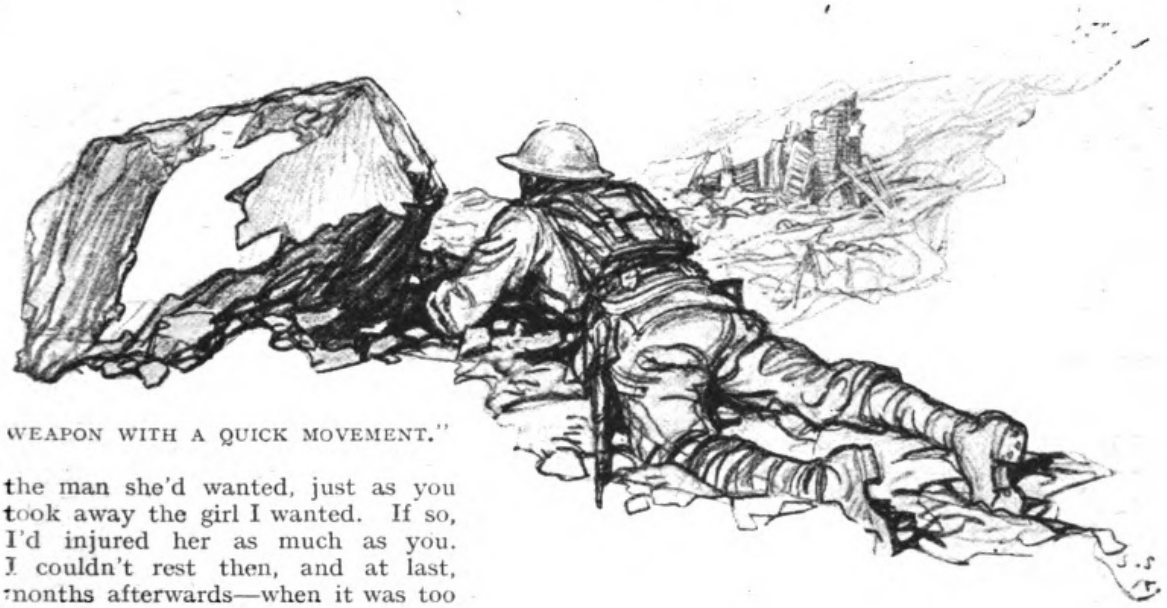
"I couldn't forgive you," said he. "How could I? Sometimes I tried. It was no good. I couldn't bear to think of you and her by the fireside, and me in jail. I made up my mind to get my own back. I sent an anonymous letter to your inspector and told him to watch your dealings with me. I wrote to her too. I said: 'You may think he's straight because he's dressed up in blue; but he's worse than me. He's a policeman, and until lately he was working with me. Now he's jealous and he's stabbed me in the back.' That's all. Then I lay in wait for you. I got you that night fair and square. I knew the sergeant was about. I let him see me. I let you see me. Then I broke in. I knew I'd be collared, but I didn't care, all I wanted was to break you!"

He seemed to have finished.

Dodson looked at him dully.

"I meant to go straight," said Miller, once again. "You took away my only chance. Well, I got my revenge. I thought so, anyway, till I came out. All those months in the cell were Heaven to me. All the time I suffered I knew you were suffering too. When I came out it suddenly seemed different. I began to wonder if she was really fond of you—if I'd taken away

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WEAPON WITH A QUICK MOVEMENT."

the man she'd wanted, just as you took away the girl I wanted. If so, I'd injured her as much as you. I couldn't rest then, and at last, months afterwards—when it was too late—I went to find out."

"She's married?" demanded Dodson.

Miller shook his head.

"She's waiting for you still," said he, regretfully.

"For *me*?"

He nodded.

"What did you tell her, then?" asked Dodson.

"Everything. It seems she only teased you because you were so slow—bashful-like. But she wanted you. It was too late. They'd set you free. I promised to try and find you. At last, when I saw you in that village—oh, yes, I did—I hadn't the pluck to face it. I found out your battalion and wrote you a letter, asking you to meet me if you felt inclined!"

"I never got it," said Dodson.

"You haven't had time."

There came a long, long silence. The two men were not looking at one another.

At last Dodson looked up.

"I'm due for leave," said he. "I hadn't known where to go to, till now."

"Go to her," said Miller. "The war's nearly over. This isn't a battle. They're on the run. You go home, and she can begin to get ready for you."

"I can't get married," said Dodson. "I've got no job to go to—no money."

"You'll be all right," said Miller. "I wrote a confession to the police about you. They'll get you a job. You can go back to the force."

"I'm not going to be a policeman again for anybody," said Dodson, wildly. "People think all you want in life is something to eat."

Then at last he looked up at Miller wonderingly.

"Where are you hit?"

"Hit?" said Miller. "I'm not hit."

"But you fell!"

"Why, yes. I knew you were behind, and I wanted to drop back and tell you all this. It was my only chance."

"But weren't you afraid?"

"Afraid? No."

"I meant to kill you."

"I was in the Battle of the Somme," said Miller, simply. "A good many other people have tried to kill me since then, too, but nobody's done it yet."

"You were nearly a goner, all the same."

"I've been nearer," said Miller. "Sometimes I've walked across the open with a cigarette between my lips when it's seemed that men have been lying right across France and every one pointing a howitzer at me."

They looked at each other.

At last Miller got up.

"Shall we be going on?" said he. "We've some way to catch up."

Dodson nodded his head.

"May as well," said he. And from his pocket he drew a crumpled packet of cigarettes, and silently proffered it to Miller. So Miller accepted the courtesy with a nod and felt in his pocket for a match.

"I've heard that tune somewhere before," said Dodson, thoughtfully.

Maggie looked up at him with big eyes that were wells of admiration.

"Have you?" said she. "Where?"

"In a house," said Dodson. "They played it on a gramophone, and I was standing outside."

"How funny," said Maggie, "you remembering."

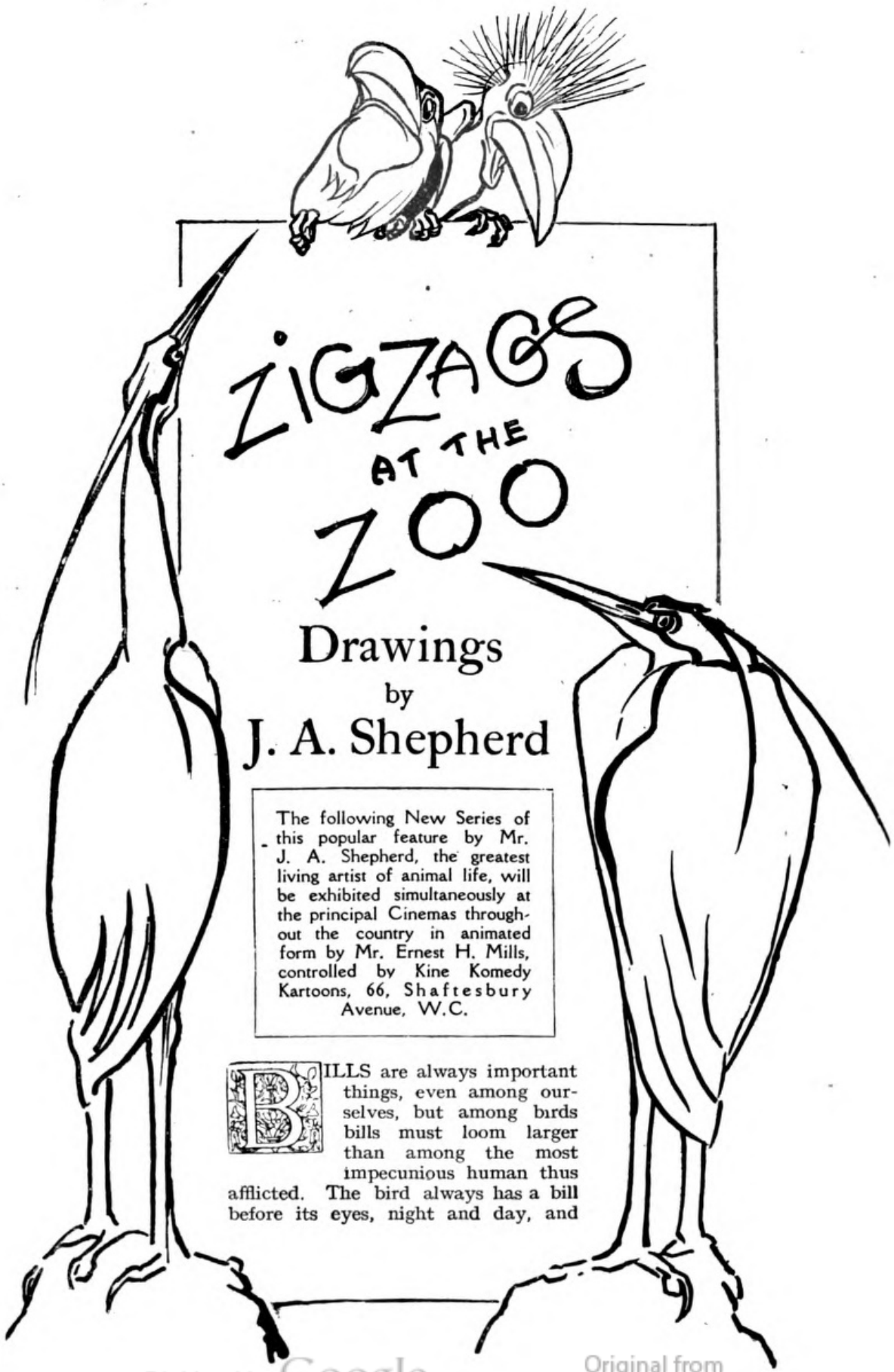
Dodson slipped his hand through her arm and drew her a little closer.

"I'll tell you about it," said he. "It's not so funny as you think. You'd just offered me something to eat."

"I'm sorry," said Maggie. "I'll never do it again."

"Oh, yes, you will," said Dodson, "now you've married me."

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ZIGZAGS AT THE ZOO

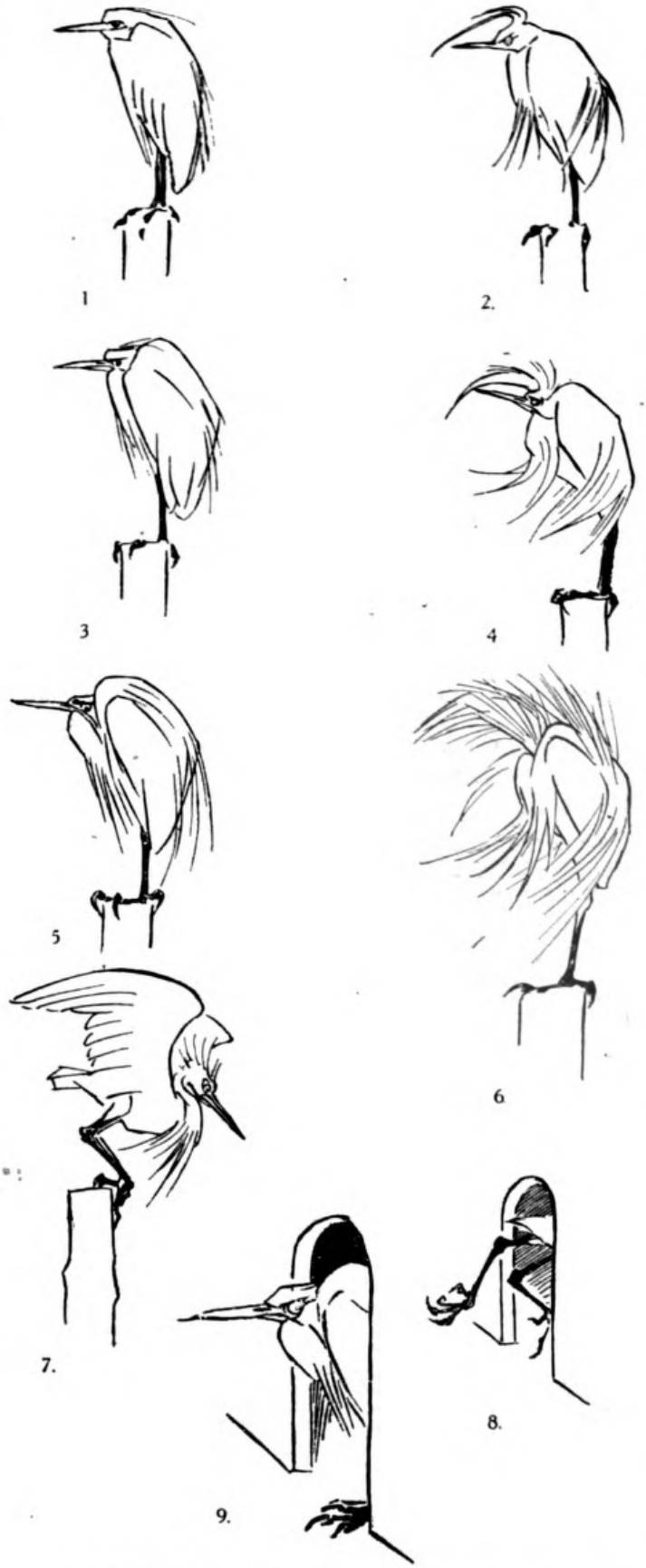
Drawings by J. A. Shepherd

The following New Series of this popular feature by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, the greatest living artist of animal life, will be exhibited simultaneously at the principal Cinemas throughout the country in animated form by Mr. Ernest H. Mills, controlled by Kine Komedy Kartoons, 66, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

BILLS are always important things, even among ourselves, but among birds bills must loom larger than among the most impecunious human thus afflicted. The bird always has a bill before its eyes, night and day, and

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precious long bills some of them are. The heron, the toucan, the egret, the flamingo contemplate bills of terrifying proportions, and that with perfect composure, although there is certainly something crooked about the bill ever present to the gaze of the flamingo. But, indeed, here at the Zoo the finest of the flamingos has greater troubles to worry him, for his very long and exposed legs are the victims of a chronic and painful rheumatism. It is a sad affliction for so splendid a fellow, such a splendiferous dandy, and in him we see plainly the avian equivalent of some of those elderly bucks whose gallant attire and dyed moustaches are to be observed at times a good deal south of Regent's Park. Such mature youths owe much to their valets, and Sam, the flamingo, here really needs a valet for himself. The Park parade is nothing without him, but to expect Sam to show himself to advantage in that fashionable pageant, with his afflictions and no valet, is nothing but a manifestation of cruelty to flamingos. A busy, assiduous penguin would suit the situation, always ready with gentle massage to legs and feathers, soothing and encouraging, and waiting respectfully with hat and stick while the gallant invalid gets over the fit of trembling induced by the exertions necessary to fit him for his duties to society.

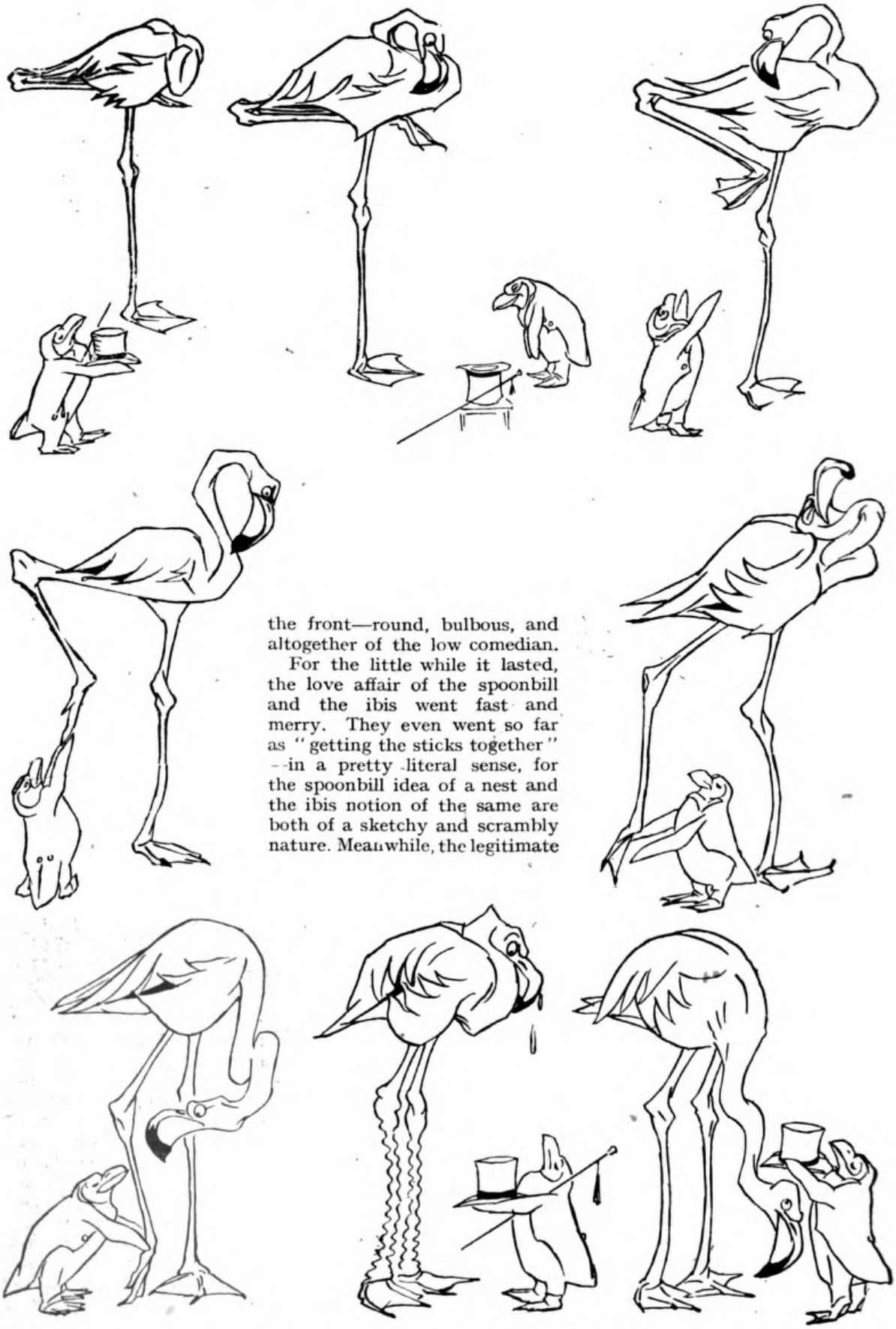


WHEN THE WIND BLOWS: HOW THE LITTLE EGRET GOT HIS HUMP.

It might be worth while inquiring if Sam were called after Sam Storey, the music-hall comedian of a generation ago. Anybody who remembers that performer in his burlesque character as a ballet-girl, red of nose and long and bony of limb, need only take a glance at our rheumatic friend to perceive that if this were not so then at least it should have been.

The tale of the loves of the spoonbill and the ibis was a short and, after all, not a tragic one. The spooning of the spoonbill is a good deal more impressive seen sideways, by the way, than from the front. Nothing more elegant than the head, neck, and bill of a spoonbill seen from the side—slim, graceful, and light; nothing less so than the same head from

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the front—round, bulbous, and altogether of the low comedian.

For the little while it lasted, the love affair of the spoonbill and the ibis went fast and merry. They even went so far as "getting the sticks together"—in a pretty literal sense, for the spoonbill idea of a nest and the ibis notion of the same are both of a sketchy and scrambly nature. Meanwhile, the legitimate

PREPARING FOR THE PARK PARADE.

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THE PARK PARADE.

Mrs. Spoonbill and the orthodox Mr. Ibis looked on with gloomy disapproval. But all was well and ended well for the faithful spouses, after all. For long before the aviary had really began to form a definite notion of what amazing new sort of bill the new firm would render in its posterity, the spoonbill began to perceive that after all, when it came to bills, none was so fascinating as another spoonbill like his own; and the ibis became persuaded that nowhere, even in Whitechapel, could quite such a beak be encountered as that of her first love.

Not that the ibis's returning affection was wholly founded on fact, for no doubt she had the ordinary beaks of the ordinary aviary in view and mind — the egret,

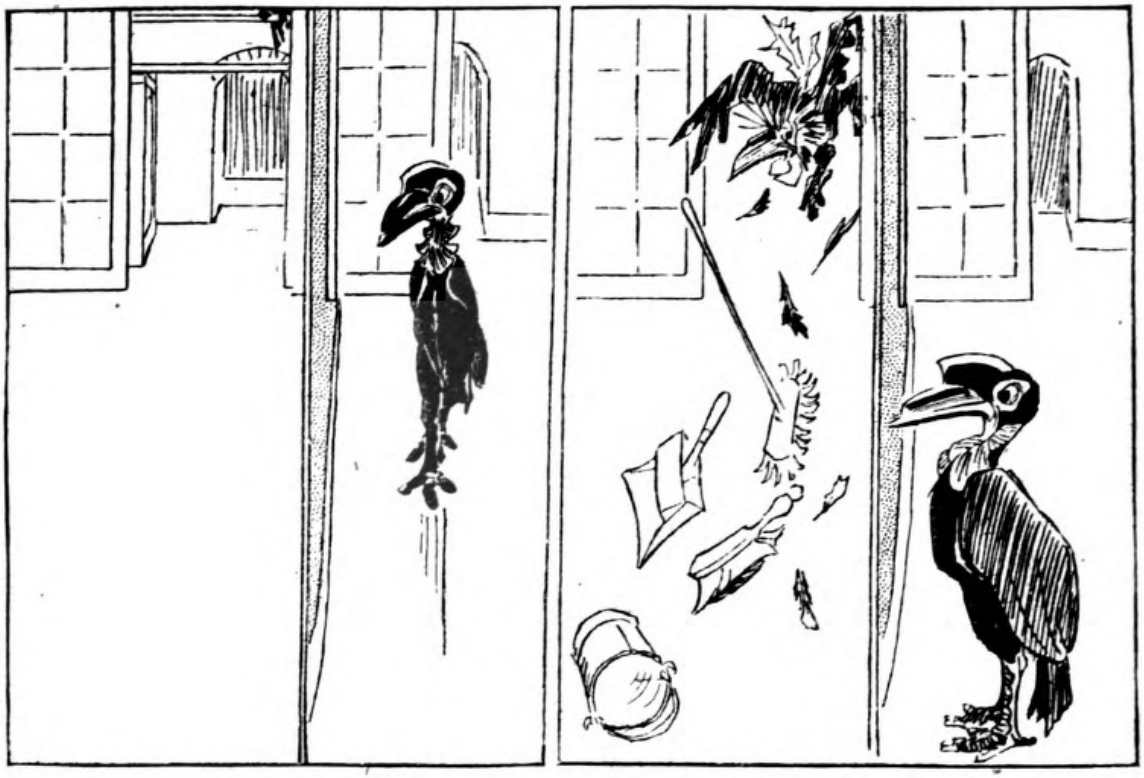


"SPOON, BILL!"

great and little, with his hump and ruffled plumage, the heron, the ruff, and the rest of them; she was forgetting, or more probably could not see, the glorious and wholly invincible beak, much nearer than Whitechapel, of the hornbill.

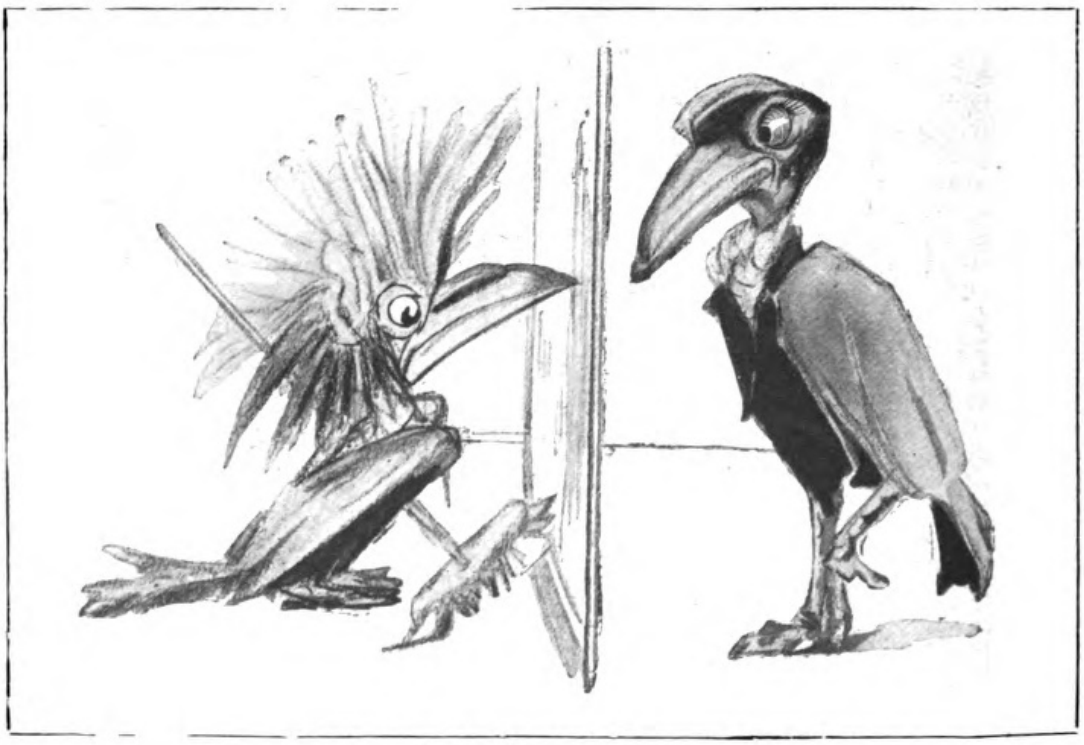
The Ground Hornbill (*Bucorvus abyssinicus* — and surely any bird with a name like that deserves a beak fit to balance it—has rather the appearance of a secretary bird who has come to a fancy-dress ball in the character of a wet umbrella, with a very big handle. He plays a perpetual practical joke on the Elate Hornbill next door. The Elate Hornbill is also called *Sphagolobus atratus*, and any bird who can remain elate while dragging a name like that about the world deserves a better reward than

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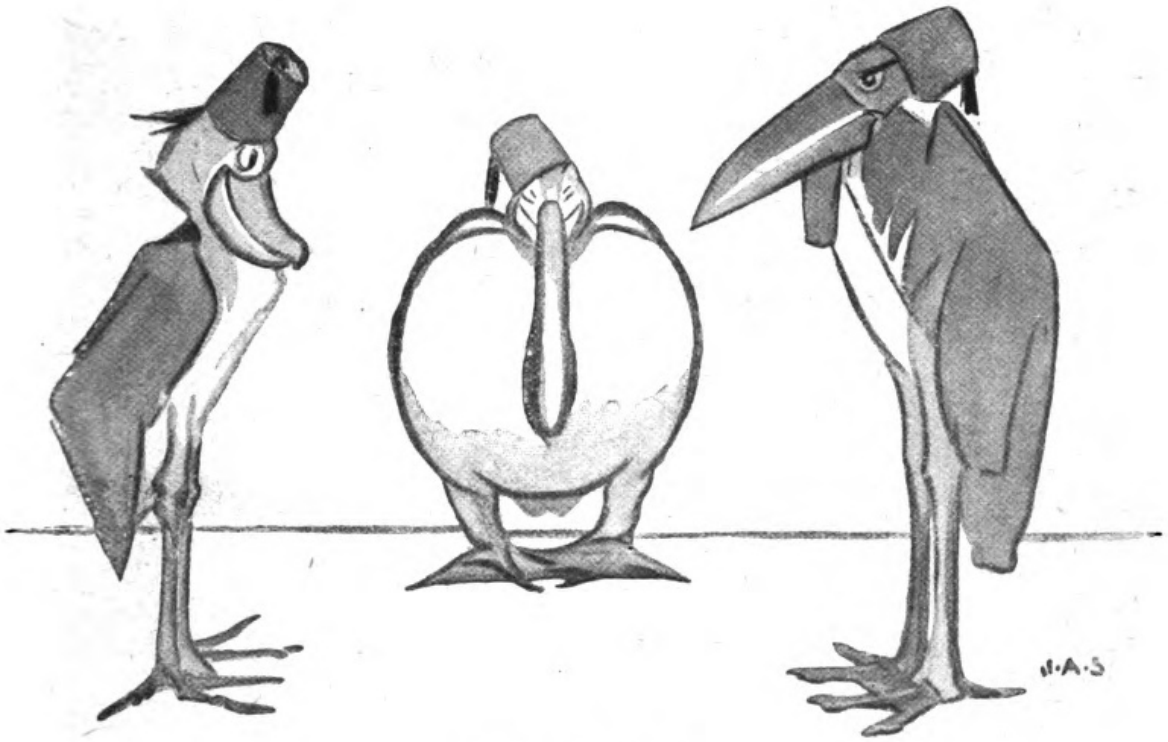
THE RATES. "WHAT, HERE AGAIN?"

the annoyance of the insistent joker next door. For the Ground Hornbill is continually knocking at the Elate's door, with all the severe business air of a rate-collector. The Elate, with a gorgeous touzle of shocking hair, comes floundering and rattling down from its perch with a noise as of a maid-of-all-work falling downstairs with all the implements of her profession in a heap. Any sort of hornbill can make more noise than any other sort of animal twenty times its size.



"OH, GO AWAY, DO!"

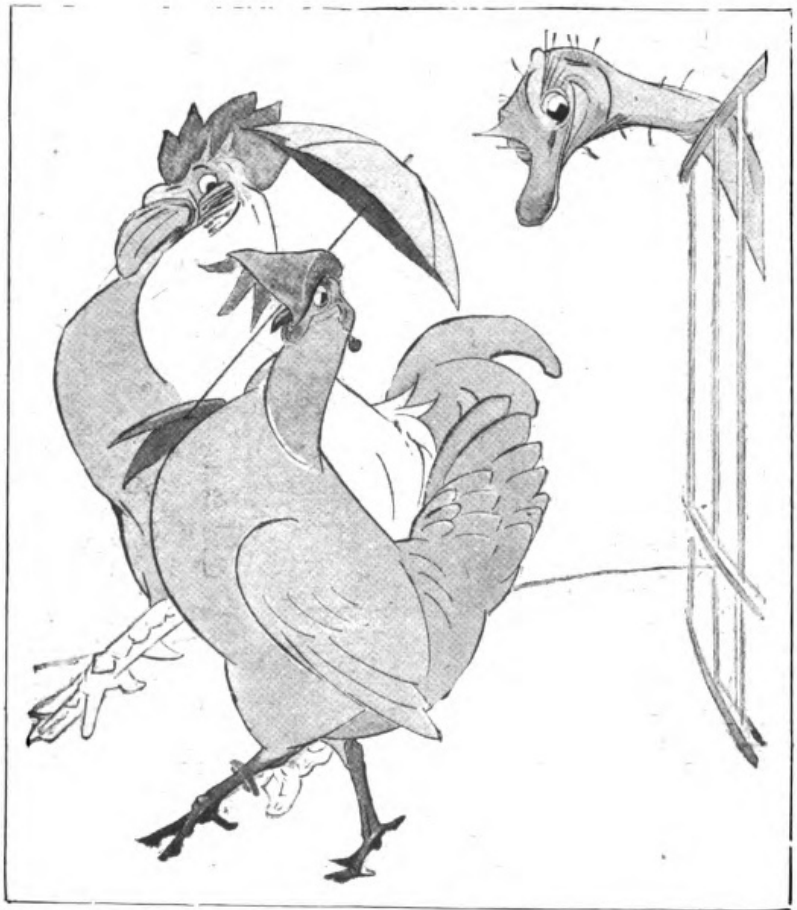
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BEYS AND PASHAS.

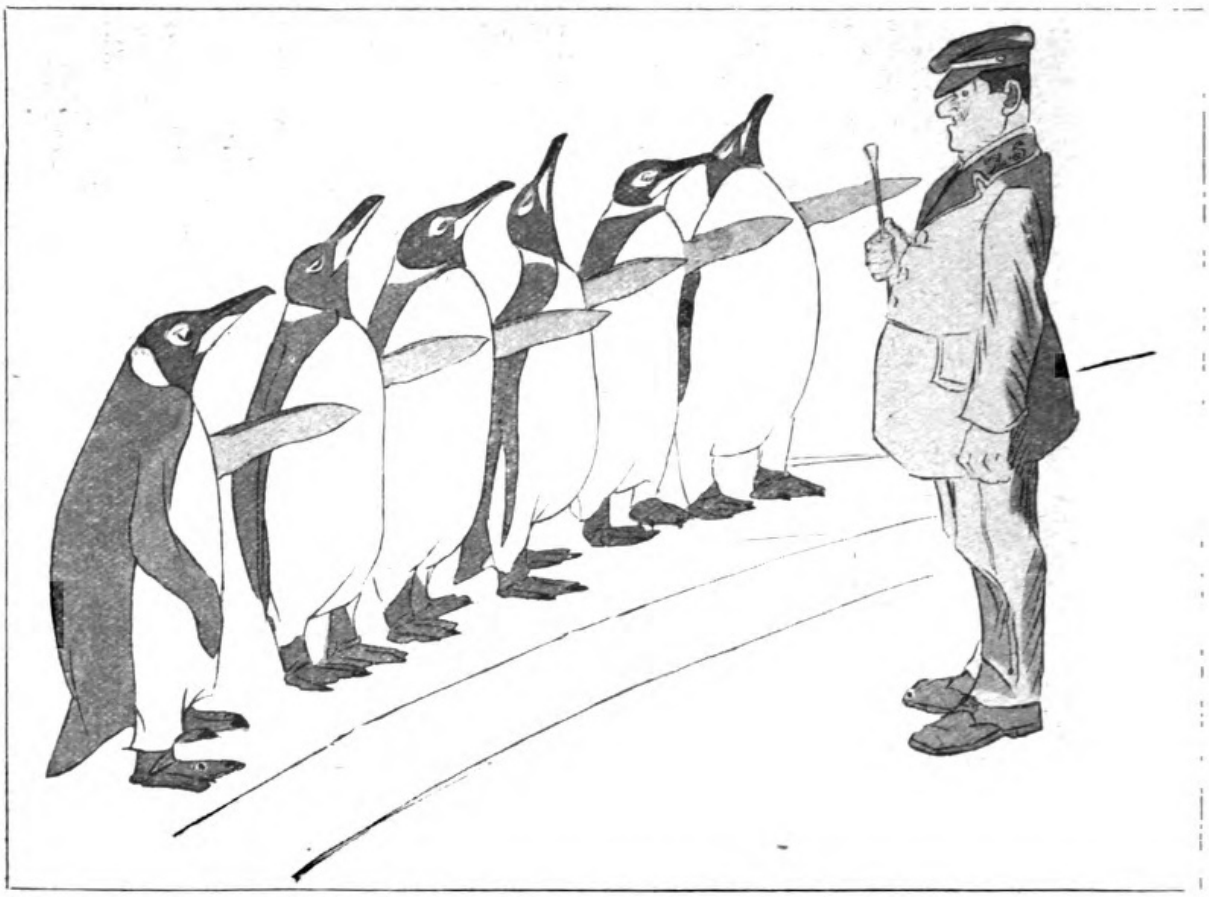
and the Elate does this whenever the Ground Hornbill knocks; and as to the frequency of the attack —well, the joker has positively worn a notch in his enormous beak —taken something off his bill, so to say —in pursuit of his unceasing practical joke.

The many casualties of the war have left vacancies in many cages now or recently filled by domestic fowl, who find themselves in very undomestic and uncivilized, not to say unmannerly, surroundings. Now, however that the war ends, we may look to Captain Flower, of the Giza Zoo in Egypt, to supply us here with some of the birds common about him — Pelican Pasha, let us say, Marabou Bey, and Shoebill Effendi. Also the long-suggested training of the animals themselves as Zoo officials may be suspended, and a revived interest in sport will bring fresh attention to Sandy, the orang-utan, who fishes for water from a little tank with so dexterous a dry-fly fisher's turn of the wrist.



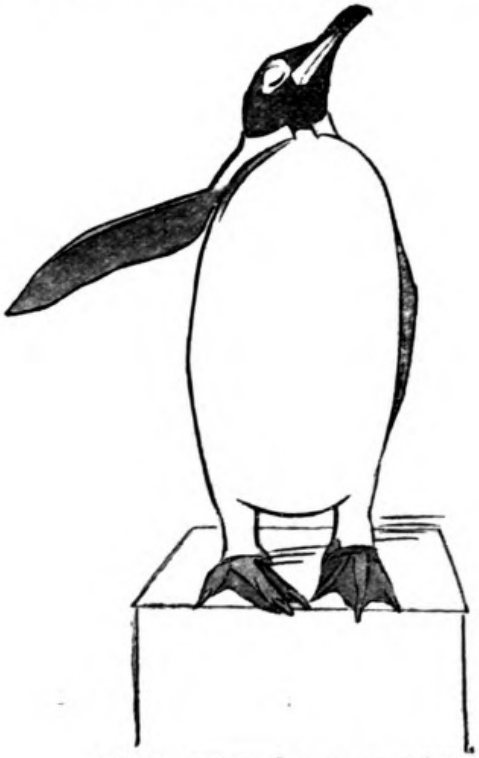
UNMANNERLY SURROUNDINGS: "COME ALONG, DO!"

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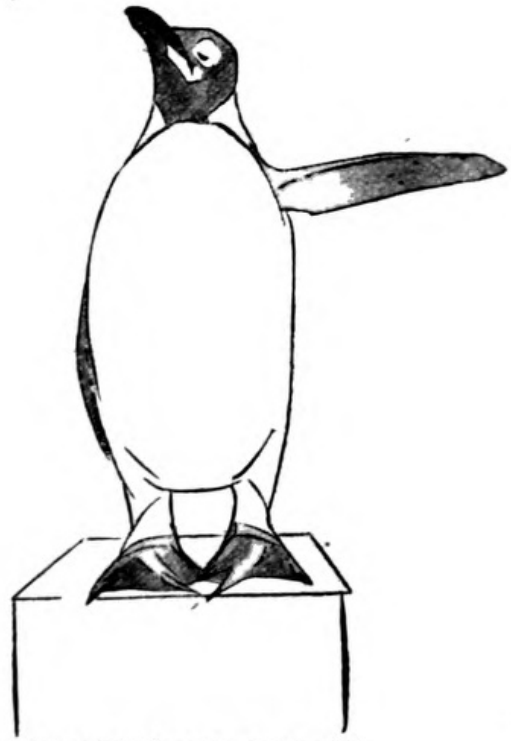


OFFICIALS IN THE MAKING.

Nothing could be more complete than Sandy's performance with a straw, whereby he keeps himself amused and supplied with unofficial drinks while waiting for the real official drink—a great performance which we must deal with in the next chapter.

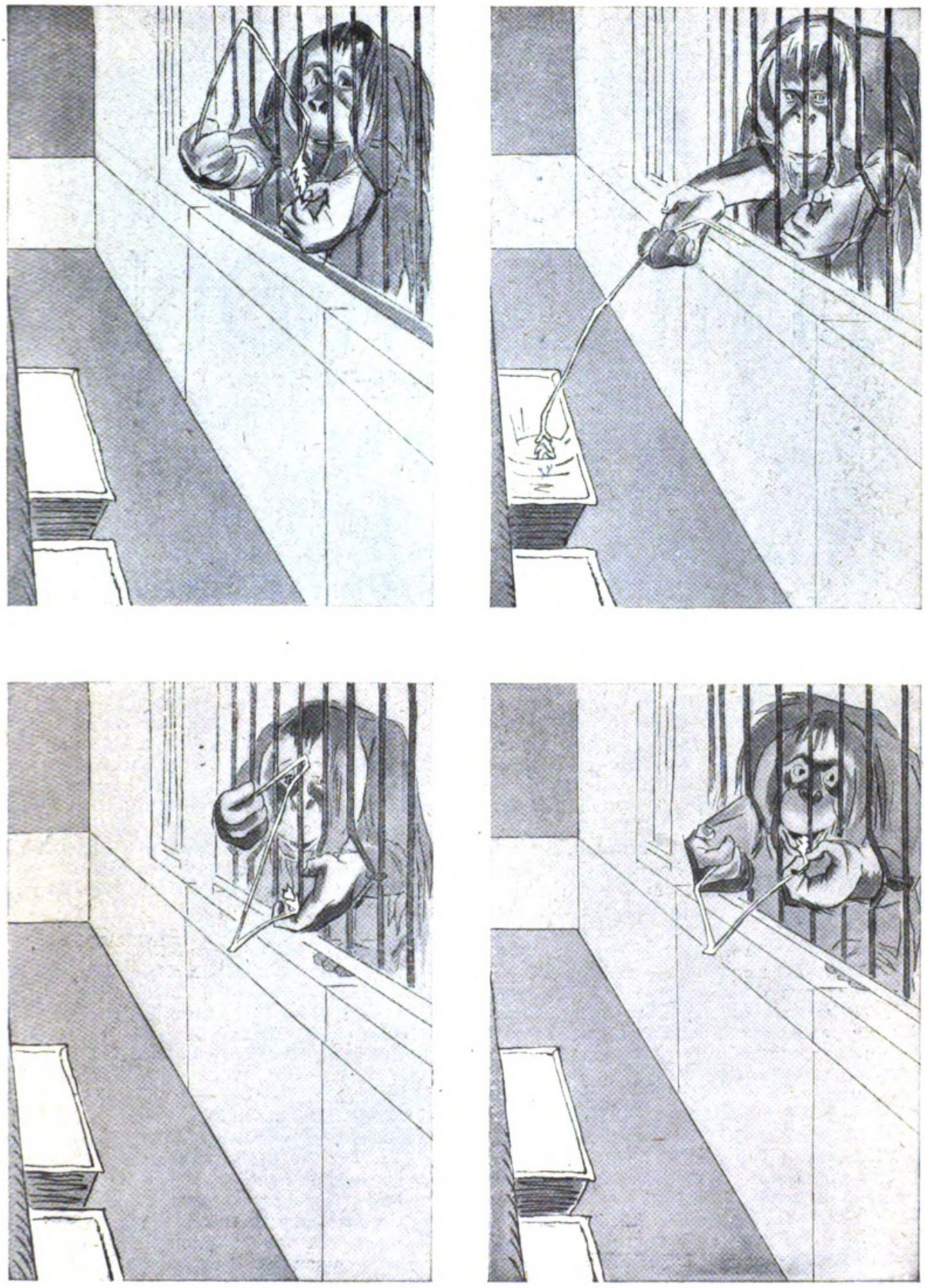


"LION HOUSE? THIS WAY!"



"MONKEYS? OVER THERE!"

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UNOFFICIAL DRINKS.

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The CHILD MONA

by WILLIAM CAINE

Illustrated by Norah Schlegel

ABOUT three o'clock in the afternoon of a fine summer day Miss Gabrielle Preston Wayne, aged thirteen, and Miss Dulcie Blondell, aged twelve and three-quarters, the daughter of the Squire of King's Woolley and the granddaughter of the Vicar of Woolley St. Ninian's, came into the ancient but prosperous town of Westhampton, seated in a smart black and red toy dog-cart, spanking along at five miles an hour behind a plump white pony, and got up to kill at anything under a thousand yards. The equipage was Gabrielle's; the glory, however, of having invented its present employment was Dulcie's. Each therefore had her own cause for self-satisfaction, which dangerous sentiment was strongly reflected both in the expression and the carriage of these young ladies.

Gabrielle was dark and slender. She wore a double-breasted driving-coat of fawn linen with big pearl buttons, a knowing white cross-over stock with a horseshoe pin in it, thick white gauntlets, a scarlet rose in her buttonhole, and a captivating fawn beaver hat, from beneath which a great lovelock of thick dark-brown hair, tied with an immense bow that exactly matched her rose, flowed down upon one shoulder. She sat up, as serious and as stiff as a poker, to accept the public's admiration.

The other child, who clutched a glorious bunch of white roses to her small body, wore a white muslin dress, a huge hat of the same material, a broad pale pink sash, white kid gloves that fitted like a second skin, and a string of pale pink coral round her plump neck. Her eyes were large and blue and shining, her nose was small and snub, her cheeks were round and rosy, her lips were parted with emotion, and her short golden hair stood out all round her head in a haze of splendour.

At the beginning of the town, as they approached the railway bridge which spanned their path, she suddenly pointed and, "Oh, Gaby," she said, in a hushed voice. "Look!"

"Yes," said Gabrielle, absently, "that's her. George, you old pig," she added to the pony, "get a move on, can't you?" She smote the animal lightly with her whip, and he moved his ears one inch backwards in acknowledgment of her suggestion that, just for once, he should enter Westhampton with some small regard for the decencies. "Sometimes," said Gabrielle, "I simply loathe George. He doesn't care *what* people think."

"Oh, bother George," said Dulcie. "Just look. *Isn't* she a dear?"

Near the railway arch was a hoarding covered with posters. Prominent among these was one which represented a little girl of unearthly loveliness, simply dressed in a very short, very ragged black gown and nothing more, so far as could be seen, whatever. Through the white clouds of the blinding snowstorm which surrounded her, the window of a crapulous public-house, upon which black appliqué lettering spelt out the words, "The Load of Hay," cast its baleful light upon her left shoulder. Her large, tear-dimmed eyes gazed reproachfully at the entry of this building. Her poor little bare feet were planted in snow. Snow lay thickly upon her hair and dress. It must have been horribly cold for her, but neither her hands nor her nose gave any evidence of the circumstance. Indeed, everywhere she was very pale.

Underneath her, across the white foreground of the picture, ran the legend, "Will he *never*

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"'OH,' SAID DULCIE. 'JUST LOOK. ISN'T SHE A DEAR?'"

come ?" and above, in much bolder lettering, this was to be read :—

S I N
Featuring
T H E C H I L D M O N A.

"Oh," cried Dulcie, "do you think she'll be in ?"

"Of course she will," said Gabrielle, sharply, and, "George," she added between her teeth, "if you don't buck up I'll give you one for yourself that you'll remember." The threat was an empty one, as she knew very well. George, conscious that public opinion is on the side of oppressed horses, and fully aware that he was no longer on the lonely high road, maintained his slug's progress imperturbably. And Gabrielle was helpless. Between losing the admiration

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and incurring the censure of the World there was but one choice for her. But her next birthday seemed very far away, the day on which the decent George was, on the word of her father, to be replaced by a beast with some small amount of blood and fire in his composition.

Nothing more was said until they had come through Castle Street and had emerged into the Market Square, but here a second hoarding and a second picture of The Child Mona extorted from Dulcie fresh evidence of the anxiety which consumed her. "Oh!" she whispered, "if she's not in, I shall cry. I know I shall."

"Some day," said Gabrielle, "if I have to drive this George much longer, I shall swear. And it'll be father's fault."

The second picture showed The Child Mona surrounded by benevolent and well-dressed people in a room that was full of flowers. A very old man and a young woman knelt by the bed in which, smiling ecstatically, the little girl lay, gazing upwards with eyes that already pierced the Veil. A doctor in a frock-coat of iron, watch in hand and finger on lip, counted the last pulse-beats of the patient. A stout, uniformed nurse soothed the sobs of a boy in Etons. Beyond the open window angels hovered on large white wings and made inviting gestures. Underneath was written, "I hear them calling. I see them beckoning."

Dulcie's eyes grew moist as she gazed at this moving design. "Poor little thing," she said, softly. "Isn't she sweet?"

They passed the Royal Theatre. Here there were many pictures of The Child Mona, both posters and framed photographs and large yellow bills which announced her appearance, for six night only, in the *rôle* of Paula in "Sin," a drama in five Acts and a prologue, written by Bruntsfield Harper, and presented (at so much a seat) to the public of Westhampton, by Charles Moselle.

"Perhaps," said Dulcie, a spasm of fear contracting her brow, "perhaps she sleeps all day. She must get frightfully tired acting every night till half-past ten, a little delicate girl like her. Oh, Gaby, do you think she won't be up yet? Do you think they won't let her come driving with us? Do you think we ought to have waited till after tea? She'll be sure to be up by tea-time, won't she?"

"I wish to goodness you'd thought of that before, Dulcie," said her friend, doubtfully. "But now we're here we may as well ask. P'r'aps we'd better not get the chocolates till we know if she can come."

"Oh, no," Dulcie cried. "Supposing she *can* come? It would be rotten if we didn't have the chocolates with us. It wouldn't be the same thing a bit, if we had to stop and buy them *after* we'd got her. Pull up at Catesby's. I won't be a minute. Hold the flowers."

Before George had come to rest by the kerb, she had sprung out of the cart and rushed into the shop of Westhampton's leading confectioner. A few moments later she reappeared carrying a large white cardboard box, tied with mauve ribbon.

"I couldn't wait to have it done up," she exclaimed, as she took her place beside Gabrielle and relieved her of the bouquet. "They are five-and-six," she said. "That's two-and-nine each, Gaby. They're all nutty ones."

They continued their progress round the Market Square and again drew up, this time at the White Hart Hotel.

They descended deliberately, for, now that they had come to the point, shyness had suddenly fallen upon them. Gabrielle condescendingly gave George into the custody of a young loafer, took the box of chocolates from Dulcie and together, with heightened colour, the pair entered the hall of the hotel.

Gabrielle was their spokesman.

"James," she said, in her very best voice and manner, to the head waiter, who came forward smiling, "I'm told that Miss Mona is staying here."

"Yes, Miss Gabrielle," said the head waiter, who had known all the Preston Wayne family for forty years. "Yes. That's right."

"Is she in?" asked Dulcie.

"Yes, Miss Dulcie, she's in," said James. James knew everybody.

"Well," said Gabrielle, "we want to see her, please, James."

"Why, Miss Gabrielle," said James, doubtfully. "Why, Miss Gabrielle, I don't exactly know as——" He tailed off. He could not believe that the approval of the Squire of King's Woolley and the Vicar of Woolley St. Ninian's had been granted to this visit.

"Oh, don't be an old stupid, James," cried Gabrielle. "Go on, can't you? I suppose she's up, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Gabrielle. She's up, all right."

"She's not ill?" cried Dulcie.

"Not as I knows of, Miss Dulcie."

Gabrielle stamped her small foot at him. "Well, then," she snapped, "why don't you go and tell her? Go at once, James."

The habits of a life-time were too much for James. A child of the Ruling Order had given him an absolutely definite command. Whatever might be his reasons for hesitation, they had now ceased to have weight.

"Very good, Miss Gabrielle," he said, obediently, and shuffled up the staircase in his over-large slippers.

Gabrielle set her hat straight in the hall mirror. Dulcie improved the arrangement of the roses she carried. Neither spoke. The moment was too tremendous for words.

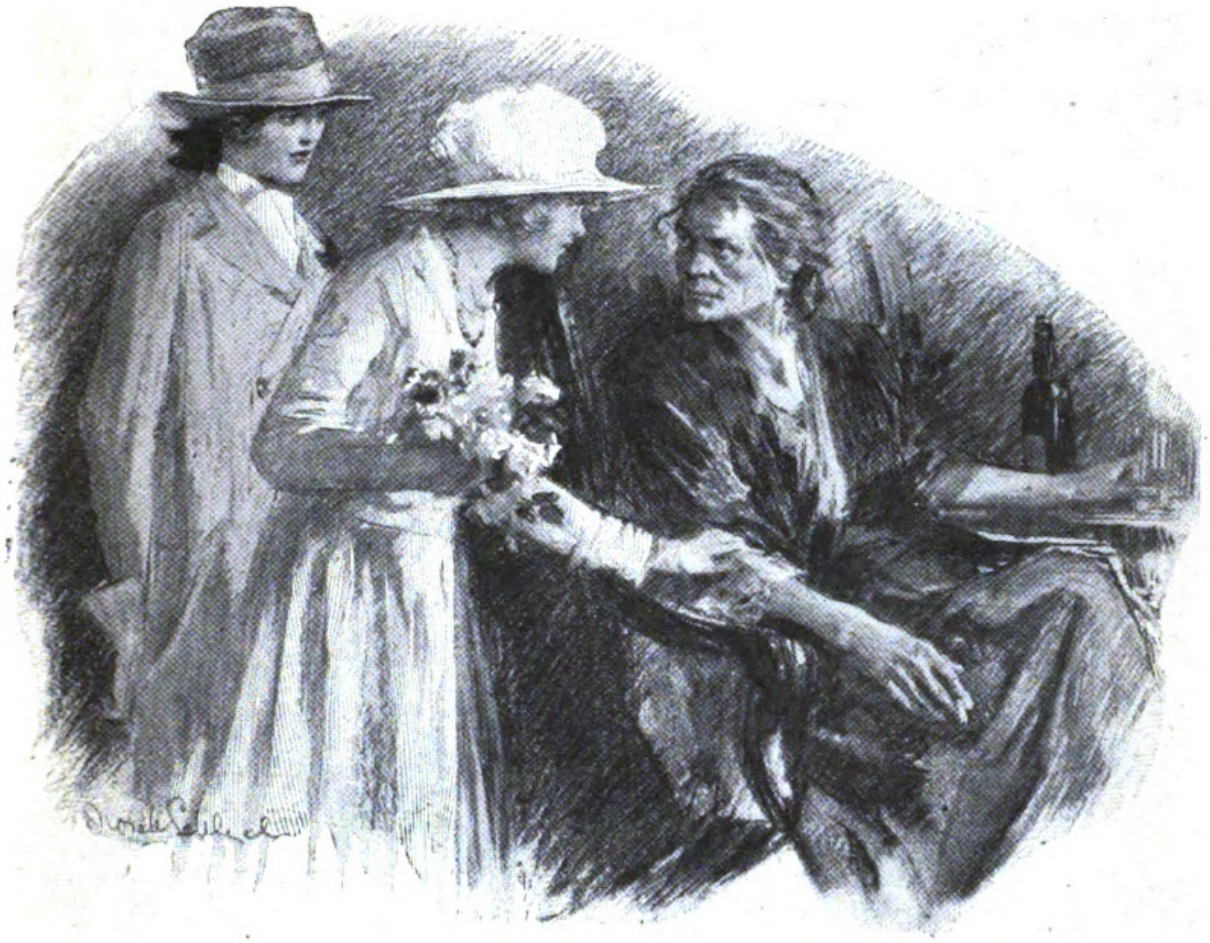
James returned. As he passed the office he paused, as if to consult the young woman who sat inside it; but Gabrielle was already at his side.

"Well?" she demanded.

James shrugged his shoulders and turned to her. "Yes, Miss Gabrielle," he said. "You're to come along, please."

"Hurrah!" cried Gabrielle. "Lead on, James." She bounded up the stairs. "Come on, James," she called from the first landing.

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"SHE ADVANCED TIMIDLY AND LAID ONE SMALL HAND ON THE OLD WOMAN'S ARM."

Again James shrugged his shoulders. Accompanied by Dulcie, he again climbed the stairs. Flanked on either side by a little girl he moved down a passage and knocked on a door.

A voice called, "Come in." James threw the door open and the two adventurers passed through it. James, most improperly, followed them.

They found themselves in the presence of a very small, very ugly, very old woman. She sat in an arm-chair by the window, smoking a cigarette. A small fire was burning in the grate. The windows were all tight shut and, on that hot July day, the air of the room was abominable. On a table beside her were a bottle of gin, a glass jug of water, and a tumbler. The tumbler was half full.

"Well," said this horrible old woman, harshly, "and what do *you* kids want?"

Gabrielle would willingly have fled the room; but the motto of the Preston Waynes is "Attain," and their souls are not readily to be daunted. As for Dulcie, she was completely paralyzed. Therefore they stood their ground.

"Well?" cried the hag, again, "what is it? *What* is it?"

"If you please," said Gabrielle, civilly, "we want to see Mona. My father took us to the theatre last night, you know, and we thought her such a dear little girl. We thought that perhaps she would like to come for a drive with Dulcie and me in my dog-cart. She looks so delicate, you know, and Dulcie and I thought that it might do her good."

"Yes," faltered Dulcie, her tender heart lending her a moment's courage, "poor little thing."

"My pony," Gabrielle went on, a trifle bitterly, "is perfectly quiet. She needn't be a bit nervous of George, really. I hope you'll let her come. We want her to come most awfully. I am Miss Preston Wayne and this is Miss Blondell. We live in the country near here. Please let her come. We've got a box of chocolates for her."

"They're all nutty ones," said Dulcie. "And we've brought these roses for her, too. Some of them are from Gaby's garden and some are from mine. Oh, please, do let her come."

"I suppose," said Gabrielle, "that you're her grandmother, aren't you? Please let her come. Do."

"Waiter," cried the old woman to James, who had remained by the door, "what the deuce are you hanging about for? Clear out."

"Oh, no," cried Gabrielle, hastily. "Please let James stay. He's a great friend of ours. *Please*, we'd *much* rather James stayed."

The old woman laughed harshly. "Oh, you

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would, would you ? " she said. " Scared of me, eh ? Well, I don't wonder. I'm often scared of myself. All right. He can stay. What's a waiter, anyhow ? Just a suit of dirty blacks. A bit dirtier than other men's. That's all. Maybe he's a bit cleaner inside than most of 'em, poor devil. And so," she went on, as a very unpleasant smile came upon her wrinkled red and white face, " you want to take poor, dear little Mona out for an airing in your pretty black and red dog-cart behind your pretty white pony, do you ? I saw you drive up, and very nice you looked, but I never supposed as poor, dear little Mona was to be honoured by the attentions of such smart young women. And what do your lady mothers think of your coming here like this ? "

" Well," said Gabrielle, " we didn't say anything about it to them. It was all our own idea. I've driven George alone for quite a long time, and Dulcie always goes with me everywhere. It's quite safe for Mona ; it really is. We bought these chocolates for her with our own money, and the roses are out of our own private gardens. We didn't think it necessary to ask if we might come ? Why shouldn't we ? "

" I'm sure it'll do Mona good," said Dulcie. " Please, can't we see her ? " She advanced timidly and laid one small hand upon the old woman's arm. " Please," she said " We do so want to do something for her. She's such a darling, and we did enjoy seeing her act last night so much. And she'll be going away to-morrow, won't she ; and we may never see her here again."

The old woman laughed more harshly than before.

" That's pretty true," she said. " Poor little Mona ! She's not likely to last much longer, poor darling ! "

" Oh," cried Dulcie, " is she so very ill, then ? We were afraid of that. What is it ? I hope it isn't consumption."

The old woman eyed the gin bottle. " Something of that sort," she said, with a snigger.

" Oh ! " cried Dulcie. " Poor little Mona ! " Her great eyes filled with tears and her lips began to tremble. " Then, mayn't she come with us ? " she asked. " Don't you think it would do her good ? "

" Nothing can do *her* any good," said the old woman, savagely. " *She's* done for, she is."

" How terrible," said Dulcie. " Oh ! I'm so sorry for her. And for you, too, if you are her grandmother. If I was her grandmother, I couldn't bear it if she should die." She took the old woman's hand in her own and squeezed it.

Suddenly the old woman's face changed curiously. She put her arm round Dulcie's neck and pulled her, almost roughly, towards her. Then she kissed her on the cheek.

" There, there," she said, " run away, the two of you. You're kind little souls. But Mona can't come out with you this afternoon. She's not fit for it."

" But," cried Gabrielle, " she won't be able to act to-night, then."

" Oh, yes," said the old woman. " She'll be able to act all right. She can always act. But afternoon drives with nice little girls aren't for her. She's got to rest, you see. She really can't go."

" Well," said Dulcie, with a sigh, " you'll give her these flowers with our love, won't you ? "

" And these chocolates," said Gabrielle. They laid their offerings on the old woman's knees.

" We're so sorry," they said together.

" You're not so sorry as I am," said the old woman. " You'd better show them out, waiter," she added to James. " Show them out, I say you old fool" she shouted.

James opened the door. His brow was beaded. He had passed through some terrible moments.

" Good-bye," said Dulcie, holding up her face for another kiss. " Tell poor little Mona how sorry we are, won't you ? "

Gabrielle shook hands. " Good-bye," she said. " Give her our love, *won't* you ? "

The old woman took leave of them without speaking. Her face worked strangely.

The two little girls went out of the room together. James prepared to follow them.

" Waiter," the old woman hissed.

James halted. " Yes'm," he said.

" Don't you tell them," she whispered, venomously. " Don't you *dare* to tell them. If you tell them I'll have your life. See ? "

" No fear, mum," said James, as he followed Gabrielle and Dulcie out of the room.

LEST YOU FORGET!
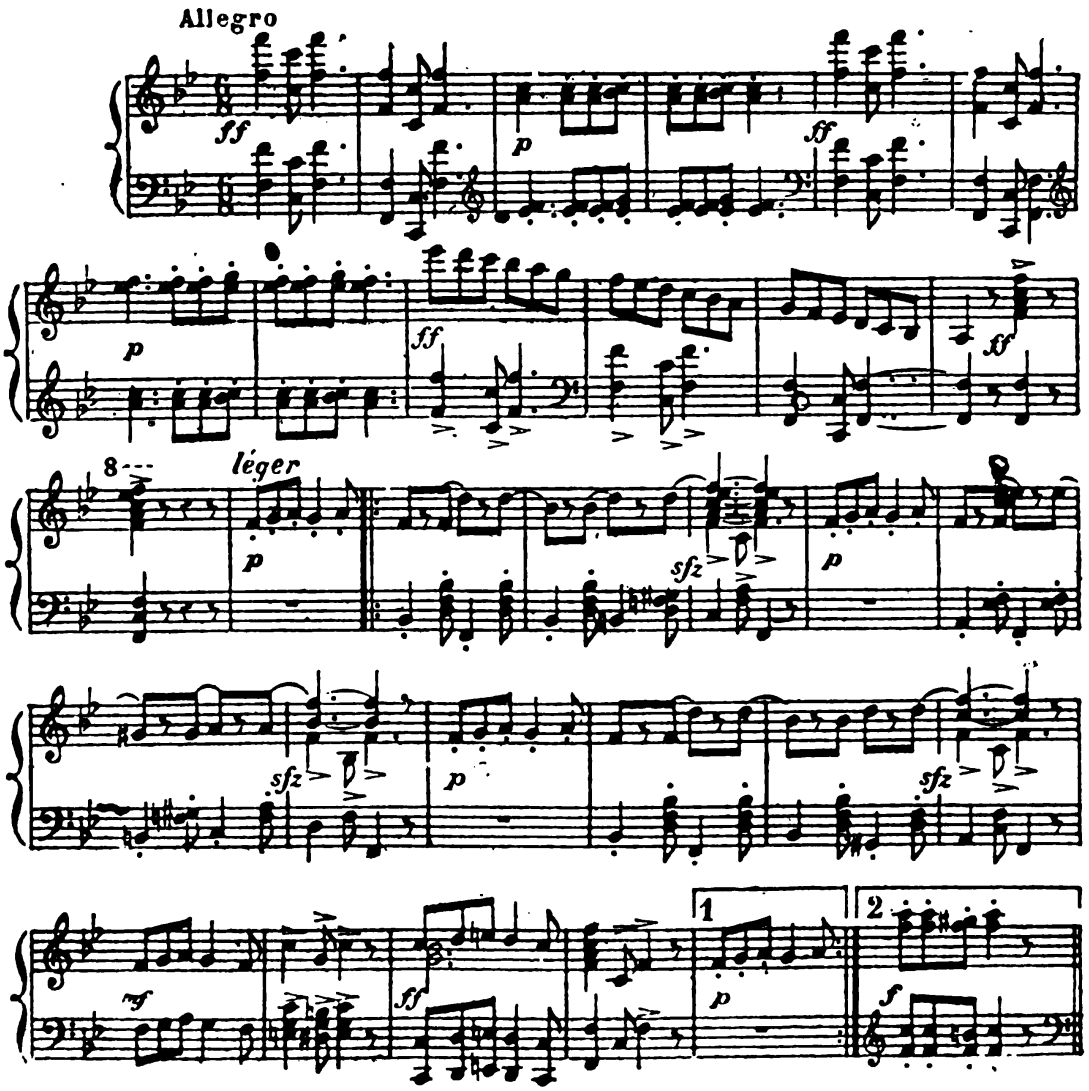
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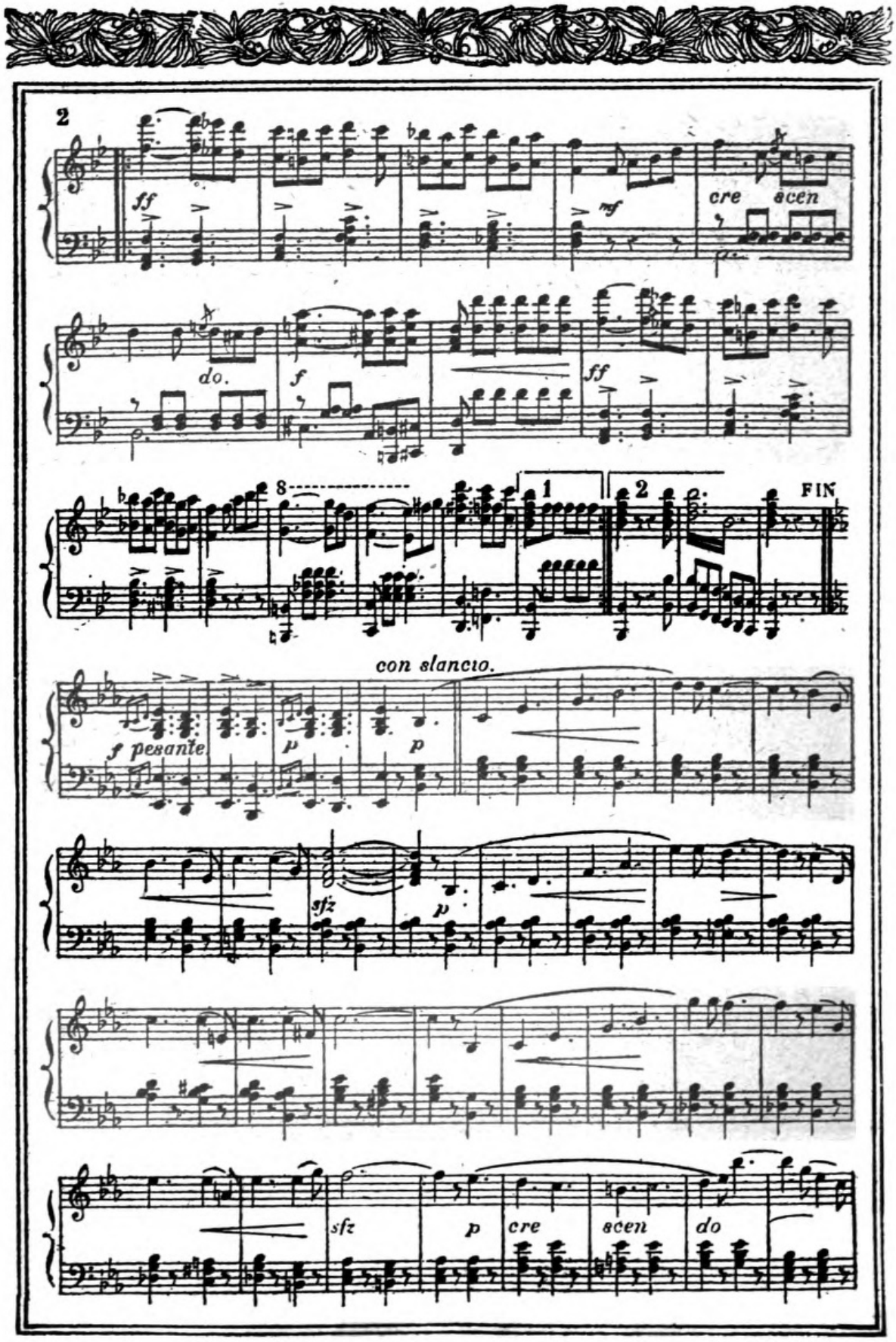
The well-known French magazine, "Lectures pour Tous," recently offered a prize to the composer of the best March of Victory. The competition excited the greatest interest, and the March that won the prize was such a fine, stirring piece of work that we at once made arrangements to place it before our readers. The winner, M. Paul Legris, is Chef de Musique au 147e Régiment d'Infanterie.

The March of Victory
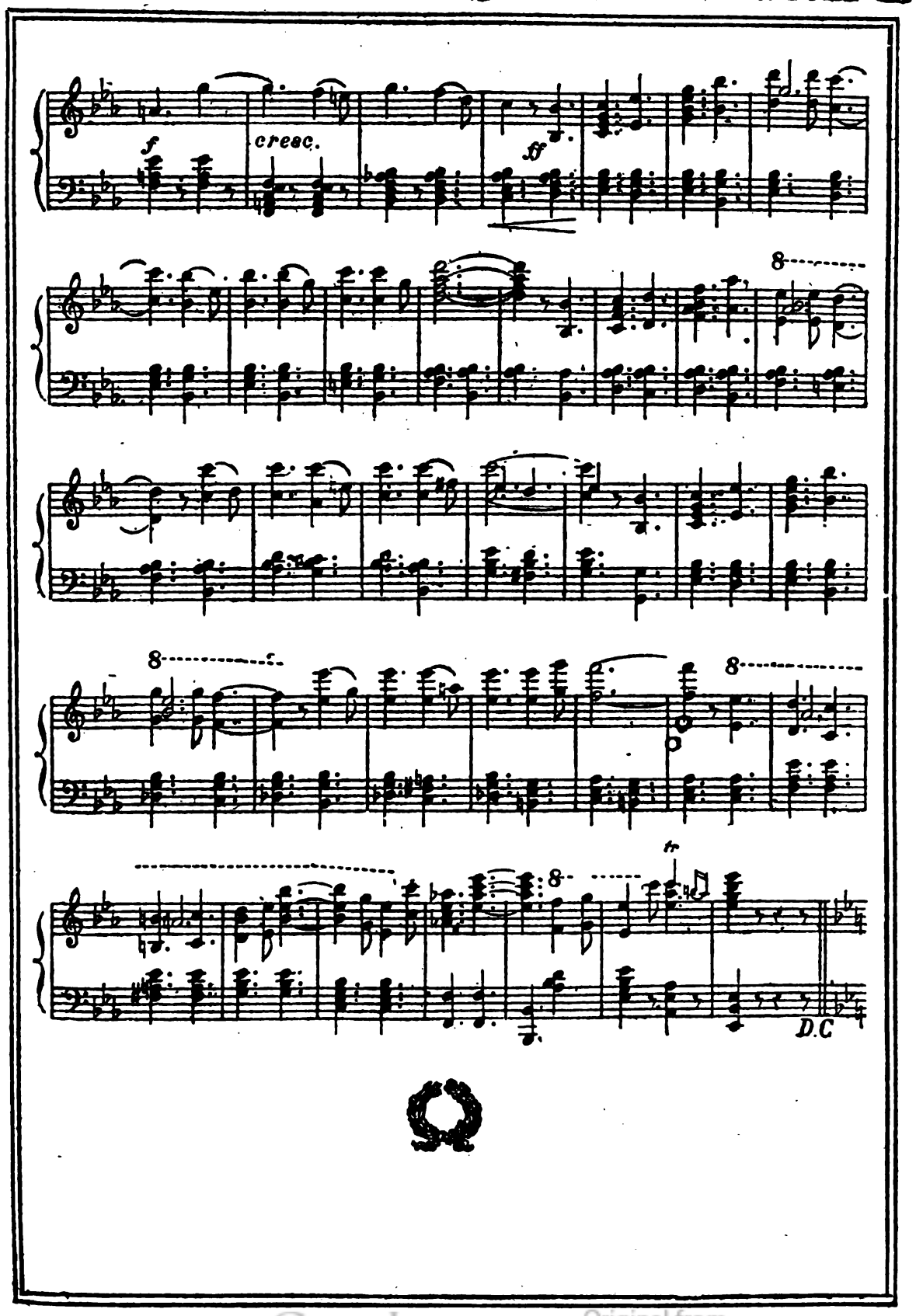
By PAUL LEGRIS.



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JOHNNY'S BIRTHDAY.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN

By H. B. CRESWELL.

Illustrated by G. E. Studdy.

ONE day it was Johnny Peascod's birthday, and if I gave you six guesses I am sure you would never guess what was the best present of all the presents he got. Johnny himself did not know at breakfast that he had got this present, because it was so big that the postman could not carry it. Just before dinner Johnny saw a cart coming, but he did not think it could be anything for him. The cart stopped at the door of the house, but even then Johnny did not think it was a present for him, because all the parcels in the cart were great big boxes. The man who led the horse gave Jane a yellow paper and said, "Two-and-threepence to pay."

And Jane said, "It is something for you, Master Johnny."

And Johnny said, "Where?"

But you could not tell what it was because it was in a big box. You can imagine how excited Johnny became. Then James, the gardener, came and helped the man, and they put the big box in the yard, and James and Johnny opened the box with the coal-hammer, and James was excited, but not so much excited as Johnny was.

Have you guessed what Johnny's present was, now?

It was a real bicycle, quite new, and all for Johnny's very own, although he was quite a little boy! James the gardener rang the bell and said, "It's a tidy little bike," and that will show you what a lovely bicycle it really was. Then Johnny asked James to teach him to ride, and Johnny learned in about ten minutes, though he tumbled off sometimes, but after dinner he could ride quite well, and he rode round to show Marytary, and you can imagine how surprised she was to see Johnny riding a bicycle of his very own.

Then Marytary said: "Let *me* try, Johnny."

So Johnny taught her, and before tea Marytary could ride too.

Now the very next morning when Marytary was having breakfast Johnny came and tapped at the window, so that made Marytary rush out, and Johnny said, "Come on! Such a joke!"

And Marytary said: "What?"

And Johnny said, "Get your hat and you'll see."

So Marytary asked her mother if she might go out with Johnny, and she said, "Yes, dear, but finish your breakfast."

Marytary emptied her cup, packed her bread and butter into her mouth, and ran out with her hat to Johnny. She could not speak because her mouth was full, but Johnny knew what she wanted to say, and he said, "Look here, such a joke! We will go to the seaside on the bicycle."

"Both of us?" said Marytary.

"Yes," said Johnny; "you sit behind, and

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"FOR MILES ROUND PEOPLE BEGAN RUNNING AND ASKING EACH OTHER, 'WHAT'S UP?'"

I will work it, and when we come to a hill you can help to push me up, so we shall go quicker, and when it is down hill we can both get on and we shall go very fast. When I am tired, you can ride the bicycle."

Wasn't it a lovely idea! It made Marytary jump about for joy; and then they ran and got the bicycle. There was a little shelf behind the saddle, called a "luggage carrier," and Marytary sat on it, and Johnny worked the bicycle, and off they went faster than you could run. When they came to a hill, Marytary slipped off and pushed, so that they went up quite quickly, and on the level roads they had it in turn to work the bicycle, and down hill they flew along without working at all.

It was a long way to the seaside place called Wanton where they were going, and after three hours they came to a river, and it was very wide because it was near the sea, and there was no bridge, and Wanton was on the other side of the river, and there was no boat to cross over in.

Just as they were wondering how to get across the river a man came by in a cart, and Johnny said, "Please, how are we to get across?" for you see there was no boat and no bridge.

And the man said, "Swim," and he did not stop but drove by, and it was rather rude of him.

Then Johnny said to Marytary, "All right, we will swim," for Johnny could swim and so could Marytary.

But Marytary said, "Oh, Johnny, you know we can't swim so far, and we can't swim with the bicycle, and we shall get our clothes all wet."

But Johnny knew what to do, and he was a clever little boy, I think.

First he took the tyres off the bicycle. It was difficult to do it, but Marytary helped him. Then they both took off their clothes and rolled them up into two bundles, like little pillows, and tied them round their necks. Then Johnny blew up the tyres with the bicycle-pump, and put one round Marytary, tight under her arms, and one round himself; and then they took hands and walked out into the river. And first it was sandy and shallow, and then it got deeper, and at last they began to swim, and the water was warm because the sun had been shining on it. Johnny said that the bicycle was quite safe because no one could ride it without any tyres, and he was quite right.

Marytary found she could swim quite easily, because the tyre was full of air, which made it very light and held her up so that she did not sink at all; and even if she left off swimming she floated like a cork, and Johnny did too, and you would not believe what fun it was. Johnny laughed for joy and so did Marytary, and a big fish came and swam about near them; and it was a codfish, and I think it had little children fish of its own, and that is why it liked Marytary and Johnny Peascod. It came and rubbed against their legs like a cat, but that naughty Johnny caught her by the tail at last, and opened his mouth and pretended he was going to eat her, and that frightened the poor fish, and when Johnny let her go she rushed away through the water and never came back again.

Now while they were laughing and playing with the fish and splashing in the water, they had not noticed where they were going. The water began to be rough, and then they saw that the river was running out into the sea and

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was taking them along with it; and that instead of getting near to the other side they were going right far out to sea. That was the reason it was getting rough, for there are nearly always big waves on the sea. Marytary tasted the water and it was quite salt, and that proved it was the sea, because the sea is always salt. That made Marytary feel frightened, but Johnny said, "It's all right, Marytary; see! there's a pier, and we will swim to it."

Now a long way off there was a very pretty pier, and they swam towards it side by side, and soon far away they could hear a band playing, and they could see people on the pier and other people paddling and bathing on the shore, and children too.

By and by the band began to play out of time, and all wrong; and the drum did not come in the right place. And do you know why?

It was because the bandsmen had seen Johnny and Marytary swimming, and they were all looking at them instead of attending to their music.

Now when Marytary and Johnny saw all the people staring at them over the side of the pier, it made them feel shy; and the waves were dashing among the piles which go down into the water under the pier, and it was all dark under the pier and the piles were covered with black seaweed and it did not look nice, so Johnny said, "We won't climb on to the pier; but we will go round and get on the beach instead." They swam until at last their feet touched the sand, and then they splashed along as fast as they could to the beach. But the bandsmen, and all the people, came running off the pier to see who they were; and people who did not know that Johnny and Marytary had come saw the bandsmen running on the pier, and ran to see why *they* were running; and then other people saw these people running (though they could not see the bandsmen), and these other people ran to see what the people who were running to see what the bandsmen were running for were running for; and other people seeing others run, ran too, and so for miles round people began running and asking each other, "What's up? What is it?" and no one knew, and it makes me feel quite out of breath to tell you all this.

While all the people were running, little Johnny and Marytary slipped behind a big boat and then got quickly into a bathing machine before anyone saw them do it. When the bandsmen came up they never thought of looking into the bathing machine, because, just at that moment, the bathing machine man fastened his horse on to the bathing machine and dragged it far up to the top of the beach. Then the people all stood and stared, and asked the bandsmen, "Where are they?" And the bandsmen shook their heads, because they did not know, and then went slowly back to the pier, looking behind them all the time to try and see Johnny and Marytary, and when they got back to the pier they played a very slow, sad tune.

Now wasn't it lucky Marytary and Johnny got into the bathing machine? There were dry towels in it, and a looking-glass and a brush and comb all ready, and a pail of water to wash the sand off their feet, so that very soon they were quite dressed and tidy.

And now the most exciting part of this story begins.

There was a printed notice nailed up in the bathing machine, and it said, for Marytary read it, but John helped her:—

NOTICE.

The charge for using this bathing machine is sixpence each person, including children. By order of the Wanton Town Council.

F. BINKS, Clerk.

Now two sixpences—sixpence for Marytary and sixpence for Johnny—added together make a shilling, and a shilling is a lot of money. Marytary only had ninepence, and that is sixpence added to half a sixpence, but Johnny said, "It's all right, I've got three shillings," for it was what he had saved up from his birthday.

So he put his hand into his pocket, and Marytary thought he had a pain, and she said, "What is the matter?"

And Johnny said, "I've lost it."

The shillings fell out of his pocket when he was making his clothes into a bundle, of course; and they were lying on the sand by the side of the river near the bicycle, and two birds were looking at them and wondering if they were nice to eat, for neither of these birds had ever seen shillings before.

There was another notice nailed up in the bathing machine, and Johnny read it:—

"On April 1st, 1913, John Beanpod was sent to prison for fourteen days for using this machine and avoiding payment."

Now what Johnny ought to have done, I think, was to go to the bathing machine man and say, "We are very sorry; we have not enough money; but we will send it to you"; and Marytary told him to say it, but Johnny replied:—

"Perhaps John Beanpod did that, and his name is nearly like mine. We will send the bathing machine man the money, but he did not see us get in, and we can prevent him seeing us come out. We must spend your ninepence on buns because we are so hungry, aren't you?"

And Marytary was very hungry, so she said, "Yes."

Then Johnny peeped out of one of the two doors, and saw the bathing machine man lying against a coil of rope fast asleep, and he had only one foot because he was a soldier and had been wounded, but that was a long time ago.

So Johnny said, "He is asleep and he cannot run, so it's all right."

Then Johnny opened the door at the other end of the bathing machine, and he and Marytary slipped out.

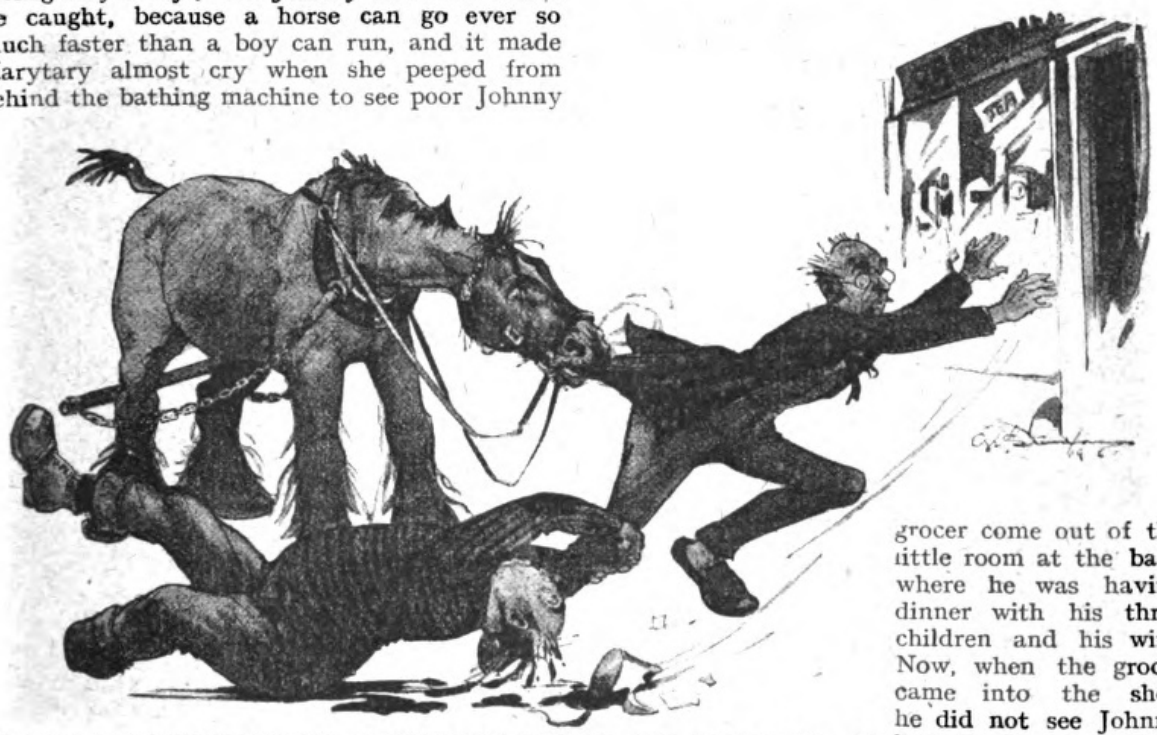
Now it would have been all right—for it was one o'clock and the people and all their children had gone home to dinner—but a horrid

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little boy who was going about the sands jumping on all the beautiful castles that the children had been making, saw Marytary and Johnny come out of the bathing machine and shouted, "Look out, Joey!"

Joey was the name of the bathing machine man, and he woke up and saw Johnny. And Johnny ran as fast as he could, but Marytary hid behind the bathing machine, and Joey did not see her. Joey was very angry, and called to Johnny to make him stop, but Johnny only ran faster and faster. So then Joey hopped along on his one leg to the bathing machine horse and got on its back, and started off after Johnny.

Poor Johnny ran as hard as he could, and by the time Joey was on the horse's back he was a long way away; but Johnny knew he would be caught, because a horse can go ever so much faster than a boy can run, and it made Marytary almost cry when she peeped from behind the bathing machine to see poor Johnny running and looking behind him, and the great horse thumping after him, and then she ran after Johnny and the horse.



"DEAR OLD PUNCHER TRIED TO HELP HIS MASTER, AND TOOK HOLD OF THE GROCER'S COAT WITH HIS TEETH."

Now this bathing machine horse, and his name was Puncher, could not go very fast, for his legs were all covered with wet seaweed which had grown on them because he stood nearly all day in the sea, and it made his legs heavy and he could not gallop properly. And there were limpets on his hoofs too, and a star fish had made a nest in his tail where it hung down in the water. All this weighed Puncher down and made him slow, but still he went much faster than Johnny, and as he thumped along the road the starfish fell out of his tail, so Marytary picked up the poor starfish and put it back in a nice pool among the rocks, and I think it has made a new nest and is quite happy again now. But poor Johnny was getting quite out of breath, and Puncher, coming closer and closer, and Joey shouting nearer and nearer, and I am really glad Marytary could not see them, for they were quite out of sight when she came back from the beach.

Then Johnny turned up a side street, but almost directly Puncher came round the corner after him, and Johnny did not know what to do. In less than a minute, I am afraid, Johnny will be caught, and then what will Marytary do, I wonder?

Suddenly Johnny ran into a grocer's shop, and rushed round behind the counter, and crawled right under it out of sight, and I don't know what made him think of doing it, but it was clever of him.

There was no one in the shop, but when he opened the door a bell rang, and that made the grocer come out of the little room at the back where he was having dinner with his three children and his wife. Now, when the grocer came into the shop he did not see Johnny because he was hiding under the counter, but just then Joey hopped into the shop on one leg, and he had seen Johnny run into the shop, and so Joey and the grocer began to talk, and it shows what dreadful things happen when people are not polite to one another.

First the grocer said, "That's a nice way to come into my shop; what do you want?" Because Johnny had made a lot of noise rushing in and the grocer thought it was Joey all the time.

And Joey said, "I want that boy of yours. He has been bathing in my machine and run off without paying," because Joey had only seen Johnny's back, and when Johnny ran into the shop he thought he was the grocer's own little boy, of course.

"What do you mean?" said the grocer.

"What I say," said Joey.

"My boy hasn't been bathing."

"Yes, he has."

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"No, he hasn't."

"Yes, he has."

"No, he has *not*. Take your hand off that ham."

"I won't," said Joey.

You see Joey had to rest his hand on something because he had only one foot to stand on, and he had put his hand on a large ham that was on the counter.

So the grocer snatched the ham away, and that made Joey fall down and he knocked over a pile of tins and jam-pots, and one pot broke and the jam got into his hair, and it made the grocer angry, and he went and dragged Joey out into the street; but Joey held on to his leg and would not let him go back into the shop, and then that dear old Puncher tried to help his master, and took hold of the grocer's coat with his teeth and tore it right up, and people came running to see what was the matter, and then a policeman came, walking very fast and taking off his gloves as he came, and when a policeman does *that* it means it is very serious.

The policeman did not ask any questions, but put Joey up on Puncher, and led Puncher with one hand while he held the grocer with the other, and he took them away to prison.

Just then the grocer's wife ran out and said, "You mustn't take him yet, he hasn't finished his dinner."

The policeman stopped and thought a long time. Then he said, "You must bring his dinner after him; he must finish it in prison."

So the grocer's wife took the pie they had been enjoying, and the three children followed with the pudding and the plates, and they all went down the street after Puncher and the policeman, but the littlest child was so small it could only carry the mustard-pot, and its name was Ben, so I know it was a little boy, though he was so small he wore frocks like a little girl.

Then that naughty little Johnny crawled out and peeped over the top of the counter, and the shop was empty, so he came quite out, and looked up and down the street to see if Marytary was there. But no! there was no Marytary. And then he looked again, and saw Marytary staring all about and wondering where Johnny was. So Johnny ran and fetched her and they both went into the grocer's shop together, and Johnny told her all about the grocer going to prison, and said, "Now *I* will be the grocer, and you must be a real lady come to buy a lot of things."

Then he peeped into the drawers where the grocer kept the sugar and tea and coffee, and then he put on the grocer's apron and took off his coat and turned up his shirt-sleeves, and stood on a box behind the counter so that when you came into the shop you would think Johnny was a real grown-up grocer man. And Marytary sat in a chair and Johnny was a grocer, and Marytary said:—

"How much do you charge for jam to-day?"

But just then a woman and a little girl came into the shop, so Johnny said to them:—

"What's the next article, please?" and it was such fun you simply wouldn't believe.

"A pound of moist," said the woman.

Now Johnny did not know what she meant, so he said, "I am very sorry, but we only keep the wet and the dry."

"Sugar," said the woman.

"Thank you," said Johnny: "what price, please."

"Twopence halfpenny," said the woman, for this was in the days before the war.

So Johnny found a drawer marked "sugar" and it was nearly full of brown sugar, and Johnny weighed out a pound, and when he had weighed it he put it into a blue paper bag, and then he said, "*There* is a little over," and he put some more sugar into the bag, and the woman was pleased and smiled.

Then she gave Johnny twopence halfpenny, and he put it into a drawer where there was other money, and then he gave the little girl an apple and a gingerbread nut, and that made the woman very pleased, and the little girl was pleased too, and the woman said, "Say thank you, Sarah," and the little girl said, "Thank you," and they went out.



After that two more women came in and one bought tea and the other bought coffee, and Johnny said to each, "*There* is a little over," and put some more into the bag, and the women were pleased.

After that no one came into the shop for a long time, and Johnny ate biscuits with sugar on them, and so did Marytary, and they were in the shape of animals, and Johnny ate two lions, two bears, a cow, and a big bird. But Marytary only ate horses.

Just then the grocer and his wife and little Ben and the two other children came back with the dinner plates, all quite happy, because the magistrate had said, "It is all a mistake; shake hands and make friends."

So the grocer and Joey shook hands; and Joey said, "If you want to bathe any day,

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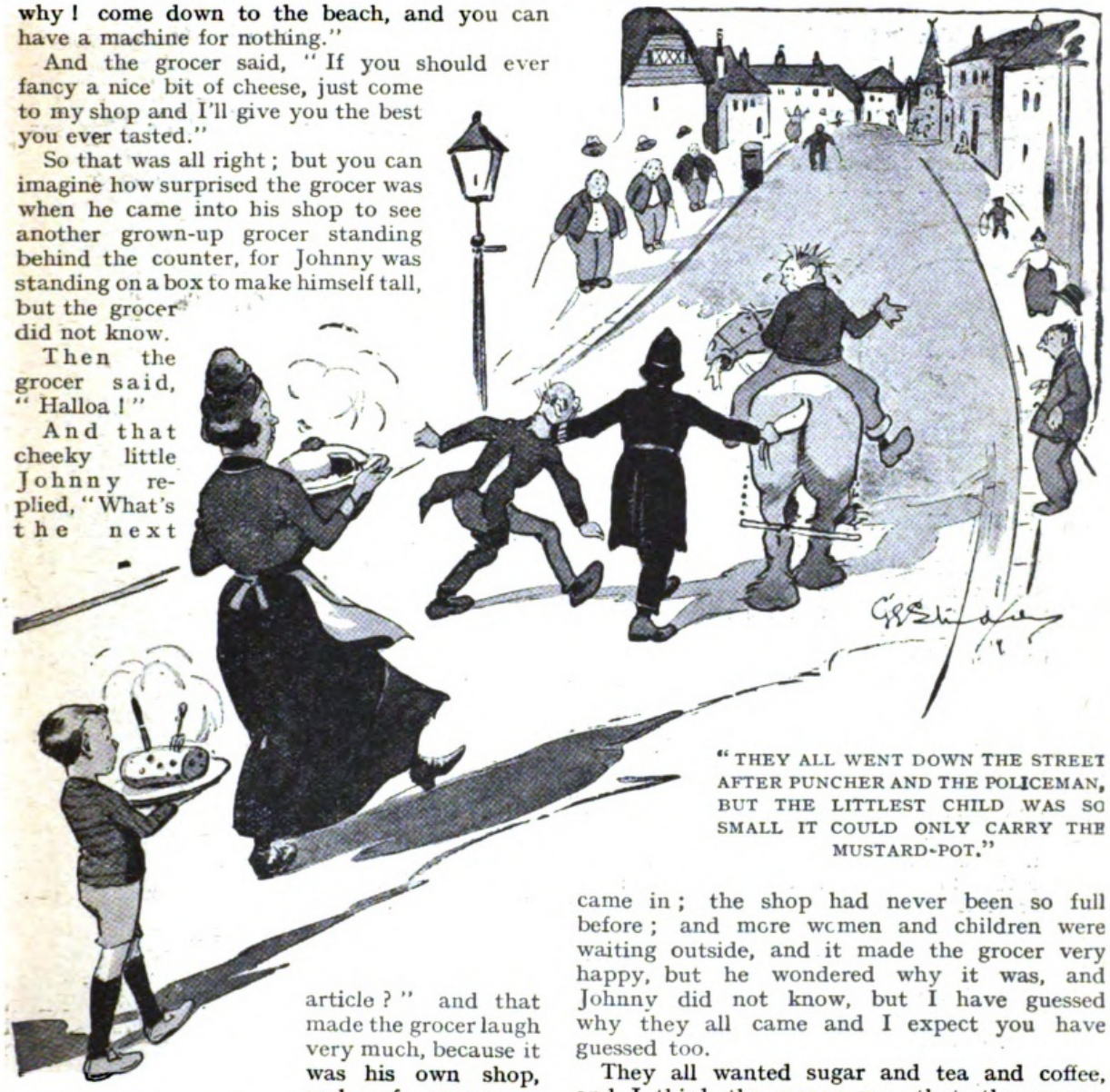
why! come down to the beach, and you can have a machine for nothing."

And the grocer said, "If you should ever fancy a nice bit of cheese, just come to my shop and I'll give you the best you ever tasted."

So that was all right; but you can imagine how surprised the grocer was when he came into his shop to see another grown-up grocer standing behind the counter, for Johnny was standing on a box to make himself tall, but the grocer did not know.

Then the grocer said, "Halloa!"

And that cheeky little Johnny replied, "What's the next article?" and that made the grocer laugh very much, because it was his own shop, and, of course, a grocer never buys things at his own shop.



"THEY ALL WENT DOWN THE STREET AFTER PUNCHER AND THE POLICEMAN, BUT THE LITTLEST CHILD WAS SO SMALL IT COULD ONLY CARRY THE MUSTARD-POT."

Then Johnny came out from behind the counter, and you can't think how surprised the grocer was to see he was only a little boy all the time.

Then Johnny told them all about it, and they did not mind a bit when Johnny said he and Marytary had eaten the biscuits because they felt hungry.

And the grocer's wife said, "Well, I never," but the grocer looked serious, and made Johnny show him the drawers he had got the sugar and tea and coffee out of, for he was afraid Johnny had given the women salt instead of sugar, and curry-powder instead of coffee; but it was all quite right, because it was written on the drawers and Johnny could read by himself quite well, and it shows how lucky it was he had learned to read.

Just then four women came into the shop very quickly, with all their children, and before the grocer had got on his apron and was ready to serve them, more women and their children came in; the shop had never been so full before; and more women and children were waiting outside, and it made the grocer very happy, but he wondered why it was, and Johnny did not know, but I have guessed why they all came and I expect you have guessed too.

They all wanted sugar and tea and coffee, and I think the reason was that the woman to whom Johnny had sold sugar told all her friends:—

"Oh, you ought to go to *that* shop, they give you a little over, and Sarah had an apple and a ginger biscuit as well."

And the women who had bought tea and coffee said the same, and friends of these women told other women, and so the women crowded there to buy sugar and tea and coffee, and the grocer made a lot of money and was able to buy a nice fat dog to take out for walks on Sunday. The grocer did not give them a little over as Johnny had done, because he did not know Johnny had done it, and the women could not ask because it would have been rude, but they went on going to the shop always hoping that they would get a "little over," and an apple and a ginger biscuit for their children.

Then Johnny said good-bye to the grocer and his wife and so did Marytary, and if you want to know what happened after that perhaps I will tell you some day, and perhaps I will never tell you at all.

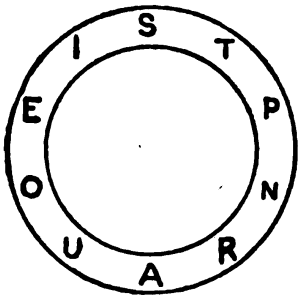
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PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

447.—WORD CIRCLES.

IT is an interesting little puzzle to arrange a given number of different letters in a circle so that as many words as possible may be read in either direction.



As the ten letters are arranged in the illustration, only five words can be obtained, A, I, O, IS and SI (the seventh note in the musical scale). Can you rearrange these same ten letters so as to get more than twenty-five good words? All that is necessary is to exchange two pairs of letters; that is, to change the positions of four letters.

448.—JOHN AND JANE.

HERE is a much simpler version of Loyd's "How old was Mary?" puzzle that the reader may find entertaining. John is twice as old as Jane was when John was as old as Jane is now. When Jane is as old as John is now, their combined ages will be sixty-three. How old is John?

449.—AN UNSOLVED ENIGMA.

I GAVE in November last (No. 430) my answer to the old enigma beginning, "A headless man had a letter to write," and several correspondents have written to say that they were many years ago acquainted with the same solution, which was generally admitted at the time to be correct. I now give the reader another of these "unsolved" enigmas, but in this case I cannot promise him any answer. I have known it for a long time, but have never hit on a satisfactory solution. If an acceptable answer is sent to me I shall be glad to publish it, but it cannot appear for several months after its receipt.

Men cannot live without my *first*,
By day and night 'tis used.
My *second* is by all accursed
And day and night abused.
My *whole* is never seen by day
And never felt by night:
'Tis dear to friends when far away,
And hateful when in sight.

450.—A TEASING LEGACY.

PROFESSOR RACKBRAIN left his typist what he called a trifle of a legacy if she was able to claim it. The legacy was the largest amount that she could find in an addition sum, where pounds, shillings, and pence were all represented and no digit used more than once. Every digit must be used once, a single nought may or may not appear, as in the examples below, and the dash may be employed in the manner shown.

£	s.	d.
—	3	7
—	4	8
—	5	9
1	6	—
£2	—	—

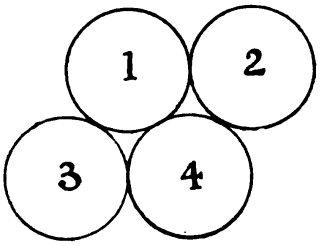
£	s.	d.
4	2	5
6	7	3
£10	9	8

The young lady was cleverer than he thought. What was the largest amount that she could claim?

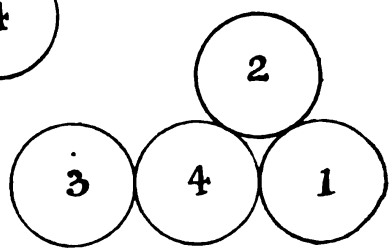
Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

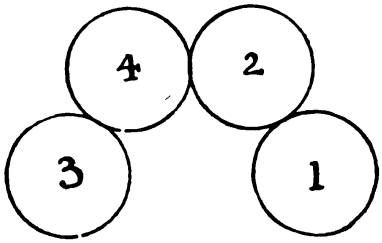
442.—THE FOUR PENNIES.

FIRST place the four pennies together as in the first diagram; then remove No. 1 to the new position shown in the second diagram:



and finally carefully withdraw No. 4 downwards and replace it above against Nos. 2 and 3.



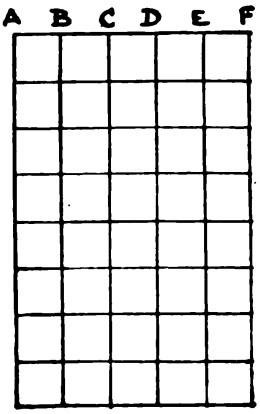


Then they will be in the position shown in the third diagram, and the fifth penny may be added so that it will exactly touch all four. A glance at the last diagram will show how difficult it is to judge by the eye alone the correct distance from No. 1 to No. 3. One is almost certain on first trial to place them too near together.

443.—A SIDE-CAR PROBLEM.

ATKINS takes Clarke 40 miles in his car and leaves him to walk the remaining 12 miles. He then rides back and picks up Baldwin at a point 16 miles from the start and takes him to their destination. All three arrive in exactly 5 hours. Or Atkins might take Baldwin 36 miles and return for Clarke, who will have walked his 12 miles. The side-car goes 100 miles in all, with no passenger for 24 miles.

444.—LINES AND SQUARES.



IF you draw fifteen lines in the manner shown in the diagram, you will have formed exactly one hundred squares. There are forty with sides of the length A B, twenty-eight of the length A C, eighteen of the length A D, ten of the length A E, and four squares with sides of the length A F, making one hundred in all. It is possible with fifteen straight lines to form 112 squares, but we were restricted to 100. With fourteen straight lines you cannot form more than ninety-one squares.

445.—A CHARADE.

ASP—A RAG—US.

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446.—A CRYPTIC MESSAGE.

IF one happens to remember the slip of the printer who, during a previous war, managed to drop the initial "s" from the last word of a sentence, and made it read, "the enemy were defeated amid great laughter," one soon hits on the clue. Every word in the message has lost its initial letter. If we supply these it reads: "*S*how *t*his *b*old *P*russian *t*hat *p*raises *s*laughter, *s*laughter *b*rings *r*out. *T*each *t*his *s*laughter *l*over *h*is *f*all *n*ears." It will be noted that every word when beheaded forms another word, and that both ways of reading make sense.

Solutions to last month's Bridge Problems.

SOLUTION 1.

Z LEADS the club and Y leads the heart, giving A two tricks in that suit. On the second round of hearts Y discards the small diamond and B a small spade. A now leads a small diamond, which B wins,

1.—BY R. C. MANKOWSKI.

Hearts—5.
Clubs—Queen.
Diamonds—Knave, 10, 3.
Spades—10, 6, 2.

Hearts—King, knave. Clubs—8. Diamonds—Ace, 8, 7, 6, 5. Spades—None.	Y / A B / Z	Hearts—4. Clubs—6. Diamonds—Queen. Spades—Ace, queen, 8, 4, 3.

Hearts—Queen, 8.
Clubs—9.
Diamonds—None.
Spades—King, knave, 9, 7, 5.

No trumps. Z to lead. Y and Z to win four.

and upon which Z discards the *seven* of spades. No matter what spade B leads, Y and Z must make three tricks in that suit.

If B leads the four of spades, Y wins with the six and comes back with the ten. If B leads the eight instead of the four, Z puts on the nine, and Y overtakes it with the ten, coming back with the six, so that if B ducks with the four, Z shall be able to duck in turn with the five.

If A leads the ace of diamonds instead of the small one at the fourth trick, and then puts Y in with the jack, B and Z discard small spades. Y leads the spade ten, and either holds the trick or enables Z to make two spade tricks if B covers.

The heart opening will not solve, as A can lead a small diamond after making two hearts, and B will lead the club. If Y has discarded a diamond he must lead spades, and no matter what spade he leads, B will make two tricks by covering it.

SOLUTION 2.

A and B have four kings guarded against four aces, yet they lose three of them, in spite of any defence they can make.

Z leads the ace of clubs, the object being to ascertain at once whether A is going to give up the king or not. If he does, two rounds of hearts follow, putting B into the lead, while Z discards the queen of diamonds. Whatever B leads next, there are five tricks in sight for Y and Z.

2.—BY FRANK S. BUSSER.

Hearts—Ace, 9, 3.
Clubs—10, 4, 3.
Diamonds—None.
Spades—Ace, 10.

Hearts—None. Clubs—King, 7. Diamonds—King, knave, 9, 8, 5. Spades—9.	Y / A B / Z	Hearts—King, 6. Clubs—9, 6, 5. Diamonds—None. Spades—King, knave, 8.

Hearts—7.
Clubs—Ace, 8, 2.
Diamonds—Ace, queen.
Spades—Queen, 3.

No trumps. Z to lead. Y and Z to win seven.

If A keeps the king of clubs, Z leads a spade which Y wins and then puts A in. A must lead diamonds, and B must make two discards, which are fatal, as Y gets rid of the club ten.

As the solution hinges on these discards, it looks as if the play were to make A lead diamonds, and that it does not matter whether Z starts with the ace of clubs or a spade. This is the trap, baited with the tenace in diamonds. If Z leads the spade for the first trick, Y must return the club, but A gets rid of the king and makes it impossible to force him to lead the diamonds. Now B must make three tricks.

SOLUTION 3.

Z leads the eight of clubs. This forces an immediate discard from A. If he lets go the small spade, Y also discards a spade. If B comes back with a spade, A wins and leads a heart. This Z wins and leads the winning spade, upon which A is forced to shed a diamond, or Y will make a heart trick. This allows Y to discard his heart, and when Z leads a high diamond it settles matters.

3.—BY JAY REED.

Hearts—6, 2.
Clubs—None.
Diamonds—Ace, 8, 2.
Spades—King, queen.

Hearts—9, 4. Clubs—None. Diamonds—King, 7, 4. Spades—Ace, 8.	Y / A B / Z	Hearts—None. Clubs—Knave. Diamonds—Queen, 9, 6, 5. Spades—4, 2.

Hearts—Knave.
Clubs—8.
Diamonds—Knave, 10, 3.
Spades—6, 3.

No trumps. Z to lead. Y and Z to win four.

If A leads a small diamond for the third trick, Y must allow the queen to win, and the rest is obvious.

If B leads the queen of diamonds for the second trick, Y lets it hold, or A may establish a heart trick. If B leads a small diamond instead of the queen, and A puts on the king, or if after winning B's return of the spade A should lead the king of diamonds, Y must put on the ace.

Note that if Y discards a diamond instead of the spade queen on the first trick, B leads the queen of

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diamonds, which must establish the king for A. If Y holds off and then leads a heart, A wins the rest. To prevent his leading a spade, B will lead a spade (if the diamond queen holds), and A leads a heart and makes a heart trick later.

If A discards a heart on the first trick, Y sheds a diamond, and no matter what diamond B leads, Y wins with the ace and leads a spade. A spade lead from B makes it easy for Y and Z.

If A discards a diamond on the first trick, Y must let go a heart, and lets the diamond queen hold, if B leads it. If B does not lead the diamond, but a spade, Y passes up a diamond return from A. If A returns the spade, Y puts Z in with a heart to lead the jack of diamonds. If A and Y both discard diamonds on the first trick, two spade leads, or a spade and a heart, defeat the solution.

The false opening is the jack of diamonds. This is allowed to go to B's queen. He leads the club and A discards a heart. What is Y to do? If he discards a diamond, a diamond lead from B settles matters. If a heart, B leads a spade, and B will make the nine of diamonds later.

SOLUTION 4.

Z leads the diamond and B discards a heart. (If he discards a spade, the rest is obvious. If a club, Y and Z make three clubs.) If A returns the diamond, Y discards a spade. If B discards the second heart,

4.—By Frank S. Busser.

Hearts—Ace, 4.
Clubs—Knave, 7, 6.
Diamonds—4.
Spades—3.

Hearts—6, 2.
Clubs—10, 9, 4.
Diamonds—Ace, 7.
Spades—None.

Y / A B / Z

Hearts—King, 5.
Clubs—King, 8, 5.
Diamonds—None.
Spades—King, 8.

Hearts—3.
Clubs—Ace, queen, 3.
Diamonds—8.
Spades—Ace, 7.

No trumps. Z to lead. Y and Z to win five.

Z keeps that suit. Whatever A leads next, Y makes two hearts, and Z makes two clubs and a spade. If B discards a club on the return of the diamond by A, Z discards spade seven. If B discards a spade, Z discards a club.

If A leads the heart instead of the diamond, Y wins and leads the spade, which Z wins and returns, forcing B into the lead. On this trick Y discards a heart and B loses three tricks in clubs.

If A leads a high club instead of the diamond, Y plays small, Z wins (whatever B plays) and leads the heart. Y wins and leads a spade, and B is forced to win a spade trick and lead the clubs.

SOLUTION 5.

Z leads ace and small spade. A must trump with the queen, and Y must under-trump with the ten. If A does not trump with the queen, Y and Z make their three tricks at once by trumping a heart trick after Y trumps the spade.

If A leads a heart, Z trumps and leads jack of diamonds. If A wins it, he must give Z a diamond trick later.

If A leads the club at the third trick, B discards a spade, Z wins and leads the diamond jack, and must make a diamond or a spade, according to the winner of the first heart lead.

5.—By R. C. Mankowski.

Hearts—8, 7, 6, 5.
Clubs—10.
Diamonds—6, 5.
Spades—Knave.

Hearts—Ace, 10.
Clubs—Queen, 4.
Diamonds—King, queen, 8.
Spades—7.

Y / A B / Z

Hearts—Queen.
Clubs—None.
Diamonds—10.
Spades—King, 10, 9, 8, 6, 5.

Hearts—None.
Clubs—6.
Diamonds—Knave, 9, 4.
Spades—Ace, queen, 4, 3.

Clubs trumps. Z to lead. Y and Z to win three.

If A leads the ten of hearts for the third trick, Z trumps it and makes a diamond later by leading the jack.

The trap lies in the second trick. If Y discards instead of under-trumping, A makes his two winning diamonds immediately, and *then* leads the losing trump, B discarding spades. Now Y must lead the hearts, and A either allows the queen to hold or overtakes it, according to Z's previous discards.

SOLUTION 6.

Z leads a spade. If A wins with ace, Y discards a small club and B a diamond. If A returns the spade, Y and B both discard diamonds, and Z makes two diamond tricks, Y discarding clubs. Now B must unguard hearts or clubs.

If A returns the spade and B discards a heart,

6.—By Frank S. Busser.

Hearts—Ace, king, 2.
Clubs—10, 7, 4, 2.
Diamonds—4.
Spades—None.

Hearts—None.
Clubs—9, 8, 6, 5.
Diamonds—Queen.
Spades—Ace, 4, 3.

Y / A B / Z

Hearts—Queen, knave, 9.
Clubs—King, queen.
Diamonds—King, 8, 2.
Spades—None.

Hearts—3.
Clubs—Ace, knave, 3.
Diamonds—Ace, 5.
Spades—6, 5.

No trumps. Z to lead. Y and Z to win seven.

Z leads hearts, and Y makes three tricks in that suit at once, Z discarding the small club. Again B must unguard a suit.

If A returns the club instead of the spade, Z wins and makes his spade trick, Y discarding a club. B is in the same difficulty.

If A returns the diamond, Z wins and leads the good spade, Y discarding a club. Whichever suit B discards, Z leads next.

Should A refuse to win the first trick, Y discards a club and B a diamond. Z now leads the ace and three of clubs, and Y keeps the club ten. If B now leads a heart, Z discards the club jack. If B leads a diamond instead of the heart, Z plays ace and leads the club jack, and B must discard.

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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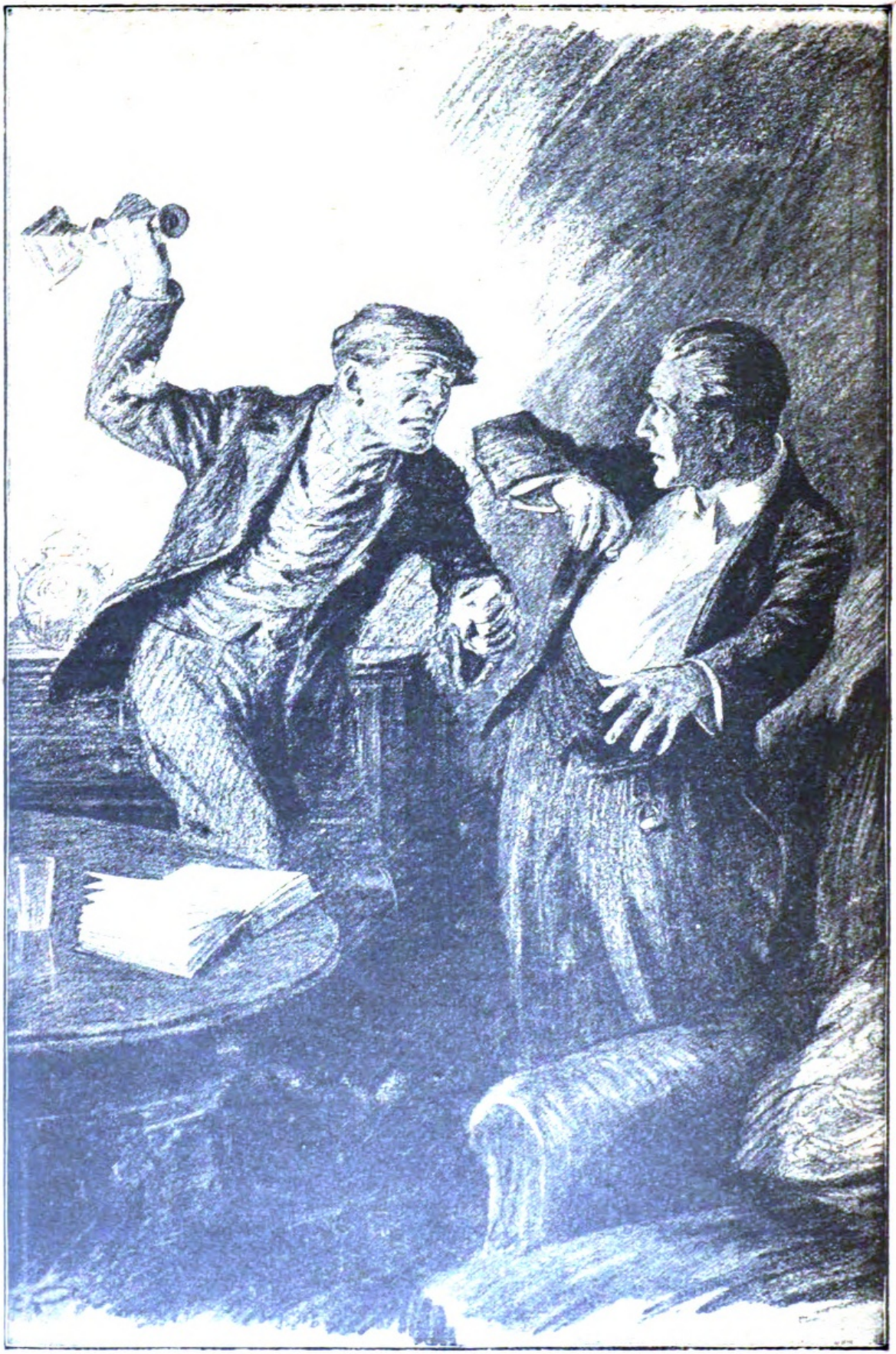
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DAY & NIGHT WEAR

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"BEDDOWS STRUCK HOME WITH THE MOST BRUTAL FORCE."

(*See page 257.*)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. 57. APRIL, 1919. No. 340.

The CREAKING STAIR

by L. J. BEESTON

Illustrated by Hy. Coller

WITH the stealthy step of a cat, Beddows came up the wide avenue of clipped hollies, his feet making as much sound on the smooth turf as the wind among its minute grass-stems. Once in the splash of shadow flung by the gables and chimneys he halted, sending a strained gaze backward in search of a possible pursuer.

But he only saw the grey-green sea of moonlight on the grass which was already just touched by the hoar-frost; and the tapering spire of the Scotch fir at the end of the avenue, with its flattened crown of leaves, its needles, set aslant right up under the processional clouds.

Half-a-dozen more yards brought him to as many steps neatly cut in a slope which extended this side of the house. The double glass doors of a French window were at the top of the steps. For five minutes he was busy with a diamond-cutter and a treacle-pad. He put a hand through the orifice thus formed and cautiously drew aside one of the chenille curtains.

He saw first a round table with claw feet, a table of black oak, so polished that the three lighted candle-holders upon it cast points of light as if into a dark pool. There were also an open book upon this table, a cut-glass tumbler, a decanter with a long neck, and a box of cigarettes. Beside it was a capacious arm-chair, with cushions in the seat-angles. A wood-fire chuckled and spluttered sociably. The interior of the room was altogether very cosy and inviting, and Beddows did not hesitate to enter.

He looked round with the penetrating, the all-embracing eyes of the cracksman of experience. It was a no uncertain expression which made taut every line of his face. Known to his associates as "The Killer," he looked the part, that fatal *rôle*, as he glided forward with his tread of a panther.

Just what he wanted was in a cabinet in a corner. He knew perfectly well that it was in there, for he was no chance, no snatch thief. When a little jade-clock on the mantelpiece chimed the half-hour after midnight he darted a yellow flash of his eyes at the interrupter, then went straight on. He reached the cabinet. Three minutes were between him and attainment.

Suddenly a calm voice demanded: "What the devil is your little game?"

Beddows spun round as if touched by a hot iron. A man was standing by the table, a man in evening dress. He was brave, this fellow, for he kept his hands in his trousers pockets, and his frown showed only keen exasperation. Beddows realized this in the moment allowed him. A leap, and his fingers were round one of the brass candlesticks. The other recoiled hastily, collided with the arm-chair, and lost his balance. Beddows struck home with his heavy weapon, struck with the most brutal force. The man fell across the arms of the chair as if a rifle bullet had put out his life.

Beddows glared down at the inert form, the candle-holder clutched in his hand as if for a second blow. His under-jaw stuck out menacingly; a phosphor light played over his eyes; he breathed stertorously. He recovered himself quickly, forced his iron nerve to hold good. Deliberately he relighted the candle in the holder and replaced it on the table. He poured out the brandy in the decanter and tossed it off.

He leaned over the still figure, which had been struck on the back of the head. He lifted it and seated it in the chair, propping it, naturally, with the cushions. He felt the heart, put his cheek to the lips.

"All right," ran his desperate thought. "He'll come round in an hour."

Then he straightened himself, and was already looking again towards the cabinet when he fancied he heard a slight sound. Six steps would have taken him to the glass doors; four to the open door by which had entered the spoiler of his sport. The occasion seemed urgent, and Beddows chose the four steps.

He was in a large, square-shaped hall, with thick rugs on its waxed floor. He glided to the side of a deep-embrasured window, in a semi-dark, and waited for developments. He had practically closed the door of the room he had just quitted, shutting out the light, but a pale drift of moon-sheen poured through the leaded panes of the window, which gave a view of the holly avenue by which Beddows

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had approached. His quick-roaming eyes showed him three doors in this hall: one he had just made use of, another obviously led to the outside night, and the third to another room on his left. Opposite the window was a broad, very shallow staircase. The hall was cosily furnished with settees and lounge chairs, with coloured prints and etchings on its walls.

The intruder took instantaneous note of these details while he considered his way of escape in case of a second interruption. He had not long to wait.

A creaking stair drew his heated gaze across the hall. A girl was coming down the oaken, uncarpeted staircase. She paused to lean over the banister, to look intently at the door of the room which Beddows had so hastily left. She had loosened her hair, so that her posture brought her long tresses, black as the raven's wing, either side of her face, which, perhaps because it was framed in that ebon cloud, seemed deathly pale.

Beddows flattened himself against the wall, cursing his continued run of ill-luck. At the same time he was held by the movements of the woman on the stairs, who took each step with infinite caution, and kept stopping to look over the handrail at the door below, which alone seemed to have gripped her attention or aroused her suspicions.

As she descended Beddows saw her eyes shine, heard her quick, nervous breathing. Clearly she had been disturbed by the sound of the scuffle, and he wondered why she came alone to probe the cause of it.

He congratulated himself on having placed the unconscious man in a natural position in the arm-chair. He reflected: "She will go in there, and while she is trying to rouse the fellow I can get out by this window or the door. But it is the devil's worst luck for me."

The woman reached the bottom of the winding staircase, her eyes never, for a fraction of a moment, leaving the door of the room. Beddows saw that she was dark as night, and strikingly handsome. She had loosened her dress of pale green silk, and he saw the shapely throat agitated as if by an incessant swallowing movement. She was very much afraid.

"And she has need to be," ran the man's desperate thought "If she sets those staring eyes on me I'll have to strangle any scream before she makes it"

The big dose of neat brandy he had poured down his throat had climbed to his head, and he crouched in the deep shadow like a wild beast.

The woman commenced to cross the hall as if its boards were some mine of death. She put up her hands on which gleamed many jewels, and pushed back the wealth of her black hair. Beddows noticed the flash from her fingers, and it inclined him to think twice before making his escape. She carried a fortune, likely enough, upon her delicate hands, and he did not see why he should let it slip him. For half a minute he meditated a sudden leap forward, but before he could quite make up his mind the other had reached the door of the inner room. She pushed it inwards a little.

She called out, in little more than a whisper, in a whisper of heart-stopping fear: "Are you there, Edmund?"

Receiving no answer, she pushed the door open farther and went in.

Beddows stepped out from the shadow. In nine crises out of ten he could make up his mind in a flash of time. But this was the tenth. He had never been placed in a similar situation; also, the brandy did not assist lightning decision. At any moment the woman in there would discover that a crime had been committed and rush out with a shriek. Should



he bolt for it? Should he wait? Should he dart in after her and silence her?

As these questions flamed through his uncertain and somewhat clouded brain, the woman reappeared. Her lips were parted with terror; her eyes dilated with horror. Beddows advanced

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in a rush, but suddenly he pulled himself up with a jerk. He had seen something gleam in the other's clenched right hand. It might be a pistol, it might be a steel blade; he was not quite sure, but it checked him for an instant, and before that instant passed the woman had seen him as he stood in the broad shaft of moonlight, and she put her hand down by her side so that her dress partly covered and concealed it.

"I won't hurt you, not unless you start screaming, and then I'll be as rough as I know how."

She panted: "What are you doing here?"

"That's silly talk. I'm not here on a week-end invite. Now, what have you got in that other hand? Put it down! I won't stand any fooling."

She broke away from him suddenly, putting her right hand behind her.



"CLEARLY SHE HAD BEEN DISTURBED BY THE SOUND OF THE SCUFFLE, AND HE WONDERED WHY SHE CAME ALONE TO PROBE THE CAUSE OF IT."

The action was involuntary. The abrupt apparition of the man before her imparted such a palsying shock that her wits were numbed. She fought for breath. The inward, bizarre light of fear blazed in her dilated pupils. Death seemed in her cheeks an lips. A pulse in her beautiful throat beat wildly, and her disengaged hand pressed upon her heart as if to relieve an agony there. Beddows caught the wrist in a strong grasp. He perceived at once that this extreme of terror made him sure master of the situation.

"Best keep quiet," he purred, menacingly.

"Give it to me, my beauty," insisted Beddows, hoarsely.

The flare in her starting eyes had died down a little; a little was she now mistress of herself.

"Take what you want," she replied, breathlessly. "And go. I will not stop you."

Beddows considered. Violence would probably frustrate his aim. He resolved to work without it, but to watch her with the utmost vigilance. He moved to close the door of the room which she had just left.

"Ah, not there!" she exclaimed, wildly,

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and for the first time he noticed that she spoke with a strong foreign accent.

Beddows closed the door. He was abruptly puzzled by that entreaty. What did she mean? His first conclusion was that she believed the inmate of the room to be slumbering in the easy chair, and that she wished to protect him; but he was forced to let go of that explanation, remembering her excess of terror when she had emerged a minute ago. It was rather baffling, but clearly she did not suspect him of the assault, and he let it go at that, for the moment.

While he was closing the door she had drawn not threatened violence, yet her agitation was increasing to a point which suggested collapse. Never had he seen a face so altogether bloodless, and eyes which held a nightmare of terror.

Regarding her with a fierce and puzzled frown he put the jewels back on the settee as



"'BEST KEEP QUIET,' HE PURRED, MENACINGLY. 'I WON'T HURT YOU, NOT UNLESS YOU START SCREAMING.'"

the rings from her fingers. She put them—a tiny glittering pile—upon the back of a settee.

"Will that satisfy you?" she asked, shrinking back at his approach. "If so, take them and leave here at once—immediately—before you are prevented."

Beddows picked up the jewels, weighing them in his palm. He scarcely looked at them, all his attention focused on the woman. She mystified, almost troubled him. It was certainly natural that she should want him away, but eagerness, more than anxiety, appeared to prompt her beseeching; and although he had if they hinted at some trap. He growled: "We will see about that. Suppose we get this door open first?"

It was the one leading to the holly avenue. He turned a key and drew a bolt. The inrush of chill air felt good and gave him back his determination to get what he had come for.

"No, I want more than that," said he, grimly. "There's a cabinet in that room, and in it there's a box of unset stones."

She shook her head wildly. "No! no!" she forced her dry lips to answer.

"I say there is! Will you fetch it? You'll

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have to. I'm not fool enough to trust you here alone. Get it, I say, or——"

Suddenly an expression which he could not translate passed over the other's face, driving from it the former paralysis of fear.

"Ah, yes," she exclaimed, in a low voice. "You are perfectly right. There are some unset jewels in the cabinet. I had forgotten. Stay where you are and I will bring them to you."

And she darted swiftly into the room which she had entered a few minutes ago in such an agony of trepidation.

"Devil seize me if there isn't a depth here I can't swim in," said Beddows.

The woman was back before fifteen seconds had passed. She pulled-to the door of the room with infinite care, as if fearing to arouse the inmate from his unnatural slumber.

"Here they are," she panted, her eyes shining with a strange light. "Now go—go."

Beddows dropped the little silver casket into his pocket, then his right hand gripped the other's shoulder with a crushing, a cruel force.

"There's something that beats me in this," he snarled ferociously. "Something I am going to understand." And he commenced to force the other back towards the room. He had little or no intention to enter it, but he was determined to make her speak. "By Heaven!" he went on, as she struggled under his mastery, "I don't believe you're afraid of *me* at all! Out with it! What——"

"Stop!" she exclaimed, at the critical moment. "There—there——" she could say no more.

"Go on! Out with it! Quick!"

"In that room . . . a man . . . he's dead!"

Beddows released her abruptly. "How do you know that?" he mocked. "Who told you he is dead?"

"I—I killed him!"

"*You?*"

"I killed him," she moaned, catching at a chair for support.

He stared at her as if he believed she had taken leave of her senses. A long, tense silence ensued. She kept pressing her heart as if she was suffocating, and suddenly Beddows caught another glimpse of something which gleamed in the clutch of her left hand, something which she tried to conceal, which she refused to abandon.

At the same instant a clue to the mystery flashed through his amazement caused by her words. It was a steel blade gripped so jealously in her palm. She had descended the staircase, not because she had heard a disturbance, but with intent to go into that room and commit a crime. And she *had* gone in. She had found its inmate in the easy chair, and she had concluded he was sleeping! And so—and so——

"You stabbed him!" exclaimed Beddows, aloud, concluding his thought.

She did not answer. She could not answer. Her bosom rose and fell in a tumult.

"You little devil, you," he went on. "What did you do it for?"

She panted, in her terrible struggle for breath —"I was mad."

He jeered: "That is to say you are sorry."

"Ah, God knows I am! I killed him because I—I loved him."

"And he loved someone else! You cursed little Italian spitfire."

At that moment there was a slight noise, which seemed to come from inside the room, but it was not noticed. Beddows continued, in the same jeering tone:—

"I thought you were scared of me, but the boot's on the other foot now. Who'd have thought it, to look at you! A nice dish of jealousy you've been stewing in. And now you'll have to pay for it."

In a mute agony she regarded him, as if she did not comprehend the brutal banter; fear and remorse imparting an expression almost of insanity in her staring, motionless eyes.

"Of course I see through your move now," Beddows went on, wiping his hot forehead, which the heat of the room and the half-glass of brandy had dewed with perspiration. "I understand why you were suddenly glad for me to go off with the box out of the cabinet in that room. It occurred to you that I might then be wanted for the business in there. Pretty, I must say. I thought I was cute, but I can't hold a candle to the sense in those delicate brains of yours. What was it you used? Some fancy weapon? You can show it me now, you know."

She extended her left arm jerkily. Inside her palm was a tiny cut-glass phial. She moaned:—

"I had left it in his room. I came downstairs for it."

Beddows' brows came together in a bewildered stare.

"Curse me if I follow even now," he blurted.

She panted, trembling fingers clawing at her cheek: "Merciful God, how could I do it! It was in this bottle—that which killed him. I emptied it, every drop of it, into the decanter of brandy!"

"What?" roared Beddows, in a frightful voice.

That thunderous shout had not died upon his blanching lips when there came the sound of a heavy, dragging footstep in the inner room. Uncertain fingers fumbled at the handle; the door was jerked back, and the inmate appeared, swaying unsteadily. He saw nothing, heard nothing, for he was still stupefied by the blow from the brass candle-stick. The woman uttered a shrill, heart-piercing cry; she rushed at him with extended arms.

Beddows made for the door opening upon the holly avenue. He missed it as if he could not see, found it at a second attempt, ran out into the night. He went down the glade like a madman, throwing distorted shadows upon the frost-rime.

And suddenly the broad moon, and the lamps of the stars, and the procession of clouds, swung round and round like a whirlpool, with the seethe and roar of an immense maelstrom!

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A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

THE LOVE-STORY OF A GIFTED POET:

A Literary Mystery Solved.

By HAYDEN CHURCH.

IT is my privilege to make public for the first time one of the strangest and most moving love-stories that have come to light in recent years. It is the love romance of two people who are dead, but one of whom will live for ever in some of the most charming and graceful poems that have been written in English for many years.

Barely six weeks after the outbreak of the war there died in London a Canadian writer of verse, Isidore G. Ascher, whose contributions to poetic literature had been constant ever since his young manhood, and who had been hailed by more than one critic of judgment and discrimination as among the most eloquent of the minor poets. He was nearly eighty years old. Born in Glasgow, he was taken to Canada when he was five, brought up in Montreal, graduated at McGill University, and became a lawyer.

Soon afterwards, or when he was in his early twenties, he came to London, where it had been planned that he should live for a year or two. With the exception of an occasional short visit to Canada, however, Mr. Ascher spent the entire remainder of his life in this country.



MARY NAGEL,
WHOSE ROMANTIC LOVE-STORY IS RELATED IN THESE PAGES.

He continued to practise law, but all along his heart was in the poetic work which had speedily made him recognized on both sides of the Atlantic as one of the most gifted versifiers in English. Soon after his arrival here, in 1863, he became a member of a distinguished literary circle, which included such celebrities as Wilkie Collins and Harrison Ainsworth, the novelists, Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," Jean Ingelow, the poetess, and Tom Taylor, the playwright, and author of "Still Waters Run Deep." They one and all recognized his exceptional gifts. Mr. Ascher was no mere dreamer, but a worker who sang while he worked. He possessed a keen, logical mind and a generous, lovable nature.

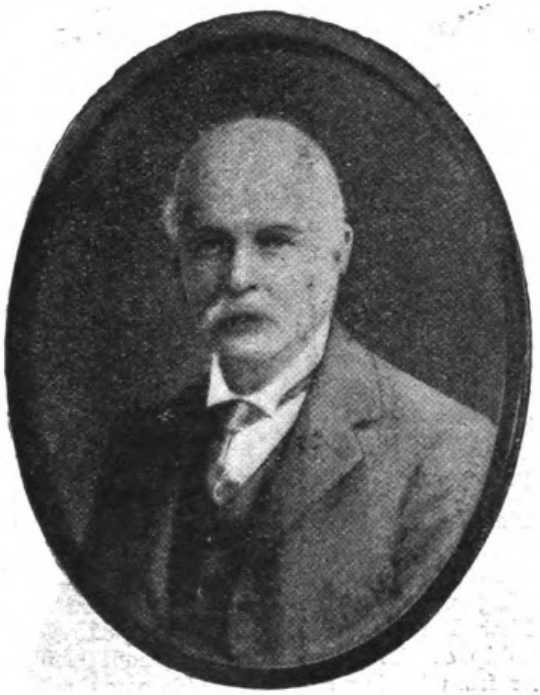
In the early part of the year in which Mr. Ascher took up his residence here he published his first volume of poems. Called "Voices from the Hearth," it was most happily reviewed here and in the United States and Canada, and enjoyed a

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quick sale of two thousand copies in a couple of months. Now, fifty-five years later, the poems which were contained in it are to be republished. This, however, will be not the second, but the third time that they have been issued in book form. Twenty-four years after their original publication the lyrics again made their appearance between covers, this time being entitled "Fragrant Blossoms from a Silent Pathway." Their second appearance, under this typically mid-Victorian title, was due to a misapprehension following on what must be one of the strangest, as well as most touching, romances that the history of the poets, rich beyond measure in romance and surprise, has to tell.

Not Quite Forgotten.

Still pouring out his soul in verse nearly a quarter of a century after the publication of "Voices from the Hearth," it was Ascher's belief that, except in a few hearts where one or another of the poems it contained might still be treasured, the world had forgotten his first book. Never did it cross his mind that his little collection would again come under the eye of the critic.



ISIDORE G. ASCHER,
THE CANADIAN POET, WHOSE STRANGE LOVE AFFAIR, HERE TOLD FOR THE FIRST TIME, SOLVES A LITERARY MYSTERY.

In the summer of 1888, one day Mr. Ascher came across an article in the *Montreal Gazette*, which was sent to him by a friend—a wondering article, reviewing a volume of poems that had been sent to the editor for the purpose. This volume was entitled "Fragrant Blossoms from a Silent Pathway." In the course of this article the reviewer said:—

"In turning the pages of the volume we detected a familiar ring in the dedicatory: 'In trust, in love, I lay my lowly offering, mother, at thy feet.'

"The poem 'Pygmalion' seemed almost remarkably like something we had read before on the same theme. The lines beginning 'Light of Canada's Sages,' written after the Toronto Judges had decided to return Anderson, the slave, who had sought the protection of Canada, next made us pause and reflect. 'Only a Plank,' 'Ada,' 'The Child of the Lake,' 'A Legend of St. Hilaire,' and 'To the Memory of Lady Montefiore'—surely, we thought, we have already seen all these versifications somewhere or other. Nor, indeed, were we long in doubt. In fifteen minutes from the moment the first suspicion flashed upon us we had convinced ourselves that Mr. Isidore G. Ascher had contributed several of the 'fragrant blossoms' which Miss Cross had deemed it her duty to place within the reach of the literary world. But our surprise was enhanced when, on collating the two volumes, we discovered that, with the exception of four short poems which are omitted, and some slight changes which we shall indicate, the latter was, even to the introduction, a word-for-word transcript of the earlier."

This article considerably astonished Mr. Ascher. He had authorized no second edition of his poems. He certainly would not have dreamed of issuing a second edition under a different title and name. He could not understand what had happened. He sent off at once to America for a copy of this spurious volume.

Work of a Nun.

When the book reached Mr. Ascher he found it handsomely produced, if a little more gaudy than his own taste would have sanctioned. Across a fern-embossed background in large letters of gold appeared the title, "Fragrant Blossoms from a Silent Pathway."

The title-page did not say anything about "Fragrant Blossoms," but read:—

PYGMALION.

CHILD OF THE LAKE, THE THREE RINGS, AND OTHER POEMS.

By
A REVEREND SISTER
of the Order of Jesus and Mary, and late of the Convent of Hochelaga.

With Biographical Sketch.

Edited by
MISS MAY CROSS,
Cape Vincent, N.Y.

Mr. Ascher turned to the preface. It read as follows:—

"These poems, which I now place within reach of the literary world, are from the pen of a much-beloved teacher, and were a parting gift to me, her last pupil, but a short month before her death.

"Years ago, many of them passed under the scrutinizing eye of our household poet (Longfellow), who bestowed upon them warm commendations. 'The New Year' particularly, of the shorter poems, was a favourite with him,

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and he paid the writer many compliments for the similes with which it abounds.

"Since they have been in my possession, men of learning and culture have looked into them, and I have received such encouragement that I no longer refrain from giving them the dignity of print, feeling that they are worthy of public notice, and that all those into whose hands they may fall will read with pleasure.

"I feel safe in saying that Catholics and non-Catholics can alike enjoy them; for while they are the thoughts of one whose heart was in the Catholic Faith, there is not a word to which the Protestant heart cannot respond.

"I therefore regard it almost as a sacred duty to give this work to the world. Trusting that my effort will be attended with success, and that her poems may find favour with all lovers of verse, I fondly dedicate this little volume to her memory. MAY L. CROSS."

Next came the introduction, a word-for-word copy of Mr. Ascher's introduction to the original "Voices from the Hearth." Then followed the poems, arranged in a different order from the original, but to all intents and purposes without change. Seldom, indeed, had another such barefaced theft come to light. Now, a poet is as tenacious of, and will as fearlessly fight for, the possession of his poems as a mother for her child. Mr. Ascher at once wrote to the publisher of the pirated edition saying that he was instructing his lawyer in New York to take steps to establish his ownership of the poems and to restrain the publisher from issuing any more copies. At the same time he wrote to a lawyer friend of his in New York asking him to look after his interests. He was very affronted at this bold theft of his work, and he left matters in the hands of the lawyer to act as drastically as was thought good. The lawyer at once got into communication with both the publisher and the editress. It did not take him long to find that both were genuine in their belief that the poems were the work of a nun, as had been stated in the preface. The lawyer learned enough to impel him to make minute inquiries into the mystery, and this he did by inquiring into the life of the Lady Superior. It did not take him long to discover a most touching love romance—and tragedy.

In his student days Mr. Ascher had one especial friend, a fellow-student named Nagel. The two were greatly attached to one another, being seen continually together. Like everything connected with youth, this friendship was splendidly genuine. When young Nagel fell ill of scarlet fever Ascher refused to leave his friend's bedside till all danger was over. This devotion bound the young men still closer than ever they had been before.

A Love Romance.

Another factor in their inseparable companionship was the fact that each had a sister, and that the sisters attended the same convent, were in the same class, and had become fast friends. Ascher's sister Eva often brought to her parents' house Nagel's sister Mary, and so it came to pass that the young folk, boys and girls, were thrown much into each other's company. Mary Nagel was a beautiful girl, quiet and pensive and gentle, with large Irish eyes and a subtle fascination of a kind most likely to captivate a young and enthusiastic poet. Isidore Ascher fell in love with Mary Nagel. Mary Nagel fell in love with him. That her love was faithful and great, events that followed prove.

Not for a long time did the parents of either Ascher or Mary discover that the two were in earnest, and that they had come to that beautiful understanding so often born of romantic association. But when the real state of matters did dawn upon the parents neither side approved.

The youth of the lovers, and the fact that Ascher had not established himself in his profession, and that to do so must take him years, were secondary causes of the parental objection. The great cause, however, lay deeper. The two were not of the same faith. This objection to their union the parents of neither could bring themselves to waive. Many consultations, much pleading and protest on the part of the young people, resulted in nothing. The parents were inflexible in their opposition to the match.

The two young people met by stealth. To them it did not seem that difference in faith must necessarily mean a complete separation; but as it turned out the pressure brought to bear was strong enough to put their marriage out of the question. Isidore Ascher pleaded his hardest with his parents, by whom he was loved sincerely, but to no avail. The parents had no objection to Mary Nagel herself. They were fond of her, and admired her sweetness and her beauty. But faith was, to them, more than everything else. At last Mr. Ascher's father decided to send Isidore to England, in the hope that a long absence from Mary would effect what parental pleadings could not quite bring to pass. Late in the year 1863, the year in which his "Voices from the Hearth" was published, Isidore Ascher came to London. Before he left he went to say good-bye to Mary. Their parting was sad. She gave him these well-known lines:—

> Go where glory waits thee;
> But while fame elates thee,
> Oh, still remember me!

But before fame crowned him in England Mary had passed to a better world. It, as has been said, was his father's intention that the son should pay a visit—a long visit, it is true, but a visit only. It did not cross his mind that Isidore would settle down in London.

Took the Veil.

After her lover had sailed away Mary Nagel, sore at heart, became a teacher in the convent in which she and Eva Ascher had been educated. Later on she took the veil. Her life was not a long one, but even in its few years' span she rose until, before the end, she held the responsible position of Lady Superior of the convent. And there she died. But all the time it would seem that the flame of love lit by her young poet

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continued to burn brightly. And this abiding love moved her to do a rather extraordinary thing, yet a thing natural in its way. She had gone through the labour of carefully copying in her own handwriting every word of the introduction and poems in Isidore Ascher's book of verse, "Voices from the Hearth." More than this, she had kept a watch on those English publications in which appeared her lover's poems written subsequent to the publication of his first volume, and these, too, she had copied and placed with the rest. The manuscript, in a neat packet, she kept under her pillow.

Among her many pupils Mary Nagel had an especial favourite, May Cross. In her last illness this pupil was her constant help and companion. And when the Lady Superior knew she stood at death's door she took from under her pillow the manuscript she had so lovingly cherished, and handed it to her faithful pupil, as the most precious gift she had to bestow. Then she died.

Miss Cross clung to the manuscript. Quite naturally her conclusion was that the poems and introduction were the original work of her beloved teacher and friend; for Mary Nagel had never divulged her secret, not even to Eva Ascher, with whom she had not lost touch and who continued her close and loved friend to the last. For some years Miss Cross carefully kept the manuscript, now and then allowing a friend whom she thought discriminating to read the poems. From each of these they received warm praise. At last Miss Cross came to the conclusion that she must give to the world the beautiful poems she so fondly believed the work of her teacher and friend. She found no difficulty in securing a publisher, and the "Voices from the Hearth" came forth in volume form as "Fragrant Blossoms from a Silent Pathway."

The moment Mr. Ascher received the first inkling of the true facts he stopped all proceedings, as he now, for the first time, understood the whole circumstances of the case, and ever after till the day of his death he treasured in his writing-desk a bunch of flowers which he culled from the grave of Mary Nagel, whose faithful love had been brought to light in such a romantic way.



"SHE TOOK FROM UNDER HER PILLOW THE MANUSCRIPT SHE HAD SO LOVINGLY CHERISHED, AND HANDED IT TO HER FAITHFUL PUPIL."

The appealing story that is here made public for the first time will be related in an introduction to the collected edition of Isidore Ascher's poems, which is to be published as soon as circumstances permit. Their introduction will be from the practised pen of Mr. James Barr, the novelist, to whom I am indebted for the privilege of narrating it in advance. Mr. Barr is writing the story at the request of Isidore Ascher's widow, who lives in London, and to whom the arrangements for the complete edition of his writings have been a labour of love and pride.

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The BEACH of DREAMS

A Romance

by

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

Illustrated by Tom Peddie

SYNOPSIS OF THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Cléo de Bronsart—a girl of twenty, unmarried, dark-haired, fragile, and beautiful as a dream—was one of four guests of Prince Selm on his palatial steam-yacht, the "Gaston de Paris." Cléo, one of the old French nobility, had no leanings towards the People. She looked on the lower classes just as she looked on animals, beings with rights of their own, but belonging to an entirely different order of creation. Consequently, when the vessel was wrecked and she found herself and two rough and sea-hardened sailors—Bompard and La Touche—cast upon the inhospitable shores of Kerguelen, sole survivors of the catastrophe, these views lent piquancy to her situation as she faced the problem that shipwreck had put before her—a problem ranging from soap to a change of garments. The discovery of a supply of tinned provisions, which had been carefully stored away by an expeditionary party a few years back, relieved Cléo of one anxiety, but her peace of mind was greatly upset when, through Bompard losing his life in a quicksand, she found herself alone with the undesirable La Touche. One night, hearing him moving about at the entrance to her cave, she struck out with a knife into the darkness and rushed into the open. The knife was still in her hand, and her hand was sticky and damp.

CHAPTER XII.—*continued.*

CLÉO said to herself: "That is his blood." The thought that perhaps she had killed La Touche did not occur to her; the fear of him was still so intense that it made him alive, alive somewhere in the surrounding darkness and waiting to seize her. Then she began to steal off towards the sound of the sea. Twice as she went she stopped and turned, ready to strike again; then, when the water was washing round her feet, she came up the beach a few paces and crouched down.

The sea was at her back and the haunting dread of being followed vanished.

It was now that she asked herself the question: Have I killed him?—meaning: Have I freed myself of him?—and hoping this was so.

The terror behind her having vanished she was now brave; it seemed to her that the sound of the sea had become sharper, then she recognized that the sound of the rain had ceased. She had half recognized already that the rain had suddenly ceased; but her mind seemed working in a dual manner, and she had not fully recognized the cessation of the rain till the sound of the sea clinched the fact.

Through the clear night now came the melancholy crying of the whale birds, and through the broken clouds a ray of the moon showed a faint light in which the cliffs began to stand out.

The incoming tide washed round her so that she had to move, it seemed determined to drive her up to the caves. She could see now the whole beach desolate of life; and before her, vaguely sketched in the cliff wall, the cave openings.

She came along the sea edge till she reached the break in the cliffs, then, looking behind her again to make sure, she took refuge in the bushes.

For the last few yards, before reaching them, she seemed to be wading through tides of nothingness; in the shelter of the bushes she forgot everything.

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CHAPTER XIII.

ALONE.

SHE was awakened by the light of day.

Kerguelen had cleared its face of clouds and the new-risen sun was on sea and mountains and land.

A whole family of rabbits were disporting themselves close to her in a clear space between the bushes, and as she sat up they darted off, a glimpse of their cotton-white tails showing for a moment in the sun.

She was stiff from the damp, her clothes were wet despite the oilskin coat which she had left open, and her throat was sore; every bone ached as though she had been beaten. Her soul felt sick. It was as though the crawling beast of the night before had crawled over it like a slug, poisoning it. The knife lay beside her; she picked it up and looked at it: there were red traces upon the hilt and the lines in the palm of her right hand were red. She rubbed it clean with the damp leaves of the bushes, then she stood up, shaking and weak, heedless of everything but the friendly touch of the sun. Her fear was gone, but the effect of it remained in a sense of bruising and injury.



"LA TOUCHE WAS DEAD; HE WOULD NEVER CRAWL AGAIN. SHE HAD KILLED HIM."

Out on the beach there was nothing, nothing but the breaking sea and the flying gulls and lines of long-legged gulls stalking or standing on the sands. Everything was the same.

She drew towards the caves. Nothing stirred there. Then she halted and, changing her course, came right down to the water's edge. From here she could see the three cave mouths dark-cut in the cliff. She watched them for a moment as though expecting something to appear, then she came up towards them, walking more cautiously as she drew near, just as she had walked on the plain where the death-traps were.

The light shone into the cave where she had slept. She saw a naked foot with toes dug into the sand, and beyond the foot a form lying on its side.

Then she drew back with a cry—something was moving there. A rabbit dashed out of the cave and scuttered away along the cliff base. Then she knew.

La Touche was dead; he would never crawl again. She had killed him. She cast the knife on the sand and wiped the palm of her hand on her dress half unconsciously, gazing at the foot.

The terror of him had burned away anything in her mind that might have fed remorse; she had not killed him consciously; searching her memory she could vaguely recollect having

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struck out against something appalling in the darkness. Now she knew and guessed all, and she could have hated him, only that death kills hatred.

She came to the mouth of the men's cave and sat down in the sun; the soreness of her throat, the weariness of her very bones, the feel of her horrible wet clothes, all these filled her with a craving for the sun and its warmth and light, fierce as the craving for drink. She spread out her hands to it, then, with shaking fingers, she began to take off her clothes; they clung to her like evil things. Had this been a day of pouring rain she might just have lain down and died.

Without getting up, and leaning on her elbow, she spread out the skirt and coat and other things on the sand beside her, then she stretched her aching limbs to the warmth.

The wind had fallen to almost a dead calm, and as she lay she saw little rabbits stealing out to play in the sunshine on the sands. She watched them running in circles like things on wheels and moving by clockwork. Then she closed her eyes, but still she saw them circling, circling, circling.

Then she was in the toy department of the Magazin du Louvre, and a shopwoman was showing her toy rabbits that ran in circles, five francs each.

She awoke at noon; the sore throat was gone, her bones no longer ached, and the great beach lay under the heat of noon humming like a stretched string to the touch of the sea.

Her left arm and side and thigh were scorched by the sun, but that was nothing; the sense of illness had vanished and her mind, quite clear and renewed, had regained its balance.

She remembered everything. La Touche was lying there in the cave, dead; the knife that had killed him she could see lying on the sand where she had dropped it. She had killed him. All these monstrous facts seemed old, settled and done with, and of little more interest than the things and events of a year ago.

What seemed new was the beach and its desolation—its emptiness. It was as though a crowd of people had suddenly vanished from it, a crowd that any moment might return. The place seemed waiting and watching.

She cast her eyes towards the rocks of the Lizard Point and then towards the cave mouth, then hurriedly she began to put on her clothes, now dry and warm, and having dressed she stood for a moment again looking about her.

She could see the penguins in the distance going through their endless evolutions, and the rhythmical sound of the sea came from near and far mixed with the chanting and crying of the gulls. At any moment Bompard might appear labouring over those rocks, at any moment La Touche might step from the cave where he lay. That is what the beach told her, though she knew that the forms of the two men would appear no more, that she was here alone, utterly alone.

She took shelter from the sun in the men's cave. Bompard's tinder-box was lying on the sand and half a box of Swedish matches; the men's blankets were tossed in a corner and the provisions and utensils were in their proper place. On a plate by the bags of biscuits lay the remains of the beef from last night's supper; she took it and ate it with a biscuit, sitting on the floor of the cave and staring before her out at the strip of beach, where the boat lay on its side with the sea breaking beyond.

On the day the men had gone off inland on their expedition she had terrified herself with fancies of what it would be like were she to find herself here alone. Her imagination had gone far from the reality.

The thing had happened; the men were gone, gone for ever; yet she was not alone. They filled the place by their absence far more than they had filled it by their presence.

The louder cry of a gull outside seemed hailing Bompard, the rustle of a rabbit on the sands seemed the coming of La Touche, the sound of the sea spoke of them, the boat seemed only waiting for them to launch it. They, whom a million years would not bring back.

She felt neither regret for the fate of La Touche nor sorrow for the fate of Bompard; all that seemed unreal, just as the darkness and terror of the night before seemed unreal; the real thing that touched her through everything was expectancy. Expectancy, ghostly and attenuated, yet ubiquitous.

It brought her to the cave mouth before she had finished her meal. The beach seemed to say to her: "Come out and look!" and she came out and looked, and the line of foam and the wheeling or stalking gulls held her for a moment as though saying: "A moment, a moment more, and you will see something. They will come. Any moment now you may see Bompard crossing the rocks. La Touche is not in that cave; he is here, everywhere."

She came back into the cave and sat down and finished her meal; the food had renewed her strength, and with renewed strength her indifference to all that had happened began to pass.

She had killed La Touche, the reality of that fact was coming home to her now; she did not reason in the least on the matter, saying he deserved to be killed; that had all been settled long ago in her mind, but the fact that she had killed him was standing strongly out before her, also the facts that he was dead and lying quite close to her, and that though she did not mind his dead body she was beginning to dread something else.

Dead, he was beginning to frighten her just as he had frightened her when living. Then she found that it was just the same with Bompard. He was frightening her too.

Suppose one or the other were to peep in at her, and nod at her—she pictured it and then crushed the picture in her mind and got up and came out again and stood in the sun.

Then she came down to the boat and stood with her hand on the gunwale, and for a moment,

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as she stood thus, the terror of utter loneliness came to her in a hundred tongues and ways and always with reference to the men who had vanished.

It was impossible to stay here alone—alone—absolutely alone; like a frightened child her mind appealed against this terror, it climbed the vacant skies and passed over the desolate hills in search of comfort. Was there a God? To whom could she run for comfort, for escape?

As if in answer to her wild but unspoken question came a far-off roar brought on the wind from the great seal beach.

CHAPTER XIV.

FRIENDS IN DESOLATION.

CLÉO turned her face that way and stood for a moment with the faint breeze blowing her hair. Then she came running up the beach to the caves. In the men's cave she stood glancing rapidly about her like a person in a burning house seeking what he may save.

She picked up the tinder-box and the box of matches and put them in her pocket. Then she began to remove everything from the cave. Making a sack of one of the blankets, she filled it with as much as she could drag along and brought it to the break in the cliffs, where she dumped the contents.

It took her three journeys. Then, having collected everything in a big pile, she sat down for a moment to rest. The things would be safe here till she could fetch them to her new home and the weather would not hurt them, except, maybe, the biscuits.

The thought of the biscuits troubled her, and she pictured them lying exposed in one of the torrential rains. Then she caught sight of a cleft in the basalt. It was dry and big enough to contain the bags, and she placed them there, having taken out some of their contents.

These and a couple of tins of meat she placed in one of the blankets, making a sack of it. Then she remembered the knife she had left lying on the sand before the cave where the dead man lay.

She fought against the idea of returning for it. Then her will made her go.

As she picked up the knife she glanced once again into the cave, and once again caught a glimpse of the naked foot with the toe dug into the sand; then, placing the knife in its sheath and running like a frightened child, she reached the break, caught up the sack, the extra blanket, and the axe which she had hidden among the bushes, and started.

It was not a heavy load, fortunately; had it been heavy she would have dropped it, for, once moving, she had to run. The idea that she was deserting people who did not want to be deserted pursued her; now and again she stopped and turned for a moment, and then went on, walking now, but swiftly, till, nearing the river and in full sight of her new companions, she found herself suddenly free.

The hounds of Fear had given up the chase. The great sea-elephants had driven them away. Here was no longer loneliness. The great beasts sunning themselves on the flat rocks seemed more numerous, and as she crossed the river a monster coming in from the sea in a thunder of foam saluted the land with a roar.

She recognized, or thought she recognized, the great bull that had followed her; he was lying, to-day, half-tilted to one side; he looked drunk with sun and laziness, and as she came amongst them and sat down, as she had sat that day, she found that, though a hundred pairs of eyes were watching her, scarcely a burly figure moved.

They had grown used to her, perhaps, or perhaps they recognized that she did not fear them now in the least, or that she was come for refuge and friendship.

Then she rose up and, passing amongst them as a friend amongst friends, came towards the caves in the basalt cliffs. They were smaller than the caves to the west, but they were dry and free from water-drip. She chose one and put her bundle down with the axe beside it.

CHAPTER XV.

GOD MADE FRIENDSHIP.

THE place was as populous as a town. That was the soul-satisfying fact which she absorbed as she sat with the bundle and axe beside her. To be lonely here one would have to be deaf and blind and without the sense of smell. Now that their attention was no longer strained by watching her, the great brutes filled the place with all sorts of sounds: grunts and grumbles, puffs and snorts like the escape of steam from a locomotive, and now and then the flop of a great body changing position.

She took off the oilskin coat and laid it on the sand of the cave, then took the things from the blanket and spread the two blankets out and folded them. As she moved about she saw that the bulls had turned slightly, attracted by her movements, but they showed not the slightest sign of mind-disturbance. Then, having placed the things in order, she came out and walked down to the water's edge, making a *détour* now and then to avoid treading on the flippers or the tail of a monster. On coming amongst them a few minutes ago she had felt not the slightest fear, but this walk in cold blood from the cliff to the sea-edge made her hold her breath. She felt as she had felt that first day when she sat down close to them. Angry, and with a sudden movement, one of these creatures could have destroyed her as a man destroys a fly; but she held on, and was rewarded.

Not one of them showed any wish to destroy her, or anger, or uneasiness. They had accepted her into their company by not attacking or ejecting her; she ran counter to none of their desires or needs, and evidently her form called up no recollections of the beast Man in their dim brains.

Then she was a female. Sex is more than a physical difference between one being and

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another: one can fancy it as one of the outstanding signs of the Wild to be read by instinct, as instinct reads the weather or season signs, or the sea mile-posts that lead the seals and sea-elephants thousands of leagues to strike some particular beach as an arrow strikes the bull's-eye of a target.

The female, unless with young, is not dangerous to the male. One may fancy that amongst the few but burningly important warnings and directions in the book of Instinct.

Here, at the sea-edge and within a few feet of the breaking waves, she sat down on a projecting rock and tried to measure with her eye the vast herd. The whole beach from where she sat to where the flat rocks ceased, a mile and a half away on her right, was spotted with them, and she noticed that here and there they were always putting out to sea and coming ashore again.

Making for a spot on the right, a hundred yards from her, she saw one coming ashore, swift as an arrow, steering with straight, steadfast eyes and landing with the water cascading from his huge shoulders; whilst on the left one was putting out to sea in a burst of foam.

Then, of a sudden, all the shore-edge bulls got in commotion, slithering about, raising themselves on their flippers, and blowing off steam.

A sea-elephant was coming towards the beach, moving with a speed thrice that of any of the others; his head was raised and she could see the eyes that seemed blazing with wrath or challenge.

Then, as he came thundering on to the rocks, he lifted the echoes with a roar that resounded for miles along the beach.

Nearly all the others had landed in silence.

She did not know that this was a new-comer, a belated bull, held days behind the arrival of the others by some chance of the sea; maybe he had hung fishing off the South Shetlands or the Horn or beached for repairs after some sea-fight off the Falklands; whatever had held him, he was late.

He came swiftly up the rocks, casting his head from side to side, but unchallenged. There were no females there yet to fight for, and they evidently recognized him as one of the herd and not a stranger. The herd instinct, without which a nation would be a mob, ruled here and gave the belated one his place, and after a while of squattering about and sniffing and blowing he settled down with quieted eyes to rest. He had reached one of the stopping stages of his life, with the surety with which he would reach the last, on some desolate beach or reef of the sea.



"THE PENGUINS WISHED TO PASS, BUT THE BULLS BARRED THE WAY, HEADING THEM OFF."

The girl watched him. Not only did these new-found companions chase away loneliness and ghostly fears, but they brought her comfort.

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They seemed so sure, sure of food and life and the right to live, so undisturbed; it was as though she felt the presence of the ghostly shepherd who looks after the flocks of sea and land and who counts even the sparrows. She cast her eyes towards the islands and the sea-line; some day a ship would come and all this would be a dream of the past. She knew it. Her mind went back over all that she had been saved from—the wreck, the death-traps, and, worst of all—La Touche. It was strange to think that a man should be worse than the others.

If that fisherman's knife had not been included in the gear of the boat!

It was now, as she sat thinking this and watching the huge, harmless things around her, that a hatred of La Touche came into her mind—a hatred that seemed to have been waiting to enter until her mind was at rest. He seemed to her evil itself. He seemed to her connected with all the disasters that had happened, and part of them. He had been the look-out on the *Gaston de Paris*; his quarrel had sent Bompard to his death; he had nearly unhinged her mind with terror. Had he possessed the evil eye?

Then, for the first time, she recalled her premonition of disaster; yet, how she had refused to let the yacht be put off its course. They might now have been at New Amsterdam only for that. Yet it was not her fault. She had refused to alter the course not for any selfish reason—quite the reverse; she had refused because she did not wish to spoil the plans of her host. It was Fate, not blind Fate, because the premonition was full-sighted; it was Fate obeying some order. And it seemed to her that she could read in the order that she was to be saved. Why? God only knew, but so she read the facts, and she would be saved to the end and go back to the life she knew, or had known, and die, perhaps, at last an old, old woman.

It seemed to her that this coming on to the sea-elephant beach were a stage in her great journey that had brought her definitely nearer to the end of her loneliness. And whether all this were true knowledge or whether it was only the fancy of the ego, its effect was to give her peace.

Then, as she sat there, the strangest lonely figure on earth, she explored the pocket of her skirt and took the things from it. La Touche's knife, her rings knotted up in her handkerchief, the tobacco-box of Captain Slocum, the tinder-box, and box of matches. Then she opened the tobacco-box and re-read the purple writing with the tag "Keep up your spirits." She could not visualize the old slab-sided whaling captain who had scrawled that, inspired no doubt by practical knowledge of disaster and the horrors of Kerguelen, but the message came now as an additional comfort; it seemed to her written by a hand other than that of man. She put the paper back in the box, and then everything back in her pocket.

Then, like a stroke of humour, an incident occurred to lighten the whole beach.

A big platoon of penguins had crossed the river and marched up to the sacred precincts of the seal beach. Turning her head to see what the disturbance was about, she sighted the penguins just at the end of their march, and three bulls fronting them. The penguins wished to pass, either from impudence or a real desire to cross the beach, but the bulls barred the way, heading them off, turning and twisting, snorting as if to blow the feathered ones away.

The penguins bowed and scraped and explained,

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but the bulls, blind to politeness and deaf to argument, only presented their heads; then they raised their rumps and made a half-charge. The girl watched the penguins going at the double with heads slued round, as though fearful of their tails. Then she laughed.

The sea-elephants had not only made her able to laugh, they had given her something to laugh over. Then came the thought: why had they refused the penguins and accepted her?

She did not know that the penguins were rival fishermen; she fancied that the sea-elephants were somehow friendly to her, divining her friendship for them, and maybe she was right, though not perhaps in the way she fancied; for when God made friendship He made it out of queer and sometimes negative materials.

That night, as she lay in her cave with a rolled-up blanket for pillow and the other blanket for covering, neither ghosts nor loneliness came to trouble her.

Two great bulls a few yards from the cave's mouth kept her warm and comfortable of mind.

She could hear their puffs and grunts and the occasional wobble-wobble of their digestive organs as they slept, dreaming maybe in their sleep, for sometimes they tossed and moved, and once one of them gave a "woof," as though trying to roar under the blanket of sleep.

She thought of dogs lying asleep—dogs dreamed and hunted in their dreams, why should not these?

Then suddenly the rain came down as though someone had pulled the string of a shower-bath; but she knew that would not drive them away, guessing that rain to sea-elephants was no more disturbing than sun to peaches.

Then she was chasing penguins along the beach, riding on a sea-elephant towards that absolute oblivion which is the brand of sleep they serve at Kerguelen.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BEACH NURSERY.

IT rained off and on for three days, but rain in Kerguelen is not the same as rain in England; just as rain at Windermere is not the same as rain at Birmingham. It does not depress, especially when you are busy. In those three days she made three journeys to the break in the cliffs to recover the things she had left there, and she made her journeys, not to put too fine a point on it, with nothing on but the oilskin coat; the blanket she used for a sack got hopelessly soaked, and her head was exposed to the rain owing to the fact that the sou-wester was in the cave where the dead man lay; but she got used to it, especially as neuralgia and colds are unknown in Kerguelen.

The loss of her only towel, the lump of cotton-waste, was far worse than the loss of the sou'-wester, and would have been worse still only that she had other things to think about, especially on these journeys. They were terrible, and required all her fortitude to make them, and they were terrible for a new reason. The birds had got at La Touche. Great predatory birds like cormorants thronged the beach opposite the cave; she could see them going in and out of the cave and she could hear them quarrelling in there in the darkness.

That night she lay awake listening to the whale-birds crying and the divers mewing and quarrelling like cats; then, dropping asleep, she was awakened at dawn by a new sound. Outside on the beach she heard a moaning like the voice of someone in pain.

She raised herself on her elbow. It was a human voice without any manner of doubt. It ceased, and springing to her feet she came out. But there was no human being on the beach, nothing but the bulky forms of the great sea bulls, and quite close to the cave a smaller form, a female that had landed during the night and had just given birth to a baby, a thing like a slug which she was fondling with her flippers.

Then in the strengthening light the girl could make out here and there on the beach the forms of other females, and by noon that day there were hundreds and hundreds, and on the next day the beach was one vast nursery. It was the first great act in the life-history of these sea people towards which the girl's heart was going out more and more, and as she sat that day watching the mothers and their babies and the great old bulls shuffling about like heavy fathers, sometimes she would smile and sometimes, sitting and watching, her mind would wander away lost and trying to grapple with the great mystery of which all this was only a part.

They were so human, so warm to the heart, and yet only a few days ago there was nothing here but the rocks and the cold and trackless sea. Then she noticed that to-day the bulls were not sunning themselves lazily, although the sun was out. They seemed disturbed, moving about aimlessly, lifting themselves on their flippers and now and then raising their short trunks.

Sometimes a female would make as if to get back to the sea, but she was always headed off by a bull.

When dusk fell it seemed that the sentries were doubled, to judge by the noise of the flopping and moving about. The girl came to the cave entrance and looked, and lo and behold! every bull had cleared down towards the sea edge. She could see them stretching away into the dim distance, a hedge of vast forms broken and moving here and there, but always restored.

She thought that this line of defence was to keep the females back from the water, yet there seemed more than mere precaution at the bottom of the general disturbance that filled the beach. Then as she lay awake she could hear now and then a distant roar, and once a big bull only a few hundred yards from the cave took it into his head to give tongue with a blast like the first deep "woof" of a siren; then came another sound quite close to the cave entrance, a sound like the broken lapping of

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ripples, interrupted by movements and little snorts and sighs. It was a baby seal sucking away at the teats of its mother. The pair was just outside the cave.

CHAPTER XVII.

VÆ VICTIS!

A HOWLING wind that rose at midnight, carrying Niagaras of rain oversea from the mountains, sank at dawn, leaving a clear sky and a falling sea.

As Cléo came out into the early morning light she could see boosts of spray all along the rocks, but by the time she had tidied things up and finished her breakfast these had vanished and the water was coming in, rolling lazily.

The bulls no longer lined the shore; though keeping close to the water they had broken up into groups, yet still the sense of disturbance was there, pervading the beach like an atmosphere.

The tide was just turning back from the flood, and as she stood watching she noticed the curious fact that not a single bull was taking to the water; ordinarily, here and there along the rocks there was always some monster taking a header, some vast bulk beaching in a potter of foam. This morning there was nothing of this sort.

Picking her way between the mothers and their babies she came down to the sea edge, choosing a broad space left vacant because of the bad landing conditions. The rocks here were higher, forming a miniature cliff some four or five feet in height, and from this point looking seaward something caught her eye.

Three black objects moving in a line were making a long ripple on the swell. They were the heads of three sea-elephants moving like one. Then the line became the segment of a circle bending in-shore. But the swimmers were not going to land, they kept parallel to the rocks and a few hundred yards out, and as they passed she could see clearly the great heads and wicked eyes that seemed to blaze with the light of anger or battle.

She was not alone in observing them. They had been spotted by a trumpet-voiced sentry, and instantly the whole place was in commotion. The air split with a roar that passed along from section to section of the beach, whilst the cliffs resounded and a thousand sea-gulls rose as if from nowhere, crying, cat-calling, and making a snowstorm in the sunlight.

On the roar, and as if destroyed by it, the three heads vanished.

Then, far out, they reappeared, only to dive again, leaving the sea blank but for a school of porpoises passing along on their quiet business a mile away towards the east.

The girl sat watching. There was something in all this of greater import than the appearance of three swimming sea-elephants. The beach told her that. Not a bull in all that vast herd but was in motion, either helping to crowd the females back towards the cliffs or patrolling the rocks. She could see them here and there rising up on their hindquarters as though to get a better view of the sea. They reminded her of dogs begging for biscuits. Then, turning her eyes seaward again, she saw a black spot; it was a moving head, then another broke the surface, and another, till in a moment and for a mile-long stretch, hundreds of heads appeared, all driving shorewards and then dipping and vanishing, only to reappear still closer in and closing on the beach with the swiftness of destroyers.

Then she knew, and, springing up, turned to run; but her retreat was cut off towards the caves by the females herded up, and before she could collect her thoughts the army of invasion was flinging itself from the water and the whole seal beach from end to end was filled with the thunder of battle.

For days the lone bulls had been cruising at sea waiting and watching till all the females were on shore under guard of their husbands; so it happened every year, ending in a battle for the possession of wives, a battle waged without quarter and with a fury whose sound reached the echoes of the hills.

Safe on the little rock plateau she watched the thunderous onslaught, frightened and then terrified and crying out.

The invaders drove in from the sea like the sweep of a curved sword. They struck the beach first a mile away and the battle ran towards her like fire along tinder, boomed towards her, ever loudening, till it broke to right and left, where the sea bulls flung themselves on the rocks and the land bulls charged the on-comers like battering-rams. Some were hurled back, only to return again, others held their ground. Then the real business began, whilst the ground trembled and the air shook and the rocks poured blood.

Round her, and for a mile away, they fought like rams, and they fought like dogs and they fought like tigers, and over the roaring siren sounds of the fight the gulls flew like the fume of it, screaming and swooping and circling in spirals; and through everything, like the continuous thud-thud of a propeller, came the dunch of tons of flesh meeting tons of flesh head-on, shoulder-on, or side-on.

She saw bulls ripped beyond belief, with shoulders slashed as if by the down strokes of a sword, yet still fighting as though untouched.

Then, standing like a person helpless in a dream during the full hour that the battle raged, she saw the females break bounds and spread over the rocks, carrying or pushing their young as if to get closer to the fight, and then she saw the battle beginning to break. Here and there bulls, beaten and done for, were taking to the sea, and over all the beach the fight had spread inwards towards the cliffs. The sea bulls were beating the land bulls as a whole, inter-penetrating them, getting closer to the females, herding the vanquished out.

And she saw, now, as though a curtain had been raised, that the whole great battle was between individuals.

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"SAFE ON THE LITTLE ROCK PLATEAU SHE WATCHED THE THUNDEROUS

The bulls fresh from the sea, though attacking *en masse*, were under the dominion of no enmity in common; each had come to find a rival, and having found him had no eyes for anything else. Nor, having once conquered, did he pursue.

Another, and a wonderful, thing showed up: the females had grouped themselves as if to be taken, and now on the clearing beach could be seen family parties, some under the dominion of their new lords and masters, some still being fought for.

So it hung, dwindling little by little, till at last only two warriors were left, like the last-blazing point of the fight.

They were the biggest of the two herds, they looked as though they had been rolled in gore, and they seemed equally furious and equally exhausted. All their rage was in their eyes. Too beaten to bite, they could only boost one against another like two schoolboys trying to push one another off a form.

It seemed a miserable and tame ending of their tremendous struggle, and she recognized, or thought she recognized, that the biggest of them was the bull who had followed her one day like a dog towards the river.

This shouldering and pushing was his last effort to hold to his wife and family. In war it is the last step that counts; could he make it? Then a strange thing happened. The two monsters paused in their pushing, relaxed, and seemed for a moment to forget the existence of one another. That tremendous weariness lasted for a minute, and then they woke up and the biggest bull began to shuffle off to the sea.

His heart or his mind had failed him. The closer he got to the water's edge the swifter he moved, and the plunge of his body into the water was the last sound of that battle.

Not a corpse lay on the beach, nothing but the victorious lords and their ladies; and the lords seemed to pay as little attention to their ghastly wounds as they did to their old or

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ONSLAUGHT, FRIGHTENED AND THEN TERRIFIED AND CRYING OUT."

newly-got wives, who, now that peace was restored, were busy suckling their young.

A queer people, humorous and terrifying, making the girl feel that she had placed her hand on something likeable, almost lovable, that had yet, of a sudden, nearly frightened her to death.

She sat recovering herself and helped by the regiment of penguins, who marched up to the seal beach and, knowing better than to attempt to cross it, stood bowing to the world in general and talking one to the other, perhaps on the horrors of war.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TIME PASSES.

It is not good to be alone. As the weeks passed Cléo began to lose and forget the feeling of surety in rescue, and at times now she found herself talking out loud, putting what was in her mind into speech as though a companion were by; and sometimes she would hear a voice halloaing to her, and start and cast her eyes over the desolate beach, only to see the gulls.

The baby sea-elephants lost their long black coats and put on their suits of fine yellow fur and took themselves to the nursery by the river, where all day long they played and tumbled and swam, and then she would sit and watch them like a mother watching her children.

The great battle of the bulls seemed like something far away beyond which other things were becoming vague—something that was not meant to be seen so close by human eyes, something that had pushed her still farther from man.

It was full summer now, the season of tremendous sunsets, and, when the sky was clear, vast conflagrations lit themselves beyond the Lizard Point, painting the islands and purpling the skies; and one evening as she sat in the western blaze watching the moving beach and listening to the playing and quarrelling of the nursery a voice said to her:—

"Some day all these will take to the sea and

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leave you. There will be nothing here but the rocks and the sea."

It was as though the sunset had spoken.

The thought aroused her as a knock on the door arouses a sleeper. Fighting against it, her mind became more fully awake. She said to herself: "If they go, I will go too."

For a long time now she had lived without hot food or drink. On coming here first she had cut some wood from the figure-head to make a fire, but it was damp, just damp enough to prevent it from kindling, so she had let things go, as women do in the matter of food when they have not anyone else to feed; she had burrowed into the cache and got at some of the tins of vegetables, and on these and biscuits and tinned meat she made shift, eating less and less as time went on.

It is bad to be alone, even with sea-elephants to ward off fears, even with provisions enough for a year and a cave to shelter one.

She had never given in. She had fought the future and refused to be frightened by it; she had worked for life and taken refuge in the moment, and now the moment was taking its revenge for being too much lived in.

To eat was almost too much trouble, and presently the seal nursery became too long a walk and the little sea-elephants at play had lost their power to interest her. Sleep began to take the place of food, and sometimes, and for no reason, she would weep like a child.

The food she ate sometimes seemed to poison her, bringing on vomiting and dysentery, and it poisoned her because her stomach failed to digest it.

She was being poisoned—poisoned by loneliness. Had her stomach not failed, her mind would have given; as it was, the weakness of malnutrition saved her reason as it slowly destroyed her hold on life.

Her dreams became sometimes more vivid than reality, and they always held her to the beach, where she watched without terror battles between monstrous sea-elephants and processions of penguins infinite in length, penguins that passed her bowing, bowing, bowing till she woke in the dark with the palms of her hands dry and burning and her lips like pumice-stone, and her tongue feeling hard like the tongue of a parrot; but the worst experience of all was a shock that came nearly every time she lay down at night and just before sleep took her.

It seemed like the blow of a fist, a fist that hit her everywhere, making her start and draw up her legs and cry out.

All this, perhaps, was what she had foreseen when long ago she had watched a great ship that had told her of Desolation—and something worse.

This was what no one had ever imagined in connection with Desolation—its power to kill with its own hand. To gently destroy, sucking the vitality like a vampire and fanning the victim to dullness with its wings.

The sea-elephants might have noticed that the female creature to whom they had grown so accustomed appeared little now, a shrinking vision that every day shortened its wanderings; that it walked differently, that it seemed more bent. But the sea-elephants knew nothing of loneliness or its works; nor did they notice, one morning, that though the sun was shining the figure did not appear at all.

CHAPTER XIX.

A NEW-COMER.

ONE morning, brilliant with the deceptive brilliancy of Kerguelen, a big man, rough and red-bearded and carrying a bundle slung over his shoulder, stood on the rocks that formed the eastern point of the great beach; the sun was at his back and before him lay the seven-mile stretch of sand and rock leading to the far-off Lizard Point.

He was over six feet in height, but so strongly built that he scarcely looked his inches. He was a sailor. The gulls might have told that by the way he stood; and his eyes, accustomed to roving over vast spaces, swept the beach before him from end to end, took in the sea-elephants moving like slugs and the seal-nursery and the river and the sands beyond and the Lizard Point crawling out to sea beyond the sands.

Then he cast his eyes inland.

He wanted to get to the west and he had to choose between seven miles of broken country or seven miles of easy beach.

The sea-elephants were a bar across the beach. He could gauge their size from where he stood; they looked formidable, but they were less so than the rocks strewing that broken country. He had climbed over rocks and gone round rocks and nearly fallen from rocks till rocks had become in his mind enemies bitter, brutal, callous, and far more formidable than live things. He chose the beach and came down to it, taking his way along the sea edge as a person takes his way along a pavement edge, giving possibly turbulent people the wall.

As he closed up towards the seal beach he kept his eyes fixed on the great bulls and their families, and the bulls, as he drew closer, shifted their position to watch him; beyond that they showed no sign. Then as he began to pass them he recognized that he had nothing to fear; the females alone, here and there, showed any sign of disturbance, shuffling towards him with wicked eyes, rising on their flippers, but always sinking down and shuffling back as he went on.

Farther along, though followed and met by a hundred pairs of eyes, even the females began to treat him with indifference. It was as though the whole herd were under the dominion of one brain that recognized him as harmless and passed him along. He would pause now and then to look at them with the admiration of strength for strength. He was of their type, a bull man, rough from the sea as themselves.

Then he saw the caves and would have passed them only for something that caught his eye. A red-labelled Libby tin was lying on the dark sand close to the mouth of one of the caves, and

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if you wish to know how an old tomato-tin or an old beef-tin can shout you must go alone to the great beach of Kerguelen and find one there—which you will not.

The sight of the tin made him start and catch in his breath. The tin was everything he knew of ships and men focused in a point; a knight in armour riding along the beach would have astonished him no more, would have heated his blood far less.

He struck up towards it, took it in his hand, examined it inside and out, and then cast his eye at the cave before which it had lain. He saw something in the cave—it was a woman; a woman lying on the sand with a rolled-up blanket under her head. She was lying on her back and he saw a thin white hand, so small, so thin, so strange, that he drew slightly back, glanced over his shoulder, as if to make sure that everything was all right with the world, and then glanced again, drawing closer.

Then he called out and the woman moved. He could see her face now, white and thin and drawn, and great eyes, terrible eyes, fixed on him.

Away out at sea, terribly near the coast of Death, she saw him, a living being, as the castaway sees a ship on the far horizon.

He saw her hold out her arms to him, and then, throwing his bundle aside, he was down on his knees beside her, holding the hands that sought his, and with those terrible eyes holding him too.

He saw her lips moving, saw that they were dry and parched. Then he knew. She wanted water.

An empty baling-tin was lying near her. The sight of the river close by was in his mind; he released the hands, picked up the tin, and scrambled out of the cave. As he ran to the river, heedless of sea-elephants or anything else, he kept crying out, "Oh, the poor woman! Oh, the poor woman!" He seemed like a huge thing demented. The baby sea-elephants scuttered out of his way, and as he came running back he spilt half the contents of the tin. Then he was down beside her again, dipping his finger in the water and moistening her lips.

She sucked his finger as a baby sucks, and the feel of that made him curse with the tears running down into his beard; the size of the baling-tin seemed horrible beyond words, he couldn't get it to her lips; yet still he went on, not knowing that it was his finger that was giving her back life, the blessed touch of a human being that had come almost too late.

He was sitting on his heels, and now, casting his great head from side to side, he saw things stacked behind her, tins and a bag and metal things that shone dimly. Putting out his hand he caught a corner of the bag. It was a bread-bag, sure enough, and as he pulled it towards him the other things came clattering down, almost hitting her, and amongst them, God-sent, a little tin spoon.



"HE SAW SOMETHING IN THE CAVE—IT WAS A WOMAN LYING ON THE SAND WITH A ROLLED-UP BLANKET UNDER HER HEAD."

He seized it and filled it and brought the tip to her lips, and she swallowed the water, making movements with her throat muscles as though it were half a cupful. He did this a dozen times and then rested, spoon in hand, watching her. She made a couple of slight movements with her head as if nodding to him, and her eyes never left him for a moment; they seemed holding on to life through him. He offered a spoonful of water again; she moved her head slightly as though she had had enough, but her eyes never left him.

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He knew. If the whole thing had been carefully explained to him he could not have known better how she was clinging to him, as a child to a mother, as a creature to life. And all the time his rough mind, in a tumble of confusion and trouble, was trying to think how she came like this, with a bread-bag close to her and a river within reach.

A tin cup had come down with the other things; it gave him an idea, and getting a biscuit out of the bag he broke it up, put the pieces in the cup with some water, and let them soak. It took a long time, and all the while, now and then, he kept talking to her.

"There. Y'aren't so bad after all—keep up till I get you something more. There's no use in troubling—you'll be on your pins soon."

He would pause to swear at the biscuit for not softening quicker, helping it to crumble with his mighty thumb thrust in the cup. To "get food into her" was his main idea, it didn't matter about thumbs. He was not without experience of starvation and thirst and what they can do to people, and, as he worked away, talking to her, pictures from the past came to him of people he had seen like this, nearly "done in" by the sea.

Then he began to feed her with the noxious pap. He managed to get six spoonfuls "into her," and then he saw she would stand no more; still, that was something, and as he brooded on his heels watching her he saw that she was making a struggle to keep it down, and he knew that if she brought it up she was done for. And all the time she kept holding him with her eyes as though he were helping her in the struggle.

He was. The sight of him gave her just the strength necessary to tide over the danger-point; then she lay still and the food, such as it was, began to do its work.

One may say that the stomach thinks; every mood of the mind can touch it and it can influence every mood of the mind.

Then the terrible fixed eyes began to grow more human, then to close slightly. She was still far at sea but no longer adrift; like a little boat taken in tow she was heading now back for the shore. She fell asleep holding his thumb.

The bits of wood she had chipped from the figure-head were lying in a little heap near the cave mouth and the axe lay beside them. He noted them as he sat motionless as a carved figure till the grip on his thumb relaxed, and the dry, claw-like hand, now growing moist and human, gave up its hold.

Then, crawling out, stealthily and sideways like a crab, he seized the axe and, rising up outside, axe in hand, stood looking in at the woman. He stood watching her, making sure that she was well asleep; then he turned towards the seal-nursery swinging the axe. There he murdered a little girl sea-elephant after a short, sharp chase over the rocks. Then, close to the caves, and with his sailor's knife, he stripped her of fur and blubber. He placed the blubber on one side, cut up the meat, and, retaining the heart and kidneys, wrapped the head and the remainder in the pelt and dumped them in a crack in the rocks.

Having done this he went to the river and washed his hands free of the blood and grease.

In his bundle there was a box with half-a-dozen matches; they would have been gone long ago only that long ago his tobacco had given out. They were useful now.

He knelt down and undid the bundle. There was in it, beside the match-box, a shirt rolled up, two sailors' knives, two tobacco-boxes, a couple of huge biscuits, a piece of sail-cloth, and a pair of men's boots—one might have fancied from the knives and tobacco-boxes that he was the only survivor of a party of three cast on the coast, and that he had kept these things as relics. That was the fact.

When he had secured the matches his next thought was of the firewood and the baling-tin. There was a saucepan away at the back of the cave under the other things, but he could not see it. He could see the tin, but he dreaded going in to get it lest he should wake the woman and she should clutch his thumb again.

That was a bad experience, and he told himself that if she had not relaxed her hold he would have been sitting there still, tied hand and foot and not daring to move. Strength in the clutch of weakness, to whom God has given a power greater than that of strength.

He crawled in and secured the tin without wakening her and as much firewood as he wanted. It was fairly dry, and with the help of the blubber he soon had it burning between two big stones; then he put the tin on half-filled with water, and dropped in the seal-meat cut fine. He was making soup for himself as well as for her. He had been without hot food for ages, and the smell of the stuff as it began to cook made him sometimes forget her entirely.

Predatory gulls had found the pelt and the head in the rock-crevice and their quarrelling filled the beach. He turned his head sometimes to look at them as he sat squatting like a gipsy before the little fire, tilting the tin by the handle and stirring the contents with his knife. He was a man of resource, for before filling the tin with fresh water he had dipped it in the sea so as to get some salt into the mess.

Then, when the stuff was cooked, having no spoon, he had to wait until it cooled a bit before tasting it. He went to the cave mouth to have a look at the woman. The quarrelling of the great gulls had evidently awakened her, for her eyes were open, and as his figure cut the light at the cave entrance her head moved. He ran back for the precious tin and, holding it carefully and half carried away by the entrancing smell of it, knelt down beside her and, picking up the spoon, began to feed her before feeding himself.

(To be continued.)

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This Author has written detective stories which have sold by the million. When it comes to judging what interests people she is an expert

Why Human Beings are Interested in Crime.

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

Author of "The Leavenworth Case," etc.

I HAVE been writing detective stories for about forty years; and in that time I have come to believe that practically everybody is interested in crime. You may say that *you* are not. But if I could watch your reading and listen to your conversation for a few months, or a year, I could prove to you that you are decidedly interested in crime, provided it has certain characteristics.

If a crime is committed by people you know, it blots out every other subject in your mind. If your next-door neighbour kills his wife, you are more interested in that than in *anything* else he might do.

Just suppose that your neighbour's young daughter is caught in the act of shop-lifting. Do you mean to say that you wouldn't be incredibly more interested than you would if the young lady won the highest honours at school, or announced her engagement, or even *died?* If a young man in the next street should poison his sweetheart, wouldn't you be more excited than if he won a decoration on the battlefield? I don't think there is the slightest doubt of it.

Even if a crime is committed, not by someone we know personally, but by people like ourselves, or like the kind of people we want to be, we are intensely stirred. If a society woman shoots her husband, or a college student murders a young girl, or a big business man is killed by one of his competitors, the story of it—in ordinary times—is the first thing we read in the papers.

And if, in addition, there is some mystery about the motive, or about the act itself, we follow every detail of the case with what is commonly called "morbid curiosity."

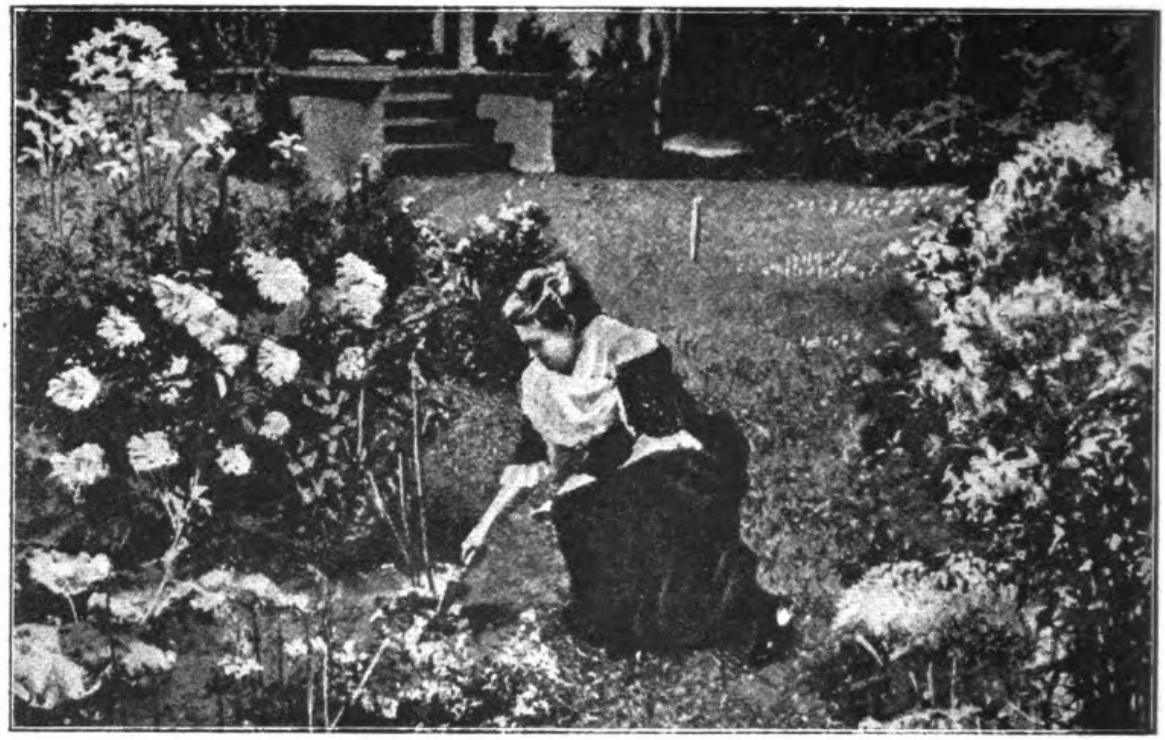
It isn't morbid. It is perfectly natural and legitimate. These people are like us; or, as I said before, they are what we perhaps only dream of being—rich, cultivated, powerful. That they should commit murder, for instance, seems as strange as that we should ourselves. It is this strangeness that interests us.

It is as if a member of our own family should suddenly betray an unexpected and terrible trait; should do something so grotesquely horrible that we cannot reconcile it with what we know of them. Crime must touch our imagination by showing people, *like ourselves*, but incredibly transformed by some overwhelming motive.

The thing which interests us most in human beings is their emotions, especially their hidden emotions. We know a good deal about what they do; but we don't know much about what they feel. And we are always curious to get below the surface and to find out what is actually going on in their hearts. Crime in people who are normal and have been trained to self-control must be the result of some tremendous emotion. It happens because of some great upheaval in human nature. No wonder we are interested in it.

There is another thing about crime which interests an amazing number of people. It helps to account for the fact that so many people read detective stories and follow the newspaper accounts of strange criminal cases. In reading an ordinary novel, they simply let the current of the story flow through their minds. But when they read a detective story, they are all the time figuring out the solution

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ANNA KATHARINE GREEN IN HER GARDEN.

Since she wrote "The Leavenworth Case," forty-two years ago, Anna Katharine Green has published more than thirty novels and as many short stories, all dealing with mysterious crimes. She is one of the most famous authors of detective stories in the world, and although she is seventy-two years old, she is still writing with remarkable keenness and power of invention. This picture shows her in her garden in Buffalo, New York, which is always planted and cared for with her own hands.

of the mystery, trying to guess how it is coming out. And they do the same thing when they follow a criminal case in the papers.

There is a rather general impression, I think, that men are more interested in this sort of thing than women are, but this is not my experience. And I believe that women are often more keen than men in sensing the solution of these mysteries. Women have more subtle intuitions than men have—a fact which should make them valuable in actual detective work.

I have often heard women say that they would like to be detectives; and they were women you could never have suspected of any such desire. I know of one woman, a member of the best society in one of our large cities, who helped in the investigation of a mysterious crime and was largely responsible for solving the case. Her name never appeared in connection with it, and her friends would be amazed if they knew she worked on it. She did it simply because she has the kind of mind which enjoys unravelling a mystery. And that kind of mind is by no means uncommon. The number of persons who have offered to help the Government in running down spies and discovering plots would astonish you, I know, if the figures were given out. People love mystery. They like to think that they have "smelled a mouse." In one city alone during the past year fifty thousand "suspicious" incidents or persons were reported to the authorities. Of course, a patriotic desire to guard the country's interests was partly responsible for this. But not altogether. There was also that common human interest in mystery and crime which is so strong in all of us.

I am constantly having proofs of the existence of this interest. Total strangers write to me about some "extraordinary crime" which has been committed in their own town. They are sure it will give me material for a "wonderful" book. As a rule, these letters only prove what I have been saying: that crime is intensely interesting to people, provided it comes close enough to them. For when people write me of some "extraordinary case" I almost invariably find that it is a very ordinary one indeed, without mystery in either the motive or the circumstances. The thing that made it interesting to my correspondent was that it came close to him or to her.

Then there are people who send me newspaper clippings. They are another proof that crime appeals to the human imagination; and from this source I do occasionally get valuable suggestions. My nephew once sent me a clipping which told of the deathbed confession of a physician in a small town. Years before, a woman patient of this doctor had died of some mysterious ailment and he had been so puzzled by it that the night after she was buried he went to the cemetery, bent on finding out the cause of her death.

He dug down until he reached the coffin, and was just about to open it, when he looked up and found himself face to face with the dead woman's husband! In his fright at being

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discovered, he struck the man with a spade and killed him. Of course he was horrified by what he had done, and his only thought was to cover up his crime.

Can you guess what he did? Even in his terror he did not lose sight of the motive which had brought him there. He opened the coffin, took out the body of the woman, put the husband's body there instead, filled up the grave, and carried the woman's body home with him. Later, he buried it in his cellar.

The mystery of the man's disappearance was never explained until the doctor confessed on his death-bed. I think they must have had very poor detectives. But they evidently accepted the natural theory that the man went off and committed suicide through grief over his wife's death. The couple left two children, and the doctor brought them up—which is an illustration of a point I want to make later.

The interesting thing about my connection with this case is that three persons sent me copies of that clipping. At that time my books were published in Germany. But when this story was sent to my agents there, they wrote that they had just accepted a novel dealing with the same incident. And my agents in England wrote that they, too, had just produced a book on that theme. Evidently that clipping had travelled pretty widely. It is an example of the universal appeal of certain crimes.

Normal people are not so much interested in crime itself as they are in the motive behind the act, or in the person committing it, or in the mystery surrounding it, or in some extraordinary circumstance connected with it. To be interested simply in crime, merely as crime, is either morbid or scientific. Most of us are neither. We are just human; and with us it is the motive which rouses our curiosity. Acts are not especially interesting in themselves. But the motives behind the commonest act may be tremendously interesting. Apply this to your own lives and see if it is not true.

For example, suppose your daughter goes to see a friend in the evening, and instead of taking the shortest way follows some roundabout route. If she does this simply because she wants fresh air and exercise, that isn't interesting. But if she does it because she wants to meet her lover, who has been forbidden the house, her simple act is at once full of exciting possibilities. If you go into the city to do some shopping, that is a very commonplace thing. But if you are going there to meet your son, in secret, and to give him your savings so that he may replace money he has stolen from his employer, your little journey is the most thrilling one you ever have taken.

And consider his own act. If he tells you that he took the money to bet on the races, you are shocked and grieved, but there is no mystery in it. If, however, he will not tell you why he did it, if he seems haunted by some strange fear which he will not explain to you, his motive at once looms larger than the act itself. Why did he want the money? What did he do with it? What sinister influence is proving stronger than all your training?

Crimes which are the result of sudden passion are less "interesting" than premeditated ones, because real motive is lacking. That is why I seldom use them in my books. But there may be poignant situations following such an act.

In "Dark Hollow," for example, I took the case of the judge who, in a fit of anger, has killed a man twenty years before the story opens. But I make the man a close friend of the murderer. No one knows that the judge is a real criminal. He presides at the trial of a man who is wrongly accused; and when the man is convicted, he—the real murderer—pronounces sentence. He lacks courage to take the punishment himself; but he does penance secretly, for twenty years, in a convict's cell of his own building in his house.

This attempt to compromise with conscience is absolutely true to life. That is the point I referred to in the case of the doctor who brought up the children of the man he murdered. That might have been a significant clue to a detective with imagination. I don't mean that all kind-hearted people who take care of the children of mysteriously missing parents are to be suspected of murder! I only say that this might have been an important point in that case.

But it seems to me that the ordinary detective is *not* gifted with an imagination.

Certain houses, certain spots, have an atmosphere of mystery. And you cannot always trace it to a definite detail. More often it is only a *feeling*. Just as some houses give you a feeling of comfort, others give you one of dread. Haven't you ever exclaimed, "That house looks as if a crime had been committed there"?

Then there are the freak houses which always excite our curiosity. The house in "Dark Hollow" in which the judge tried to expiate his crime was enclosed in a double fence. I suppose people thought I invented that detail. Yet it was taken from real life. I have found that the incidents in books which people pick out as improbable are the very ones which are founded on fact. Truth *is* stranger than fiction.

Murder is the most interesting crime in the whole category; and for two reasons: First, it is the supreme crime. It is the only irreparable one. It may be true that he who filches from you your good name robs you of something better than life itself. But you always have the chance of getting your good name back again. Robbery, forgery, kidnapping—none of these is absolutely irretrievable. But a life that is taken can never be restored. There is complete finality about such a crime. And as the motive must be correspondingly overwhelming it is, therefore, of the most vital interest.

The other reason why murder is the most interesting theme for a mystery story is that the act involves two persons. They alone have held the explanation. And one of them has been silenced for ever! That lifeless body, with its lips sealed on the great secret, becomes an object of thrilling interest. There is no other

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crime in which you have that situation. That in itself appeals with tremendous force to your imagination. You feel that you *must* know what those silent lips would tell if they could only speak. And when, in the story, you come to the actual telling of just how the murder was committed, you read it as if it were being spoken by the dead man himself. Isn't that true? Haven't you felt, when reading, perhaps, the account of a mysterious murder: "Oh, if only the dead could speak!" And you try to think, to imagine, what they would have to tell.

There is an old saying that "Murder will out"; and it has been confirmed in the vast majority of cases. Even when the criminal has not been convicted in the courts, I believe you would find, if you knew the inner history of these cases, that he is *known* to certain persons. I have in mind now certain murders, sensational trials, where the accused persons were not convicted; but there is no doubt in my mind as to their guilt.

However, I think it is very rare for a murderer to escape detection. No matter how carefully a crime may be planned, or covered up, the criminal almost invariably forgets some significant detail. Curiously enough, Nature herself seems to be in league with circumstances to convict him. She puts a little muddy spot in his path so that he leaves a footprint. Or she blows a curtain aside at the very instant that a passer-by can catch a glimpse of his face. Or she twists the current of a stream so that some evidence of his guilt floats to the surface. Crime is *contrary to Nature*. And Nature often seems bent on punishing it.

In writing detective stories, the less one resorts to arbitrary helps in the mystery, the better. I mean that people are not interested in a crime that depends on some imaginary mechanical device, some unknown poison, or some legendary animal. To resort to such expedients for your mystery is a weakness. To employ imagination in making use of *natural* laws, however, is another matter.

Take the famous French story of a man found in a studio with a bullet through his heart. It was supposed to be a mysterious murder. But the solution was that a manikin, which the artist used as a model in painting, had held a pistol—placed there by the artist himself—in its wooden hand; that there was a leak in the skylight; and that the water dropping on the mechanical hand had caused the fingers to contract, pulling the trigger. The pistol happened to be pointed at the man asleep on the couch, and the bullet went through his heart. The pistol dropped on the floor. The story was an ingenious one, but the interest in it was chiefly one of curiosity, because there was no motive, no deep human feeling there.

It is curious how the "mechanism" of detective stories has changed since I began writing them. Sometimes I think that no one can appreciate, as the writer of detective stories does, the march of science in the past four decades. For he must make use of every one of these modern inventions in building up his plots. When I began writing, we used gas for illumination, carriages for riding, and so on. Now we have electricity, telephones, wireless telegraph, motor-cars, aeroplanes, submarines, motor-boats, and so on. Do you realize how completely the machinery of life has changed in forty years? You *would* if you had been writing mystery novels.

But motives do not change! Character remains the same—built of the eternal qualities of good and evil. And the great truth which I have learned through my study of crime and its motives is that evil qualities are inevitably those which centre in Self. They are overweening ambition, avarice, covetousness, jealousy, revenge, passion. Some one of these is in command when the ship of your life drives on to the rocks. Wipe out Self, and you will wipe out crime.

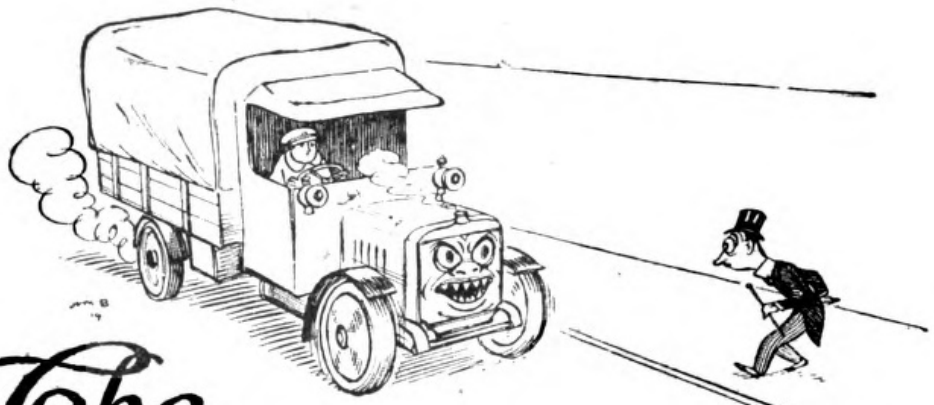


MAJOR AWDRY.

WOUNDED AND MISSING.

In the earnest hope that among readers of "The Strand Magazine" there may be someone able to give information concerning him, we print this portrait of Major C. S. Awdry (South African Ribbon), Wilts Yeomanry, attached 6th Wilts Regiment, 19th Division, Third Army. Major Awdry, who is a partner in the firm of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, is reported wounded and missing since March 25th, 1918, and is believed to have passed through the Rastatt, Russen Lager. Communications should be addressed to Mrs. C. S. Awdry, Hitchambury, Taplow.

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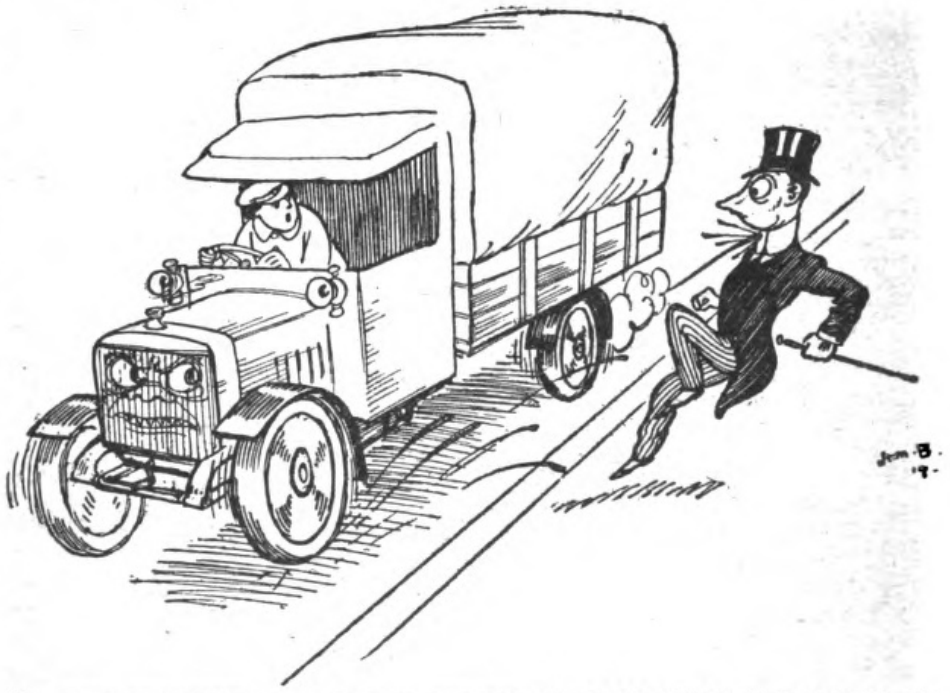
The Official Mind

By BARRY PAIN.

Illustrated by H. M. Bateman.

CUTHBERT was a young bachelor of forty-eight who worked in a Government office, and by integrity and assiduity had become the Head of a Room. His salary permitted him to dress well, and his taste, which was quiet and educated, inclined him to it. He was the best-dressed man in the suburb where he lived with mamma. He was the best-dressed man in the 9.15 a.m. up-train that he caught, with five minutes to spare, every working morning. He was the pride of his tailor, and of his hatter, and eke of his hosier. To look at, he was just a calm and perfect harmony.

But one morning as Cuthbert approached the suburban station calamity befell him. The road was deep in mud, and along the road came a large motor-lorry. It was driven by a uniformed and high-spirited lady; and she drove well when she was not thinking of something else. Unfortunately, as the lorry approached Cuthbert, she gave a passing thought to the January sales, or to dear George, or to the inquest that was getting the most space in the Sunday papers. As Cuthbert saw it, that prosaic lorry became suddenly transformed into a raging wild beast that thirsted for his blood. The lorry made a sudden



"A RICH SPECIMEN OF ROAD-MUD SPRANG UP FROM UNDER THE WHEEL OF THE LORRY AND CAUGHT CUTHBERT A NASTY BLOW ON THE RIGHT WING OF THE COLLAR."

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charge at that part of the pavement whereon Cuthbert ambulated peacefully stationwards. He skipped quickly and saved his life. But, as the lorry sheered off the kerb and resumed its original direction, a feminine voice asked him if he couldn't look where he was going, and at the same time a rich specimen of road-mud sprang up from under the wheel of the lorry and caught Cuthbert a nasty blow on the right wing of the collar.

Cuthbert had a strong instinct to take no notice and, in the beautiful words of the Rules of Bridge, to proceed as if no mistake had been made. But even as he proceeded, he recognized that his appearance was absolutely ruined. And Cuthbert valued appearance far more than most men value realities. It was an emergency.

However, Cuthbert had learned how to deal with an emergency. You first of all gain time, and then calmly, intelligently, and without hurry you deal with the emergency.

He sought a secluded spot on the station platform and in the shadow of the bookstall. He put his head down and his newspaper up, as if reading it. He was not really reading it, because in the moments of our acutest anguish we do not read the newspaper. It was subtlety. Unless you came right up to Cuthbert, you could not see the tragedy that had befallen him. But Cuthbert had friends who travelled by that train and they came right up.

Babbacombe said: "Morning, Cuthbert. What have you done with your collar? It's covered with mud."

"Fool of a woman-driver," said Cuthbert, savagely.

Then came that humorist Burbage, and he said:—

"Halloa, Cuthbert! The collar's not wearing as well as usual this week. Never mind, you'll get a clean one on Saturday."

Other men likewise observed that collar. It was hard on Cuthbert. For, as compared to him, the sensitive plant was thick-skinned and callous. He was glad when he attained a corner seat in the railway carriage and could put a solid *Morning Post* between himself and a heartless world. He had now time to reflect and to plan.

He had to go to the Government office, and this was impossible with a bespattered collar. He had to take Yolande out to lunch. (Nothing of the kind. She was his cousin and quite all right.) And it was unthinkable that Yolande should behold him with a collar that looked like a mudguard. And then a bright thought came to him. His club possessed a servant who was reputed to do miracles with clothes. Cuthbert decided to hand over his collar to that gifted valet for treatment.

He reached the London terminus, darted for a taxi-cab, and mentioned his club.

"Yes, sir," said the driver, cheerfully; "you've got a lot of mud on your collar, sir. Don't know if you know it."

"Yes, I know," said Cuthbert, patiently.

He paused as he entered the club to take his letters from the hall-porter.

"Excuse me, sir," said the porter, "I don't know if you are aware that you have had a slight accident with your collar?"

"Thanks," said Cuthbert, still patiently, and smiling wanly, "I did know about it."



"'HALLOA, CUTHBERT! THE COLLAR'S NOT WEARING AS WELL AS USUAL THIS WEEK."

He removed the collar, and caused the miraculous valet to be summoned to his august but somewhat dishevelled presence. Holding out the collar, he said:—

"Just see what you can do with that."

The man looked at the collar doubtfully.

"If I may say so, sir," he said, "the only really satisfactory way would be to send it to the laundry."

"I know," said the plaintive Cuthbert. "But I've got to wear that collar this morning, and I can't wear it in that state. Do the best you can with it."

"Very good, sir," said the man.

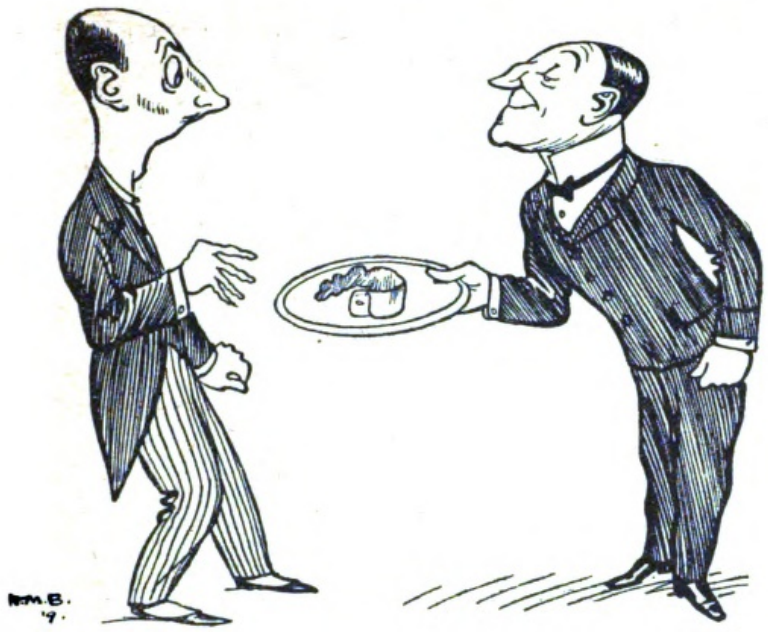
Now, that valet had at his disposal every known brand of cleansing fluid, clothes brushes not a few, needles and thread in great variety, electric irons, and a choice selection of powders of mysterious efficacy. Had Cuthbert torn a three-cornered snag in his coat-sleeve, in ten minutes the valet would have restored the garment to its original perfection. Had Cuthbert spilled the ink down his waistcoat, every trace of the disaster would have been removed with rapid dexterity. But Cuthbert had demanded the impossible. It is easier, far easier, to minister to a mind diseased than it is to tinker with a muddy collar.

When the valet brought the collar back—and with sardonic humour he presented the filthy rag on a silver salver—he said frankly that he was afraid he had not made a success of it.

"You have not," said Cuthbert, coldly.

The spots of mud had been removed from the collar. But on the other hand the whole of the right-hand section was now dyed a uniform

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"HE PRESENTED THE FILTHY RAG ON A SILVER SALVER."

and displeasing sepia. Moreover, the cleansing fluids had played havoc with the starch, so that the right wing was in a state of limp collapse.

Cuthbert put the loathsome thing on again and surveyed himself in the glass. He looked as if he had slept the night in the gutter and was still far from sober. And he knew it—knew it in every fibre of his tortured and sensitive being.

And Yolande was lunching with him!

The thought went through him like a knife. He imagined the veiled gleam in Yolande's humorous eyes as she glanced at that collar. That at least might not be.

And it could be prevented. Yolande worked all the morning at a studio, and the beastly place was not on the telephone, but a telegram would be equally efficacious in postponing that luncheon engagement. He spent time and trouble on the telegram. It contained three direct and deliberate lies, and cost four shillings and eightpence.

Having dispatched that expensive bunch of mendacity, he proceeded to tackle his next difficulty—the office. He would be an hour late at the office. That did not matter, for the Government office which enjoyed Cuthbert's services was not particular to a minute or two. But he would have to appear at the office some time that morning, and if he appeared in that collar, then law and order vanished, and the empire tottered to its fall.

Once more his bright young mind supplied the solution to the difficulty. His own perfect hosier had his shop in the vicinity, and from him Cuthbert would purchase a neck-wrap. This he would dispose about him with artful negligence so that, while the disgraceful and pulpy wing of his collar was hidden completely from view, the left wing peeped from the folds in all its snowy purity. He would explain the neck-wrap by saying that he had a slight throat affection, and the throat affection in its turn would explain his lateness at the office. Oh! it was masterly! To make the throat affection seem more convincing he would speak in a hoarse voice. He began to practise hoarseness, delivering himself of the following sentences, as if addressing Miss Martin, the lady whose secretarial services he commanded at the office.

"Slight laryngitis, Miss Martin. The doctor detained me. Get me Form D.V. nine.seven P.T.O. six eight four point one."

He now took another taxi, both to save time and to hide from the gaze of the curious. He drove in the first instance to his hosier.

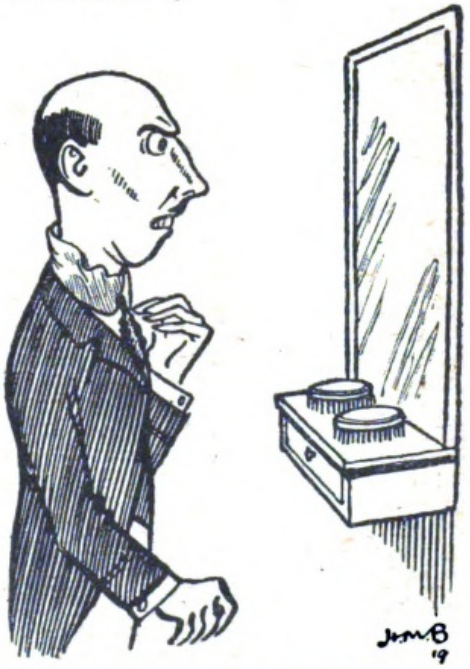
"I say," said Cuthbert, to the elderly man behind the counter, "I want one of those white silk knitted contraptions. Thing to go round the neck, you know."

The salesman did know, and produced several. Cuthbert, in his hour of abasement, selected the very cheapest—it was only fifteen shillings.

"Don't do it up," he said, "I'll take it with me."

"Very good, sir," said the salesman, cheerfully. "Will there be anything else? You have a slight stain on your collar. You would perhaps like another collar to replace it."

Cuthbert sat down abruptly on the chair by the counter, and his blue eyes seemed to be gazing far away into infinite space. Then one hand went mechanically to the back of his neck and began unhitching the soiled rag from his back collar-stud.



"CUTHBERT PUT THE LOATHSOME THING ON AGAIN AND SURVEYED HIMSELF IN THE GLASS."

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"Of course," he said, very wearily. "Another collar. Yes."

Slowly he assumed another collar of immaculate perfection, but he still looked depressed and distraught.

The salesman held up the victim of the mud-distributor.

"Post this on to you, sir?" he asked.

Cuthbert gazed at the wreck with hatred and loathing.

"No," he said, absent-mindedly. "Burn it."

Another collar—why had he never thought of buying another collar? That was the question that was agonizing him, and continued to agonize him in the taxi-cab on his way to the office.

There was a hosier's shop near to the suburban railway station. He would have had plenty of time to have bought a collar there before his train went. He would have spared himself great expense in taxi-cabs, and a telegram, and a neck-wrap, and much mental anguish and effort. He would not have been late at the office. He would not have sacrificed a rapturous luncheon with Yolande. He would have stained his young soul with fewer lies. He would not have made himself ridiculous in the eyes of everybody.

Anybody else would have thought of buying another collar. It required no ingenuity, no initiative, no education. A child might have thought of it. Why, then, had he not thought of it himself?

And, having the official mind, he will never know that it was because he had the official mind. For the official mind prefers the complicated to the simple and the indirect to the direct, and loathes the obvious. It would far rather be wrong in the elaborate and official manner than be obviously right. Cuthbert's mind had become so saturated with the correct official spirit that he was no longer able to think of anything that was quite simple.

So, on arriving at the office, Cuthbert told Miss Martin to ring through to the Chemists' Control and inquire if strychnine could be bought without a coupon. He spoke bitterly, and not seriously.



"'POST THIS ON TO YOU, SIR?' HE ASKED."

Miss Martin spent a conscientious hour and a half in trying to carry out the order. She then reported that there appeared to be no Chemists' Control known under that name, and that she had ascertained that strychnine could be procured without a coupon by signing for it at the chemist's, the signature of a householder being also necessary.

And therein Miss Martin illustrated a more pleasing characteristic of the official mind. It is extremely conscientious, and takes all things seriously—more especially the things that are otherwise intended.

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"TICKETS, PLEASE!"

By D. H. LAWRENCE.

Illustrated by M. MacMichael.

THERE is in the North a single-line system of tram-cars which boldly leaves the county town and plunges off into the black, industrial countryside, up hill and down dale, through the long, ugly villages of workmen's houses, over canals and railways, past churches perched high and nobly over the smoke and shadows, through dark, grimy, cold little market-places, tilting away in a rush past cinemas and shops down to the hollow where the collieries are, then up again, past a little rural church under the ash-trees, on in a bolt to the terminus, the last little ugly place of industry, the cold little town that shivers on the edge of the wild, gloomy country beyond. There the blue and creamy coloured tram-car seems to pause and purr with curious satisfaction. But in a few minutes—the clock on the turret of the Co-operative Wholesale Society's shops gives the time—away it starts once more on the adventure. Again there are the reckless swoops downhill, bouncing the loops; again the chilly wait in the hill-top market-place: again the breathless slithering round the precipitous drop under the church: again the patient halts at the loops, waiting for the outcoming car: so on and on, for two long hours, till at last the city looms beyond, the fat gasworks, the narrow factories draw near, we are in the sordid streets of the great town, once more we sidle to a standstill at our terminus, abashed by the great crimson and cream-coloured city cars, but still jerky, jaunty, somewhat dare-devil, pert as a blue-tit out of a black colliery garden.

To ride on these cars is always an adventure. The drivers are often men unfit for active service: cripples and hunchbacks. So they have the spirit of the devil in them. The ride becomes a steeplechase. Hurrah! we have leapt in a clean jump over the canal bridges—now for the four-lane corner! With a shriek and a trail of sparks we are clear again. To be sure a tram often leaps the rails—but what matter! It sits in a ditch till other trams come to haul it out. It is quite common for a car, packed with one solid mass of living people, to come to a dead halt in the midst of unbroken blackness, the heart of nowhere on a dark night, and for the driver and the girl-conductor to call: "All get off—car's on fire." Instead of rushing out in a panic, the passengers stolidly reply: "Get on—get on. We're not coming out. We're stopping where we are. Push on, George," So till flames actually appear.

The reason for this reluctance to dismount is that the nights are howlingly cold, black and wind-swept, and a car is a haven of refuge. From village to village the miners travel, for a change of cinema, of girl, of pub. The trams are desperately packed. Who is going to risk himself in the black gulf outside, to wait perhaps an hour for another tram, then to see the forlorn notice "Depot Only"—because there is something wrong; or to greet a unit of three bright cars all so tight with people that they sail past with a howl of derision? Trams that pass in the night!

This, the most dangerous tram-service in England, as the authorities themselves declare, with pride, is entirely conducted by girls, and driven by rash young men, or else by invalids who creep forward in terror. The girls are fearless young hussies. In their ugly blue uniforms, skirts up to their knees, shapeless old peaked caps on their heads, they have all the sang-froid of an old non-commissioned officer. With a tram packed with howling colliers, roaring hymns downstairs and a sort of antiphony of obscenities upstairs, the lasses are perfectly at their ease. They pounce on the youths who try to evade their ticket-machine. They push off the men at the end of their distance. They are not going to be done in the eye—not they. They fear nobody—and everybody fears them.

"Halloa, Annie!"

"Halloa, Ted!"

"Oh, mind my corn, Miss Stone! It's my belief you've got a heart of stone, for you've trod on it again."

"You should keep it in your pocket," replies Miss Stone, and she goes sturdily upstairs in her high boots.

"Tickets, please."

She is peremptory, suspicious, and ready to hit first. She can hold her own against ten thousand.

Therefore there is a certain wild romance aboard these cars—and in the sturdy bosom of Annie herself. The romantic time is in the morning, between ten o'clock and one, when things are rather slack: that is, except market-day and Saturday. Then Annie has time to look about her. Then she often hops off her car and into a shop where she has spied something, while her driver chats in the main road. There is very good feeling between the girls and the drivers. Are they not companions in peril,

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"HE SPRINGS ABOARD A CAR AND GREETS ANNIE. 'HALLOA, ANNIE! KEEPING THE WET OUT?'"

shipmates aboard this careering vessel of a tram-car, for ever rocking on the waves of a hilly land?

Then, also, in the easy hours the inspectors are most in evidence. For some reason, everybody employed in this tram-service is young: there are no grey heads. It would not do. Therefore the inspectors are of the right age, and one, the chief, is also good-looking. See him stand on a wet, gloomy morning in his long oilskin, his peaked cap well down over his eyes, waiting to board a car. His face is ruddy, his small brown moustache is weathered, he has a faint, impudent smile. Fairly tall and agile, even in his waterproof, he springs aboard a car and greets Annie.

"Halloa, Annie! Keeping the wet out?"

"Trying to."

There are only two people in the car. Inspecting is soon over. Then for a long and impudent chat on the footboard—a good, easy, twelve-mile chat.

The inspector's name is John Joseph Raynor: always called John Joseph. His face sets in fury when he is addressed, from a distance, with this abbreviation. There is considerable scandal about John Joseph in half-a-dozen villages. He flirts with the girl-conductors in the morning, and walks out with them in the dark night when they leave their tram-car at the depot. Of course, the girls quit the service frequently. Then he flirts and walks out with a new-comer: always providing she is sufficiently attractive, and that she will consent to walk. It is remarkable, however, that most of the girls are quite comely, they are all young, and this roving life aboard the car gives them a sailor's dash and recklessness. What matter how they behave when the ship is in port? To-morrow they will be aboard again.

Annie, however, was something of a tartar, and her sharp tongue had kept John Joseph at arm's length for many months. Perhaps, therefore, she liked him all the more; for he always came up smiling, with impudence. She watched him vanquish one girl, then another. She could tell by the movement of his mouth and eyes, when he flirted with her in the morning, that he had been walking out with this lass, or the other the night before. She could sum him up pretty well.

In their subtle antagonism, they knew each other like old friends; they were as shrewd with one another almost as man and wife. But Annie had always kept him fully at arm's length. Besides, she had a boy of her own.

The Statutes fair, however, came in November, at Middleton. It happened that Annie had the Monday night off. It was a drizzling, ugly night, yet she dressed herself up and went to the fair ground. She was alone, but she expected soon to find a pal of some sort.

The roundabouts were veering round and grinding out their music, the side-shows were making as much commotion as possible. In the coco-nut shies there were no coco-nuts, but artificial substitutes, which the lads declared were fastened into the irons. There was a sad decline in brilliance and luxury. None the less

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the ground was muddy as ever, there was the same crush, the press of faces lighted up by the flares and the electric lights, the same smell of naphtha and fried potatoes and electricity.

Who should be the first to greet Miss Annie, on the show-ground, but John Joseph! He had a black overcoat buttoned up to his chin, and a tweed cap pulled down over his brows, his face between was ruddy and smiling and hardy as ever. She knew so well the way his mouth moved.

She was very glad to have a "boy." To be at the Statutes without a fellow was no fun. Instantly, like the gallant he was, he took her on the dragons, grim-toothed, round-about switchbacks. It was not nearly so exciting as a tram-car, actually. But then, to be seated in a shaking green dragon, uplifted above the sea of bubble faces, careering in a rickety fashion in the lower heavens, whilst John Joseph leaned over her, his cigarette in his mouth, was, after all, the right style. She was a plump, quick, alive little creature. So she was quite excited and happy.

John Joseph made her stay on for the next round. And therefore she could hardly for shame to repulse him when he put his arm round her and drew her a little nearer to him, in a very warm and cuddly manner. Besides, he was fairly discreet, he kept his movement as hidden as possible. She looked down, and saw that his red, clean hand was out of sight of the crowd. And they knew each other so well. So they warmed up to the fair.

After the dragons they went on the horses. John Joseph paid each time, she could but be complaisant. He, of course, sat astride on the outer horse—named "Black Bess"—and she sat sideways towards him, on the inner horse—named "Wildfire." But, of course, John Joseph was not going to sit discreetly on "Black Bess," holding the brass bar. Round they spun and heaved, in the light. And round he swung on his wooden steed, flinging one leg across her mount, and perilously tipping up and down, across the space, half-lying back, laughing at her. He was perfectly happy; she was afraid her hat was on one side, but she was excited.

He threw quoits on a table, and won her two large, pale-blue hatpins. And then, hearing the noise of the cinema, announcing another performance, they climbed the boards and went in.

Of course, during these performances, pitch darkness falls from time to time, when the machine goes wrong. Then there is a wild whooping, and a loud smacking of simulated kisses. In these moments John Joseph drew Annie towards him. After all, he had a wonderfully warm, cosy way of holding a girl with his arm, he seemed to make such a nice fit. And, after all, it was pleasant to be so held; so very comforting and cosy and nice. He leaned over



"AFTER THE DRAGONS THEY WENT ON THE HORSES."

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her and she felt his breath on her hair. She knew he wanted to kiss her on the lips. And, after all, he was so warm and she fitted in to him so softly. After all, she wanted him to touch her lips.

But the light sprang up, she also started electrically, and put her hat straight. He left his arm lying nonchalant behind her. Well, it was fun, it was exciting to be at the Statutes with John Joseph.

When the cinema was over they went for a walk across the dark, damp fields. He had all the arts of love-making. He was especially good at holding a girl, when he sat with her on a stile in the black, drizzling darkness. He seemed to be holding her in space, against his own warmth and gratification. And his kisses were soft and slow and searching.

So Annie walked out with John Joseph, though she kept her own boy dangling in the distance. Some of the tram-girls chose to be huffy. But there, you must take things as you find them, in this life.

There was no mistake about it, Annie liked John Joseph a good deal. She felt so pleasant and warm in herself, whenever he was near. And John Joseph really liked Annie, more than usual. The soft, melting way in which she could flow into a fellow, as if she melted into his very bones, was something rare and gratifying. He fully appreciated this.

But with a developing acquaintance there began a developing intimacy. Annie wanted to consider him a person, a man; she wanted to take an intelligent interest in him, and to have an intelligent response. She did not want a *mere* nocturnal presence—which was what he was so far. And she prided herself that he could not leave her.

Here she made a mistake. John Joseph intended to remain a nocturnal presence, he had no idea of becoming an all-round individual to her. When she started to take an intelligent interest in him and his life and his character, he sheered off. He hated intelligent interest. And he knew that the only way to stop it was to avoid it. The possessive female was aroused in Annie. So he left her.

It was no use saying she was not surprised. She was at first startled, thrown out of her count. For she had been so *very* sure of holding him. For a while she was staggered, and everything became uncertain to her. Then she wept with fury, indignation, desolation, and misery. Then she had a spasm of despair. And then, when he came, still impudently, on to her car, still familiar, but letting her see by the movement of his eyes that he had gone away to somebody else, for the time being, and was enjoying pastures new, then she determined to have her own back.

She had a very shrewd idea what girls John William had taken out. She went to Nora Purdy. Nora was a tall, rather pale, but well-built girl, with beautiful yellow hair. She was somewhat secretive.



"HE POKED HIS HEAD EAS LY INTO THE GIRLS'

"Hey!" said Annie, accosting her; then, softly: "Who's John Joseph on with now?"

"I don't know," said Nora.

"Why tha does," said Annie, ironically lapsing into dialect. "Tha knows as well as I do."

"Well, I do, then," said Nora. "It isn't me, so don't bother."

"It's Cissy Meakin, isn't it?"

"It is for all I know."

"Hasn't he got a face on him!" said Annie. "I don't half like his cheek! I could knock him off the footboard when he comes round me!"

"He'll get dropped on one of these days," said Nora.

"Ay, he will when somebody makes up their mind to drop it on him. I should like to see him taken down a peg or two, shouldn't you?"

"I shouldn't mind," said Nora.

"You've got quite as much cause to as I have," said Annie. "But we'll drop on him one of these days, my girl. What! don't you want to?"

"I don't mind," said Nora.

But as a matter of fact Nora was much more vindictive than Annie.

One by one Annie went the round of the old flames. It so happened that Cissy Meakin left the tramway service in quite a short time. Her mother made her leave. Then John Joseph was on the *qui vive*. He cast his eyes over his old flock. And his eyes lighted on Annie. He

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WAITING-ROOM. 'PRAYER MEETING?' HE ASKED. 'AY,' SAID LAURA SHARP. 'LADIES' EFFORT.'"

thought she would be safe now. Besides, he liked her.

She arranged to walk home with him on Sunday night. It so happened that her car would be in the depot at half-past nine: the last car would come in at ten-fifteen. So John Joseph was to wait for her there.

At the depot the girls had a little waiting-room of their own. It was quite rough, but cosy, with a fire and an oven and a mirror and table and wooden chairs. The half-dozen girls who knew John Joseph only too well had arranged to take service this Sunday afternoon. So as the cars began to come in early, the girls dropped into the waiting-room. And instead of hurrying off home they sat round the fire and had a cup of tea.

John Joseph came on the car after Annie, at about a quarter to ten. He poked his head easily into the girls' waiting-room.

"Prayer meeting?" he asked.

"Ay," said Laura Sharp. "Ladies' effort."

"That's me!" said John Joseph. It was one of his favourite exclamations.

"Shut the door, boy," said Muriel Baggaley.

"On which side of me?" said John Joseph.

"Which tha likes," said Polly Birken.

He had come in and closed the door behind him. The girls moved in their circle to make a place for him near the fire. He took off his great-coat and pushed back his hat.

"Who handles the teapot?" he said.

Nora silently poured him out a cup of tea.

"Want a bit o' my bread and dripping?" said Muriel Baggaley to him.

"Ay, all's welcome."

And he began to eat his piece of bread.

"There's no place like home, girls," he said.

They all looked at him as he uttered this piece of impudence. He seemed to be sunning himself in the presence of so many damsels.

"Especially if you're not afraid to go home in the dark," said Laura Sharp.

"Me? By myself I am!"

They sat till they heard the last tram come in. In a few minutes Emma Housely entered.

"Come on, my old duck!" cried Polly Birkin.

"It *is* perishing," said Emma, holding her fingers to the fire.

"'But I'm afraid to go home in the dark,'" sang Laura Sharp, the tune having got into her mind.

"Who're you going with to-night, Mr. Raynor?" asked Muriel Baggaley, coolly.

"To-night?" said John Joseph. "Oh, I'm going home by myself to-night—all on my lonely-o."

"That's me!" said Nora Purdy, using his own ejaculation. The girls laughed shrilly.

"Me as well, Nora," said John Joseph.

"Don't know what you mean," said Laura.

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"Yes, I'm toddling," said he, rising and reaching for his coat.

"Nay," said Polly. "We're all here waiting for you."

"We've got to be up in good time in the morning," he said, in the benevolent official manner. They all laughed.

"Nay," said Muriel. "Don't disappoint us all."

"I'll take the lot, if you like," he responded, gallantly.

"That you won't, either," said Muriel. "Two's company; seven's too much of a good thing."

"Nay, take one," said Laura. "Fair and square, all above board, say which one."

"Ay!" cried Annie, speaking for the first time. "Choose, John Joseph—let's hear thee."

"Nay," he said. "I'm going home quiet to-night." He frowned at the use of his double name.

"Who says?" said Annie. "Tha's got to ta'e one."

"Nay, how can I take one?" he said, laughing uneasily. "I don't want to make enemies."

"You'd only make *one*," said Annie, grimly.

"The chosen *one*," said Laura. A laugh went up.

"Oh, ay! Who said girls!" exclaimed John Joseph, again turning as if to escape. "Well, good-night!"

"Nay, you've got to take one," said Muriel. "Turn your face to the wall, and say which one touches you. Go on—we shall only just touch your back—one of us. Go on—turn your face to the wall, and don't look, and say which one touches you."

They pushed him to a wall and stood him there with his face to it. Behind his back they all grimaced, tittering. He looked so comical.

"Go on!" he cried.

"You're looking—you're looking!" they shouted.

He turned his head away. And suddenly, with a movement like a swift cat, Annie went forward and fetched him a box on the side of the head that sent his cap flying. He started round.

But at Annie's signal they all flew at him, slapping him, pinching him, pulling his hair, though more in fun than in spite or anger. He, however, saw red. His blue eyes flamed with strange fear as well as fury, and he butted through the girls to the door. It was locked. He wrenched at it. Roused, alert, the girls stood round and looked at him. He faced them, at bay. At that moment they were rather horrifying to him, as they stood in their short uniforms. He became suddenly pale.

"Come on, John Joseph! Come on! Choose!" said Annie.

"What are you after? Open the door," he said.

"We sha'n't—not till you've chosen," said Muriel.

"Chosen what?" he said.

"Chosen the one you're to marry," she replied. The girls stood back in a silent, attentive group.

He hesitated a moment:—

"Open the confounded door," he said, "and get back to your senses." He spoke with official authority.

"You've got to choose," cried the girls.

He hung a moment; then he went suddenly red, and his eyes flashed.

"Come on! Come on!" cried Annie.

He went forward, threatening. She had taken off her belt and, swinging it, she fetched him a sharp blow over the head with the buckle end. He rushed with lifted hand. But immediately the other girls flew at him, pulling him and pushing and beating him. Their blood was now up. He was their sport now. They were going to have their own back, out of him. Strange, wild creatures, they hung on him and rushed at him to bear him down. His tunic was torn right up the back. Nora had hold at the back of his collar, and was actually strangling him. Luckily the button-hole burst. He struggled in a wild frenzy of fury and terror, almost mad terror. His tunic was torn off his back as they dragged him, his shirt-sleeves were torn away, one arm was naked. The girls simply rushed at him, clenched their hands and pulled at him; or they rushed at him and pushed him, butted him with all their might.

At last he was down. They rushed him, kneeling on him. He had neither breath nor strength to move. His face was bleeding with a long scratch.

Annie knelt on him, the other girls knelt and hung on to him. Their faces were flushed, their hair wild, their eyes were all glittering strangely. He lay at last quite still, with face averted, as an animal lies when it is defeated and at the mercy of the captor.

Sometimes his eye glanced back at the wild faces of the girls. His breast rose heavily, his wrists were scratched and bleeding.

"Now then, my fellow!" gasped Annie at length.

"Now then—now——"

At the sound of her terrifying, cold triumph, he suddenly started to struggle as an animal might, but the girls threw themselves upon him with unnatural strength and power, forcing him down.

"Yes—now then!" gasped Annie at length. And there was a dead silence, in which the thud of heartbeating was to be heard. It was a suspense of pure silence in every soul.

"Now you know where you are," said Annie.

The sight of his white, bare arm maddened the girls. He lay in a kind of trance of fear and antagonism. They felt themselves filled with supernatural strength.

Suddenly Polly started to laugh—to giggle wildly—helplessly—and Emma and Muriel joined in. But Annie and Nora and Laura remained the same, tense, watchful, with gleaming eyes. He winced away from these eyes.

"Yes," said Annie, recovering her senses a little.

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"THE GIRLS FLEW AT HIM, PULLING HIM AND PUSHING AND BEATING HIM."

"Yes, you may well lie there! *You* know what you've done, don't you? You know what you've done."

He made no sound nor sign, but lay with bright, averted eyes and averted, bleeding face.

"You ought to be *killed*, that's what you ought," said Annie, tensely.

Polly was ceasing to laugh, and giving long-drawn oh-h-h's and sighs as she came to herself.

"He's got to choose," she said, vaguely.

"Yes, he has," said Laura, with vindictive decision.

"Do you hear—do you hear?" said Annie. And with a sharp movement, that made him wince, he turned his face to her.

"Do you hear?" she repeated, shaking him. But he was dumb. She fetched him a sharp slap on the face. He started and his eyes widened.

"Do you hear?" she repeated.

"What?" he said, bewildered, almost overcome.

"You've got to *choose*," she cried, as if it were some terrible menace.

"What?" he said, in fear.

"Choose which of us you'll have, do you hear, and stop your little games. We'll settle you."

There was a pause. Again he averted his face. He was cunning in his overthrow.

"All right then," he said. "I choose Annie."

"Three cheers for Annie!" cried Laura.

"Me!" cried Annie. Her face was very white, her eyes like coal. "Me——!"

Then she got up, pushing him away from her with a strange disgust.

"I wouldn't touch him," she said.

The other girls rose also. He remained lying on the floor.

"Oh, if he's chosen——" said Polly.

"I don't want him—he can choose another," said Annie, with the same rather bitter disgust.

"Get up," said Polly, lifting his shoulder. "Get up."

He rose slowly, a strange, ragged, dazed creature. The girls eyed him from a distance, curiously, furtively, dangerously.

"Who wants him?" cried Laura, roughly.

"Nobody," they answered, with derision.

And they began to put themselves tidy, taking down their hair, and arranging it. Annie unlocked the door. John Joseph looked round for his things. He picked up the tatters, and did not quite know what to do with them. Then he found his cap, and put it on, and then his overcoat. He rolled his ragged tunic into a bundle. And he went silently out of the room, into the night.

The girls continued in silence to dress their hair and adjust their clothing, as if he had never existed.

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Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton.



LILY BRAYTON AS CLEOPATRA IN "ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA."

Photo. M. Moore.

TWENTY-FIVE years! It is a goodly slice out of a man's life. Twenty-five years of make-believe romance, comedy, and tragedy; of study to please the tastes of a critical public; of aims, ambitions, and ideals—some realized, many shattered. Twenty-five years so full of work that I seem to have spent every waking hour in the dressing-room or on the stage.

Looking back over the twenty-five years which have elapsed since, as a youth of twenty-one, I made my English *début* at the old Opera Comique Theatre as Roberts in "Man and Woman," with the late Arthur Dacre and Amy Roselle, I must frankly confess that Dame Fortune has been good to me; for the particular reason that she gave me a good start. That engagement at the Opera Comique led me to join F. R. Benson, with whom I remained eight years, playing numerous parts in the varied Shakespearean and old comedy repertory presented by that wonderful teacher, actor, and manager.

To the training I received while under the mastership of Mr. Benson (he had not then been knighted) I readily attribute what success has since fallen to my lot. There is another reason why I am indebted to the Benson school. It was while a pupil there that I met Miss Lily Brayton, who ultimately agreed to share my hopes and fortunes, assets which at the time were of a rather negligible quantity, but which, thanks to her co-operation, have since showed signs of improvement.

That I can call myself a Bensonian is one of my proudest recollections. We—and by "we" I mean the many actors and actresses who owe their measure of success to Benson—love the man and admire his genius and the efforts he has made to spread the love and knowledge of Shakespeare throughout the country. His cult of the body as well as the mind, too, always appealed to me, for I share his love of athletics.

I remember at Manchester we once had six evening performances and a *matinée*, and in the five days we were free we played six games of water-polo, two of hockey, and two of Association football. We never used to play fewer than three games in any week, and once in Ireland we played water-polo against a team which included five international players and beat them by nine goals to one.

Benson's love of athletics, moreover, has provided many good stories. I have heard it said that an actor-athlete was always sure of getting an engagement with him. I have my doubts about this, for however much he loved athletics, art always came first. This mixture of acting and athletics, however, led to some quaint misunderstandings. Sir Frank Benson himself tells the story of an occasion when he needed a young actor to play Rugby in "The

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By THEMSELVES



OSCAR ASCHE IN "COUNT HANNIBAL."
Photo. Histed.

Merry Wives of Windsor." After some inquiries he heard of a likely man, who was then "reading" in the provinces, so he sent him a telegram forthwith: "Am wanting good man to play Rugby. Can you come?"

Promptly came the reply:—

"Yes, with pleasure. Used to play half-back for —— for years."

The best Benson story I have heard, however, is one he tells against himself. Appearing in a certain town before a small audience, he made his exit with the words, "Tarry awhile and anon I will return," upon which a voice from the gallery exclaimed: "Don't trouble to return, guv'nor; we're going and sha'n't be back."

I remember, too, that after he was knighted in 1916 Sir Frank told us at an O.P. Club dinner one night about a prize essay on Shakespeare by a twelve-year-old schoolboy, which had been sent to him by a schoolmaster.

"Shakespeare was a very good man," the essay ran, "but he was very fond of writing and wrote a great deal. There was a play performed at Drury Lane called 'Julius Cæsar.' One Benson played Judas Iscariot, and as a reward for his services the King tapped him!"

My love of sport and athletics is a natural love. As a boy in Geelong, in Victoria, Australia, where I was born, and later at Melbourne School, I followed the doings of Australia's cricketers with fervid and envious interest, my ambition being to become a champion batsman. This cricket fever still maintains its grip on me, and no century-maker ever felt as proud of himself as I did when, while touring Australia in 1909, I captained a Shakespeare side at the Melbourne Cricket Club and hit one out of the ground for six. Such are the little conceits of man.

At the same time, as a boy I was greatly fascinated by the stage, and my appetite for histrionic fame was whetted when, at the kindergarten school which I attended, I made my first appearance on any stage, my part being that of Henry VII. in a set of tableaux arranged by the schoolmistress. Alas for my boyish dreams of footlight fame! When, after attending the Melbourne Grammar School, I aspired to become a member of the regular dramatic society there, the leading lights of that organization firmly but politely told me that my dramatic talent was of a quality known as rotten.

The stage as a career seemed a remote possibility when family circumstances demanded that I should earn a living. The best thing I seemed fitted for was work on an up-country cattle-station, and thither I went, spending a couple of years after leaving school at Melbourne rounding-up cattle. Hard work and plenty of fresh air was the daily programme, and I certainly enjoyed the life far better than that of a clerk in a wine-office, a post secured for me when I was removed to Sydney by my father. Indeed, the latter work was so distasteful to me that it is probable that I should have gone back to the cattle-station if my mother, who knew of my hankering for stage life, and who was a Norwegian, had not arranged for me to go to Norway to study the stage under Hansen, the producer of Ibsen plays. From the care of Hansen I passed to the care of Björnstjerne Björnsen, the son of the celebrated author, at whose suggestion I came to England, and, as I have already explained, found my way into the Benson company.

So much for biography. England has since

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AGE 8.
Photo, E. C. Waddington, Melbourne.

been my home. But among my happiest recollections are the tours my wife and I made in Australia in 1909–10 and again in 1912–13, when we also proceeded to South Africa. Apart from the cordiality with which we were received, there was additional financial satisfaction, particularly in regard to the last tour, our gross takings for sixty-eight weeks amounting to between £120,000 and £130,000! The repertoire included "Kismet," "Anthony and Cleopatra," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the tour proving that Australians will support any good production.

At the risk of tiring the reader and encroaching on the pages reserved for my wife, who is about to make her entrance, I should like, if I may, to refer to one whom I consider to be a destroyer of drama—viz., the deadhead. Once you give a man a free seat for the play you will have a difficulty ever after to make him "pay to go in." And yet managers go on working extensive free lists for "friends"—not only for first nights but other nights. It is entirely a mistake, this free-list system.

Thank goodness, however, all deadheads do not expect quite so much as one I met with a few years ago. We were playing at a long-famous old playhouse in an ancient town, and had billed "Macbeth" for the Friday night. During that day, however, the theatre was burnt down. For our next week there our chief contrived to borrow a playhouse a little way out of the district. On reaching there to rehearse on the Monday, the manager received a letter saying that the writer had been given two dress-circle orders for the performance of "Macbeth," but as the play was not performed owing to the destruction of the theatre, the



AGE 12.
Photo. "Imperial," Melbourne.

AGE 18.

THREE INTERESTING EARLY PORTRAITS OF OSCAR ASCHE.

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writer surmised that the manager would remit the money value of those orders!

He almost deserved the money for his cheek.

CONTINUED BY MISS LILY BRAYTON.

I HAVE read my husband's reminiscences and notice his complimentary reference to myself. I should like, however, to recall to his mind the fact that, with the cool assertiveness of a Petruchio, he had decided on the co-operation from which he confesses to have derived such benefit before my humble self had been consulted in the matter—before, in fact, I had spoken to him or we had been introduced!

According to a confession he made to me when we *did* become engaged, he first saw me as I passed through the stage-door of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, where I had gone to interview Mr. Benson (as he then was). After I had passed through he turned to a friend and said:—

"That is the girl I am going to marry."

Perhaps it was his self-confidence as a wooer which fitted him so well for the character of Petruchio, when for nearly a thousand nights he treated me so shamefully as the long-suffering Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew." Indeed, he is rather inclined to glory in his opportunities for domination over woman, and had the effrontery one night at the Savage Club to boast that during the years he had been in London "he had wallowed in brutality towards women on the stage."

In view of all this, the fear is natural that the reminiscences of a mere woman would suffer in comparison with those of such a man. However, we have this much in common, that I too can claim the pride of being a Bensonian, and I too should like to pay tribute to the teaching and training which meant so much to me.

You must visualize a Lancashire lassie, with a longing for the stage, born of reading poetry and Shakespeare. A holiday in Scarborough and a visit to the theatre, where Benson was playing "Hamlet," intensified that longing, with the result that I dared to write him a letter telling him of my fondness for Shakespeare and my desire to go on the stage. I hardly expected that he would answer, but a day or two afterwards a letter did come from him asking me to see him at the theatre. Of course, I went, and recited to him Queen Katharine's big speech before the Court. When I had finished, Mr. Benson told me I should join the company, but, to my inexpressible regret, he made haste to add that there was no vacancy at the moment. Still, he told me that, as soon as there was, he would send for me. I went away crestfallen, for when I got his letter I quite expected that he would engage me then and there.

When I got home I did not say a word to my mother about having written. A few weeks later, however, when my sister and I were working with our governess, my mother entered the schoolroom with an open telegram in her hand. "Can you tell me what the meaning of this is?" she asked, as she put the paper into my hand: "Join the company to-morrow at Manchester.—BENSON."

I had to explain about the letter, my visit to the theatre, and Mr. Benson's promise. My mother was greatly distressed, for she did not know anything about the stage, and therefore mistrusted it. I told her, however, that I felt that the quiet life at home was not suited to me; that I wanted to do something, and I thought I could find my best field on the stage. Looking back, I can see that the firmness of my decision satisfied her, for she put no obstacles in my way, and the next day I went to Manchester to see Mr. Benson.

Technically speaking, my first appearance was as a super, for I walked on in "Twelfth Night" the evening of the same day that I arrived in Manchester. In the repertoire of that week were also included "Othello," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Richard II.," and I appeared in all of them. It was in the last-named that I spoke my first line as one of the ladies in attendance on the Queen, whom I afterwards played both with Mr. Benson and



OSCAR ASCHE AS ABU HASSAN DISGUISED AS CHU CHIN CHOW.
Photo. F. W. Burford.

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LILY BRAYTON AS VIRGILIA IN "CORIOLANUS."
Photo. Romney.

with Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's. My line was, I believe: "Madam, we will play at bowls."

Unimportant as the line was, I think I felt an importance which has never been equalled when I have been playing the most onerous leading part. It seemed to me as though I were the only person in the scene, and as if the audience would have its eyes on me alone; while, as a matter of fact, I know that nobody took the slightest notice of me. I have often laughed at myself since, for it shows how delightfully humorous a thing it is to lose one's sense of proportion.

At the end of the week Mr. Benson sent for me and told me that he was very pleased with the way I had been working, and gave me the first salary I had ever earned on the stage. It was done up in an envelope, and when I opened it I found that my salary amounted to twenty-five shillings. Before I had been living on an allowance from home. After that, when my salary began, I asked that my allowance should cease; and, happily for me, from the day I received that first salary I have never been out of an engagement.

My first real chance came when Mrs. Benson fell ill at Newcastle-on-Tyne and I was asked to play Ophelia. That night Miss Ellen Terry was in front, and when the performance was over she sent for me, and the things she said made me a very happy and very proud girl. It was after that performance that Mr. Benson engaged me for three years, during which time we came to the Lyceum, where I had the good fortune to attract the notice of Sir Herbert Tree, who engaged me, and with whom I remained for between three and four years.

As Alice in "Henry V." I made my London *début*, my first real taste of success, however, being as Viola in "Twelfth Night." But I believe, of all the characters I have impersonated, I most enjoy Rosalind in "As You Like It." I practically began my stage career in comedy, and much prefer it; for I think emotional parts, such as Clotilde in "Count Hannibal," for instance, have a tendency to make me rather depressed.

Later years have been spent in joint management with my husband, whom I have found a source of responsibility and anxiety at times.



AS ANNE PAGE IN "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."
Photo. Romney.

IN "THE DARLING OF THE GODS."
Photo. Alfred Ellis & Walery.

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He seems destined for trouble. When we were playing at a theatre in Dunedin, New Zealand, the counter-weight of the fireproof curtain fell on him. Fortunately it glanced off his shoulder, but it caused me a short period of extreme anxiety.

Again, when we were playing "Kismet," a pole from the flies fell on him. I was not on the stage at the time, but I can well remember my terror when a boy came rushing up to me and exclaimed: "Miss Brayton, Miss Brayton, a pole's fell on Mr. Asche!" But here, happily, my worst fears were ill-founded.

If any more heavy objects fall on him from the flies, I shall make him give up acting and go in for skittles, or something less exciting!

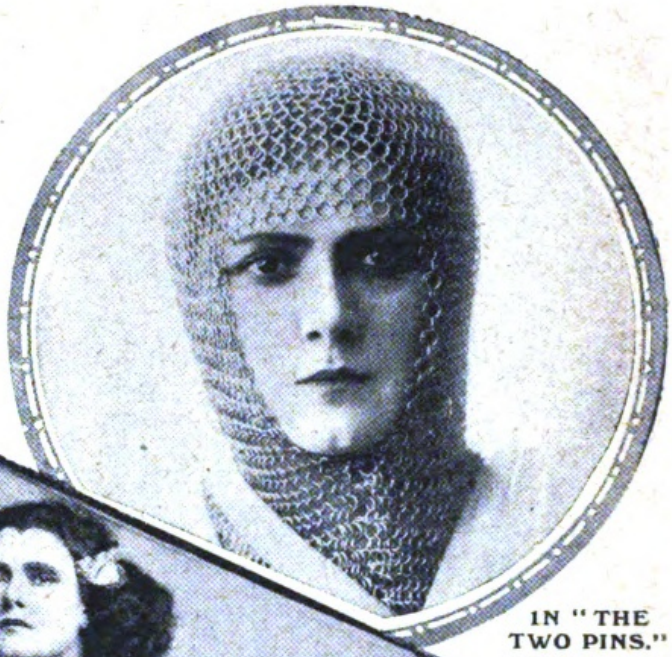
Outside the theatre I have not much interest, except my love of the garden and of dogs, always my special pets. The theatre is my work and my play. My interest, however, in our productions does not begin and end with studying my part and playing it. I look upon the wardrobes as my special department.

What can be more fascinating to a woman than the study of clothes? For modern dress I don't care tuppence, except, of course, that I like my own to be nice. Mediæval clothes have always appealed to me. Indeed, so strong is this predilection for dress of a bygone day that I don't think it would interest me the least to play in a modern piece; nor do I look with favour on the modern tendency, especially in the attire of mere man, towards sombre colour and subdued harmonies. Colour affects one so much that I feel we should have everything around us as bright as possible.

I am sure that if we could only dispel the notion that bright colours are vulgar, and utilize them more in our dress and in our home decorations, life would be very much better.

In other respects, too, we have departed from the artistic in our dress. I hate the waistline and sigh for the days to come again when all our robes shall be loose and hang in graceful lines and soft clinging folds from the neck.

You can imagine, therefore, how the Eastern charm of "Kismet" and "Chu Chin Chow" appealed to me.



IN "THE TWO PINS."
Photo. R. Martin.



IN "CHU CHIN CHOW."
Photo F. W. Burford.

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Men Are Such Children.

By HOLWORTHY HALL.

Illustrated by Treyer Evans.



FOR the first few minutes she had failed to realize that it was different from any other morning, except, perhaps, that it was a trifle colder and a trifle quieter. Presently, however, she had remembered with a little gasp of apprehension that it was Christmas ; and as she reflected upon the sacred responsibilities before her she had added a faint sigh and then a healthy groan to the collection. She thought of her home in London, at the other side of the Atlantic. She and her mother had come to America on a visit early in the war, and as her mother had been forbidden by her doctor to risk the excitement of re-crossing the Atlantic until the war ended, the girl had stayed with her.

Beatrice's thoughts switched once more to the coming events of the day. Then in another moment her sense of humour had risen to the rescue, and she laughed. After all, there was a humorous side to it—and humour, at that time of the morning, was better than the getting-up bell.

Half an hour later, when she descended blithely to the dining-room, her spirits were effervescent—so effervescent, indeed, that she forgave Emmeline in advance for not having the table set ; and merely smiled indulgently at the thought of Emmeline's probable revel among her negro friends last night. Excusable, certainly, to-day, if ever.

She rang for Emmeline. In due course she rang again. Eventually she held her foot on the electric bell while she dispassionately counted five hundred, by tens ; and after that, beginning to frown a little, Beatrice rose and went out to the pantry ; continued her search, and went out to the kitchen. There was no Emmeline, and furthermore, there was no cook ; and it was at this juncture that Beatrice realized the full extent of the quiet.

Three storeys nearer heaven she knocked at the door of the servants' quarters, and received a muffled invitation to enter. Complying, prepared for a skirmish, she was met by a groan so whole-hearted and majestic as to render her own previous effort in that line quite amateurish by comparison.

"Why, *Jemima !*" she cried. "What's the matter ?"

The cook regarded her as though Beatrice were personally responsible.

"You shut that door behind you, ma'am," she said. "I got imfluenza."

"Influenza !" echoed Beatrice, aghast. "Why, Jemima, I'm awfully sorry—but you don't *know* it's influenza, do you ? It's probably only a cold. I'm going to get you some aspirin, and——"

Jemima prefaced her objection by another masterly groan.

"I got imfluenza, an' that's *'nough*. Jus' you lemme 'lone."

Beatrice showed great compassion, but kept a respectful distance.

"Now don't be silly, Jemima. I——"

"I ain' cook no dinnuh fer soldiers this day, ma'am," croaked Jemima, building her defences early. "Law*dee !* No, ma'am. I ain' even cook no brekfus. Say *nothin'* 'bout cookin' big dinnuh fer 'em soldiers." Here she sneezed twice, and looked at Beatrice triumphantly.

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"Imfluenza," she said, with calm decision. "I don' git out o' this here bed *this* day, not fer nobody. Is that door *shut*, ma'am?"

Beatrice stared at her.

"I'll get you the aspirin, anyway. You'll have to take care of yourself, Jemima, whether you like it or not. Where's Emmeline?"

"Emmeline she done got shivery las' night 'bout 'leven o'clock, Miss Bee—she say she guess she go home till she feel better."

"You mean to say Emmeline's gone *home?*"

"Ain' I *tole* you, ma'am? She got imfluenza, too. She ain' sneeze lak I does, but she *shiver* faster'n a cat's foot. Emmeline she ain' serve no dinnuh nohow—*'Choo!*—'Em soldiers go get something to eat some *othuh* place—*'Choo!*—Shut that *door!*"

Beatrice, somewhat demoralized, had withdrawn. It was, of course, a considerable shock, but her mind was busy with the new emergency, and the idea of surrender never occurred to her. Nevertheless, while she found the aspirin and persuaded Jemima to swallow it, and, after that, while she sparred with the elements of breakfast, she remarked to herself that life consists of one sort of thing closely followed by two more. It was bad enough that her aunt, in New York, had also caught this seasonable infection, but it was infinitely worse that her mother had felt it her duty to sacrifice the holiday and run over on the night train to interfere with the nurse. It was worse yet that her mother had positively refused to let Beatrice accompany her to New York.

Social obligations, her mother had said, were always sacred, but when they concerned a dozen homesick, friendless soldiers, who were aching to be demobilized now that the "big show" was over, they were inviolable. The twelve soldiers who had been asked to dine at Beatrice's temporary home would, in all probability, date their most chivalrous memories from this very Christmas. They would taste luxury for the first time. Influenced by their surroundings, they would be better men henceforward; they would understand the true inward meaning of democracy. They *must* not be disappointed; and Beatrice must, therefore, stay and act as hostess. An elderly neighbour had promised faithfully to attend as chaperon. And then, with Christmas in prospect, with the maid on leave of absence for the holiday, and Emmeline and Jemima——

Shaking herself free from useless speculation, she went with dignity to consult the telephone directory. Fortunately, she found a registry office there, and rang the number up.

The woman at the other end of the wire was an incorrigible optimist, and a very present help in trouble. Twin sisters were on her books for just such a circumstance; one cooked like an angel and the other served like Ganymede. To her personal knowledge the sisters weren't engaged for to-day; she pledged her honour that they would both appear at half-past ten. Also a scullery-maid if possible, but that was a matter of doubt.

"You've no cause to worry," said the voice, cheerfully. "The girls will be there all right. Merry Christmas!"

Beatrice rose from the instrument with the air of a conqueror.

There was an interval of an hour or two, during which she fortified her courage by re-arranging the decorations. To be sure, the solitude oppressed her, but she concentrated on the pleasure she was about to bestow upon those homesick soldiers; and, too, she could renew her spirits by stopping occasionally before a mirror to examine the effect of a long-wished-for string of pearls. At half-past ten precisely the telephone bell rang. Beatrice removed the receiver.

"Halloa? Oh, yes—Camp Booth!" she said. "Go on—I'm listening."

She changed expression frequently before she comprehended the purport of what was told her from Camp headquarters.

"But—but, see here!" cried Beatrice, paralyzed. "I've been—why, you don't *know* how much bother it's been to—oh, I didn't mean *that*, but—you aren't saying my soldiers can't *come?* Not *any* of them?"

"They're all in the same company, and it's quarantined," said the pleasant voice at the other end of the line. "Influenza. Quarantined this morning."

Beatrice swallowed rapidly and hard. "Can't any of them come? Not *possibly?* Why—why, I *can't* give it up! You don't know what you're talking about! I've made *plans!* I've given up a trip to New York, and all sorts of things—and I've got all the food here—and I've had——" Here she began to grow uncertain in her speech. "I've had the very *dickens* of a time to get servants, and if you—if you don't send *some*body I—I—I won't ever get over it! I just want you to understand—no, *no!* I've given up *every*thing! It's too late. It's too late. And I just *want* somebody to come—we'd planned this for weeks and weeks——"

"Most of the men who aren't quarantined have other invitations, Miss Morgan, and——"

"But isn't there *some*body left?" she appealed, desperately. "*Please.* You don't know what this means to me. Please try to find somebody who can come—won't you?"

There was a brief pause, a confused murmur at the other end. "Could you do with three?" came the voice.

"*Three!* Why——"

"I can get you three all right—but I'm afraid that's all."

"Well—send 'em, then!" said Beatrice, choking. "You know where it is, do you?"

"Right-o!" said the voice, cheerily. "They'll be there."

Having hung up the receiver, with a despairing hope that the three musketeers would at least have passable table manners, her next step was to discover the whereabouts of the heavenly twins, already many minutes late. This task was complicated, inasmuch as the registry office woman wasn't now at home. Beatrice didn't exactly lose her temper, but she palpably mislaid it, and this didn't tend to make the morning

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brighter. In the meantime, the clock was threatening to strike eleven; and Beatrice thought with heightened distress of the contents of the kitchen and the pantry. She was on the point of trying some other registry office when the bell rang. Not the door bell—the telephone bell. Beatrice said a well-known word, and said it sincerely.

"Oh, good bordig, Beatrice," began the elderly neighbour who had promised to act as chaperon. "Berry Christbas. Yes——" For Beatrice had emitted a startled wail of horror, "I'b sorry, dear, bud the dogdor says id's odly idfluedzo. Everybody seebs to have id. You cad get subwud else to chaberod you, I'b sure; I'b sorry to biss all those dice boys, bud you do how id is."

She pulled herself together and spoke sweet sympathy; but after the elderly neighbour had rung off she kicked a small patch of veneering from the telephone desk, and wished it had been larger. The chaperon, however, could presumably be replaced. Not so the cook and waitress. For the third time she called up that smooth-tongued registry office person; and her heart bounded when she replied in person.

"I was just going to call you, Miss Morgan," she said. "I'm sorry, but both those girls are sick in bed with influenza—Yes—awfully ill—No, I'm sorry, but I have no other cooks or waitresses—No, I couldn't get the scullery-maid—No—Sorry, nothing at all—Well, Merry Christmas, Miss Morgan."

Dazed, stricken, speechless, the girl sat for a minute or two revolving this frightful situation in her mind. There was no way out of it. The whole point of the proceeding had been to furnish a measure of luxury to the selected soldiers; it was no use going ahead on any basis like this. They would be happier in their own society, and she—condemned to the society of hers—would make the best of it alone. Resentfully, and almost in tears, she called up the Camp.

"Why, they left here twenty minutes ago," said the man who finally proved capable of giving information. "Yes—it takes an hour and a half to get there. Didn't you know? No? Well—they've left, anyway."

Beatrice hung up the receiver and sat still. She thought of—of everything. From the beginning. She gazed out of the window, and perceived that it was snowing lightly. A white Christmas! Across the street, windows were gaily decked with holly; she could even see, diagonally, the outlines of a tinselled and mysterious tree. "Merry Christmas?" said Beatrice, savagely. "Merry as a hearse. I'll give 'em some money and they can go and get dinner at some hotel. *I* can't cook. Let 'em come. Let 'em come!"



"THE DOOR OPENED AND ON THE THRESHOLD STOOD A GIRL."

The three young men, having stamped much snow from their boots, lingered in the hall, and regarded each other soberly.

"Well——" said Daggett, as though in doubt.

"We're *here*," said Stockton, as though in equally dubious answer.

"Judging from her voice, she's got red hair," said Prescott. "But we're here!"

Daggett, short and stout and blond, rang the bell, and hastily edged behind Stockton, who was tall and thin enough to serve as a *chevaux-de-frise*.

"Come out of that! Here! Get up here in line! Behave yourself."

"You're the senior—go ahead and lead your squad."

"Senior be hanged!" said Stockton, modestly. "K. P. put this up. I'll give him my proxy."

"I'm bashful," said Prescott. He attempted to dive outside the hall, but the others collared him. "Besides—I did all the rest of the work. Why pick on me?"

"Work! All you did was *talk* to her!"

"Well, I tell you she had a red-haired voice. That ought to count for——"

"Go on! You're used to interviewing real ladies. Didn't you say you used to drive a laundry cart? Who got up this expeditionary force, anyhow?"

"'Sh—h! Here comes the maiden!"

"Now, for goodness' sake, Doggy, don't eat with your knife——"

"Anybody think to bring any mistletoe?"

"Shut *up!*"

The three men stiffened simultaneously. The door had opened, and on the threshold stood a girl—a girl who was possibly twenty-one or two, and unmistakably not the housemaid. She was an unusually pretty girl; but, more than that,

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she was of the disarming type—not small, by any means, but of attractive figure; not forward, but of the most obviously frank and friendly disposition. Her eyes—astonishingly wide just now—were hazel brown, and her hair—Stockton punched Prescott just above his belt—was gloriously brownish-red. She stared at the three in what was very like consternation, until Prescott bowed. This was just after Prescott's heart had jumped.

"Miss Morgan?" he inquired. "We're the three men from Camp Booth you were telephoning to me about. I'm Lieutenant Prescott, and these are Lieutenant Daggett and Lieutenant Stockton. It's awfully good of you——"

Miss Morgan's expression was still worth looking at.

"But—but I didn't expect *officers!*" she gasped.

Stockton and Daggett exchanged startled glances, and both turned towards Prescott. This was news. Prescott, however, was still more or less at his ease. "You *said* 'anybody,'" he reminded her. "And we're the only three who weren't already provided for. I can vouch for my own table manners, and these fellows——" he surveyed Daggett coldly—"are slowly improving." He observed that Miss Morgan hadn't yet recovered from her astonishment, and he smiled his handsomest. "There weren't any others available, or I assure you I'd have sent some. And then it occurred to me that rather than have you disappointed—after what you'd said about your troubles and your plans, we'd come ourselves. I couldn't find another man. Truly. And——" He bowed low. "I promise you, Miss Morgan, we can eat just as much as any three of our men—but if we're only intruding, why——"

"Oh, come in, come in!" she said, hysterically. "I wasn't worrying about how much you can eat—I was wondering how well you can *cook*."

"Cook?" said Daggett, wriggling out of his overcoat.

"*Cook!*" repeated Stockton, blankly.

"They're both very good at it," said Prescott, calmly. "Why?"

She told them. It wasn't a long narrative, and it lost nothing in the telling; but towards the end of it Prescott, who had laughed less than the others, and watched Beatrice more, became thoughtful.

"Perhaps," he said, "it would be better all round if you'd be *our* guest at an hotel somewhere, or—or anything else you like. It certainly isn't reasonable to expect you to——"

"*He* never told us," protested Stockton. "We——"

"How could *I* know?" demanded Prescott, spreading his hands.

Beatrice compelled them all to silence with a gesture.

"Nobody could know, and it's nobody's fault," she said, firmly. "It's just a grand, big accident, and after I've got all of you *in* here—supposing of *course* that everything would be all right—I don't see any reason for us to go and be ridiculous about it—do you? What difference does it make? Except——" She paused. "Except the chaperon."

There was an uncomfortable silence.

"My mother used to say," observed Daggett, vaguely, "that people who need chaperons don't deserve any."

Beatrice laughed, and the assembly beamed with relief.

"But—can anybody cook?"

"Let's learn," said Stockton.

"*Honestly?* Is that what you *want* to do? Because it would break my heart to have you come all this way, and then not——"

"Try us!"

"Maybe I can't do what you call *cook* a turkey," remarked Daggett, "but I'll bet I can make him so infernally hot he won't know the difference."

"What'll we do with K. P. for his part in this?" asked Stockton, suddenly. He and Daggett bent sinister glances upon the sponsor of the expedition. "Why, *K. P.!*" they exclaimed in the same breath.

"What's that?" asked Beatrice.

"Kitchen Police. Peels potatoes. Er—empties things. Cleans up generally——"

"Oh!" said Beatrice. "Certainly." Her smile to them was still a trifle dazed; she had no distrust of any of them, and yet her consciousness of the vast breach of propriety kindled her excitement. The day, which had started so differently from most Christmases, promised to continue so. "And—and you're really *sure* you want to stay and do that?"

"Try us!" they said earnestly in concert.

From the instant of their concerted charge upon the kitchen, it seemed to all of them as though they had always been chums. The usual preliminary steps of meeting, cautious acquaintanceship, growing friendship, had been surmounted at a single stride; and their common spontaneity had first been aided by the comedy itself, and then, perhaps, by the probability that they should never meet again. It was an affair of the moment; gay, unaffected, irrepressible—everyone understood everyone else's motives, and there was nothing to bother about. There were to be no consequences.

Prescott, however, had his interludes of seriousness; and in one of them—somewhat accentuated because he happened to be peeling onions at the time—he spoke to Beatrice under his breath—which was unnecessary, inasmuch as Daggett happened to be attending to the fire.

"I just want you to know," he said, "how much we appreciate this. It's true I couldn't find any troops to send you, but, just the same, we'd have had a pretty blue day. I jumped at the chance, honestly. They're very decent chaps, too. Daggett's manager of one of the biggest oil companies in California——" He stopped; for the protective tumult was over. Daggett and Stockton, each draped in a blue

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apron of Jemima's, were eyeing each other biliously.

"Well!" said Stockton. "*Now* you've done it! Your next job is about as simple as unscrambling an egg!"

"Why," said Beatrice, surprisedly. "He's poked the fire all *out!*"

Daggett looked at them. "*I* didn't know exactly," he began.

"Well, who's the best fire builder?"

"K. P," said Daggett, quickly. "Come on, K. P.—you *know* you learned your trade in a blast furnace! Give us a demonstration."

Unwillingly, Prescott approached the range. Daggett had turned his hand to more artistic pursuits, and was strenuously pushing stuffing into the turkey with a potato masher. Stockton sidled over to his hostess.

"It's awfully good of you to let us in here," he said, gruffly. "This is the first festivity we've had since we joined the army. Just wanted to tell you how much we appreciate it. Please don't think these boys are rowdies. K. P.—by the way, that's an old joke; it stands for Kitchen Police, but his name's Kenneth Prescott—he's perfectly all right. Mining engineer. Big family, socially. All the best clubs. I thought you might think from the way he managed this party——"

"There!" exclaimed Prescott, rising. "Where's the lamp oil?"

"*Lamp oil!*"

"Why not T.N.T.?"

"It doesn't soothe the nerves like lamp oil," said Prescott. "Never mind—it's going without it. The oven didn't get cold, anyway."

"Ready for the beast?"

"Ready enough—unless you want to christen him first and crack a bottle of champagne over his bows."

"Wait!" warned Stockton. "Baste him! You always baste 'em. I remember hearing about it. I don't know what——"

"Here," said Daggett, offering the potato masher. "Baste him with this." He snatched the opportunity for a word with Beatrice aside. "This is great!" said Daggett, with exuberance. "You're a real brick, if ever there was one. We'd have had the miserables out at camp today. And—please don't get the idea these boys aren't all right, Miss Morgan, because they are. Take Ned Stockton. His old man's a famous brain specialist and his mother runs the whole town. They're fine people. He's a Harvard man. And as for Ken Prescott—— What's the trouble, K. P.?"

"Nothing," said Prescott, blithely. "Nothing. Purely an official communication."



"PRESCOTT APPROACHED THE RANGE. DAGGETT HAD TURNED HIS HAND TO MORE ARTISTIC PURSUITS, AND WAS STRENUOUSLY PUSHING STUFFING INTO THE TURKEY WITH A POTATO MASHER. STOCKTON SIDLED OVER TO HIS HOSTESS."

"Well?"

Prescott addressed his hostess.

"Who's going to get out the mess-kits and the knick-knacks, and one thing and another?"

"We'll detail K. P.," said Stockton, without deliberation. "I've got to inspect the turkey, or it might get away."

"Oh, very well," said Prescott. "Where *are* the effete implements of civilization?"

It had been supposed to be an inferior duty; and although Prescott had volunteered, he would unquestionably have preferred to remain in the kitchen, where the fun was going on. But his mood changed when he found that Beatrice was guiding him to the butler's pantry. He neglected to tell her that he knew where it was.

Ordinarily, the only danger in setting a table

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for four people is the danger to the china. On the present occasion, however, that material risk was increased by another sort of peril not material at all. You cannot take a young and impressionable man and bring him into close association with a girl whom, for the last hour or so, he has been admiring for her beauty and her spontaneity and her kind-heartedness, without starting a reaction. You cannot take a young man far from home on Christmas Day, and, when outwardly he is as cheerful as can be, but inwardly he is lonely to the point of desperation, let his hands stray among rows of plates and ranks of silver, when that same girl's hands are doing likewise, without engendering in him a thrill not wholly ascetic. You can't do it.

By the same token, you can't confront a sympathetic and deserted hostess, of the age of twenty-two, with a good-looking and grateful young officer, without turning her mind into the great channel of romance. Especially if, after a series of misfortunes and delays, the day has proved so eminently different, and so joyous. That can't be done, either.



"HE ARRANGED A PLACE, ALLOTTING IT THREE KNIVES, ONE SPOON, AND NO FORKS."

Consequently, they were both stricken with embarrassment at the start; and at the unexpected contact of their hands among the miscellany of the dinner service they both retreated in warm revulsion. Endeavouring to appear unconcerned, they both became self-conscious. To demonstrate their poise, they made again for the same item, and again their hands touched. Still, neither of them spoke. A carelessly-spoken word would have smashed the flimsy filament of association; and it would have perished sooner yet if they had smashed the plate. But, high-strung and sensitive as they were, neither spoke that word, and neither of them dropped anything. The silence became unendurable.

"I wish you'd tell me something about yourself," she said, inefficiently.

"Do you? Why?"

This was no valid excuse for blushing, but Beatrice blushed: and he adored her for it.

"Don't you think I'm entitled to it?"

"No doubt about it. Education? I was——"

"No, no. That's inconsequential. Besides, Mr.—Lieutenant Stockton told me you're a Harvard man. I meant—about *you*. I'd rather like to know, that's all. Seeing that you're—my guest."

"Oh! Well, there's not very much that's interesting to tell, I'm afraid."

"Suppose," she said, choosing the nearest topic, "you tell me about the—I mean—I couldn't help wondering——"

"Yes?" Prescott pawed over the spoons, and tried to count them.

"There must be someone who was awfully heart-broken at the idea of your going to war, wasn't there?"

"My family? Why——"

"Not your family."

"Oh!" Prescott reddened. "No. Not at all. Hardly."

Beatrice lifted her eyebrows.

"I thought that was inevitable. No, I didn't intend to—I *mean*—when men do go—you sort of take it for granted." Her voice dwindled to nothing; the net was unescapable.

Prescott coughed violently. He wished she

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wouldn't look at him so often, and, at the same time, he prayed that she would look oftener. Her eyes, he thought, were the loveliest he had ever seen.

"It's my turn now. Were *you* heart-broken at the idea of having someone—I beg your pardon. I——"

"No," she stammered. "No, I wasn't. There's no need to beg my pardon. It was a perfectly fair question; I asked you first. Lots of my friends in England went, of course. But I don't think I'd have been heart-broken even if—even if the best friend I ever had in the world had gone. I'd have been proud."

"I hope so." He arranged a place, allotting it three knives, one spoon, and no forks. "I'd hate to think I'd left anybody mourning for me. It isn't exactly what I'd call womanly. And it wouldn't give a man much of a send-off."

"The send-off counts a good deal, doesn't it?"

"Tremendously." He arranged the carving-knife parallel to the steel, altered its position half-a-dozen times, and then absent-mindedly carried it back to the pantry. "I haven't forgotten mine yet."

"It was the way you wanted it?"

"No. Not quite. That is, I know *now* it wasn't quite what I wanted. My mother and father were both corking, but——"

"But what?"

Prescott wondered what precise degree of fever he was recording.

"There was somebody missing."

"Oh! I thought you said——"

"Not anyone in particular—it was just that after I'd seen the other fellows I realized I'd missed the final—what you might call—well, I don't know *what* to say. Not exactly encouragement; I didn't need that—but there was something queer about going into a thing like that. At the last minute a man felt—well, sort of *soft*. You don't want to, and you're ashamed of it, but you can't help it. It's a sort of—a sort of love for everything. The country, and the people, and your friends—you wish you could—could sort of eat it all up! I don't know that you do need to feel ashamed, but you always do—or else it's because you aren't used to it. And if anyone who really cared a deuce of a lot for you happened to be there——"

"I think I understand," she said, gently. "And that's why all of you seemed to be so diffident and swaggering and patronizing when you were leaving. *I* know. Men are *such* children."

"That's why I'm so glad I'm here." He laughed in deprecation; stopped; made a sudden confidence. "I'm pretending it's *real*."

"Real?"

Now that he was confessed he was also confused.

"That I *do* know you—that it isn't just an accident that I came. Do you mind?"

"Oh!" she said; and again, presently, "Oh!"

"Silly, isn't it?" he asked, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"No-o, I don't think so." She stole a glance at him under her brows and found him curiously solemn, unequivocally attractive, and—she caught her breath—just a little heroic.

"Truly?"

"Of *course*."

"That's good," said Prescott, exhaling. "I was afraid I hadn't made myself clear." At this contingency he reached for a salt-cellar, and by sheer fortuitousness covered her hand with his own. She had reached for the salt-cellar first. It was the third coincidence; and it was fatal, because neither of them stirred until after that all-important fraction of a second which marks the limit of time necessary to react and retreat had passed. Neither *could* stir. It was possibly for the duration of three good heart-beats. And then the agony of it!

Beatrice gave a smothered exclamation and turned scarlet—lovelier than ever, but painfully, terribly abashed. Prescott started back, confounded. Their eyes met and clung together. The colour stayed in her cheeks; involuntarily she averted her face, and Prescott, drawing the deepest of deep breaths, automatically put his little fingers on the seams of his breeches, and stood in what was very like the position of attention, as though waiting judgment from his superior. The tension snapped; Daggett had flung open the pantry door.

"Come on out here, K. P., will you?" said Daggett, unenlightened. "We need help."

Beatrice, still gloriously scarlet, seized the moment to flee into the dining-room. Prescott controlled himself and laughed mirthlessly.

"What's up?"

"Stocky's cut himself with the nutmeg-grater," said Daggett, "and the turkey acts as though it's irritated, or something." He regarded Prescott suspiciously. "We thought you were setting the table for *four*," he said. "We didn't know it was four *regiments!* You've been half an hour. Come on in here and do something."

It was nearly dusk when the exhausted quartette finally sat down to dinner, but it is doubtful if ever a merrier party shared a feast. "The beauty of it," said Stockton, judicially, "is the perfect average. About half's underdone and about half's burnt; and what, I ask you, could be any fairer than that?"

Never, thought Beatrice, had she enjoyed an afternoon so much. Not even Prescott's most alarming behaviour had spoiled it; and she could readily forgive him, for she understood his mood. Indeed, she reflected guiltily that she had come rather near to duplicating it. The other men were very funny—and very dear. She was touched by their devotion to each other—devotion manifesting itself chiefly by direct insult, which is typical. She was exhilarated by their unrestrained boyishness; collectively, she loved them already. They had made a fearful wreck of the food they had tried to cook; but what of that? It wasn't the food which counted, it was the fun. It was Daggett's

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"THAT DANCE WAS, IN ITS WAY, AS NOVEL AS THE DINNER."

convulsing impersonation of a worried mess-sergeant; it was Stockton's inimitable stories and songs—yes, if a song occurred to him he stood up and sang it, unperturbed; it was Prescott's sudden changes from a grave spectator to a mad participant.

"Now," said Daggett, when the last drop of coffee (which alone was perfect) had been drunk. "Now, then—there's one thing I insist on."

"What is it?"

"K. P."

"What?" said Prescott, startled out of a reverie.

"Don't be so conceited. No, I meant the real thing. We've made a frightful mess, and we've got to leave the place in good order."

"You have *not!*" said Beatrice, starting up. "The idea!"

"Wash up the dishes and——"

"Oh, *please!* Don't waste good time like that! *That's* not——"

"*I* know what servants are like. Besides, it's part of the game. We shouldn't feel decent if we left you alone with this wreckage. And—holy smoke! it's eight o'clock!"

"What difference does that make?"

"Why, the last train leaves at a quarter-past ten. And it'll take us half an hour to get down to the station." Daggett beckoned urgently. "Come on, boys! Be human!"

Beatrice glanced at Prescott; his mouth made a perfectly straight line. He didn't even perceive that she was smiling at him.

"That leaves nearly two hours. What'll we do?"

"Clean up first."

"No—last!" said Beatrice.

"All right. What is a Christmas celebration, anyway?"

"Dance!" said Stockton. "You've got a gramophone, haven't you?"

She shook her head.

"Never mind," said Daggett, "K. P. can play the piano almost as well as a tuner can. Come on, K. P.! Bang us out something!"

That dance was, in its way, as novel as the dinner. Stockton and Daggett, neither of whom could play a note, and openly gloated because they couldn't, cut in upon each other with machine-like regularity. Prescott sat straight-legged on the stool, a cigar tilting upward from the corner of his mouth, and played. His thoughts, however, were elsewhere. Alone of the three he really cared about dancing with Beatrice; and he cared cumulatively. He wasn't bitter, he was merely burdened by regret. Resentful not at his friends, but at the contingency. Still, what was there to do? As his thoughts pursued the logical sequence he laid the cigar aside and sat straighter, and began to play in a different manner—playing a waltz to Beatrice—"Unrequited Love." He wondered if she knew it. He played exquisitely—and suddenly cursed himself and them. They were merely dancing! Idiots!

"Quarter-past nine," said Daggett, warningly.

"That's so. We'd better get to work!"

Beatrice made a sturdy protest, but they roared her down.

"K. P.," said Daggett, carelessly, "you're

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relieved. You've done yourself noble! You're the best taught-by-mail pianist I ever heard. And as a slight token of our esteem Stocky and I are going to let you visit while we police the camp."

Prescott shook his head.

"Oh, that wouldn't be fair——"

"*Fair!* Haven't you been hammering the box for a whole evening? Didn't notice *you* dancing much. Keep him away, Miss Morgan, will you?"

"We really mean it," said Stockton, seriously. "It's the only square thing to do. He's done his share and more. We two can clear up the whole thing in thirty minutes."

"Oh, no——" said Prescott, not too insistently. He caught Beatrice's eyes and wavered. Daggett and Stockton had already disappeared into the dining-room; and the clatter from that direction indicated that their estimate of time had been judicious. "I feel like a horrible slacker," he said. Beatrice displayed no surprise.

"Of course," she agreed, "naturally, you would."

"Why so?"

"Because you're that kind of man," she said, enigmatically. "Well, shall we sit down?"

"You must be tired!"

"Oh, yes--beautifully tired.' She sighed in reminiscence, and Prescott's eyes flickered. *He* had only been the orchestra! "It's been *such* a good time, hasn't it?"

"For *us*," he said. "It's been a life-saver."

He looked down at her, and half smiled.

"I think," he went on, not very steadily, "that I'll take advantage of this last opportunity to tell you what all this has meant to me. I——"

"But you've told me that already, Mr. Prescott," she interrupted, with sweet earnestness. "And besides, it's been such a pleasure to me, too. Don't let's make it one-sided."

"I couldn't possibly make it too emphatic—or repeat it too often. It was wonderful of you. Perfectly wonderful. Especially after everything had gone so wrong with you this morning. And with your family away, and you here alone. I want you to know that I sha'n't ever forget it—ever."

She considered for a moment; then burned her bridges.

"Do you think *I* shall?"

"You won't remember it for the same reason, though."

"What--reason is that?"

He walked a step or two away from her; turned back abruptly.

"How *can* I tell you?" he demanded. "You'd think I'm dotty. Perhaps I am. I *must* be. I'd better go and help those——"

"Mr. Prescott!" Her tone was of injury. "You haven't any *right* to leave me like that. You——"

"Well—I haven't any right to go on, either."

She didn't answer immediately.

"For that matter, I hadn't any *right* to let you all stay, had I? Isn't it all rather informal, anyhow?"

"Oh, I'm not worrying about *that*. I've plenty of explanation; I haven't any *excuse*. And I'd need to give you one because that's the sort of girl *you* are." He looked down at her again, and shut his mouth tightly. "Let me tell you, anyway," he said, quietly. "It can't do any harm now. We may never see each other again; I think I'd sort of like to let you know. You *may* not be offended; I'm not sure; I hope not. I don't want you to be offended; I just want you to think of it as—as the biggest compliment I could pay you. But I don't want to go away without letting you know I think you're utterly adorable." He blurted this out incontinently, and paused, expectant; but there was no answer; she was marvellously absorbed in the rug.

"It isn't only the way you've taken us in and treated us," he went on, "but it's everything else—I can't describe it—only you're—you're so nearly like the picture I'd made in my own mind long ago about the girl I thought I'd—like best, some time. I felt that when we first came in. You've been such a good comrade today. You've been so thoughtful of us. You've been so—so sweet about it. And it hasn't been easy for you, either. *I* know you had the deuce of a time; and you wanted to be kind to a lot of home-sick men, and this was a pretty poor substitute."

There was an instant's silence; from the kitchen they could hear Stockton and Daggett bawling "Tipperary" at the top of their lungs.

"I want to ask you a question," she said, still averted. "Are you *sure* you came because you were all lonely--was that the *only* reason?"

Prescott's forehead wrinkled slightly.

"We were mighty lonely out there."

"Yes, but was that the *only* reason?" She lifted her head. "You see," she said, "when you told me over the telephone that the men couldn't come, I was so hurt and chagrined that I was almost crying--please don't interrupt—and I heard you say—I could just *barely* hear it—to somebody else——"

Prescott was crimson.

"Oh, never mind that. I——"

"But I *do* mind it! I heard you say—'Shut up, you fellows! Listen! Here's a poor girl terribly upset because she had a crowd of troops coming to dinner to-day, and they've got the 'flu. She's having hysterics. What do you say if we three go alone and try to cheer her up?' And someone else said something I didn't catch, and then *you* said, 'Well, I don't care a hang who she is; it's a shame not to give her a chance to have a party. Maybe it *will* be a frost. Only *I'm* going anyhow. She's crying into the telephone.' And then there was another pause, and then you said, 'Can you do with three?' Of course, I didn't know then that you were officers, but——"

Prescott was almost apologetic in his confusion.

"Oh, we thought it wouldn't hurt anybody if we——"

She rose. She came to him. Prescott winced.

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"So what I think about *you*," she said, "is that you're a gentleman. A real, real gentleman. You didn't come just to have some fun; you came because you thought there was somebody who'd be hurt if you didn't. You didn't know whether I'd be twenty or forty. You didn't care. You just came—to keep me from being disappointed. That long, long trip—just for that. And you've given me one of the happiest days——"

"They helped." He motioned towards the kitchen.

"But you made them come. I know. And then when you did come——"

"Well?"

"The best I can hope for," she said, "is that you'll really like to remember it. Because, that was what I wanted—that was what I wanted for the men who didn't come. Something pleasant to look back on. That's the most I could have asked for."

Prescott shivered. His eyes were very bright.

"Don't make any mistake about that. If it's been worth while for you——"

"Worth while! Haven't I told you?"

"No!"

"Yes, I have. Time and time again. You've made it a beautiful day for me."

Prescott stepped backwards. "Don't talk like that! Please! I tell you I can't stand it! I tell you I've been pretending it's real! You've been so adorable——" His voice dropped suddenly; he surged forward. "Listen! It's Christmas. You shouldn't have made me go on. You said you understood. Now I can't help it. It's too late. You've got to know. We may be out of the Army and off for home any minute. I sha'n't see you again before I go. Perhaps never. I wish I could take with me—the one memory I've missed. Could you let me have that—for Christmas? It's only——" He broke off there, and they stood, face to face, for perhaps a dozen tremulous seconds. Then Prescott, incredulous, put out his hand and found hers.

"Write to me," she said, in a voice that was hardly audible. "Write to me. I wish you would. Tell me—everything. And——"

"And—in the meantime?"

Beatrice, electrified by her own impulses, dazed by her own response, looked straight into his eyes, and knew the glory of the ages.

"This!" she faltered. "And—and not because it's Christmas, either!" And met his kiss midway and just in time. Footsteps were already sounding in the pantry. One long kiss—and that was all.

"Corking day!" said Daggett, springing from the lowest step to the snowy footpath.

"Nice girl," said Stockton. "Hope you had a pleasant visit, K. P."

"Fine!" said Prescott, absently.

"Here's the corner—let's take a look back and see——"

"There she is, sure enough! In the window."

"Squad, 'ten—*shun!* Right hand—*salute! Two!* Right turn, *march!*"

In the empty house Beatrice, her hand pressed tight to her heart, was straining her ears for the last faint echoes of the whistled tune which, for the first time, had a sensible meaning for her. Mechanically she put the words to it. The very last dim echo. Barely an echo, now—"Keep the home fires burning!"

Not lonely, in spite of the loneliness, Beatrice smiled. Smiled—listened—sighed. Touched her lips with a gentle forefinger. Breathed out a sigh that was at once a prayer, a blessing, and a pæan of thanks for what the day had done to her. Suddenly darted to the table and snatched up the gloves that he had left, and crushed them to her breast. Cried a little—and stopped, for he had said it wasn't womanly.

And presently, with a grave smile on her lips, and golden warmth in her heart, went upstairs with supreme compassion to minister to Jemima.



"ONE LONG KISS—AND THAT WAS ALL."

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The Great Indian Rope-Trick.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME BY LIEUT. F. W. HOLMES, V.C., M.M.

THE Indian rope-trick is the most famous and the most discussed of any juggling performance in the world. It consists in the performer throwing a rope into the air, where it stands rigid and erect, while a native boy climbs to the top and down again. Reports that such a trick is common among the natives of India have been spread and discussed over and over again; but eye-witnesses have been few, and the general verdict of experts has been that such a performance is impossible and is merely a myth which will not bear investigation. The late Charles Bertram, the well-known conjurer, who made a tour through India, during which he not only performed before most of the Princes and Rajahs, but made a careful examination of the tricks of the native jugglers, wrote an article in this magazine in which he remarked :—

"There is no such trick. During my tour I asked for that trick, and not a single soul did I find who could do that or who had ever seen it. I heard of men who had heard of others who had seen it, but I could get no direct evidence, and all that I could discover about it from the Indians themselves was voiced by one man, who said to me, in his curious English, 'All in imagination, all in traveller tales. I've been all over India looking for tricks; would I not have that if I could get it?'"

The subject recently came up for discussion in the columns of the *Daily Mail*, in which Mr. S. W. Clarke, editor of the *Magic Circular*, gave the views of the experts in the following words :—

"For at least five hundred years the rope-trick has been an Indian fable. No Oriental performer who has visited Europe—and there have been, and are, plenty of them—has ever performed it. No conjurer who has visited India in quest of the trick has ever seen it.

"When our King went to India, as Prince of Wales, in 1902, that country was scoured to find a performer who could do it; Lord Lonsdale offered ten thousand pounds for a sight of it; Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant had for years a standing offer of a princely remuneration to any-one who would come and do the trick in London. Reward and salary are still unclaimed.

"Only a few weeks ago an eminent member of the medical profession, who has spent years in India, lectured on this and other traditional Indian tricks to the members of the Magic Circle. His verdict was 'hallucination.'"

In reply to this letter Lieutenant F. W. Holmes, V.C., M.M., stated that he had not only seen the trick performed, but had taken a photograph of it. This unique photograph is the one which is reproduced on the next page—the first time it has been published. It will be seen at once that the "rope" is as stiffly erect as a pole. And Lieutenant Holmes's account of what occurred, which he has written for the readers of this magazine, is quite as extraordinary as any description of the trick that has ever been given. It is as follows :—

"One day in May, 1917, I was standing on the veranda of my bungalow at Kirkee, near Poona, in the company of several other officers, when an old man and his boy came up to us, over the open ground, to give us his performance. He had no pole—a thing which would have been impossible of concealment. He began by unwinding from about his waist a long rope, which he threw upwards in the air, where it remained erect. The boy climbed to the top, where he balanced himself, as seen in the photograph, which I took at that moment. He then descended, and the conjurer, holding the pole with one hand, tapped it gently with the other, when it collapsed into rope-like flexibility, and he coiled it round his waist, as before. I offer no explanation. I simply relate what took place before our eyes."

The following letter to Lieutenant Holmes provides a most interesting confirmation of the truth of his story. It was written by Mr. F. G. Smith, Blockley :—

"I should like to corroborate the statement made by you in your letter to the *Daily Mail*

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as to the authenticity of this trick. I was one of a large audience who witnessed the performance of it by a native conjurer in Benares in the summer of 1896, and again at Delhi in the following year. The friend who was with me at the latter place remarked at the time that the performer was the one whom we had seen at Benares the previous year. I understand that you saw it performed in India in 1917, and it occurred to me that you may be interested to know that I also saw it in 1897. Beyond the fact that the trick was exactly as described by you, I am unable to offer any suggestion as the 'cause,' hypnotic or otherwise, but that which one has *actually seen* cannot possibly be an 'hallucination.'"

"I shall be interested," adds Lieutenant Holmes, "to see whether my description and the photograph will enable experts to arrive at some new theory on this long-debated question."

We are very interested, too; and so, we think, will be our readers.



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GREAT INDIAN ROPE-TRICK.

THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE ROPE STANDING ERECT, LIKE A POLE, THOUGH IT HAD JUST BEEN UNCOILED FROM THE CONJURER'S WAIST.

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Needs Must when Love Drives

By KEBLE HOWARD

Illustrated by THOMAS HENRY

IN case you are afraid that Romance withdrew to the cupboard on the day the Armistice was signed, I will ask you to read the following story. It tells of two Lonely People who came together through their Love of Music and an Advertisement in a Newspaper. Together with an Obstacle that crossed their path, and how it was overcome.

The first of these people was a girl who had designed—as so many gifted and ambitious girls design—to take the world by storm as a professional pianist. Her name was Clara Mooney, and her parents, who still lived in Ireland, had never acquired the knack of amassing money. True, they had given Clara a year at the Royal College, and they had bought her an upright grand. Exhausted by these efforts, they had rested for three years, in anticipation of the fortune that was bound to overwhelm one so clever and beautiful.

The worst of it was that a good many other parents, short-sighted and selfish, had presented the world with daughters who were almost as beautiful as Clara and could play the piano quite as well. Piano-playing, like singing or acting or writing, is not a unique art. Almost everybody can do these things a little, and they do. If Clara could have played the piano with her nose or her toes she would have stood out of the ruck. But they do not teach such highly specialized business at the Royal College.

So Clara, after giving one concert which nobody attended but her agent, who was paid to do so, a few critics, also paid to do so, and a few friends from the College, who applauded like mad whilst they mentally ticked off another possible rival, fell back on striving to impart to others the technique which had proved all but useless to herself.

But these pupils would not come to her; she had to go to them. The pupils had the best of the arrangement: they saved time, shoe-leather, and bus-fares; Clara expended them. She also had to buy a glove or two, a hat or two, a skirt or two, a blouse or two, an umbrella, and a little food. And the only tune that the upright grand could play without the aid of Clara was this: "Well, what about me?"

It is not a very gay tune. If you have ever been poor—which, I hope, is an absurd suggestion—you may have possessed a trinket, or a picture, or a fur coat capable of playing that tune just as correctly as Clara's piano. It is a tune of which the dominant note is issued from the Bank of England.

However, let us not labour the point. Clara had at last decided to sell the upright grand. Into her feelings on the subject I need not enter. You know very well that she loved her piano, and I can assure you that, for all her slender means, she would never have parted with it if she could have taken it with her to the home of Mrs. Gillington. But Mrs. Gillington had an excellent piano of her own; she did not expect or wish her governess to bring her own piano. That was why Clara, on deciding that she must either starve or take a resident post, had also made up her mind that she must part with the upright grand. To warehouse it would have been extravagant; to send it to Ireland would have been characteristic of the Mooney family, and Clara had learnt to see the funny side of that. The sensible course, therefore, was to sell the piano. If her luck ever changed, perhaps she would be able to buy another. It would never be the same to her, but still——

That is all the sad part of the story. The subsequent movements will be very cheerful and lively. (I know as much of the world as Clara was beginning to learn.)

II.

IT was Clara's habit, when she travelled by Tube,

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to buy a penny paper. Good and beautiful girls will understand. A library-book would have served the same purpose, but you cannot expect to come across the Main Chance in a library-book. And Clara was always looking for the Main Chance, which sometimes lurks in the advertisement columns.

On a certain morning she had read all the "Wanteds" without discovering that anybody wanted her more badly per annum than Mrs. Gillington. She next reassured herself that plenty of alert dealers were willing to buy pianos. Finally, such an embarrassment is beauty to a lonely girl in the Tube, she turned to the Agony Column. And there, halfway down, she found something that lightened her eyes and parted her lips and quickened her breath. (All this palpitating interest was a little hard on the susceptible and recently demobilized young clerks, but Clara had suddenly forgotten all about them.)



"YOU WERE GOOD ENOUGH TO ANSWER MY ADVERTISEMENT, MISS MOONEY."

This is what she had found:—

SOLDIER, music-lover, invalided France, pecuniarily embarrassed, offers warehousing and affectionate regard lonely, neglected piano.—Box Z 452.

That was what Clara had found, and it lasted her from Regent's Park to Notting Hill Gate. She analyzed it, parsed it, and, incidentally, illustrated it. The apartment of the music-loving soldier did not take very long to draw, but she used up three stations over his eyes, nose, and chin.

How should one proceed? (She is now sitting beside a lank, stringy-haired child, with fingers like the legs of a crab.) Obviously she could not write to the soldier. That would never do. But could she write to Box Z 452? A box, after all, is not a man. A box is an inanimate thing, quite innocent of Sam Browne belts. A box has neither eyes nor nose; only a mouth, and that of unattractive shape. One might, just possibly, address a discreet line to a box. One would think it over. . . .

In the end—not to keep you in suspense—one did write. One said that one had a piano for which one required house-room for a limited period. One would be willing to pay (she had written "share," but that sounded much too intimate) half the cost of removal. But one must have references.

Honestly, it did not occur to Clara that the advertiser would want to see the piano before he planked down half the removal money—thus further embarrassing his poor self. Judge, then, of her utter dismay, two afternoons later, when the charwoman who had taken the place of the pecuniarily unembarrassed servant-maid flung open the door of her little sitting-room and announced, huskily: "Gen'le-mun ter see yew, miss"!

He walked straight in. One moment she was quite alone; the next the room was entirely filled by tallness and brownness and deep diapasons. That was what the war had brought to Clara.

"Miss Mooney?" said the gentleman.

Clara bowed. She did not ask him to be seated. Her manner, in point of fact, was extraordinarily distant. He might have been an ancient and persistent enemy.

"My name is Buckingham. You were good enough to answer my advertisement about a piano, Miss Mooney."

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"Oh, yes," said Clara.

"I was quite serious, Miss Mooney. I am passionately fond of music, and I live in some rather dreary rooms down Chelsea way. I need hardly describe to you the kind of piano that my landlady, Mrs. Try, has to offer. They have both had a hard life of it, poor things, but Mrs. Try is young and skittish compared with her piano. Is that the piano for which you wish to find a good home?"

"Yes," said Clara. "Would you like to test it?"

"Wouldn't that be bad manners? I can see it's a very fine one."

But Clara wanted to know how he played, so she opened the lid, and Captain Buckingham sat down. In two seconds she knew that he had a delightful touch; in two minutes, the artist in her had swept aside the conventional young woman from Galway.

"How on earth," she asked, "did you manage to keep up your playing in France?"

"Oh, canteens and things. There was generally a piano of sorts. With an instrument like this at hand, life would be robbed of half its terrors."

"You really like it?"

"Enormously. The tone is so delicate."

"My parents gave it me."

"Really? What a shame that you should have to part with it—even temporarily. I know how you must feel about it."

"That can't be helped. I'm going into a family as governess."

"I see." His face expressed all the sympathy he must not utter. "Well, if you'll entrust the piano to my keeping, I promise you to treat it as carefully as you would yourself. You asked for references, by the way. Here they are." And he laid two addresses on the table.

"Oh, I——" protested Clara, flushing.

"My dear Miss Mooney, you were perfectly right. I might be a piano-thief! I might be anything! When you've taken up the references, just drop me a line, and I'll send for the piano."

"You must let me pay half the carriage. I'd like to pay it all, only——"

"Oh, I've thought of a good way out of that difficulty. Let me pay for the first journey, and then, if you like, you shall pay for the return."

"Would that be quite fair?"

"No, because I'm getting a jolly good piano for next to nothing. To tell you the truth, I feel beastly mean in robbing you of it."

"I shall be most grateful to you for taking care of it."

"But how will you know that I *am* taking care of it?"

"I must trust you."

"I would rather you didn't trust me too far, Miss Mooney."

"Why?" Clara, genuinely surprised, opened her beautiful eyes to a rather dangerous extent.

"Well, I'm rather an erratic chap. I honestly think you ought to keep an eye on your piano."

"I don't see how I could very well do that."

"If you insisted on it, I could be out."

"I didn't mean that. At least, not exactly. I meant that—well, a governess is a governess."

"Oh, I know all about governesses."

"Indeed?"

"One of my sisters was a governess for a time. She used to get afternoons to herself, and that was in the days of slavery."

"I don't think you quite understand what you're proposing, Captain Buckingham."

"But I do, believe me. Mrs. Try is the living embodiment of propriety. If I happen to be at home when you come to test the piano, you couldn't have a stricter chaperon. She'll probably sit in the room with us the whole time. Come, now! You can't want to cut yourself off entirely from this lovely instrument?"

"N—no," admitted Clara; "not entirely."

"Very well, then. I'll explain the situation to Mrs. Try, and all will be well. By the way, suppose anything goes wrong with the piano in the meantime? Oughtn't I to have your address?"

"How d'you mean—goes wrong with it?"

"I don't know, but something might. Mightn't it?"

"Pianos don't usually get influenza or appendicitis." And Clara was actually smiling at her little joke.

"Well, then, suppose something went wrong with me? Mrs. Try might want to communicate with you about the piano."

"I see. Yes, I think Mrs. Try should have the address. I'll write it down for you."

"Good. There's just one other point to settle."

"This matter is more complicated than I expected."

"Life is rather like that."

"I don't wish to seem inhospitable, but I'm afraid I haven't time to discuss life just at the moment."

"No. Stupid of me! This is the last point—the very last. When will you pay your first visit of inspection?"

"Need we settle that at once?"

"I think it might be better. You're sure to be worrying until you know how the piano has stood the journey."

"Oh, just a line from you——"

"I may write you, then?"

"There could be no harm in that once."

"Good. Directly she's housed, I'll send you a line to say if she's all right. I think and hope she will be, but if, by any chance, she's not, then you'll pop down to Chelsea and we—that is to say, you, and Mrs. Try, and possibly myself—can go thoroughly into the matter. Good afternoon, Miss Mooney, and a thousand thanks!"

III.

CAPTAIN BUCKINGHAM had not exaggerated when he told Clara that both Mrs. Try and her piano had had a hard life of it. But the ravages of time had affected them differently. The piano, for example, had become "thin"; Mrs. Try suffered in the opposite direction. The piano, once resplendent with pleated silk,

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"JANE RETURNED, AND FOUND THE HERO TAKING HIS TEA IN THE KITCHEN."

had now faded in colour; not so Mrs. Try. The pedals of both were impaired, but whilst the piano refused to speak softly, press the left pedal as persuasively as you might, Mrs. Try rarely raised her asthmatic voice above a whisper.

In one respect, however, they were exactly alike; they shared the basement-kitchen between them.

To this apartment, immediately on his return from the interview with Clara, descended Captain Buckingham. He was a thoughtful young man, and never troubled his landlady to mount the stairs if the effort could be avoided.

He found her making a little dripping-toast for her tea. Janie, the small servant, was out. The house was unbearable to her unless it also contained Captain Buckingham.

The soldier tactfully informed Mrs. Try that he had secured the loan of a piano. He drew a pathetic picture of Miss Mooney's circumstances, touched neatly on her love for the parental gift, and thus very gradually led to the possibility of an occasional visit.

Mrs. Try, apparently paying more attention to the toast than to her lodger, had been waiting for that. She knew young men, did Mrs. Try. Young women also were an open book to her. Fully aware of her insignificant position in the general arrangement of the universe, she was none the less determined that her roof—the most respectable roof in Chelsea, for all that the landlord couldn't hardly never be brought to do his duty by it—should never shelter anything even remotely resembling "goings-on."

Sitting back in her chair, the half-toasted piece of bread at the end of the fork giving emphasis to the earnest if whispered ejaculations, she told the Captain what she thought of him.

"Never!" gasped Mrs. Try. "Never in my 'ouse till I'm carried out of it! An' you on the second floor an' all! I wonder at you to suggest such a thing, Capting! A'most gives me the palpitations! I did think you was a gentleman, let some officers be what they may! Dear, dear! There goes me toast!"

Captain Buckingham rescued the toast from the carpet, and pressed it, apologetically, against the prongs.

"Very well, Mrs. Try," he replied, meekly. "I will tell Miss Mooney that I can't, after all, have the piano. It's a great disappointment to me, but you know best. Let me hold that to the fire for you."

"I never said as you couldn't 'ave the pianner," expostulated the landlady. "'Ave it an' welcome. But wot I say is as I can't 'ave no young women coming 'ere an' making my 'ouse a go-between. If you chooses to meet 'er in the Park, or the Nashing Gall'ry, that's not my affair. But I won't 'ave 'er 'ere, an' that's straight! . . . Turn it round! You'll burn it else!"

"My dear Mrs. Try, why should I wish to meet this lady in the Park, or the National Gallery, or anywhere else? What is she to me? A stranger! The only thing we have in common is our love of music."

"Orlright. Take 'er to 'ear a band."

"But she may not care for bands—any more than she cares for me. It's her piano she wants to see—just once in a way. If you choose, you are at liberty to remain in my room all the time she's here. Can I say more than that?"

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"You know very well, Capting, as them stairs is death to me!"

"Then let Janie remain in the room."

"Wot? Janie? A little slut like 'er? Sittin' in my second-best parlour like a lady? I may be a bit wheezy, Capting, but I'm not mad yet! Janie! A fine thing!"

"This is nice and brown, Mrs. Try. Let me toast you another slice. . . . I suppose it hasn't occurred to you that a piano is a chaperon in itself?"

"A pianner? 'Ow can that be? Gettin' light-'eaded, ain't yer?"

"Not at all. A piano will not play by itself. It monopolizes the entire attention of at least one person. So long, therefore, as the piano is going you will know that either Miss Mooney or myself is fully occupied."

"I couldn't 'ear it down 'ere."

"Possibly not; but suppose Janie sat on the stairs?"

"That's making a spy of the child."

"Not at all. Just tell her she may go and listen to the music if she runs down again as soon as it stops. Come, Mrs. Try! That ought to convince you of my honourable intentions."

Mrs. Try reflected. She had no wish to part with a good lodger, and no landlady could wish for a better lodger than the Captain. With the piano constantly going, and Janie on the stairs, the unimpeachable respectability of her house would surely be maintained.

"Well," she conceded at last, "I still 'ave me doubts, but I'll give it a trial. You can tell the young woman to send the pianner."

"And, anyway," observed the Captain, carelessly, "she may be too busy to call."

Like a wise tactician, he clinched the bargain by eating a slice of dripping-toast with Mrs. Try. When Janie returned, and found the hero taking his tea in the kitchen, she could have cried with mortification to think that she had been wasting these precious minutes with the snub-nosed maid from Mrs. Farthing's up the road.

IV.

THE piano duly arrived and was carried up to the second floor. The Captain had it tuned, and three days later wrote as follows to Clara:—

"MY DEAR MISS MOONEY,—

"Pray do not be alarmed, but I fear there is something a little bit wrong with your beautiful piano. It may be only my fancy, but the *tone* does not seem quite the thing. I don't know whether pianos have moods, but this one strikes me as passing through a fit of depression. To speak frankly, I am rather worried about it, and should be greatly obliged if you could look in one afternoon and test it for yourself. Just send me a card and I will be in. So will Mrs. Try.

"Yours sincerely,

"DAVID BUCKINGHAM."

Clara replied in a stiff little note. She could not imagine what was the matter with the piano, and it was difficult to get time off in her new post, but she felt anxious about the instrument and would call on the following Thursday at three p.m. precisely. P.S.—It was not in the least necessary for Captain Buckingham to remain at home. Having tried the piano, she could write to him on the subject.

As it happened, however, Captain Buckingham had no engagement for that afternoon. He introduced Clara to Mrs. Try, who came up the kitchen stairs for the purpose, and inspected the young woman very thoroughly indeed



"THE PAIR EMERGED TO FIND JANE IN TEARS."

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beneath the fanlight. It went against Clara that she was beautiful, but went for her that she was a lady. On balance, she was allowed to ascend to the second floor, but Janie followed at the interval of ten seconds, and sat on the top stair of the second flight with her head against the wall.

Miss Mooney went straight to the piano and began to play. She played for three minutes, and pronounced the piano perfect. Captain Buckingham, surprised yet relieved, played for five minutes. The pair then emerged, to find Janie in tears and Mrs. Try greatly mollified. The landlady fully approved the brevity of the visit, and noted, with peculiar satisfaction, that Miss Mooney was in a hurry and never once looked at Captain Buckingham. Ah, me! If the back of the Captain's head could have spoken! It knew more than the owner. It knew, for instance, where those lovely eyes had rested whilst he was playing!

The ice once nicely broken, the second visit, that day week, was not so difficult to contrive. True, it lasted but a quarter of an hour, and Janie watered the stairs with her tears as faithfully as ever, but the third visit terminated with tea in the kitchen! Thawed by dripping-toast in tremendous quantities, Mrs. Try was further softened by Clara's offer to coax music from the faded piano in the corner. And this—when the Captain had removed a work-basket and a string of onions from the lid—she carried out in the most winning manner imaginable.

V.

As Winter yielded to the pretty insinuations of Spring, Mrs. Try's asthma became much better. Thus, when her friend, Mrs. Farthing, suggested a visit to the neighbouring music-hall—a *matinée*, of course—Mrs. Try was inclined to think she might manage it if they took the short walk very slowly.

"Only," she made it a condition, "not on a Thursday."

"We'll go next Saturday," arranged Mrs. Farthing. "But why so specially not a Thursday, my dear?"

"Privit reasings," replied Mrs. Try.

"Oh," retorted Mrs. Farthing, "you needn't be so secreting, love, I'm shore. All the street knows as that's the day the nice-looking young lady comes to see the Capting."

"Then all the street knows what's a lie!" struck in Mrs. Try. "If that Janie's bin gossiping, which I can see in a flash she 'as, I'll give her a good box on the ear and send 'er about 'er business! That I will! The young lady as comes 'ere *is* a young lady, and she don't come to see the Capting at all, but her pianner! Oh, you may grin silly-like, Alice Farthing, but I know 'ow to keep my place respectable as well as anyone and better than some! And I don't think, thanking you kindly, as I cares to go to music-halls with folks as can't mind their own business!"

It took seven slices of dripping-toast to coax her round, to say nothing of many assurances to the effect that nobody was better respected in all Chelsea—or all London, for that matter—than what Mrs. Try was. And they all knew that Janie always sat on the top stair of the second flight, and that the music never stopped, not for an instant.

Mrs. Try was ruffled, distinctly ruffled, but the notion of a little jaunt had seized on her imagination, and she always had been one for a good laugh at anything quite refined. So the following Saturday afternoon saw the two old things, caped and bonneted, setting off at a snail's pace, but with quickened pulses, for the music-hall.

Being early, they got good seats in the pit, and thoroughly enjoyed the second turn, which was a lady who could sing like a man. Dear little dogs followed, and then a very nimble old gentleman lay on his back and played a tune on some bells with his toes. Really, Mrs. Try and Mrs. Farthing both agreed, it was wonderful what a lot one could learn for a shilling!

The ninth item was a sketch, and Mrs. Try was thankful it came near the end of the programme, because she couldn't possibly enjoy anything after that. The scene was an ordinary sitting-room, just as it might have been her own second-floor front, and the most conspicuous piece of furniture was a piano. Mrs. Farthing and Mrs. Try admired the room, but decided, as experts, that you couldn't never keep it swep' and dusted with only one maid.

An officer in khaki entered and rang the bell. A small girl—just as it might have been Janie, or Mrs. Farthing's snub-nosed help—answered the summons, and was informed by the officer that he wished to see the landlady. Mrs. Farthing and Mrs. Try sat up. Let this woman beware how she comported herself. Curates might be fair game for a bit of fun on the stage, but landladies had their trials in this life, and must be respected according.

Both breathed a sigh of relief when the lady entered. The writer of the sketch had been merciful to their craft. No caricature here. The person looked and spoke like a perfect lady. She might be a bit on the severe side, but that was all to her credit. Let them as never tries letting lodgings see what happened when you were too easy-going. This woman knew her business.

The officer, it was evident, was trying to "lead her up the garden." He began by flattering. Anybody knew what that meant. He praised the rooms and the cooking. Said he'd never been so comfortable since he lived at home with his mother. Clearly, he was after something, the saucy rogue! Mrs. Farthing had her mouth wide open, and Mrs. Try, though breathless, quite forgot about her asthma.

And then, if you please, it all came out with a rush. He had a young lady, this officer, and he wanted this young lady to come to tea with him at his rooms once a week. Mrs. Farthing glanced sideways at Mrs. Try, but Mrs. Try had forgotten all about Mrs. Farthing.

The landlady put her foot down. That sort

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"THE CAPTAIN'S FREE ARM WAS ROUND MISS MOONEY, AND MISS MOONEY'S FREE ARM WAS ROUND THE CAPTAIN!"

of thing wasn't allowed in her house. Innocent it might be, and no doubt was, but folks twisted things in such a way you couldn't be too strict. She was sorry, but the officer must meet the young woman elsewhere.

He had another shot, though, in his locker. What if they played the piano all the time? Mrs. Farthing giggled at this, and several people in the pit hushed at her. The story was too engrossing for laughter.

The landlady wavered. Whilst she was wavering, the small servant actually showed in the young lady. She was quite nicely dressed—nothing what you might call fussy—no paint or fal-lals or funny hair. She bowed to the landlady, shook hands with the officer, and then went straight to the piano and began to play.

Here was a situation! The landlady couldn't very well turn her out, neck and crop. That would have caused a scene, and a scene would damage the house as much as anything. So, *pro-tem.*, she accepted the officer's suggestion. So long as the piano was kept going.

The two were left alone. The officer then acted very strangely. He went into the next room, and returned with a surprising piece of furniture. It looked like a small harmonium, and yet different!

All this time the girl went on playing. The house was intensely interested in the officer's movements. What in the world was that queer thing, and what was he going to do with it?

What he did was done in a flash. At a given word the girl jumped up from the piano, the queer contrivance took her place, and the piano went on playing all by itself!

The house roared. Mrs. Farthing roared. But Mrs. Try did not roar. She shivered. This story would be all over Chelsea by to-morrow morning. Alice Farthing, the deceitful cat, must have heard tell of the sketch, and that was why she had been so anxious to give her friend this little treat! Well, she should see! And Chelsea should see! Mrs. Try was not one to be so easily mocked!

The sketch proceeded. There were complications, of course, but Mrs. Try did not heed them. She was thinking out the next move on her own particular board.

VI.

MRS. TRY bided her time. A woman who can bide her time is always dangerous, and Mrs.

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Try had suddenly become exceedingly dangerous. The very first time the Captain went out she made a thorough search of his rooms, yet could discover no piece of mechanism at all similar to the thing she had seen on the stage. No matter. The Army might be clever, but they didn't possess *all* the brains in the world!

Thursday afternoon came round, and with it Miss Mooney, tripping lightly up the stairs as though she was not there merely on sufferance. The piano at once started, and Janie made for her post of ecstatic misery.

"You come back!" commanded Mrs. Try. "And don't you dare leave this kitchen till I come down! I've had enough of your chitting-chatting tongue!"

Up the landlady toiled, felt-footed, to the second floor. Not a word from the sitting-room. Just the piano, steadily and faithfully playing.

Mrs. Try stood immediately outside the door. Her heart was going like two clocks, but little she cared for that. Her usually rubicund face was pale and determined.

Whumph! Open went the door, and the landlady was in the room!

The sight that met her gaze was far more astounding than any mechanical piano-player.

In fact, there was no mechanical piano-player. On the contrary, the Captain and Miss Mooney were both playing the piano!

But in a strange way. They were sitting on one chair. The Captain was playing the bass notes with his left hand, whilst Miss Mooney trilled out the treble notes with her right. The Captain's free arm was round Miss Mooney, and Miss Mooney's free arm was round the Captain!

"*Captain Buckingham!*" gasped Mrs. Try.

But they took no notice—just went on playing. And then it was that Mrs. Try saw something else that astonished her. The Captain had a label pinned to his back. It was long and narrow in shape, and had printing and writing on it. The appearance of it was vaguely familiar to Mrs. Try.

She drew nearer, and nearer yet. The players never turned, or stopped the music for a second. Mrs. Try stooped down and examined the paper.

No wonder it had seemed familiar! A similar form was stitched up in a safe part of the landlady's own clothing.

It was a Marriage Certificate.

Later, much later, when the landlady's emotions were dying down, she made her confession to the Captain.

"I shouldn't never have taken such a liberty, sir, but for a sketch I saw at the music-'all last week. Only there they had a pianner-player."

"I know," said Captain Buckingham. "But we couldn't afford a piano-player."

"Then you've seen the sketch, Capting?"

"Yes, Mrs. Try, I've seen it. As a matter of fact, for needs must when Love drives, I wrote it."

ACROSTICS.

WITH Acrostic No. 61, printed below, our eleventh series of six acrostics begins. Prizes to the value of twelve guineas will be awarded to the most successful solvers.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 61.

Changing seasons mark the year:
Ice and snow will disappear,
Warmer days will soon be here.

1. Goods for selling—are inside.
2. Naughtiness personified.
3. Coloured gentleman is spied.
4. Tail from tail must pass away.
5. Never odd, at close of day.
6. On the finger let it stay.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 62.

April the First! beware, beware,
While cautious folk suspect a snare,
These guileless victims meet their fate,
Their sorrows none commiserate.

1. Of monarch named "the great" we view
   One half; or less than half will do.
2. At rapid pace the music goes;
   The rest within the answer shows.
3. Roll on, one letter drop, and see
   An ancient Duke of Normandy.
4. The leading letter, which you will,
   As M. for Mary, P. for Phil.
5. A maid; one letter add, and she
   In the result herself may see.

PAX.

Answers to Acrostics 61 *and* 62 *should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor,* THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than by the first post on April* 10*th.*

The solution to each acrostic must be on a separate piece of paper; a second answer may be sent to any or every light, and should be written at the side of the first one; at the foot of each solution every solver should write his pseudonym and nothing else. This pseudonym should be limited to one word.

ANSWER TO No. 60.

1.	E	nnu	I
2.	N	otti	N
3.	O	oregu	M
4.	C	ett	E
5.	H	ersha	M
6.	A	bedneg	O
7.	R	edca	R
8.	D	ew	I
9.	E	nn	A
10.	N	ahu	M

NOTES.—Light 2. Notting Hill; not tin. 3. The shares of the Ooregum gold mine. 4. In France. French. *cette*, this. 5. Walton and Hersham; Izaak Walton; Isaac means "Laughter"; her sham. 6. Azariah. 7. In the North Riding of Yorkshire; a red car; white horses, waves. 8. Saint David, or Dewi. March 1st, St. David's Day. 9. The rape of Proserpine. 10. Nahum Tate. Louis XIV., *L'Etat, c'est moi.*

The answer to the third light of No. 56 has come out somewhat indistinctly: it should be "Fif," part of the word "fifth."

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HOW TO WIN AT BRIDGE.

By

R. F. FOSTER,

Author of "Advanced Auction Bridge," etc.

I.—Common Faults at Auction.

The Original Declaration.

MOST of the average player's losses at auction may be traced to faulty calling, and these faults may be roughly divided into two classes: faults in the original declaration, and faults in those that follow it. The first are known as free bids; the others are largely forced.

In the free bids, those made by the dealer, or by the second hand if the dealer passes, we find two large sources of error; showing only one thing instead of two, and forgetting that the initial declaration is seldom final. This is particularly true of suit calls.

Trumps are Bid For; Not Made.

A common fault with the average player is that he thinks of nothing beyond having the suit he names as the trump. He forgets that his declaration does not make the trump. That is settled by the three others at the table, after the dealer has expressed his opinion. They have just as much to say about it as he has, and they may accept or reject his proposition. The hand may eventually be played, not only with another suit for trump, but by the opponents.

If the first call were final, and the suit named were sure to be the trump, almost every suit call we see at auction would be safe, if not technically correct. Even if the only object were to show the partner the suit one would prefer for the trump, the call having no other significance, the majority of the declarations we see would be beyond criticism.

Two Objects in Calling.

But there should be a secondary object in all free bids, which is to inform the partner where he may expect to find some assistance for a better contract, if he has such in view, or where he can depend on the dealer for some sure tricks, in case the opponents get the declaration.

Any player who makes an original call that does not convey this double information is wasting an opportunity. He is like a man who has to send two telegrams when one should have been enough. It is hardly necessary to say that hearts or spades are not usually called with less than five in suit, because they are desirable as trumps; but clubs or diamonds may be called with only three or four in suit, as they are chiefly useful as supports for better contracts.

But in order to cover the double object of an original call, the suit named must be headed by at least two sure tricks; or one in the suit itself and one in a supporting suit. This requires the caller to hold one or other of the following combinations, or better, at the head of his suit:—

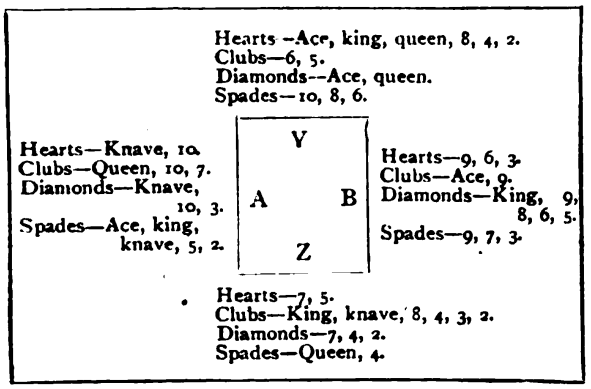
A, K. A, Q, J. K, Q, J.

If there is only one sure trick at the head of the suit called, there should also be one probable, and at least one sure, trick in the supporting suit. Five spades to the ace, queen, and the ace of diamonds is a good original call, but without the diamond trick it is not, even with six spades, because the element of defence, the secondary object of all free bids, is not there. Such suits should be announced on the second round of bids, not on the first. Then the partner will understand that they are useful only if trumps the conventional two sure tricks for support of defence not being present.

Misleading the Partner.

Faulty original calls may lead the partner into serious losses if he depends on the dealer's hand for tricks which the dealer cannot win. Take this hand:—

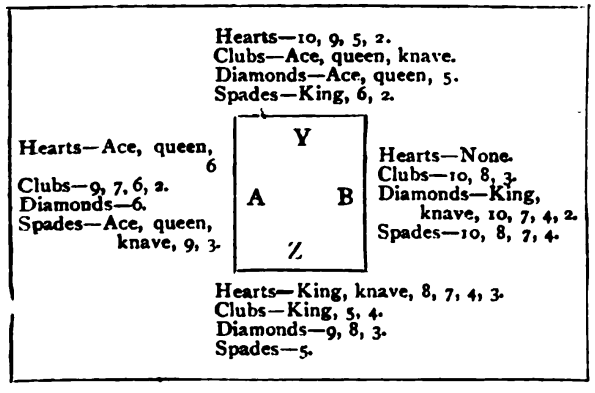
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Z dealt and called clubs. Leave him with this contract, and he makes the odd trick easily, perhaps two by cards. But the three others at the table have something to say. A called the spades and Y the hearts, finally going to four. He counts his six trumps as good for six tricks; ace of diamonds, seven; and his partner's two clubs, nine. He is willing to be one down rather than let A and B score three spades, and perhaps game.

A could have made three spades, but no more. All Y can make at hearts is two odd, as B led a spade and A a trump, to disarm dummy. Give Z the two sure tricks in clubs that he should have held to justify his call in that suit, and not only are Y's calculations sound, but B would never have assisted the spades, and a call of three hearts would have got the contract. Let Z reserve the clubs for a secondary bid, to deny the hearts, and Y will not count on him for any sure tricks.

A faulty initial call with a long but defenceless suit may lead the partner into what he considers a safe double. Take this case :—



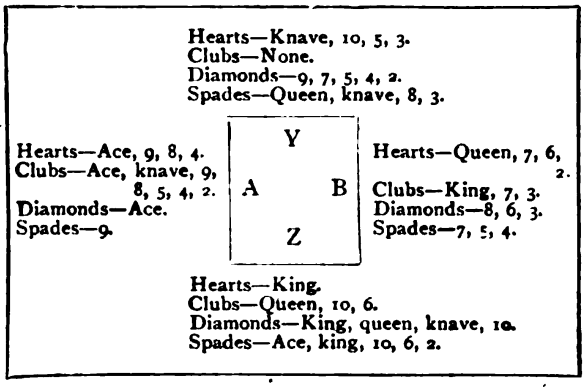
Z's cards present a typical secondary heart bid, with length enough for a trump suit, but no defence against an opposing declaration, yet he makes a free bid. If this bid were final, or even secondary, there is no fault to find with it, as the hands are good for three odd at hearts. It is their success with these bad calls that leads so many players to continue them, and to overlook their more frequent disasters.

A called spades, and Y assisted the hearts up to four. When they went to four spades Y could not see how it was possible for them to make ten tricks, so he doubled, just as A would have doubled five hearts. Y followed the rule and led his partner's suit. A won two rounds and then led a third, dummy discarding all three of his clubs. Z led the trump. A played the ace second hand and led the diamond, Y winning, as he can still defeat the contract if he can make a club, by leading two rounds of trumps. A unblocked B's trumps by playing jack and nine, so that B got in to clear the diamonds, A trumping with the queen and leading the tray. This gave A his four by cards doubled.

Let Z postpone his heart call until the second round, and Y will know not to expect any defence in that suit, so he will lead his clubs; and if A has gone beyond two spades he will be downed, while Z could still make three hearts on his secondary bid.

Calling No-Trumps on Suit Hands.

Another very common fault is calling no-trumps on cards that are safer suit bids. The usual excuse is that it is easier to go game with three odd than four or five. This is true when there are tricks enough in the combined hands to go game at no-trumps. It is not true when one has enough to go game with a suit, and not enough for no-trumps. The mere fact of calling a hand a no-trumper does not make it one when it is not. Take this case :—



Z dealt on the rubber game, no score, and called no-trump. Having the lead, A passed; so did Y and B. A led his fourth best club and downed the contract for four tricks, Y making only two spades and a diamond at the end. Z could make five odd at spades.

This result cannot be attributed to bad luck, because it is simply bad calling. Give Z any one of the three other hands for his dummy, and he will make more at spades than at no-trump, or the original spade call will lead to more. Transpose the hands of A and Y, and Y will deny the spades with no-trump and make a little slam. Give dummy B's cards, with the four spades still in A's hand. A will lead the diamond and Z will make at least the odd trick, even if A and B get up a cross-ruff at the start by B's leading a club right up to the king—a most improbable play. If B does not lead the club, Z makes three odd at spades. At no-trump, only two odd, with thirty aces against him.

Classifying Calling Hands.

Those who avoid the fault of calling on hands that have no defensive value frequently fail to

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make the correct conventional distinction between hands in which all the strength is in the suit named; those in which it is in two suits, and those in which it is distributed among three or four.

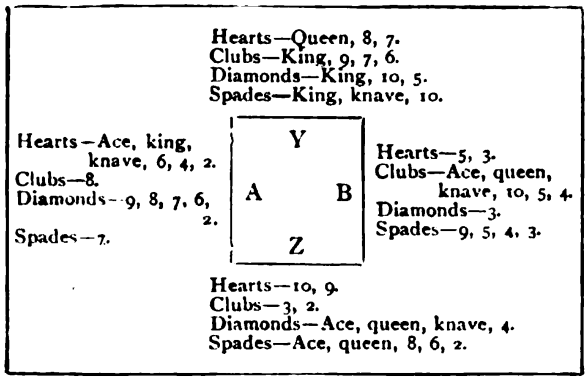
In the first class the initial call should be final, for all the suit is worth. The second class should be rebid on the second round if necessary. The third are usually no-trumpers, unless there is sufficient length in a major suit. Many original no-trump calls are turned into suit bids later.

As the primary object of all calling is to arrive at the best call for the combined hands, and not for the individual hand alone, it is essential that each player should understand clearly to which class his partner's hand belongs if the calling is competitive.

A typical holding for a call in the first class would be five hearts or spades to the ace, king, and nothing else; or five to the ace, queen, and another ace. These are free calls for one trick, with nothing more to say. If there are more trumps, such as six to the ace, king, jack, and nothing outside, the first call should be two tricks, with nothing more to say. With seven or eight cards, three tricks, but always with the two sure tricks at the top.

When there is enough in the suit itself for a free call, such as five to the ace, king, ten, and also an outside ace, the conventional bidding is one trick, advancing to two if necessary, to show the outside trick in another suit. Five hearts to the ace, queen, with an outside ace, is not a rebid, because the ace is necessary to justify the heart call. The point is that the rebid marks some of the tricks being in another suit, and still marks the suit itself as strong enough for an original call. Clubs and diamonds are never bid for more than one trick at the start, unless they can call four or five, and promise game.

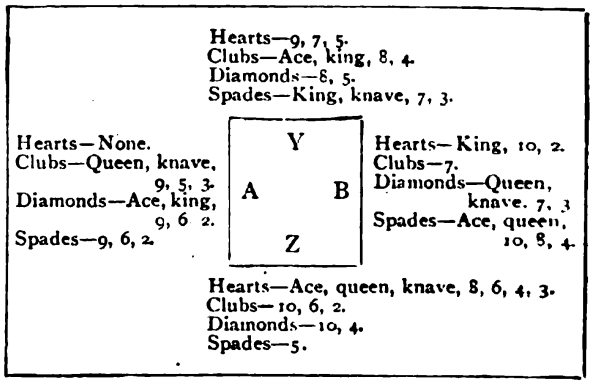
Given a partner who understands these distinctions, and a player who avoids the fault of bargaining for the contract by starting with a call of one and going up to two or three, with nothing but one suit in his hand, games and rubbers may be won that would be otherwise impossible. Take this hand:—



The first round of calls was: Spade; two hearts; two spades; three clubs. Z then rebid his hand, three spades, and A passes. This hand was played in a duplicate match, at seven tables, and only one went game. When played at three spades, A led clubs, ruffed the return, and made two hearts.

At one table Y shifted to three no-trumps. He knew the only high cards Z could hold in spades were ace and queen, and that he must have had a trick elsewhere. Judging from the adverse bids, that trick is in diamonds. But when Z rebids his hand he shows more than the ace of diamonds, or six spades. If more diamonds, they must be ace, queen, jack. Six spades, two diamonds, and a heart or a club is game at no-trump. Or, five spades and three or four diamonds. In this estimate he was correct. B led the heart and A let it run, to get the queen out of the way at once.

Calling a second time with a suit that is not supported by outside tricks is a very common fault. With a shrewd partner such declarations are very misleading. Take this case:—



Z started with a call of two hearts, B calling two spades. Z then made the mistake of rebidding his hand, as if it contained an outside trick somewhere. When it got up to four spades by A, it looked to Y as if Z's outside trick must be in diamonds, as ace of spades seemed impossible in view of the opponents' calling. Five hearts being doubtful, Y called four no-trumps and went down for no less than seven tricks, as B opened the diamonds and A won the second round and others, leading spades through Y three times.

Give Z the outside trick that his rebid indicates, no matter what ace it is, and Y makes four odd at no-trumps by getting in twice on the clubs to finesse the hearts. B could have made four spades.

A very common fault in the second or third round of bids is failing to take advantage of an opportunity to show exactly where the outside tricks lie. A player calls hearts on five to the ace, king, queen, and rebids over a spade, holding both ace and king of that suit. On the next round he bids three hearts. The correct call is to double two spades. He has shown the outside tricks by the rebid. Now he shows that they are in spades. His partner then has a photograph of his hand.

Next Month: "Competitive Calls."

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A Match for a Man

By HYLTON CLEAVER

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant

SMITTEN with loneliness, Elizabeth decided to adopt a boy. Elizabeth was twenty-five years of age, and as the type of boy she required was not to be younger than fifteen, the master of the orphanage to which she applied was surprised. He was also surprised at Elizabeth's appearance. Elizabeth affected spectacles, and her hair was tugged back from her forehead and clapped down on top of her head with a comb, upon which lay a hat like a piece of blotting-paper. Also it was evident that, to Elizabeth, clothes were merely things which covered her and kept her warm.

The master of the orphanage deduced that Elizabeth was single and likely to remain so; also that since she was proposing to adopt a boy for company she lived alone. These —deductions were correct.

Then he cleared his throat.

"Most boys of fifteen," he announced, "are working."

"I want a boy who works," said Elizabeth. "I want a manly boy; one who can stand up for himself; a boy who could knock others about if they tantalized him, but not a bully —a boy I could control."

"There is Dicky Parnis," said the master.

"Can he stand up for himself?" asked Elizabeth. "Could he use his fists?"

The master looked at her perplexedly.

"It's a boy like that I want," said Elizabeth, "that's all."

"Parnis is *always* fighting," he answered, vexedly.

So she took Dicky Parnis, became his Aunt Elizabeth, and waited for him to fight.

She had to wait a week.

He did not mention that the cause of the fight had been Elizabeth's appearance. It did not seem worth while; and Elizabeth confronted him with eyes of fiery contempt that shone on him from behind their windows. Her lips were tightly compressed; her hands folded before her at the waist.

"If you *must* fight," said she, "don't let another boy give you a black eye."

After that Dicky was rather a mystery to her; for although she felt that he must be fighting all right, she could never find any proof. Indeed, two months had passed before he came slowly home one night and stood for a long time outside the house not daring to come in. He wished there had been a side door. At last he went slowly up the steps and rang the bell. Elizabeth opened the door and he crept in. She looked at him perplexedly because it was not his habit to creep, and followed him into the sitting-room, where, drawing him towards her by the arm, she placed a hand under his chin and jerked his face, crimson with humiliation, up to the light.

At last he lifted his eyes to hers, and Elizabeth perceived the tell-tale smudge.

"Who gave you this?" said she.

There was no sympathy in her voice. She spoke coldly; and her hand was still grasping him so firmly by the chin that he found it difficult to answer. Ultimately he murmured:—

"Another fellow."

For awhile she was silent, and seemed to be coming to some great decision. When at last she spoke, each word was uttered with meticulous care and very great clearness.

"Go out again," said she, "and find him. Fight him again. If you come back with any other mark on your face you will go supperless to bed."

So he went out, and came back with a hideously discoloured handkerchief instead, which he held up for her inspection.

"He used this for his nose," said he. "I made him give it to me to show you."

He burned it, obedient to her sharp command, and that night she announced that since he was so fond of fighting he had better learn to box.

"I've never been beat," said he.

"I wonder how much it would cost," said Elizabeth, "for you to be taught scientific boxing. Do you know? Could you belong to any club?"

"I could join the Sebastians," said he, eagerly. "That's a good club—not very expensive."

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"AT LAST HE LIFTED HIS EYES TO HERS, AND ELIZABETH PERCEIVED THE TELL-TALE SMUDGE."

"Would you get good instruction there?"

"There's two professionals."

That seemed to decide her and she told him to join. "Only," said she, "the first time you come home beaten I shall cane you."

He glanced up with a sudden smile. He could have picked her up in his arms, and for a moment he sat there looking at her. For the life of him he could not make her out. She was not old; yet in no way whatever girlish. Her clothes were not slovenly. They just didn't fit. The colours didn't suit. *He* could see that. Her hair annoyed him; it was so silly.

Aunt Elizabeth rose and turned away.

II.

DICKY PARNIS sat fidgeting on his stool.

The crowd was very dense; and he wished they would stop smoking. Everybody was talking, and he could scarcely hear his own name announced; but the fat man in the waistcoat shouted [illegible]d at him, and Dicky could guess what he said. Nobody took any notice. They just went on talking. It was only a six-round fight, filling in the gap between two special contests, and few cared who won. Dicky cared. It was the first time he had ever fought for money, and he was terribly anxious. Elizabeth didn't know; and he didn't want her to know until he casually produced his earnings from his pocket and laid them on the table in the humble hope that she would accept them. He remembered how she had looked when he had brought home his first medal, won in a Novices' Competition at the Sebastians Club. She had said very little, but he knew that at heart she was immensely satisfied. Since then he had won other medals and many cups. He had never yet been beaten. Now he was eighteen and he had been introduced to a man who had offered him a trial as a professional. So he had left the club and was going to try his luck, only he didn't like to think what Elizabeth would say if he were beaten.

He could not quite understand Elizabeth. She seemed so anxious that he should be a first-rate boxer, and yet she took no real interest in details when he tried to describe his fights to her with suitable actions. She was not really masculine at all. She was just firm and——

He stopped thinking. The timekeeper was raising his hammer. Next moment the gong sounded and he was upon his feet with extended hand.

The other man was older than Dicky; he had short, straight hair and a blue chin; and he crouched low and eyed Dicky in a villainous manner.

Dicky was undisturbed. He began to fight as he had always fought at Sebastians, hitting coolly and using his suppleness to swing back out of reach before he slammed in his own left counters. The other was hard and tough, and sniffed continuously, but he showed no great skill, and by the end of the second round Dicky was well on top. Then he kept feeling for his opening, and at last it came. He had been plugging with his left continuously and now he feinted with it twice quickly, and as

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the other moved his head sideways and exposed his face, Dicky slipped in and swung up his right. The blow lifted the blue-chinned fellow out of his crouch and stiffened him to his full height with painful suddenness, whereupon Dicky shot in his left, and finished up with a blow that sent the other sideways off his feet on to the boards and caused him to lie there, quivering a little, but completely outed.

There was applause. After ten seconds Dicky moved forward and, lifting the other man to his feet, gave him over to his seconds, then turned and went to his corner, a very youthful and a rather likeable figure, obviously delighted, and without a mark.

He made excuses to his friends and went home to Elizabeth, because he knew she would be wondering where he was, and because he was still only a boy he burst into the house with a happy smile and went importantly to the fire and stood there, whilst he felt in his pockets and produced the golden coins.

"Give me your hand, Aunt Elizabeth," said he.

Elizabeth was watching him with uncertain eyes, and as he waited for her, he could not help thinking how little she had changed. He could not imagine that three years had really gone since she had given him a home. She even seemed to be wearing the same clothes—the same ridiculous hair-comb. She slowly put out her hand, and Dicky took it and held it palm upwards whilst he proudly counted out three golden sovereigns.

"What's this?" said she, and looked at him as if he must have stolen it, or won it by gambling.

"You paid for me to be taught boxing," said he. "I've started to pay you back. I've turned professional." He smiled disarmingly, and she did not at once withdraw her hand. She just looked first at him and then at the money, and at last she took it and laid it upon the table and regarded it stolidly. Presently she spoke.

"You have been fighting to-night?"

"Yes," said he. "It was easy."

There came an impressive silence, and at last she turned to him impulsively.

"Do you get enough to eat?" said she. "You must build up your strength if you're going to fight—you mustn't get beaten now. You must climb." She paused. "I'm glad," she added, at last.

She went and stood by the fire, and the light of the lamp showed up her quaint bespectacled face and the straight drag of her hair. She was a little thing, but she held her head proudly, and her lips were firmly set.

"I'll get your supper," said she. "You'll be hungry."

That was Dicky's year. Looking forward, and in after years looking back, he knew assuredly that it was the most crowded year of his life and the most fateful. In the autumn he was nineteen and still unbeaten, and the list of his fights was long. When fight promoters had learned of his ability they had crowded about him with offers and he found himself billed, at first only for six-round fights, but afterwards for ten-round contests that often topped the bill, and in the end, with a shining light amongst welter weights over a distance of twenty rounds.

On the night of this, his biggest fight, she sent him away with an anxious look, and settled down as patiently as she could to wait for news. He had been away for over a month at a training camp and had only been home to see her at odd times, and finally, two days before his fight, to stay with her till it was over; and though through his time of training she had been lonely, and had missed his company, she knew it was for his good and had no grumbles. He left her with promises to be back within a couple of hours, which was rather an underestimate, for the fight lasted the full distance and tested his worth as had no previous fight in his life.

He came home as always, opening the door with his latch-key. The lamp in the hall was turned low; there was nobody in the sitting-room. He waited a moment, listening, and presently the door of Elizabeth's room was gently opened, and she called out softly:—

"Is that you, Dicky?"

There was something unusual in her tone; the voice was still and small, and the words were not pronounced with that cold care that was her usual way.

He thought she seemed almost afraid.

"Yes," said he.

"Did you win?"

Just for a moment he kept her in doubt, as if in teasing.

"Yes."

"Then I'll come down," said Aunt Elizabeth, and came.

He went into the sitting-room and turned on the lamp. She came slowly and uncertainly, and only when she was at the doorway and he could see her properly did he understand.

The Aunt Elizabeth he knew was no more, and in her place there came a girl with eyes unspoiled by spectacles, and parted hair done low on the neck. An Elizabeth in a pink silk blouse and tailor-made skirt, silken stockings, neat shoes of patent leather; above all an Elizabeth who was a little shy, almost as if she had forgotten how to wear such clothes. He drew back, dumbfounded, and they looked at one another until Elizabeth dropped her eyes, and then she said:—

"It's me, all right."

He laughed shortly, but he could find no way of putting all the questions that were crowding upon his lips.

"I used to be always like this," said she. "It's rather a long time ago though, and I expect I look rather silly. I'm twenty-nine now."

"What!" said he, but could get no further, so he smiled at her admiringly.

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"Where are your glasses?" he said at last.

"I've left them upstairs," she answered. "It doesn't matter—they're only ordinary glass. I can see without them."

Then there came quite a long silence. Elizabeth sat down, and waited as if for him to speak, looking dreamingly into the fire.

"If you'd been beaten," she said, "I should have changed back into the other things. Only—you've won."

"Yes," he said. "Of course. But what difference does that make?"

"There's a man I want you to fight," said she. "You've beaten everybody, and I——" she turned to him impulsively and her eyes were suddenly ablaze. "I want you to beat *him*. I've helped you all these years, just for this one end. I wanted to find someone who could fight like he could. I made up my mind to it. I meant to be patient. I've followed all he's done in the ring ever since you came to live with me—in case he retired before you were ready—in case he got out of it—and now he's here. He's come from America. He's issuing challenges. Nobody's beaten him yet. I want you to. For pity's sake; you *will*, won't you?"

Dicky had listened, with widening eyes and slowly parting lips, and now he stood absolutely still.

"Why—but who—who is it?"

"Jim Goodyear," said she, in a whisper.

For a moment Dicky did not utter a word, and at last his lips moved twice before he really spoke.

"Goodyear," said he. "He's champion of the world. No living man has ever beaten him. How—how can I?"

She jumped up and faced him, and her hands reached out and touched his shoulders.

"Nobody's ever beaten *you*," she said. "I'd never let them. I taught you never to let a boy mark you. And I've known all these years that you would help me in the end. I'm certain of it now. Something keeps telling me so—I know."

"I'm only a kid," he said. "And Goodyear—Goodyear's ten years older than I am. He's as old as you. I—I haven't a chance."

"You aren't afraid?"

"No," said he. "I'm not afraid."

"Then fight him," whispered Elizabeth, and she seemed to Dicky extraordinarily sweet. "I want you to. You'll win. He's getting old. Sooner or later, some time, somebody will beat him. Why shouldn't it be you and I?"

"Do you know him?" asked Dicky.

"I used to be engaged to him," said she. ". . . . And then, when he went, I suddenly hated men—everybody—all men. I made an oath that no man should ever like me again, or think me pretty. I meant to be lonely and live alone, an ugly old maid; and then I knew how I wanted him to be beaten, and when I used to sit alone the idea came to me that I would adopt a boy—a boy who could fight—and spend my life in making him as good as Jim. And then in the end he and I together would beat Jim in the ring, humble him, and break his pride. *I* would do it. He tried to break mine—I would break his. So I took you—and the dream's come true. And now—now he's in England again and it may be his last year of fighting, or—or somebody else may beat him first."

"Supposing he beats me," said Dicky, who was, above all, a practical young man.

"He won't." She shook her head emphatically, and he thought how oddly girlish she seemed, in spite of her twenty-nine years.

"You're not going to disappoint me after all this time of waiting? I—I haven't been happy, Dicky. It isn't nice to be ugly, and get laughed about and stared at, and I've had to keep my promise to myself. I wouldn't have got out these things to-night, only I thought you wouldn't believe me if I didn't." She looked down at her skirt and smoothed it with her hands, wistfully. "I suppose they're all out of fashion now."

"If you want me to fight him, I'll fight," said Dicky, dourly. "Only it's asking rather a lot of a chap like me. So many have tried to beat Goodyear."

"Nobody's tried as hard as I have," said she.

"No," he answered. "Perhaps they haven't."

"He's old," she added again, as if in consolation. "As old as I am. Sooner or later somebody will beat him. Why *shouldn't* it be you?"

"I'll fight," said Dicky.

For a moment he thought she was going to kiss him. But she didn't.

III.

"THERE will be other women there," Elizabeth had said. "I shall come."

She had not come. Dicky could not see her. He had not wanted her to be there at all, because he could not believe, even now, that he might win, and he was very afraid of the disappointment that was surely coming to her; but he believed she would come nevertheless. She was so resolute. He wondered how she would look. Would she come as he knew her best or as he had seen her once? He found these questions distracting him as he sat in his corner waiting for Goodyear. She was right. There were a few women there—not many. If this fight had taken place at the National she would not have been able to come. In point of fact, *would* she?

There was sudden cheering. Goodyear was coming. Dicky looked towards the gangway eagerly. It was the first time he had ever seen him. Goodyear had not even met him at the signing of the contract. Now at last he was here. Dicky had not expected such a man. He had seen photographs—had heard tales, read descriptions—but he had not pictured him correctly. Goodyear didn't look a fighter

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at all. Dicky wondered whether he did himself. Goodyear had fought consistently for ten years, refusing none; yet he had none of the usual marks of his calling: no cauliflower ear, no swollen eyebrows. He was small for his weight, compact, muscular, had keen eyes. He came across to Dicky and shook hands with him. Dicky stood up and greeted him with something like reverence; and a modest smile. There was something in Goodyear that was more than mere personality; an electric force. The thought came to Dicky that it was absurd to suppose he could best this man; it was stupid to have challenged him; his own manager had been all against it. Dicky knew now that he was right. Well, it wasn't his fault; it was Elizabeth's—he'd be sorry if she was sad. He could only do his best. But——

Everything was ready. The acclamation of the crowd was dying down. Introductions were over. At last Time was sounded; and they were in the middle of the ring facing each other with watchful eyes and quivering hands. There came a sudden pause, and a heavy glove flashed into Dicky's face twice and was gone, leaving him numb. He followed after, while Goodyear led him on—and on. At last he had Goodyear in a corner; he began to feel for his opening. Suddenly Goodyear was upon him with both hands dealing lightning blows, and he could not get his own left home. He gave way slowly. Goodyear still struck with masterly ease, and landed so quickly that Dicky became confused and gasped once, for breath. Then Goodyear suddenly stopped, and in the centre of the ring pushed him away and put up his hands again quickly, and hit. But now Dicky saw his own opening and led. At once Goodyear was right away out of reach, and as Dicky hesitated he slipped in and hit him twice in the ribs and was gone.

Dicky became acutely conscious that he was being made to look a fool. He set his teeth and strove to collect his thoughts; then suddenly sprang in to the attack, and on the instant the bell sounded and Goodyear turned and went to his corner.

Dicky sat down, a little lost and a little unsettled. He didn't mind being hit. He could take punishment; but he hated to be confused. He looked round the audience out of the corner of his eye and still could not see Elizabeth. He wondered if she were there, and what she was thinking. He began to feel desperately sorry for her. He found himself vowing to do better next round. He himself would call the tune. He would lead. Why should Goodyear have it all his own way? Goodyear was trying to dazzle him with a reputation; but, after all, he was old. He would not last.

The second round began. Dicky wasted no precious moments. He sparred for an opening, weaved his way under Goodyear's guard, and let go an uppercut. It was not quick enough. Goodyear countered him heavily. He came again. Goodyear covered up cautiously and kept him away, and each time that Dicky struck, Goodyear's left came out like a rapier and pinked him, first here, then there, but he would not be denied. He began to remember that after all he was no fool with the gloves. No man had beaten him yet. There was nothing to be afraid of. He forced the pace. He was quick himself, and now and again he landed blows that he thought Goodyear would find surprisingly hard. Goodyear didn't seem to. He just fought back in his own style, still scoring points. So ended the second round, and to some the fight was already a foregone conclusion.

"Too clever," said the critics. "And the boy's too young."

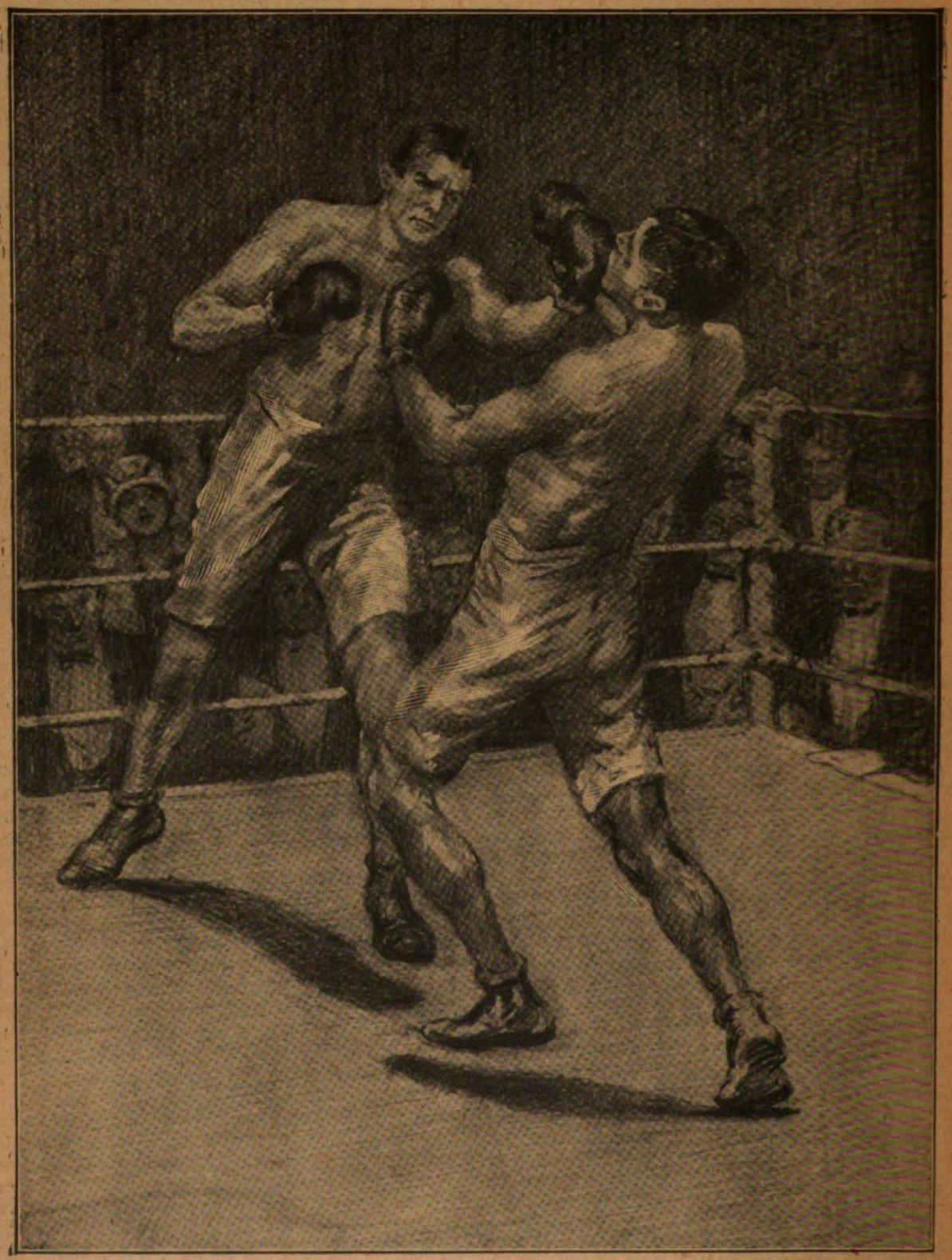
But again the two men met and now Dicky boxed harder still. He wanted to let Goodyear wear himself out, but he was not going to let him get too far ahead on points. Goodyear came in and he met him with an unorthodox right which jolted his head, and the sensational murmur that came from the crowd told him that it was well delivered. He dashed in unhesitatingly, striking swift, telling blows, keeping his perfect balance by clever footwork. Goodyear met him with his long left and a sure guard, and they fought it out in a wonderful minute that brought cheers; then the round was finished and both were a little blown.

By now Dicky's blood was up. His first nervousness had passed. This was just an ordinary fight and it had got to be won. Goodyear was no magician. He was just one extraordinarily good boxer, and he, Dicky Parnis, was going to be another.

He lost no precious seconds in the next round, but slipped quickly across the ring and was on top of his man, in-fighting sturdily and striving for the chance of an uppercut. Goodyear was undisturbed. He seemed no warmer than when the fight had started. He was not even bleeding yet. Dicky had a trickle of blood winding its way downwards from his eyebrow, but he didn't know it. Goodyear came in suddenly with an attack of his own and hustled Dicky into a corner, where Dicky stood with his back to the ropes and fought him back, with blow for blow, until at last there came a momentary pause and he slipped out and had turned the tables so quickly that Goodyear was in the corner and covering up.

In the rounds that followed this fight grew into the contest of the year. Again and again men were upon their feet, regardless of decorum, shouting hoarsely upon their chosen. Dicky, grimly serious, his smile gone, fought as never before. The cut on his eye was bleeding badly now and his lips were bruised, but he still seemed unaware of it, and Goodyear was still supremely cool and quick. Yet he was losing a little of his great accuracy in hitting. There seemed nothing at all between the two now, and both were conscious of it. Neither would give ground, or waste time in gaining breath. They meant to fight it out to a finish, and in the eleventh round it seemed that the end had come, for Goodyear suddenly found an opening

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"THE GLOVE STAYED AGAINST HIS FACE, PUSHING HIM BACK, WORRYING AT HIM, HUSTLING HIM VERY MUCH."

and had struck one clean blow that lifted Dicky sideways on to the ropes, and for a moment he hung there helpless, while Goodyear slipped in to let go his knockout blow. Dicky ducked and would have been safe, but Goodyear turned in pursuit and caught him with his long left, and Dicky went down and lay for some seconds; thinking dazedly until, in the tense silence of the hall, he heard a sudden sound; a sound that made him doggedly get to his feet and put up his fists. It was the sound of a woman who could not keep back

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a frightened cry, and he knew that it was Elizabeth.

Elizabeth had come.

He could not see her; he had no eyes for anyone but Goodyear, but there came back to him the thought of Elizabeth's long years of waiting and her blind faith in him. He saw Goodyear, grim, determined, watching for him to rise, and he waited with tight-shut teeth and swimming eyes for the blow that he knew would come.

It came, a stiff left, with all the weight of Goodyear's body behind it, landing with a thud against his mouth, and he gave one helpless gasp and staggered back. The glove stayed against his face, pushing him back, worrying at him, hustling him very much, and he could not get away; he backed round the ring weakly, wondering what to do, and then quite suddenly he saw that for a moment Goodyear's guard had dropped, and the target of his body was there to hit. He struck at Goodyear's glove violently with his right and twisted him sideways, then smote for Elizabeth's sake with all his force, at his target, and Goodyear spun on his heels and overbalanced.

There came a rumbling murmur from the crowd, but he could not hear any sound that might have come from Elizabeth—and he waited, wondering.

Goodyear got up.

For just a moment they faced one another, each gauging the other's strength, and then Dicky led tentatively with his left, and as Goodyear made to counter, shot in his right again hard at the ribs. Goodyear rocked. There came to Dicky the sudden feeling that Goodyear had shot his bolt and was going weak. He slipped in and, as the other steadied himself, threw out his left and tipped back Goodyear's head.

Then Goodyear smiled.

It was the first time in all the fight that his expression had changed, and Dicky could not quite understand what this meant.

Was Goodyear only pretending to be done?

Had he some trick, some secret up his sleeve?

But there came to Dicky the memory of an old instructor's words: "The moment you've got a man weak, go in and finish him. Don't wait. Don't wonder. Give him no rest. Go in."

So Dicky chanced his luck and went in, and as he smote and smote, and Goodyear tumbled this way and that, still smiling, he knew what that smile must mean.

It was the first time Goodyear had ever known defeat, and he was a brave man. He was smiling at his fall.

He did not lose his temper; he kept up his guard; but he was bleeding badly now, and he was very tired. Yes, he was old; too old. He had met his match at last. Dicky was sorry for Goodyear because there was something very brave about the slow, good-tempered smile. This man had never once refused a challenge. He had never funked.

At last Dicky knocked him down with a thud, and on the instant the bell rang and Goodyear got up shakily and went to his corner.

Dicky sat down. He felt strangely elated. He was champion of the world. He was made. He—and then, suddenly, his towel stopped wagging, and he looked and saw Elizabeth. She was in a front seat, and she was wearing a heavy coat; her glasses were left at home. She was rising out of her chair and staring at him with wide eyes full of an agonized pleading there was no mistaking. People were looking at her. She was taking no notice. For a few brief seconds their eyes met, and he understood.

Then she was going. He saw her pass quickly down the gangway between the seats, and he saw that she had a handkerchief to her lips. She was crying.

He turned back with strangely beating heart—unsettled, undecided, and amazed. They finished sponging his face. The bell went, and Dicky sighed once, inwardly; because he knew what had happened. Elizabeth had misjudged herself. She was sorry for Goodyear. It was transparently clear. This was the first time she had seen him in all these years, and she still loved him.

He, Dicky, had fought for her and had won, and yet in the moment of his triumph she had got up and gone; and had gone crying; and he understood that appealing look in her eyes entirely. It said:—

"For pity's sake, stop. Don't hurt him any more."

It all came to him in the fraction of a second, and he looked at Goodyear hopelessly as they met. What in Heaven's name was he to do?

He himself didn't care. He had plenty of time in *his* life, to be champion of the world; he knew now that it was in his power. Why break Goodyear? *She* didn't want him to know, and he had only fought for her.

They began to spar. What Dicky did must not be too obvious. But Goodyear saw him hesitating, and a sudden light came into his eyes; a light of extraordinary hope. His smile faded away. Dicky saw him collecting himself for one forlorn, terrific blow. Dicky did nothing to stop him. His mind was made up. He was making Elizabeth cry. He would perhaps be doing incalculable harm if he won.

He let Goodyear hit.

Goodyear made no mistake.

The blow landed fairly under the point of Dicky's chin, and Dicky knew nothing more.

She had waited for him outside the building, and she came up and laid her hands on his coat. He was not angry with her. He looked with an almost paternal air at her troubled expression, and then he smiled.

"Did—did you understand?" she whispered.

She was very anxious. He was glad now that he had sacrificed his championship. It was something to be able to reassure her.

"He knocked me out," said Dicky.

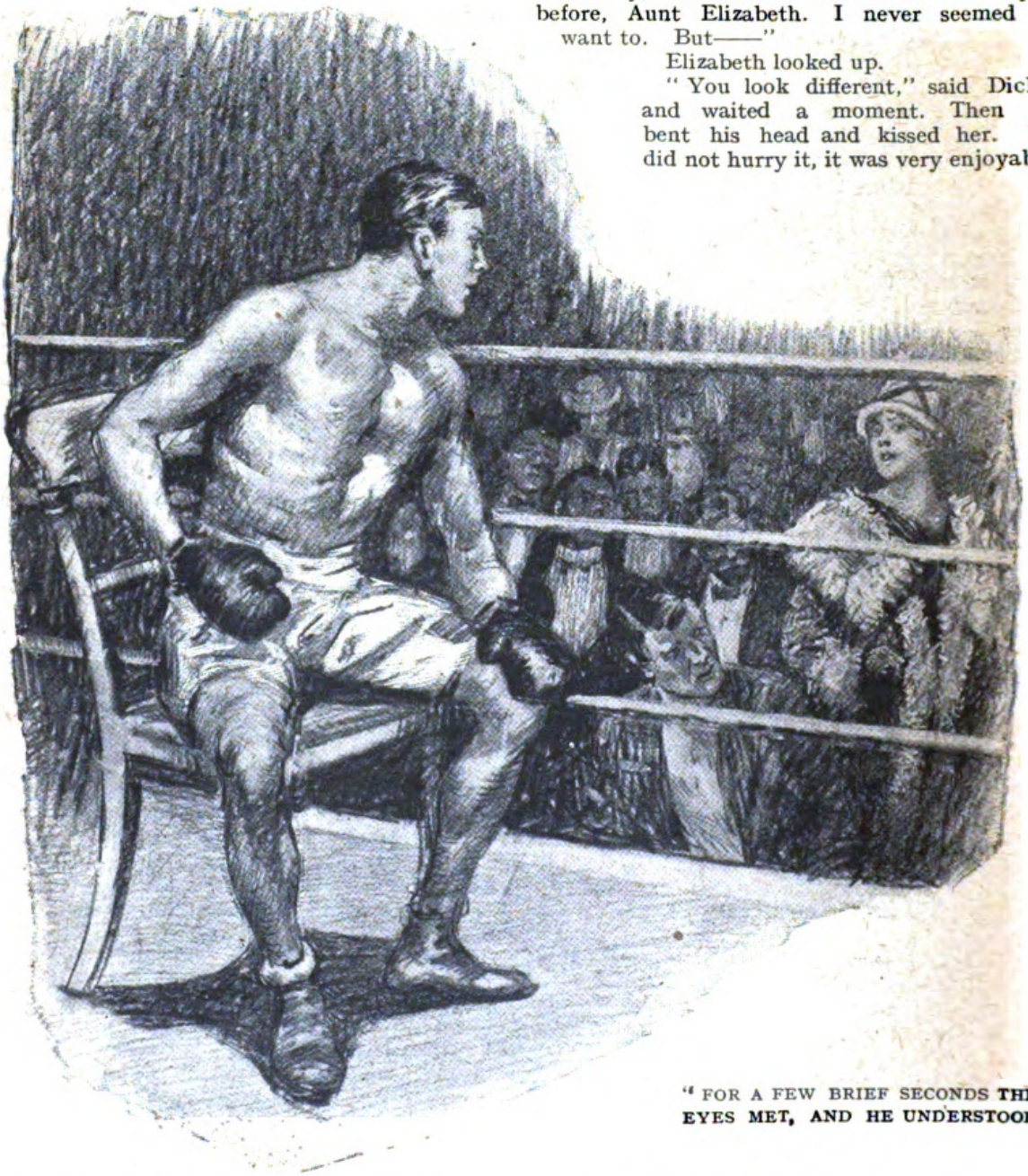
For a little while there was silence. She

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seemed to know no words that would say all that she felt. She just looked at him, and he was very glad he had helped her.

"Bring him to me," said she, at last, "please, Dicky."

"Why did you hate him so?" said Dicky, "I like him."



"FOR A FEW BRIEF SECONDS THEIR EYES MET, AND HE UNDERSTOOD."

She did not answer at once. She seemed a little ashamed of herself.

"He wouldn't let me have my own way," said she. "I told him I hated him, and—and he believed me."

"Is that all?" said Dicky.

"That's all," she said, in a whisper. "We were both so proud."

He suddenly found himself thinking her very sweet. She was holding his sleeve. He looked round. Presently Goodyear might be coming. Sooner or later he would surely want Elizabeth—and she wanted him. They would get married, and live very happily. It seemed to him that he deserved something, some little reward. His head was still ringing. He was very tired. . . .

"I say," said he. "I've never kissed you before, Aunt Elizabeth. I never seemed to want to. But——"

Elizabeth looked up.

"You look different," said Dicky, and waited a moment. Then he bent his head and kissed her. He did not hurry it, it was very enjoyable. Presently he straightened his back and nodded his head.

He smacked his lips just once.

"By Jove!" said he. "That was worth fighting for."

She smiled.

"You'll ask him to come?" said she.

"Surely," said Dicky. "I'll go back and find him. He'll come to-morrow, I expect."

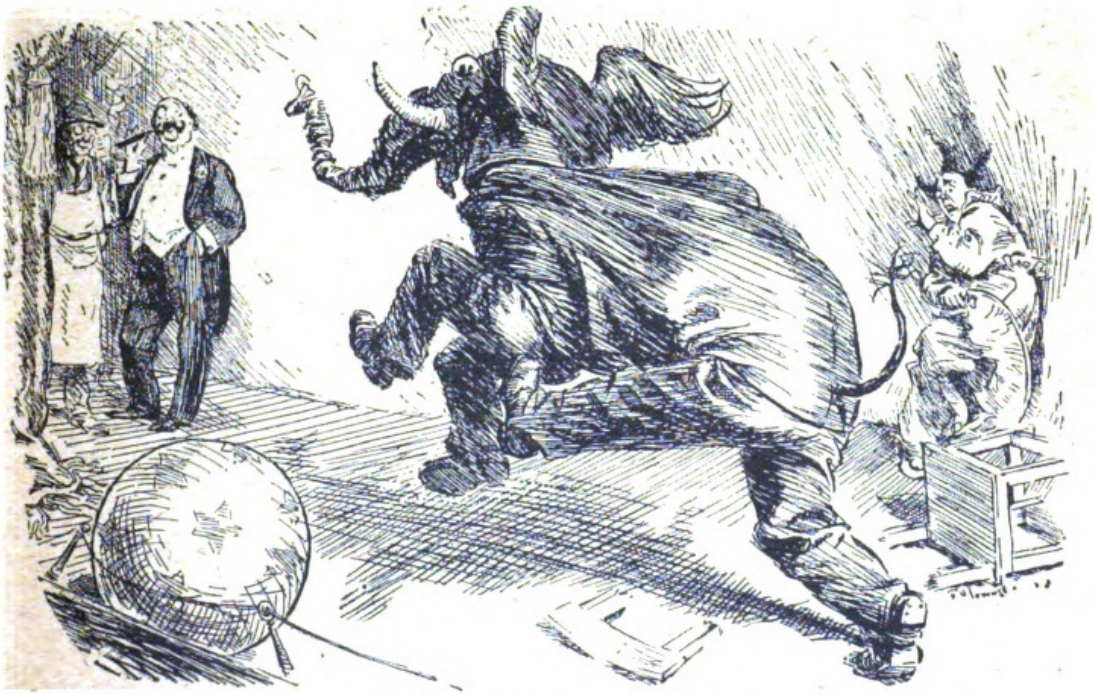
And, of course, he came.

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The Humour of F. H. TOWNSEND.

HUMORISTS of the pencil may roughly be divided into two classes. There are artists with a talent for humour and humorists with a talent for art. Mr. F. H. Townsend belongs essentially to the former class—he may be described as a draughtsman first and a jester afterwards. The amusement to be derived from his drawings will vary considerably with their subjects, but all alike command admiration for their excellence in design and finish. Some black-and-white artists, it may be said, are so concerned for the joke that they allow the drawing to take care of itself. With the art editor of *Punch*, on the other hand, at least as regards his own work, the quality of the drawing is a most essential thing, and in this belief he will never seek the prosperity of a joke by the sacrifice of artistic truth.

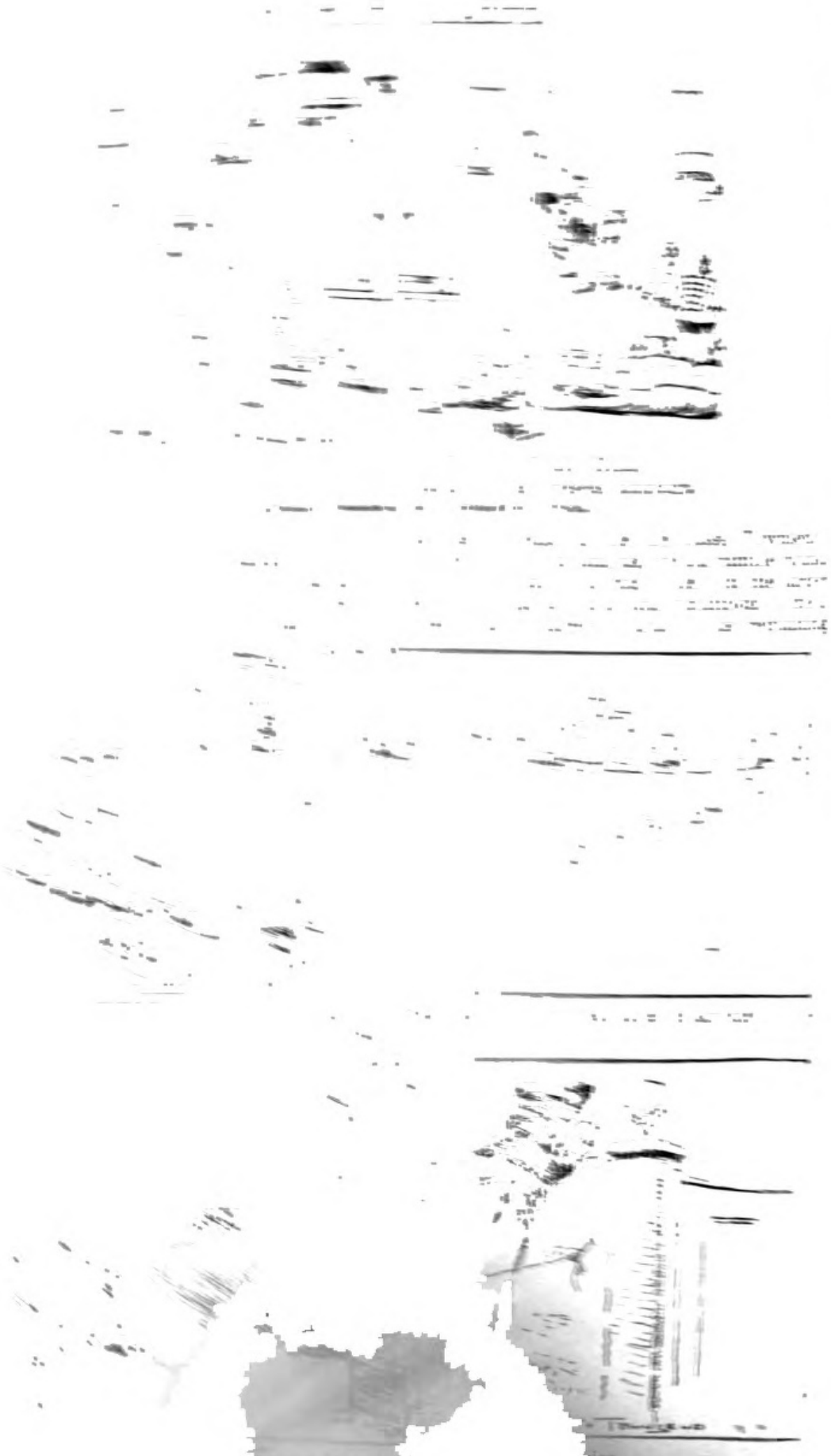
Mr. Townsend was trained at one of the best of the London Art Schools. He joined the Lambeth School of Art at the age of seventeen, and found there among his fellow-students Charles H. Shannon, Raven Hill, F. W. Pomeroy, Charles Ricketts, and T. Sturge Moore, all of whom afterwards achieved fame in one way or the other. Somewhat later he became a student also in the wood-engraving class at the City and Guilds of London Institute, and doubtless learnt there a good deal which has been of value to him in his professional work. According to the statement of one of their number in *The Studio*, Townsend and his fellow-students were "as rowdy and



STAGE MANAGER: "The elephant's putting up a very spirited performance to-night."
Carpenter: "Yessir. You see, the new hind legs is a discharged soldier, and the front legs is an out-and-out pacifist."

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leisure was spent in the library at the South Kensington Museum, studying the original work of the Great Masters in black and white.

Mr. Townsend stayed at the School until he was twenty-one, and whilst still a student became a contributor to illustrated journalism. In fact, at nineteen he was already earning a livelihood by his pencil. Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman has related how, when he was on the look-out for talent, for a now-defunct magazine, Oscar Wilde introduced him to Townsend as a clever young fellow who had very successfully illustrated two of the author's earliest stories—"Lord Arthur Savile's Crime" and "The Canterville Ghost"—in the *Court and Society Review*. Shortly after this Mr. Townsend was offered an engagement on the *Illustrated London News* and *Lady's Pictorial*, his work for the latter consisting chiefly of sketches at the theatres.



"Isn't he just rippin'! Have you heard him before?"
"Yes, I heard him last year, but he's quite changed now. He's had his hair cut."

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Henceforth the artist found his hands always full. He did drawings for most of the London illustrated journals, and was commissioned to illustrate a number of books. But his ambition from first to last was to get on to the staff of *Punch*, and with this aim before him he doubtless set more store by the drawings accepted by *Judy* and *Pick-Me-Up* than by the success of his more serious work. His first *Punch* drawing was published in 1896. It was announced in the newspapers that a great-granddaughter of Fielding was revising "Tom Jones" for family reading.



A great-granddaughter of Fielding has revised "Tom Jones" for home perusal (Daily Paper). If the descendants of other last-century novelists show the same enterprise we shall have nursery scenes as above.

MR. TOWNSEND'S FIRST "PUNCH" DRAWING.

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LUCK AT THE RACES.

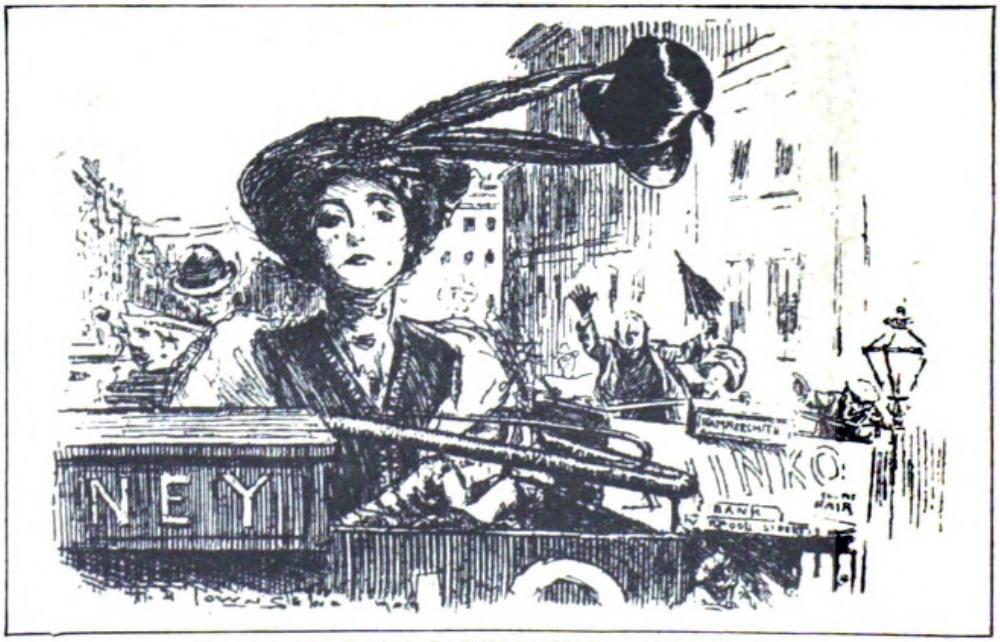
GIPSY: "Let me tell yer future, pretty gentleman."
Pretty Gentleman: "No! Clear out of it. I don't want to know my future."
Gipsy: "Then let me tell yer 'ideous past."

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This newspaper item gave the artist the idea for his drawing. Three little girls are sitting in a row on a sofa intently reading, the titles on their books being "Tom Jones," "Roderick Random," and "Humphry Clinker"—the picture being a forecast of what was to be expected "if the descendants of the last-century novelists show the same enterprise."

Townsend was then twenty-eight. Nine years later he became the first art editor of *Punch*, having in the meantime become one of its most regular and highly esteemed outside contributors. Since accepting this responsible position practically all his work has been for *Punch's* pages. In every number one or more of his social drawings are to be found; occasionally he illustrates the Parliamentary record, and in the absence of Mr. Raven Hill contributes the second political cartoon.

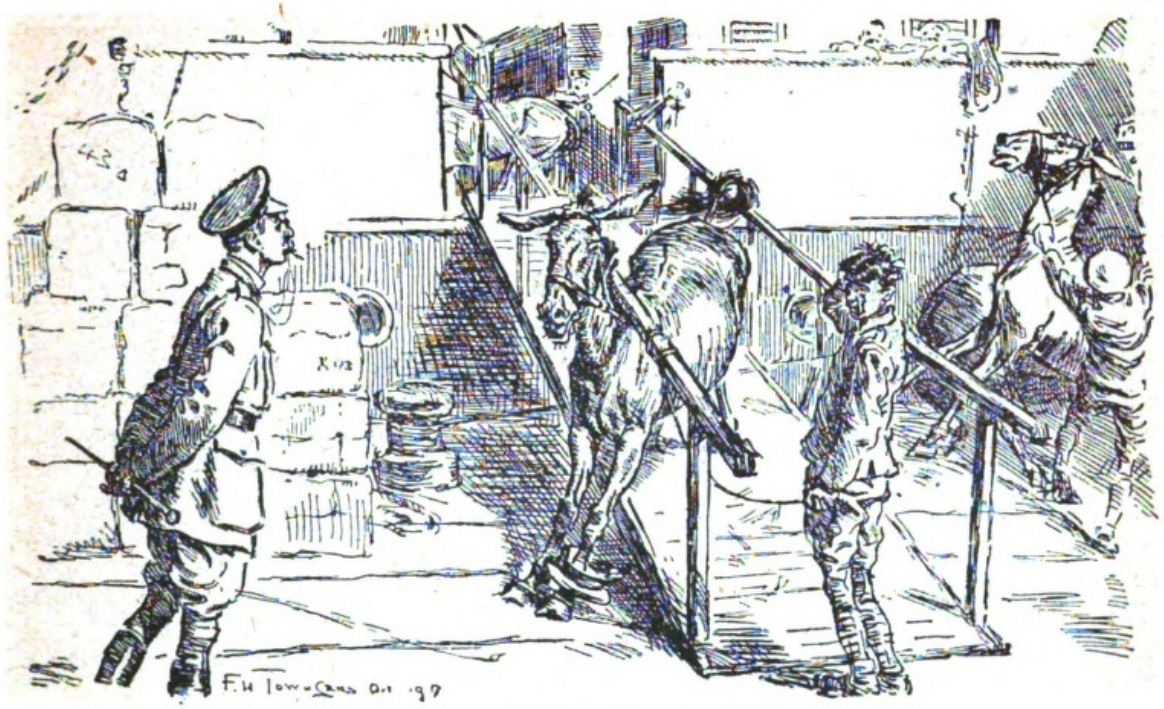
In all his work he gives you the impression of the greatest ease and facility, but in point of fact I believe he is one of the most painstaking of our black-and-white artists. He uses professional models a good deal, and for his more important drawings, especially those with figures and animals in motion, makes many preliminary studies. In depicting the humour of the golf links, drill ground, and cricket field, he has the



THE INCREASING DEPRAVITY OF WOMEN.
Another impudent case of "Kleptomania" in broad daylight.

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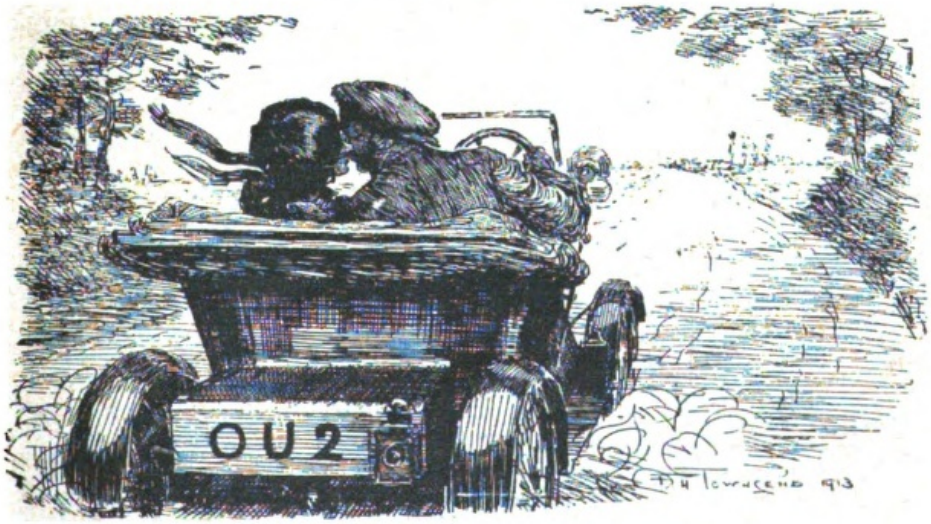


PADRE: "You seem in trouble, my man. Can I help you?"
Tommy: "Yes, sir. You might tell me how Noah got this blithering kind of thing into the Ark."

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great advantage of practical and familiar knowledge, having been during many years of his life an enthusiastic cricketer, golfer, and volunteer. Fencing has also been a favourite recreation, and on this account he was asked to illustrate the English version of the classic book on swordsmanship, Baron de Bazancourt's "Secrets de l'Epee." During the war Mr. Townsend did his "bit" in the special constabulary, and had one or two exciting experiences during the air raids.

Those who like to study the technique of *Punch* drawings will be interested to hear that four or five years ago Mr. Townsend took up the practice of etching. He was a pupil of Sir Frank Short, and before very long his work secured him election as an Associate of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers. The influence of this diversion may be seen in Mr. Townsend's pen-and-ink drawings, in which his lines during the past two or three years have become notably finer and thinner. Were he not so happy in an employment which claims practically all his time, it is more than probable that Mr. Townsend would prove a distinguished recruit to the ranks of British etchers. Mr. Townsend's home is in the midst of the Hampstead Garden Suburb, a fact which gives added piquancy to more than one of his drawings gently satirizing some of the amiable weaknesses of suburban dwellers



AN INTELLIGENT NUMBER-PLATE.

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AN EYE-OPENER!

"THE THIRD DEGREE."

By JACK BOYLE.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER AND G. H. EVISON.

Every reader has heard of the American police method of extorting a confession from a prisoner by the process known as "The Third Degree." The following story gives a most vivid impression of the process, and, as it was written by an American author for the American public, the English reader may take it that, however astonishing it may seem, it is an accurate presentation of the actual facts. It would appear that American authors are starting a crusade against the iniquities of "The Third Degree," much in the same way as Dickens and Charles Reade in their books exposed certain abuses in this country many years ago and so brought them to an end.



RENTOR.

LARRY RENTOR, detective chief of Seattle, slammed down his 'phone in savage exasperation.

"Wants his gold bars back or my job, does he?" Rentor growled, angrily. "It's safe to trust old Jim Clancy to want somebody's scalp if anything happens to singe his hide. Does the doddering idiot think a crook smart enough to make sixty thousand dollars in gold vanish at sea from a steamer's double-locked strong-room is likely to leave it lying around where my men can find it?"

Chief Rentor spat out the mutilated remnant of his cigar and eyed his 'phone speculatively and with growing gravity. Over it but a moment before he had been told by James J. Clancy, aged and irascible president of the North-Western Steamship Company, that unless the *Humboldt's* mysteriously missing gold was recovered, the resultant police shake-up would remove the gold star at present glittering on the breast of Rentor's uniform. The harried Chief knew that Clancy had both the will and political prestige to uphold his threat.

"It's up to me to get busy or get out, and I'll not get out—not if I can help it," the Chief said to the empty room. "I'll get the gold if I can. If I can't, I'll find a scapegoat and fasten this business on him."

Then, being a shrewd and politic detective well aware of the undeniable advantages of favourable publicity, Larry Rentor told his secretary to admit the newspaper men waiting impatiently in the outer office. To these he dictated an interview brimming with assurance, in which he promised the recovery of the loot "within a few hours." With the reporters satisfied and out of his way for the moment, the Chief concentrated the full power of his by no means mediocre mentality on the problem that confronted him.



JESSEN.

The *Humboldt* had sailed from Nome with two million dollars in gold bars packed in padlocked and sealed chests and stored in her steel strong-room. The door of this treasure-room was protected by a burglar-proof lock opened by two keys, one kept by the captain, the other by the purser. Neither officer alone could open the door. As the *Humboldt* sailed from Nome,

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Captain McNaughton received a wireless message from the Seattle police informing him of a tip that a crook band was on board for the purpose of looting the strong-room. As the ship neared Seattle, although extra precautions had been taken, the treasure-room door was found open. Across the threshold lay a man who had travelled under the name of Sir Arthur Cumberland, who with his secretary was making the Alaskan trip. He was unconscious, with a jagged wound across the temple. Investigation showed the gold-chests apparently undisturbed. At the Seattle dock Chief Rentor and his men arrested Cumberland and his secretary, identifying them as "English Bill" Tatman and "Mac the Scot," both well-known crooks. Their luggage revealed secret compartments, empty, but evidently prepared to conceal the gold bars during the Customs inspection. Apparently Rentor and his men had frustrated a particularly daring robbery.

Then, at the bank to which the gold was consigned, the chests were opened; and to the utter consternation of all present, three were found filled with iron instead of gold bars. The sum missing amounted to sixty thousand dollars. Tatman and his pal were as bewildered as the police and bank officials. They freely admitted they had planned to rob the strong-room, but Tatman asserted he had been struck down at the door by a man who attacked him in the dark. It was certain neither of the pair under arrest could have brought the bulky bars of gold ashore, for all their baggage was in the hands of the police. Though the trunks of all passengers and every foot of the steamer from keel to hurricane-deck had been searched, no trace of the missing gold, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, had been found.

Three unbroken days and nights of unmitigated third-degree harrying developed nothing more satisfactory than increasingly vehement denials of guilt from Tatman and his partner; and Chief Rentor, shrewd in judging men of their type, at last was forced to the conclusion that they spoke the truth.

Who, then, had stolen the gold?

"If Tatman is innocent, as I know he is," Rentor said to himself, "the man I want is the one who struck him down outside the strong-room door. No one on board, passenger, officer, or seaman, admits giving the blow. That proves it wasn't struck to protect the gold."

The detective's mind leaped to the logical conclusion.

"One of two things is true," he decided. "There was another crook 'mob' aboard the steamer, and it, not Tatman, got the gold, or this business was an 'inside job' and the thieves are on the steamer pay-roll. Nothing amazing in that! Gold by the hundredweight will tempt anything human."

Had Rentor guessed that Boston Blackie (known to police and public as a second "Raffles") and Mary, his wife and pal, were among the *Humboldt's* passengers, his summing-up of the possibilities would have ended with the first alternative. From the standpoint of a man unaware of this all-important fact, however, Rentor's second theory was far from implausible.

Rentor touched the button that summoned his secretary.

"McNaughton, captain of the *Humboldt*, is coming down shortly," he said. "When he arrives, bring him in at once and admit no one else till I ring."

As he waited, the gossamer clues upon which he must work expanded in the brain of the detective.

"The strong-room lock was opened by keys made for it," he mused. "The purser had one, the captain the other, and there were no duplicates. That's a fact that means something."

The door opened to admit the big, bluff, white-bearded commander of the *Humboldt*.

"What progress, Chief?" asked McNaughton, anxiously.

Rentor studied the face of his visitor silently.

"Considerable, Captain," he said, slowly. "More than you would imagine possible. What would you say if I told you I know the *Humboldt* was robbed by men paid to protect her treasure—by men on the ship's pay-roll?"

Rentor watched the effect of his question with keen eyes half concealed by drooping lids. McNaughton, startled by the suggestion, met the Chief's gaze squarely.

"Impossible," he said at last. "No member of the crew had an opportunity; and my officers—well, sir, I know them all. There's not a thief among them."

Rentor leaned across the table and tapped its top.

"And yet," he said, "the padlock was removed intact from your strong-room door by two keys that fitted it. The most expert locksmith in America couldn't have made duplicate keys without the originals as models. That means one of two things; either the original keys were used to open the treasure-room door, or as patterns for the duplicates that did open it. Which was it, McNaughton? You and the purser are the two men who had the keys in your keeping."

McNaughton leaped to his feet, his face purple with rage.

"Do you dare to accuse me of robbing my own steamer, sir?" he cried.

"I don't accuse anybody—yet," Rentor answered, quietly, "but I have just stated a fact you can't deny; and Captain, every man, woman, and child who was on the *Humboldt* is under suspicion till this mystery is cleared. Sit down, and we'll get to facts. You have told me that you and the purser together locked the door of the vault immediately after the gold was placed there at Nome, and that your key never left the belt you wear round your waist night and day. Are you absolutely sure that's the truth?"

"Absolutely," said McNaughton.

"Your key was never out of your possession for an instant? No passenger or officer went

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to you with a story of something to be put in or taken out of the strong-room? Think carefully, Captain, and remember your reputation is at stake in this matter."

"The key never left my body," McNaughton answered, without hesitation. "No one asked to have the strong-room opened for any purpose whatsoever, and I wouldn't have permitted it if I had been asked. It is specially prohibited by the company that the treasure-room be opened at sea when we're carrying the Nome gold, and I obey orders. No, Rentor, from the moment I locked up the bullion the key never left my belt."

The Captain sat a moment, thinking.

"On the northbound trip, when the strong-room was empty——" he began, then paused, suddenly hesitant.

"Yes, yes, on the northbound trip when the strong-room was empty—what happened then?" demanded Rentor, eagerly.

"I remember now that Purser Jessen came to me and asked for my key. He wanted to show our treasure-room to some curious passenger," the Captain replied, with reluctance. "But that means nothing. We could have left the strong-room door open if we had chosen. There was nothing inside then to be stolen."

Rentor bent over his desk and hid the eager, preying light in his eyes as he fumbled for another cigar.

"How long did this Mr. Jessen have both the keys?" he demanded, with the exultant ring of unhoped-for triumph in his voice.

"A half-hour, possibly an hour. I didn't notice particularly." The Captain now was grave and plainly worried. "Don't jump to conclusions because of what I've told you, Chief. I know Jessen. I knew his father, the old captain; and a finer, straighter man never walked a ship's bridge. I've known young Dave since the days when I dandled him on my knee when he wore short breeches. I've seen him grow up and become a ship's officer likely to have command of his own some day. He had no hand in this crooked business. No, sir, Dave Jessen's like his dad, straight."

Rentor leaped up with a scoffing, worldly-wise smile on his lips.

"Because you held this fellow on your knee when he was a boy, that's no reason he mightn't be a crook," he cried, belligerently. "If his father was honest, that's no reason he is; and I'll tell you now we'll prove he isn't. While he had your key, he did one of two things: either he made a duplicate of it himself, or he gave it to a confederate who did. Dave Jessen's the man who robbed or helped to rob the *Humboldt*, and in twenty-four hours I'll have his confession."

Captain McNaughton shook his head in firm unbelief.

"Call him down and talk to him," he suggested. "If he knows anything, he'll tell you gladly. But don't do anything to ruin his prospects. Reputation is about all we seafaring men have that we can't afford to lose. If you were to hold him, even on suspicion, he'd never command a ship as long as he lives. Besides, he has a mother old and feeble, and——"

"It isn't my business to worry about men's mothers or reputations. I put men behind bars who belong there. This young crook is going into a cell, and in a cell he'll stay till he tells me who stole the *Humboldt's* gold or signs a confession that he did it himself. Where does he live?"

Captain McNaughton gave the address and went out sorrowfully with bowed head. Ten minutes later two detectives in a police motor were on their way to Jessen's home to take him into custody as a suspect in the bullion robbery.

"Maybe Jessen did this and maybe he didn't." Chief Rentor mused, as he impatiently awaited the car's return. "There's better than an even chance that he's really guilty, but whether he is or not, one thing is certain: I've found what I wanted and a bit of incriminating evidence that will justify the interview in the newspapers."

One after another he pulled the knuckles of his big hands until the joints cracked like pistols. That was Larry Rentor's way of expressing extraordinary jubilance. He was planning the details of the "third degree" by which he hoped to extort a confession that would clear the *Humboldt* mystery.

The door of the Jessen home was opened to the detectives by a sweet-faced little woman with snow-white hair and age-dimmed eyes.

"My son is at home. I'll call him," she said, in response to the detective's inquiry.

Dave Jessen, roused from a daydream in which he stood again on the *Humboldt's* deck beside a dark-eyed girl with sun-tinted cheeks and wind-blown hair, appeared behind his mother. Mrs. Jessen vanished.

"Put on your hat and coat, Jessen. The Chief wants to see you," said Mulligan, spokesman of the officers.

"Sure. I'll be with you in a jiffy," the purser agreed, dropping the nautical book in his hand.

"Mother," he called, "I'm going down to police headquarters, but I'll be back in time for the dinner you've been fussing over all the afternoon so foolishly."

He kissed her, and followed the detectives to the car waiting at the kerb.

"What's happened, boys?" he inquired, as they climbed into the car. "Have you caught the bullion-robber?"

"I reckon we have—now," said one detective, pointedly. He drew a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and deftly slipped them over Dave Jessen's wrists.

The first instinctive flush of anger on the purser's cheeks faded, leaving him pale beneath his sea-tan.

"You're arresting me?" he gasped in bewilderment. "I'm accused of the gold-robbery?"

"Looks that way. What do you think yourself?" replied the detective.

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"This is ridiculous. It's an outrage!" cried Jessen, straining his wrists against the steel circlets. "I know nothing of the missing gold except what I've told. I'm not a thief."

"Prison is full of men I've heard say those identical words when they were arrested," said the detective. "Save all that stuff for the Chief, young fellow. All I've got to say to you is that you're three times seven kinds of a fool to get yourself tangled in a mess like this. A nice old mother you've got, too. It'll go hard with her when she learns what you have been up to."

"But, man, I didn't do it. I have neither done nor said anything to justify the faintest doubt of my honesty," cried Jessen. "Who dares to say I robbed the *Humboldt*? Who accuses me?"



The detectives smiled at each other knowingly.

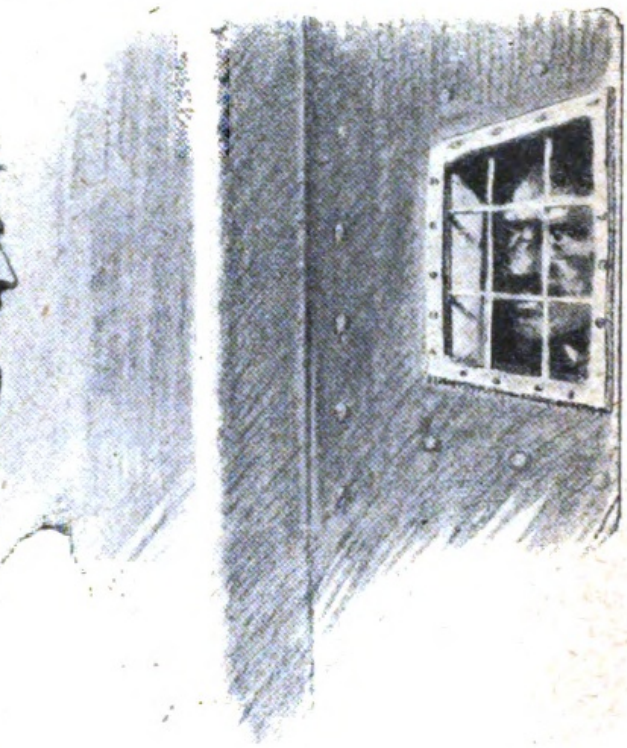
"You'll find out soon enough," replied Mulligan's partner. "Take good advice and forget that high-and-mighty stuff before we get to the Chief."

Then, though Jessen, outraged, angry, incredulous, asked a dozen fiercely insistent questions, the officers maintained silence until the car stopped at detective headquarters. The prisoner leaped out in advance of his guardians.

"Take me to Chief Rentor, quick," he demanded. "Somebody will suffer for this, for it won't take me ten minutes to clear myself."

"Easy, lad, easy," cautioned the first of the officers, taking him into the building through a private entrance. "You'll see the Chief all right, but don't be in a hurry. Time is one thing you'll have to spare from now on."

Fretting with rage and impatience, Jessen was taken into a private room, where his name was entered in the "detinue" or "small" book,



"'"'THAT'S HIM,' SAID THE VOICE. 'I COULD SWEAR TO HIM ON A HUNDRED BIBLES.'"

a police device—unlawful, but that is a mere detail—for holding prisoners against whom the department is not ready to make a public accusation. He was searched and relieved of papers, watch, penknife, money, and all other trinkets in his pockets. Then he was pushed into a dimly lighted steel cage, and its massive door clanged behind him.

Many minutes, each longer than any hour Jessen had ever passed, dragged away while he paced the steel floor.

"It's only for a few minutes," he kept assuring himself. "I'm innocent. They can't keep me in this filthy den. It isn't possible."

But the minutes dragged into hours, and no one came.

Meanwhile the arresting officers were reporting.

"How'd he take it?" asked Rentor.

"Mad as a she-bear, and stands pat he knows nothin'," answered Mulligan.

"Naturally he'd do that," said the Chief. "You couldn't expect a man with nerve enough to carry out a job like this steamer robbery to own up at the first touch of the cuffs. He'll

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come round, though. I'll leave him in there alone to sweat awhile. To-night we'll work the faked identification business, and then I'll be ready to talk to him."

Chief Rentor then climbed into his car and was driven home to dine leisurely, while at Dave Jessen's bungalow a little old woman fretted nervously as she kept an overdone dinner hot for the son who didn't and couldn't come.

It was early in the evening, though Jessen was sure it must be early morning, when a door opened noisily in the corridor and he heard voices nearing his cell.

"At last!" he cried eagerly.

Suddenly his cell was flooded with light, though the corridor beyond remained in darkness. He waited, hot with impatience, for the welcome sound of the jailer's key in the lock. Instead, a wicket in the door was lifted, and a pair of eyes peered in from the outer darkness. There was a moment's silence, then a man's voice spoke.

"That's him," it said. "I could swear to him on a hundred Bibles."

"Good!" replied Mulligan's heavy voice. "We knew we had him all right, but this settles it."

The wicket dropped, and the men started down the corridor.

"Come back!" shouted Jessen, as he realized that they did not intend to release him. "Take me out of this hole. I demand to be taken to the Chief."

Somebody's laugh came back through the darkness as the door at the far end of the corridor closed with a bang. Ten minutes later the same performance was repeated, and a new voice assured the detective that it would "know that fellow's face anywhere."

Again Jessen's shouts and demands remained unanswered, and the lights winked out. For the first time, though the consciousness of innocence buoyed his drooping spirits, a numbing horror of the inconceivable thing that had happened overwhelmed him—exactly as Chief Rentor intended.

Back from dinner, Rentor cracked his knuckles noisily as his men reported the prisoner's shouts and violent demands for a hearing, following the faked identifications.

"Fine!" he ejaculated. "That always jars their nerves, whether they're innocent or guilty. He's ripe now for a friendly, heart-to-heart talk. Bring him in, boys, and see that the detectaphone operator is on my line ready to get every word that's spoken in here. I'll cut out the parts of the talk I don't need, afterward."

"That sympathy talk you told us to give him about his mother seemed to hit him hard," suggested Mulligan.

"That's a trump-card," replied the Chief. "Lead in the lamb and forget the slanging I'm going to give you, boys. I want him to think I'm a friend."

Jessen, fresh from the gloom of his cell, stumbled at the threshold as the detectives threw open the door of the Chief's office. They pushed him roughly into a chair, his hands still bound by steel cuffs, and the glare of a desk-lamp full upon his face.

"Who's this?" asked Rentor, looking up from a pile of reports in simulated surprise. "Not Dave Jessen—handcuffed! Take off those bracelets, Mulligan."

"They've had me locked in a dirty cell for hours, Chief," interrupted Jessen. "I demanded to be brought here to you, but they only laughed."

"I told you to bring Jessen here to my office, but I didn't give you permission to treat him like a common crook," roared the Chief, angrily, at his men. "I knew this boy's father before he was born, and no matter what sort of trouble he is in, he will be treated right while he's in my custody, you blockheads, or I'll know why not!"

"I didn't think it safe to take any chances after those two positive identifications, Chief," said Mulligan, in mock humility, "and you being out for dinner, I thought——"

"You're paid to do as you're told, not to try to think," interrupted Rentor. "Get those cuffs off his wrists and get out. I want to talk to this boy alone."

As the door closed behind the detectives the Chief motioned Jessen to draw closer. His manner was grave, sorrowful, deeply sympathetic.

"Dave, you're up against it hard. I'm your friend, but it's going to take every bit of influence I possess to keep you out of prison," he began, with the air of a man who regrets his bad news. "Old Clancy wants you prosecuted to the limit. How the devil did you ever come to lose your head and get tangled in a mess of this kind?"

"Prosecute me!" echoed the prisoner. "Surely you can't believe I'm guilty of the robbery on the *Humboldt*, Chief. On my word of honour I'm as innocent as you. I——"

Rentor interrupted by laying a friendly hand on Jessen's arm.

"Don't, Dave," he cautioned, kindly. "It's useless to deny facts. I'm your friend, willing to go the limit for you, but you must be square with me. If there are others in this job and you help to land them and get back the gold, I think I can save you, and I'll do it for the sake of your old mother and your dead father—God bless him! But you must tell me the whole truth. I've brought you in here alone so that no one but me will ever hear what you tell me to-night. It's your one chance, boy, and for the sake of your mother who's worrying herself into hysterics already, don't throw it away."

"Chief, I'm innocent; but it is evident that some blunderer has given you reason to believe me guilty," replied Jessen. "I'll clear myself to your full satisfaction in ten minutes if you'll tell me on what grounds you suspect me."

Rentor drew further into the shadow of the shaded lamps and fixed his eyes on the purser's face to catch the slightest betraying change of expression

"Evidence against you has been coming in

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for two days," he began. "But I'll ask one question that will show why we first suspected you."

He paused, then thrust his face close to Jessen's and spat out his question viciously :—

"What did you do with the *two* keys of the treasure-room while they were *both* in your possession ?"

"I never had both keys," answered Jessen, unperturbed and without hesitation. "From the moment we locked the gold in at Nome, Captain McNaughton——"

"Wait," interrupted Rentor, peremptorily. "I didn't say you had both keys *after* the gold was shipped. You couldn't have got them then. But on the way *up* to Nome, Jessen—how about that ?. Have you forgotten your story to the Captain about showing the strong-room to a curious passenger ?"

"You're right about that," admitted the purser, slowly. "I did get the Captain's key while we were on the way up. But what of that ? The treasure-room was empty then. It needn't even have been locked except for custom's sake. I borrowed the Captain's key to show the strong-room to a—a—passenger, one whom I had told of the millions in gold we would carry there on the trip home. How can you connect that with a robbery many days afterward ?"

Rentor was cracking his knuckles as he answered.

"Because while Captain McNaughton's key was in your hands, duplicates of it, and of your key as well, were made for the bullion-robbers, who used the duplicates later to remove the padlock when there was something in the strong-room well worth taking."

With growing exultation Rentor saw the blood drain away from Jessen's cheeks. Instantly he knew that his bold guess had found a vulnerable mark.

"What happened to those keys while they were in your possession ?" he snapped. "Did you let them go out of your hands, or did you yourself make duplicates ?"

Jessen's eyes wavered and fell. For the first time doubt of the ultimate outcome of his interview with the Chief crept into his mind.

"I made no duplicates," he said, nervously. "Neither key was out of my hands except for a single instant."

He paused, and Rentor leaned forward, eager for the all-important admission to follow.

"While we were in the empty treasure-room," Jessen continued, "the person to whom I was showing it remarked that it was curious such frail bits of metal could protect such vast treasure as I described. My companion took the keys from my hand and held them for a second. One dropped. She picked it up from the floor before I could stoop, and handed both to me."

"A woman !" cried Rentor, springing triumphantly to his feet at Jessen's use of the feminine pronoun. "I might have known there was a woman at the bottom of a job as clever as this ! When she dropped the key and stooped for it she took wax impressions of both of them, of course. That trick's as old as the hills. Who is this woman ? She's the party I want now."

Jessen's chin dropped to his chest. His strong brown hands were clenched. There was a long pause, during which the thought that he had been tricked by the girl he had learned to love on that last ill-fated voyage—the girl whose gentle "No" when he asked for her hand had not lessened his love—seared his brain like molten metal. Could she have been guilty of playing upon that love ? Her face, sweet, kind, and innocent, rose before him, and because he loved her, denied the accusation convincingly. If he named her, she, a woman, would be subjected to the tortures he was enduring. They might put her in a cell as they had him. Jessen straightened in his chair and met Rentor's piercing eyes squarely.

"I won't tell you her name," Jessen said, quietly. "It wouldn't be right. I know she isn't a crook, but you won't believe that. You would do to her what you are doing to me. I won't name her."

"You'll go to prison if you persist in protecting this woman crook. You understand that, don't you ?" asked Rentor.

"If necessary, I'll go," replied Jessen, wearily.

"If this girl's innocent, I won't harm her. If she is guilty, unless you are her accomplice, why should you be willing to do time to protect her ?" Rentor asked, probing the one phase of the situation that still puzzled him—Jessen's apparently quixotic determination to sacrifice himself for a casual steamer-acquaintance.

"I'm innocent, and you've harmed me," the purser answered.

The pair studied each other eye to eye

"Chief," began Jessen at last, with a note of boyish appeal in his voice, "I can understand how my refusal to name the girl who, unfortunately, has been dragged into this case, may seem suspicious to a man like you, whose business makes it necessary to suspect everybody. Even so, there's a spark of humanity in you, I'm sure. For her sake and mine, I'm going to tell you everything, and then I know you'll not demand her name."

"Go on," said Rentor, encouragingly.

"She was a passenger on the *Humboldt*, making the round trip to Alaska with us," Jessen continued. "She was alone, and I tried to make the trip pleasant for her, first for duty's sake, and then, when I grew to know her, because I treasured every moment I could be near her. Long before we reached Nome I knew she was the one woman I want and always shall want for my wife."

"Ah !"

"On the return trip I asked her to marry me. She told me there is someone else, and "—Jessen raised a hand to shield himself from the coldly piercing eyes that never wavered from his face—"I'm glad she is going to be happy. That's all there is to tell, Chief. Now you'll understand why I can't let the unlucky chance that led to the incident of the keys permit me to involve her even remotely in such a case as this. No

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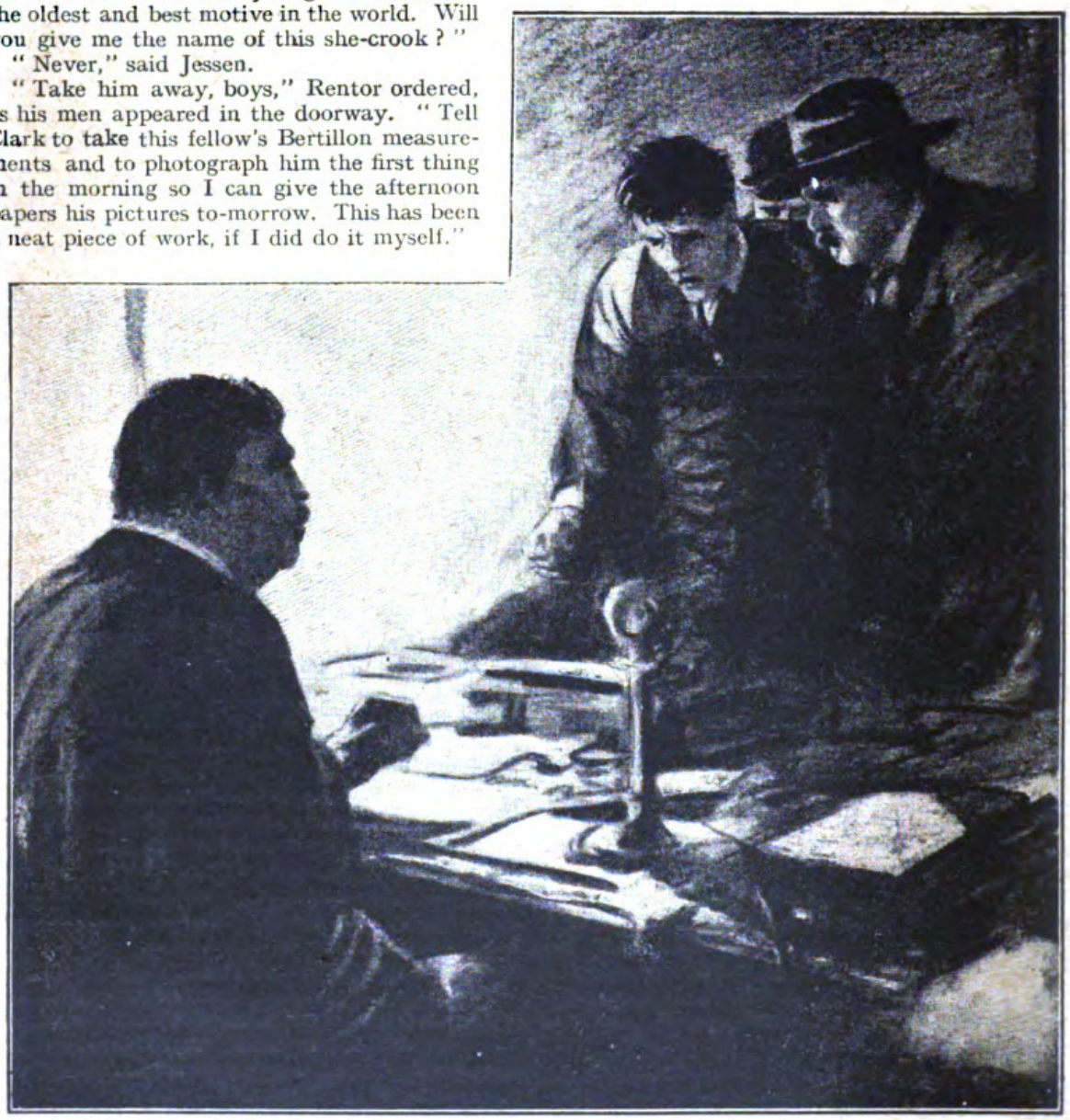
decent man could do that. I know she is not a crook; I'll swear it. Such a girl couldn't be."

Rentor pressed the button that summoned the waiting officers.

"Now I've got you just where I want you, my bucko!" he exclaimed, gleefully. "The one thing I lacked to make my case complete was a motive that would explain why you try to protect the woman. You have just given it to me—the oldest and best motive in the world. Will you give me the name of this she-crook?"

"Never," said Jessen.

"Take him away, boys," Rentor ordered, as his men appeared in the doorway. "Tell Clark to take this fellow's Bertillon measurements and to photograph him the first thing in the morning so I can give the afternoon papers his pictures to-morrow. This has been a neat piece of work, if I did do it myself."



"'I UNDERSTAND NOW HOW CROOKS ARE MADE,' JESSEN SAID, IN A VOICE WHOSE EVENNESS FAILED TO HIDE THE TEMPEST OF BITTER ANGER THAT SHOOK HIM FROM HEAD TO FOOT."

Jessen, as he rose to follow his guards, looked down on the burly Larry Rentor half in hatred, half in scorn.

"I understand now how crooks are made," Jessen said, in a voice whose evenness failed to hide the tempest of bitter anger that shook him from head to foot. Larry Rentor merely laughed.

When Jessen had been lodged again in his cell the Chief called in four of his best men and gave his instructions for the continuation of the third degree.

"Handcuff him to a chair and keep at him without a second's pause all night," he ordered. "Never let him close his eyes. Never let him rest. Keep up a perfect stream of questions and drag answers out of him any way you can. Play on his love for his mother. Pretend that we have taken over the house to search it, and turned her out. Pretend that we think she herself may be implicated, and that she is to be brought down here in the morning for the same kind of a deal he's getting. We'll take her through one of the cells for an instant to-morrow and let him see her there. That'll fetch him. By the way, someone had better go out and talk to the old lady. She might tell something worth knowing."

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The men filed out. The result was a night of horror that Dave Jessen never forgot, and never recalled without a shudder.

While the stenographer was transcribing those portions of Jessen's statement in which he admitted having both strong-room keys, admitted that he had given them momentarily into the possession of a woman passenger, and in which he flatly refused to give her name, Chief Rentor analyzed the results of his night's work.

"Jessen has told the truth from beginning to end," he decided. "First, he was this unknown woman's tool, and now he is mine. It's a hundred to one, without takers, that she made impressions of the keys during the moment he left them in her hands. She had pals aboard, and of course they did the trick."

The Chief chewed his cigar reflectively, and his thoughts brought a look of shrewd and ruthless cunning to his eyes.

"It's the luckiest thing in the world that this fellow is fool enough to refuse me the girl's name," he thought. "If he had not done that he would practically have cleared himself and put me up against the problem of finding the girl. As things stand now, I've almost got enough against Jessen to make a showing in court, and if I never find the woman or the gold, he gets all the blame. Anyway, it's a safe bet now that old man Clancy will be satisfied I'm big enough for my job."

The foxlike cunning in the eyes beneath Rentor's shaggy brows deepened.

"If Tatman would say Jessen is the man who hit him in front of the strong-room door—it was directly opposite Jessen's own door, too—my case would look good even before a jury," he reflected. "That would be the final link in the chain. I'll have a talk with him."

He ordered Tatman to be brought up from his cell.

"Tatman," said Rentor, when they were alone, "Purser Jessen has been arrested for complicity in the bullion robbery. He took both the keys to the strong-room on the north-bound voyage, and admits he allowed them to go into the hands of a woman on board. He refuses to give her name. Were there any crooks on the *Humboldt*, either men or women, that you knew?"

The ex-convict shook his head. The Chief continued.

"You're likely to stay inside a cell a long time, Tatman. I am fairly well satisfied you weren't in on this, but I can't let you go until I've caught somebody—you understand that?"

Tatman grinned without replying. He was an old hand at the game, and knew the Chief's sudden consideration had an explanation.

"I've just been thinking, Tatman, that if you had caught a glimpse of the face of the man who hit you, and that man happened to be Purser Jessen, I shouldn't have any object in keeping you after you had identified him in court," continued Rentor, insinuatingly. "It would be a mighty lucky thing for you, old-timer, if you happened to be able to make that identification."

"I understand, Chief," said the convict. "Lead me to 'im when you like. It might 'ave been 'im, for all I know. Lead me to 'im; that's my answer."

"You understand I want only the truth," cautioned the detective.

Tatman grinned knowingly.

"I understand," he repeated.

The following morning the papers told of Jessen's arrest in flaring headlines. Boston Blackie's Mary, in the seclusion of a friend's flat in which she was awaiting the day when Blackie, now out of town, judged it safe to return for the *Humboldt's* gold, felt a sickening sense of guilt grow with each line she read.

"Poor boy! What a shame!" she murmured, with deep regret. "What hopeless bunglers the coppers are."

When she read the account of her visit to the strong-room under Jessen's guidance, and Rentor's assertion that she had taken wax impressions of the keys during the brief moment they were in her possession, the furrows in her brow deepened into wrinkles of concern.

"A shrewd guess that hits the mark but that doesn't involve the purser," she thought.

Then she came to a paragraph that brought a mist of tears to her eyes. It was the paragraph that quoted Jessen's statement to Rentor that he declined to give her name—that he would go to prison himself rather than involve her.

"Oh, oh, tell them! Tell them," she cried, as if the accused man were within hearing. "It can't harm me. Surely you must guess now that the name and address I gave you were both fictitious."

Then, in a flash, because she was a woman with womanly intuition, she understood why Jessen had answered "Never!" to the police demand for her name.

"He believes me innocent," Mary murmured, awed by the proof of what principle may cost those who have it. "He still thinks I am what I seemed—an innocent girl, a girl about to be married, who would be ruined by a breath of scandal such as this. And because he believes that, he is sacrificing himself to save me."

She sprang to her feet and paced the room with clenched hands, her cheeks wet with tears.

"It's the rightest act I ever knew," she sobbed. "They sha'n't imprison this poor, loyal boy. Oh, how I pity his distracted, broken-hearted old mother! What have Blackie and I done? What shall I do?"

Like an answering message, the thought of Judge Mortimer Garber came to her.

Judge Garber was an attorney of long-proved ability, whose speciality was criminal law. He was a trusted neutral in frequent negotiations between the police and the crook-world, for he never betrayed to either the secrets of its warring adversary. He despised police chicanery and hated the brutality of the criminal world. He was respected, feared, and trusted by both classes.

As Mary was ushered into his office he was frowning over the newspaper accounts of the Jessen identification by Tatman.

"Well, well, Mary!" the Judge exclaimed,

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cordially. "It has been a long, long time since either you or Blackie paid me a visit. Sit down and tell me all about it. I can see you are in trouble."

Mary slipped a hundred-dollar bill from her purse and pushed it across the table.

"I want you to take a case for me, Judge Garber. There's a retainer."

The lawyer handed back the money.

"Tell me the case first," he said. "We'll discuss the fee later."

"It's the *Humboldt* bullion robbery," began Mary.

"I thought so the moment I saw you at the door," interrupted Garber. "It's fortunate I am a lawyer instead of a detective, Mary. When I read the first accounts of this affair, which for sheer ingenuity stands alone, I said to myself: 'The one man I know who might have done this is Boston Blackie.' Was this boy Dave Jessen in it with you?"

"He was not, Judge. That's why I'm here. Rentor is trying to trap him," said Mary.

"I suspected that the moment I read that this tame crook Tatman has suddenly recovered his memory and identified Jessen. I'm glad the lad isn't implicated. Old Captain Jessen was my good friend for many years. Tell me the story from the beginning."

Mary told it, omitting nothing, mitigating nothing.

The old Judge was muttering angrily to himself long before she finished.

"So this rat Rentor, who is getting rich on the money he is collecting from gambling houses and other dens, thinks he'll make a reputation by imprisoning a boy whose only crime is that he is too decent to ruin a girl's reputation!" growled Garber. "He won't succeed as long as I keep my Southern blood and remain a member of the Bar."

He looked across the table at Mary with shrewd but kindly eyes.

"Well, what do you and Blackie want to do about it?" he demanded.

"Blackie isn't here," said Mary. "If he were in town he'd know what should be done, but I'm alone. That's why I came to you. I thought that when I told you the circumstances you might be willing to take Jessen's case and clear him. We'll stand all expenses if you will. I can't see that boy Jessen ruined, Judge," added Mary.

The attorney pondered with half-closed eyes and touching finger-tips.

"With the information you have given me, I can acquit him without a doubt before any jury," he said, at last. "But Mary, my dear, has it occurred to you that a mere acquittal won't do? If Jessen even goes to trial on this charge, it will wreck his career and probably send his mother to her grave. You've shouldered a heavy responsibility in this matter, girl."

"I know," she cried, "and I'm frantic with remorse. What can be done? If you went to Clancy of the steamship company and told him you know positively that Jessen is entirely innocent of any connection with the robbery, he would believe you; and Clancy is a man important enough to have his way at detective headquarters. He could have Jessen set free within an hour with an apology from Rentor to take home with him."

"Clancy could do that, but he wouldn't," said Garber. "He would never willingly see any man free whose stubbornness was costing him a chance to get back sixty thousand dollars—stubbornness due to what Clancy would think a silly scruple. My judgment is that if he knew all you have just told me he would wring your name from Jessen or see him hanged if he had his way. Jim Clancy is a man with a soul dead to all feeling that cannot spring from a dollar-mark, Mary."

"That's true, and I hate him," said Mary, furiously, letting long-nourished resentment reveal itself. "He sent my father to prison wrongly, Judge, and Dad died there. Afterwards, when the truth was discovered, and Clancy was forced to admit that he had blundered, he stated to the papers that the mistake was 'less regrettable' because poor old Dad was 'no benefit either to himself or to society.' The principal reason Blackie and I attempted this robbery is because Jim Clancy owns the *Humboldt*."

"That's Clancy, with photographic accuracy," assented Garber. "Well, Mary, Jessen's predicament is a hard proposition. Shall we abandon it as hopeless now, and content ourselves with doing something when he goes to trial?"

"No, no," she said. "Wait, Judge, please. I'm trying to decide something."

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed.



"THEN SHE CAME TO A PARAGRAPH THAT BROUGHT A MIST OF TEARS TO HER EYES."

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"It's all right now, Judge," she said, contentedly. "I've decided. If you will trust us for your fee until Blackie gets money, you can call up Jim Clancy and tell him you know where his gold bars are and that you will return them to him ten minutes after Mr. Jessen is free and in possession of a written document from the North-Western Steamship Company that admits his innocence and guarantees his position on its steamers. It's hard to give up the day of righteous reckoning for which you've waited and prayed year after year; but"—with a wry smile—"it's worth even that price to feel as content as I do since I decided to forego revenge for a clear conscience."

A faint glow of gratification flushed the old lawyer's cheeks.

"Child, have you thought what Blackie will say to this?" he suggested gently. "Do you realize that you are planning to give away sixty thousand dollars that, according to his code, rightfully belongs to him?"

"Neither Blackie nor I care about the money. The two things that worried me most were the debt I owe Clancy and can't pay now, and the fact that all the sixty thousand dollars doesn't belong to us. We owe fourteen thousand five hundred to those who helped to get the gold safely ashore. But we have enough banked to pay that off. I've just figured it up. We'll have just twenty dollars left when we're done. That's why I told you you would have to wait for your fee."

"Will Blackie approve this, Mary?"

"Of course. Blackie always does right, no matter what the cost," she answered, utterly unconscious of the *naïveté* of the verdict she so confidently pronounced upon a man with a nation-wide reputation as a criminal. "He would never forgive me if I let a boy who had proved himself 'right' ruin himself for my sake. Call up Clancy, Judge. I want to feel sure that Jessen will be at home before night."

Garber reached for his 'phone with a hand that was tremulously eager.



"'WITH THE INFORMATION YOU HAVE GIVEN ME, I CAN ACQUIT HIM WITHOUT A DOUBT BEFORE ANY JURY,' HE SAID, AT LAST."

"By the way," he said, "you haven't told me yet where these trouble-making bars of gold are to be found."

Mary opened her purse and tossed a bit of metal across the table.

"There's the key of the safe-deposit box Blackie rented months ago for the gold," she said, smiling. "It's in Jim Clancy's own vaults."

"Ho!" chuckled the old man, delightedly. "That's a joke on the old skin-flint that will be told against him to the last day he breathes, even though he out-ages Methuselah. I wouldn't miss the sight of his face when I show him the missing gold stored in his own deposit-vault for all his millions."

"What's your fee, Judge?" asked Mary.

"Fee!" shouted Judge Garber, wrathfully. "Get out of my office, young woman, before I call my stenographer and have you thrown out. When I take a fee for an afternoon's work like this, I'll change my name to *Clancy*."

Suddenly he stooped and kissed her gently on the forehead.

"Permit an old man that privilege, my dear," he said, with the graceful deference of the old-school gentleman. "I'm honoured in calling you and that mad scapegrace husband of yours my very dear friends."

"Tell me I did right, dear. Tell me I did what you would have had me done," Mary entreated the next afternoon, looking into Boston Blackie's face as she finished relating how old Jim Clancy's wandering bars of gold had found their way back to his covetous fingers.

"Right! Of course you did right. My girl never did anything that wasn't right. She couldn't," declared Blackie, echoing the words Mary had spoken of him to Judge Garber. "Always remember, Mary, that an honest crook can afford anything but crooked honesty."

The smile of happiness in Mary's eyes just then was worth more to Boston Blackie than all the gold the *Humboldt* ever carried.

Blackie flicked the end of his cigarette.

"How much money have we in the bank, dear?" he asked. "We must give the others their bit on the day I named. We can't give away their money."

"Enough," said Mary. "But we shall have only twenty dollars left."

"Twenty dollars and a crystal-clear conscience," corrected Blackie, jubilantly. "Why, Mary, dear, we're rich."

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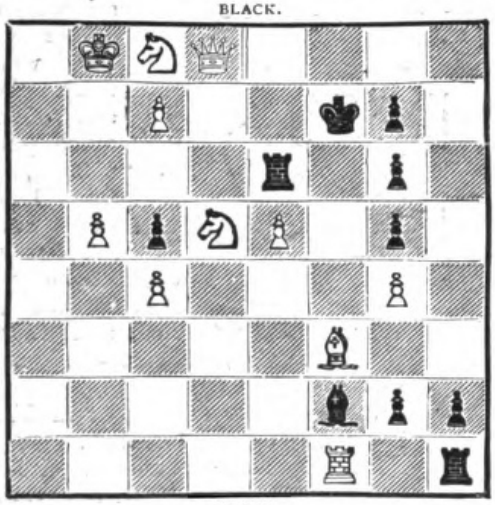
PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

451.—A CUNNING CHESS PROBLEM.

I AM often asked which I consider the best of the late Sam Loyd's chess problems, but an answer depends entirely on what particular quality of merit one seeks. For sheer cunning the example I here give would be hard to beat. I will give the solution at once. The key move is 1 Kt to Kt 4. If Black plays 1 R to Kt 3 ch, 2 Kt takes R, and the B or Q mates next move, as the case may be. If Black plays 1 R to Q 3, 2 Kt takes R ch, and mate next move with Q. If 1 R takes P, then 2 Kt to Q 6 ch and 3 P to B 8 (Q) mate. If 1 R to K sq, then 2 B to Q 5 ch and mate next move.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Mate in three moves.

If Black does anything else, then 2 B to Q 5 and 3 Kt to Q 6 mate. Now, clearly the object of the key move is to make room for the B to pin the R. But a sound chess problem can have only one possible key move. Then why will not some other move of the Kt do equally well? Why, for example, will not 1 Kt to B 3 solve the problem? White threatens exactly the same line of play as before. How can Black defeat it? That is the wily point, though I have simplified matters for the reader. Unfortunately, the position is impossible, since the Black pawns must have made six captures, while White has only lost five pieces, but that is easily pardoned in the circumstances.

452.—THE MOVING STAIRWAY.

ON one of the moving stairways on the London Tube Railway I find that if I walk down twenty-six steps I require thirty seconds to get to the bottom, but if I make thirty-four steps I require only eighteen seconds to reach the bottom. What is the height of the stairway in steps? The time is measured from the moment the top step begins to descend to the time I step off the last step at the bottom on to the level platform.

453.—IS IT VERY EASY?

HERE is a simple magic square, the three columns, three rows, and two diagonals adding up 72. The puzzle is to convert it into a multiplying magic square, in which the numbers in all the eight lines if *multiplied* together give the same product in every case. You

27	20	25
22	24	26
23	28	21

are not allowed to change, or add to, any of the figures in a cell or use any arithmetical sign whatever! But you may shift the two figures within a cell. Thus, you may write 27 as 72, if you like. These simple conditions make the puzzle absurdly easy, if you once hit on the idea; if you miss it, it will appear to be an utter impossibility.

454.—THE TWO ADDITIONS.

CAN you arrange the following figures in two groups of four figures each so that each group shall add to the same sum?

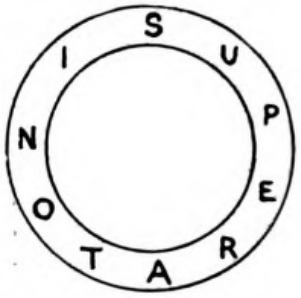
1 2 3 4 5 7 8 9

If you were allowed to reverse the 9 so as to change it into the missing 6 it would be very easy. For example, 1, 2, 7, 8, and 3, 4, 5, 6 add up to 18 in both cases. But you are not allowed to make any such reversal.

SOLUTIONS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

447.—WORD CIRCLES.

BY simply exchanging the T with the U and the E with the N we get the arrangement shown. Then we can read twenty-six good words, as follows: A, O, I, AT, TO, ON, NO, IN, IS, SI, US, UP, RE, ARE, TON, TAR, NOT, SIN, SUP, PUS, ERA, REP, RAT, TARE, SUPER, ERATO. As I explained, SI is the seventh note of the musical scale. RE is also a musical note. ERATO is the muse of lyric poetry. We might also include PERA, a suburb of Constantinople, but I think I should bar the Latin PER, as I certainly should the Greek prefix EP and the infantile TA.



448.—JOHN AND JANE.

JOHN'S age is 28 and Jane's 21. When John was 21, Jane was 14, or twice John's present age. When Jane is 28, John will be 35, and their combined ages 63.

449.—AN UNSOLVED ENIGMA.

AS I said, I have not yet found any satisfactory answer to this old enigma. I have thought of several words, but none of them is sufficiently convincing for me to give.

450.—A TEASING LEGACY.

THE best answer, so far as I have been able to discover, is the following:—

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See Page 22.

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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THE AIR-RAIDS.

REVELATIONS

by

ADMIRAL

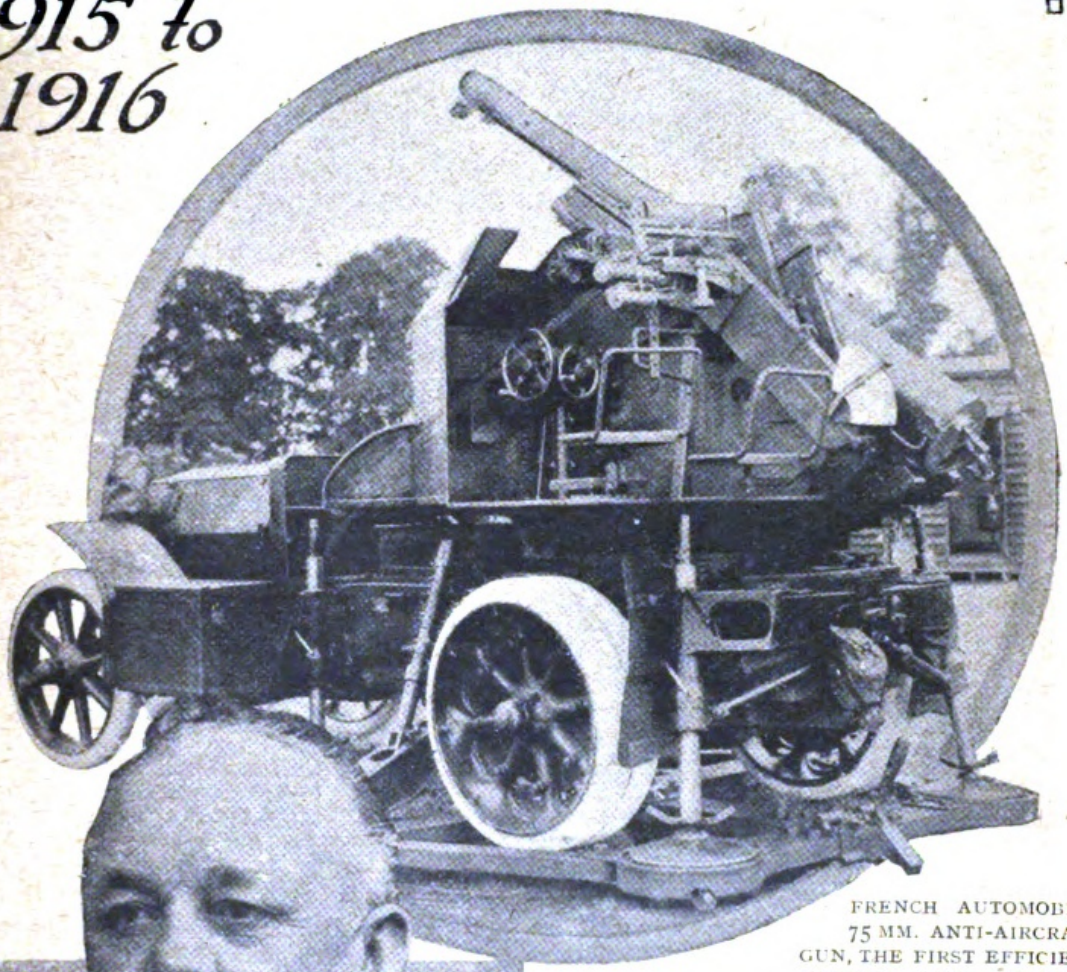
SIR PERCY SCOTT.

We have had the opportunity of looking through a book of reminiscences by Admiral Sir Percy Scott (to whom, more than to any man, the efficiency of our gunnery is due) which will shortly be published. Its contents appeared to us so important that we have asked his permission to publish a portion which is particularly interesting at the present moment.

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The DEFENCE of LONDON AGAINST ZEPPELINS

1915 to 1916



FRENCH AUTOMOBILE 75 MM. ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN, THE FIRST EFFICIENT MOBILE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN THAT WE HAD IN THIS COUNTRY. IT WAS OBTAINED BY SIR PERCY SCOTT FROM PARIS.



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By ADMIRAL
SIR PERCY SCOTT, Bart.,
K.C.B., K.C.V.O., LL.D.

MANY years ago I read an essay by Charles Lamb in which he set out to prove that many proverbial sayings were not true, but I still hope that experience does teach us something. It is that belief which leads me to tell the story of the defenceless state of London from

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air raids when the war came late in the summer of 1914. There had been mysterious stories of airships cruising over England by night before Germany broke loose, but anyone who believed in them was denounced as an alarmist without common sense. So the country went on sleeping quietly at night and nobody worried, and we were all comparatively happy until suddenly hostilities began and the Germans settled down on the Belgian coast, an event which no one could have foreseen.

On Wednesday, September 8th, 1915, by the mercy of Providence a Zeppelin came over London and dropped some bombs. I say that it was a mercy of Providence, because it showed the futility of our system of defence and compelled the authorities to take action. By some strange anomaly, the Lords Commissioners for "executing the office of High Admiral of the United Kingdom and of the territories thereto belonging and of the Colonies and other Dominions whatsoever" had become responsible for protecting London against air raids. This curious arrangement was due to the fact that Mr. Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, had had some perception of London's danger, for he had become a flying man himself, whereas at the War Office, the department really responsible, they had exhibited little belief in the possibilities of the new arm.

But all that is by the way. On September 8th, 1915, a Zeppelin really came over London. Although throughout my career in the Navy I had been specially interested in gunnery matters, I confess that I was surprised when, three days later, I received a letter from Mr. Balfour, who was then at the head of the Admiralty, asking me if I would take over the gunnery defence of London, as a temporary measure, since in due course the War Office would assume control of the work, which, as he pointed out, was really theirs and not the Admiralty's. Mr. Balfour suggested that the task would prove interesting, and reminded me that it was certainly important; but at the same time he warned me, with characteristic kindness, that the means of defence at that time were very inadequate. He was good enough to add that he thought no one was better qualified than I was for the appointment, and he promised that the defences would be improved as fast as the manufacture of new guns and war conditions generally permitted.

I accepted the appointment, and had a look round the so-called defences. After fourteen months of war they consisted of:—

8 3-inch high-angle guns,
4 6-pounders, with bad gun-sights, and
6 pom-poms and some maxims, which would not fire up as high as a Zeppelin, and were consequently only a danger to the population.

The ammunition supplied to the guns was quite unsuitable, and was more dangerous to the people in London than to the Zeppelins above.

In selecting the ammunition to fire at Zeppelins the authorities should have known: First, that a shell with a large bursting charge of a highly explosive nature was required so that it would damage a Zeppelin if it exploded near; second, that all that went up in the air had to come down again, and that, in order to minimize the danger to the public from falling pieces, an explosive should be used in the shell which would break it up into small fragments.

The ammunition supplied was exactly the opposite to what we wanted. The shells had so small a bursting charge that they could do no harm to a Zeppelin, and they returned to earth almost as intact as when they were put into the guns.

Serious as this state of affairs was, it was no reflection upon my predecessor. In getting what he did he had done wonders, for he received the minimum of support, and had to contend against the maximum amount of apathy, red-tapism, and opposition on the part of the authorities. I doubt if many people, in or out of the Admiralty or War Office, really believed in the early days of the war in the danger of Zeppelin raids.

But after a considerable interval the citizens of London realized that the German Zeppelins could come and bomb them whenever they liked. On their behalf, the Lord Mayor of London went to the War Office and suggested that they should take some steps to keep the Zeppelins away. The War Office said that they could do nothing. The Lord Mayor then applied to the Admiralty, and their Lordships promised to form an Anti-Aircraft Corps, and supply them with the necessary material to defend London.

The Army, of course, ought to have done their own work, but the military authorities were at the moment overwhelmed with the urgent demands of war. The Admiralty took the matter up, because there was no other department to do it, since the War Office was preoccupied. But as the Admiralty decided to undertake it, they should have realized the importance of their task and set about it properly. Had they done so, London, by the end of 1914, could have been defended by at least fifty guns, with serviceable ammunition; instead of which, after fourteen months of war, London was defended by twelve guns firing ammunition which did more harm to the population than to the Zeppelins. Of course, I see the matter in a vacuum, so to speak, and at the time there was an enormous pressure on the Naval authorities, who, after all, were engaged in defending the whole Empire by commanding the sea. London's air defence was a kind of "extra turn."

General Galliene, who was in charge of the defence of Paris, had for the protection of his forty-nine square miles of city two hundred and fifteen guns, and was gradually increasing this number to three hundred. He had plenty of men trained in night flying, and well-lighted-up aerodromes. I had eight guns to defend our seven hundred square miles of the Metropolitan area, no trained airmen, and no lighted-up aerodromes.

This was the state of affairs when the Admiralty handed the blunder over to me. To cheer me up they informed me that they could not give me any more guns at once, and that, although

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they had been experimenting for ten years, they had no time-fuse suitable for exploding high-explosive shell; the only guns they had mounted on mobile mountings were Maxims, which were of no use against Zeppelins; they had no airmen who could fly at night, and if they had had them they would have been of no use, as there was no ammunition suitable for attacking Zeppelins.

It was quite true that we had no bullets suitable for airmen to use in attacking Zeppelins, but we mightand ought to have had, for a suitable bullet had been submitted in 1914. It was a new idea, so it was turned down. Its history is worth recording as a fair example of officialism. The inventor was a Mr. Pomeroy, a New Zealander. His bullet was first tried in 1908, with satisfactory results; in 1914 he submitted it to the War Office, who rejected it. In June, 1915, another trial was held and was successful, but the bullet was not accepted and brought into use until the autumn of 1916. The country had to wait two years for what was urgently wanted, and we were at war.*

Little or nothing having been done, it was very easy to do something, and as Captain Stansfeld, C.M.G., R.N., the head of the Anti-Aircraft Department, was a most efficient officer, and had under him a very capable staff, we quickly got to business.



COM. A. RAWLINSON, C.M.G., D.S.O., who brought the first efficient mobile anti-aircraft gun to England.

Photo by L.N.A.



SIR PERCY SCOTT.

CAPT. STANSFELD, C.M.G., Head of the A.-A. Dept.

The first thing was to find a satisfactory fuse. The Admiralty said that they had been ten years trying to get one and had not succeeded. One of my staff, Commander Rawlinson, C.M.G., D.S.O., solved the difficulty in ten minutes. The next thing was to get a design of a high-explosive shell which could be quickly manufactured. This was produced, but now the difficulty came. Having got the design, how were we to get the shell made? My proper course was to ask the Admiralty, but their system of administration, which is very sure, very slow, and very involved, would allow of nothing being done quickly; the paper work would have taken at least a month to get through. The Admiralty had to be avoided. So I took the designs over to Paris, and placed the order with a motor-car manufacturer, who executed the work well and quickly. In a very short time I saw my way to providing most of the guns used for the defence of London with satisfactory time-fuses and high-explosive shells.

Admiral Vaughan Lee, C.B., of the Air Department, realizing the urgency of the matter, set to work. He undertook to get lighted-up aerodromes and trained men in night flying, and we had a bullet that would set a Zeppelin on fire.

The next thing was to get more guns. I knew that the Navy had some they could spare and which could be converted into anti-Zeppelin guns. I applied to the Admiralty for these guns, and promptly got a very big "NO." I had anticipated this reply by writing to Sir John Jellicoe, the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, and asking him for them. He promptly wired back that I could have twenty.

We extracted out of the Admiralty withdifficulty another fourteen guns; Lord Kitchener very promptly gave me some; and with others that we picked up I found that in a very short time we had increased our number of guns from twelve to one hundred and eighteen. But, unfortunately, mountings had to be made for these, which took a considerable time.

The few guns we had for the defence of London were mounted permanently in positions probably as well known to the Germans as to ourselves. We had no efficient guns mounted on mobile carriages which could be moved about and brought into action where necessary.

The French, I knew, had some of their splendid 75 mm. guns mounted on automobile carriages. I suggested to the Admiralty that they should ask the French Government either to supply or loan me one to copy. This they agreed to see about, and I have no doubt that in a few months they would have got the necessary

* In 1916 our airmen and aerodromes were ready, and when the Zeppelins came over they got a very warm reception, numbers being brought down. The Germans lost their opportunity. For 15 months they could have come to London as often as they liked; we were late in preparing for them—they were late in coming.—AUTHOR.

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papers through. However, I was determined not to work their way. I wanted the gun, not papers, so I ordered Commander Rawlinson, a very clever officer who spoke French like a Frenchman, to go over to Paris at once and either beg, borrow, or steal a gun.

I told him he was to have it on the Horse Guards Parade, under Mr. Balfour's window, in less than a week. He was in a motor-car at the time. Looking at his watch, he said, "I can catch the boat." I asked him if he did not want any clothes. He said, "No. Please wire Folkestone to ship me and the car over to France." Thus he left, going at about fifty miles an hour down South Audley Street. That is the sort of officer that is wanted in war-time! Twenty-four hours after leaving me he wired: "Have got gun, two automobiles, and ammunition."

What he did is best described in his letter to me, which was as follows:—

22nd September, 1915.

SIR,—In obedience to your order that I should endeavour to obtain from the French Government a 75 mm. anti-aircraft gun, mounted on an automobile, on the 16th September I proceeded to Paris.

I first interviewed General Galliene, who in a most courteous and charming manner pointed out that, much as he would like to help London, he could not himself give me a gun, but he felt sure that General Joffre would give full consideration to anything that London wanted.

I proceeded to Chantilly and saw General Pellet, the Chief of General Joffre's Staff, and without any delay a telephone message was sent to the Minister of War in Paris telling him that I could have the gun complete with two automobiles and ammunition.

The gun in my presence was tested and fired by a French crew, who also very kindly drove it to Boulogne and shipped it to London, where it arrived on the 21st.

The whole transaction from the time of my leaving London to my return with gun took four days.

I attach photographs of the gun and caisson.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
A. RAWLINSON.

Owing to the promptitude of Commander Rawlinson, we had this gun on the Horse Guards Parade, under Mr. Balfour's window, before the official letter asking for it was written. (Shown at heading of article).

Although this was only one gun, its acquisition was very valuable, as it showed us what could be done, and how to do it. The rapidity of the French decision ought to have taught our deliberate Admiralty a lesson, but it did not; nothing could get any life into their movements.

With the French gun as a guide we very soon mounted up eight of our own three-pounders on motor-lorries, which gave a start to the mobile section of our defence.

There was an urgent need for mobile guns. I should liked to have copied the French auto-car mounting, which was a fine specimen of engineering, but our three-inch guns could not be adapted to it. The problem, consequently, was to devise a mobile contrivance which would carry a three-inch gun of the ordinary service pattern. It was desirable to employ for the purpose only one motor-lorry, instead of two, as in the case of the French gun. I realized, moreover, that the design would have to be of such a character that the manufacture could be undertaken by a firm not making gun-mountings or other urgent war material, as all such concerns were already fully occupied with work.

By a stroke of good luck I happened to meet Mr. R. E. L. Maunsell, chief engineer of the South-Eastern Railway Company, whose works are at Ashford. I spoke to him about the matter, and found that he was a prototype of Sir David Hunter at Durban—ready to undertake anything. He grasped the idea at once, although he had never seen a gun or mounting before. Later on we called in Commander Rawlinson and Mr. Whale, a clever designer of W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., and a drawing was soon prepared. The design was based on the 4·7in. gun platforms that I improvised for use at Ladysmith, but it was arranged that the mountings should be made of steel instead of wood. It was decided to have an axle-tree and a pair of wheels under it, these being removable when the gun came into action. A special feature of this mobile platform was that its weight on the lorry could be altered according to whether the gun was being conveyed up or down hill. The experimental lorry was given a severe trial, and we found out that it could travel at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and that it remained perfectly stable when the gun was fired. The rapidity with which the work was done and the character of the work reflected great credit on the staff of the South-Eastern Railway Company at Ashford.

The housing of these guns and their crews was momentarily a difficulty, but the Grand Duke Michael of Russia came to the rescue and offered to house the hundred men and guns in the grounds of his beautiful house at Hampstead. Mrs. Wrey kindly lent her house for the accommodation of the officers.

Although the Admiralty did not give me any assistance as regards the defence of London, they wanted me to comply with their slow and unsatisfactory routine. But we were at war! Had I agreed to do so it would have taken me fifteen months to get twelve guns, whereas I was aiming at getting one hundred and fifty guns in six months. So I did not agree, and wrote to Mr. Balfour as follows:—

18th October, 1915.

DEAR MR. BALFOUR,—On the 10th September you asked me if I would take the gunnery defence of London under my charge. I accepted, and in doing so, considered that you intended me to procure what was necessary for the gunnery defence of London.

Up to last week I was led to believe that the Admiralty had ordered guns for the defence of London.

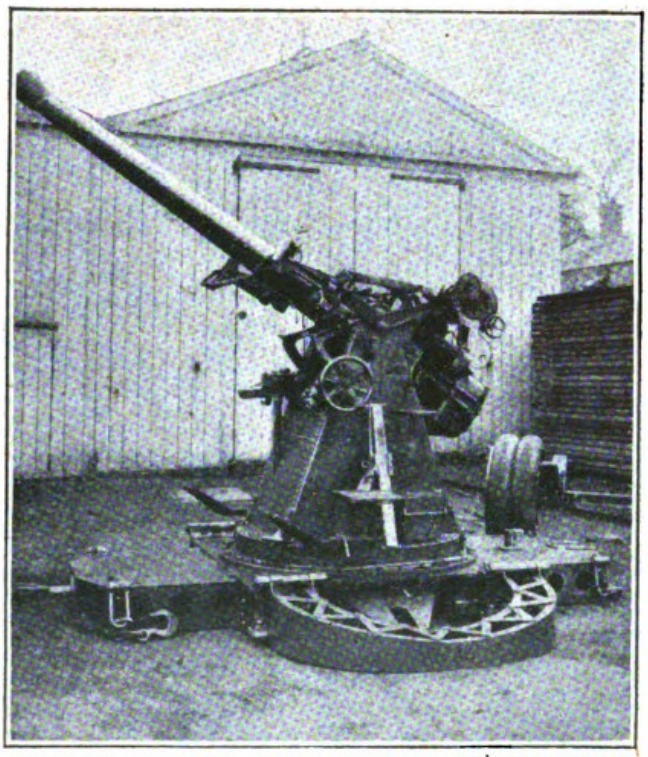
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On Friday, the 15th, you informed me that they had not done so. I at once ordered some guns. The firms with whom I placed the order wrote to the Admiralty for confirmation. The Admiralty have not confirmed the order.

If I am to be responsible for the gunnery defence of London, I must be allowed to do things in my own way, and not be interfered with by the Admiralty. If the Admiralty are to settle what guns are to be used for the defence of London, and how they are to be obtained, then they become responsible for the gunnery defence of London, and I resign.

If I am to remain in charge of the gunnery defence of London I must have a free hand to procure what is wanted how and best I can, and not be handicapped by Admiralty red-tapism.

(Signed) PERCY SCOTT,
Admiral.



ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN ON SIR PERCY SCOTT'S MOUNTING, READY FOR ACTION. THIS GUN WAS ONE OF THOSE WHICH TOOK THE PLACE OF THE POM-POMS AND MAXIMS, "WHICH WOULD NOT FIRE AS HIGH AS A ZEPPELIN, AND WERE CONSEQUENTLY ONLY A DANGER TO THE POPULATION."

Photo by De'ath & Condon, Ashford.

Mr. Balfour kindly arranged that my work should not be hampered by the ordinary Admiralty red-tapism, so I was able to go ahead, and the defence of London, as far as guns were concerned, advanced rapidly. But not rapidly enough, so I went over to France to see if the French would help me again. When I told General Galliene the number of guns we had, he laughed and expressed surprise that the Zeppelins did not come every day. He was a splendid officer and promptitude itself. Five minutes' conversation and it was decided that I should have thirty-four of the famous French seventy-five millimetre guns and twenty thousand shells, with fuses complete. This brought our total up to one hundred and fifty-two. They were rather a mixed lot—Mr. Asquith referred to them as rather a menagerie—but I went on the principle that any guns were better than no guns.

10	4·7 guns.
7	4-inch guns.
35	French seventy-five millimetre guns.
4	4-inch Greek guns.
20	fifteen-pounder B.L.G.
12	2·95 Russian guns.
34	six-pounder guns.
19	3-inch guns.
11	three-pounder guns.
152	



THE ABOVE GUN IN A MOBILE CONDITION, WITH THE LORRY WHICH TRAILS IT AND FROM WHICH IT IS FIRED.

Photo by De'ath & Condon, Ashford.

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On November 27th I received a letter from Mr. Balfour in which he told me that the long-drawn negotiations for the transfer of the defence of London against aircraft to the War Office were coming to an end, and with characteristic consideration he proceeded to give me warning that the change was imminent. It was a kindly act on behalf of the First Lord which I highly appreciated, and when I read the paragraph of the letter in which he referred to what I had been able to do, I felt that perhaps I had after all rendered some service to London.

I was proud to have been associated with the Anti-Aircraft Corps. In my opinion, considering its size and the circumstances in which it was raised and trained, it was the most efficient as well as the cheapest unit in the country's defence organization. It was a voluntary *corps d'elite*, composed of University men, barristers, artists, and City men. They were men of brains who, moved by patriotic motives, put on the uniform of petty officers and able seamen and submitted in a splendid spirit to the necessary conditions of service. Before I took command of the corps, I had read criticisms suggesting that it was of little use and that the officers and men knew nothing about gunnery. Those criticisms were ill-founded, for the Corps included a number of members peculiarly well qualified by mathematical or mechanical training to pick up the rudiments of gunnery. This they had done very quickly. The members of the Anti-Aircraft Corps, in fact, laid the foundations of the elaborate system of anti-aircraft defences which eventually taught the Germans that London was an unhealthy spot.

The First Lord himself, though he is not a man of business training, did more for the defence of London than anyone when he cut me free from the Admiralty red-tape methods. Without that I could have done little.

At noon on February 16th, 1916, the War Office took over the gunnery defence of London, and consequently I was no longer responsible for it. I had commanded it for five months and six days. As my scheme of defence was not complete it seemed a pity that new people with new ideas should take it over, but we did many peculiar things during the war.

On the evening of the day on which I had turned over all responsibility for the "Defence of London" to Viscount French, Mr. Joynson Hicks, in the House of Commons, asked the following question:—

"Has Sir Percy Scott now finished, has he no longer anything to do with it?"

Mr. Tennant, on behalf of the War Office, replied: "I hope that the hon. gentleman will not go away with any idea of that kind. Sir Percy Scott is still in the position that he was in; in other words, there has been no change in his position. What may ultimately be agreed upon I do not know."

As I was *not* in the position that I was in, and as there had been a change, Mr. Tennant's reply was not in accordance with fact, but it was characteristic of many statements made by Ministers during the war.

Mr. Ellis Griffiths, M.P. for Anglesey, added that he understood that I was in a state of suspended animation, that I had not quite left the Admiralty nor quite joined the War Office, but I was going to do both.

This statement gave rise to some comic sketches and a cartoon in *Punch*.

On the following day I was asked if I would accept the post of Adviser to Field-Marshal Viscount French on Air Defence questions. I accepted; so we two, who fifty years before joined the Navy side by side, were working together again.

That is the story of my part in defending London against Zeppelins.



DUAL CONTROL.

"A Kind of Giddy Harumfrodite—Soldier an' Sailor Too."—*Rudyard Kipling.*

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What Women will Never Learn

By LUCIAN CARY

Illustrated by Stanley Davis

JIMMY WILKES knew all about women. He was just thirty years old. But he did not know what to do about Johnny Patton.

Jimmy Wilkes and Johnny Patton had met in the days when they were both looking for jobs. In time—a surprisingly short time—Jimmy Wilkes had become the chief designer of the Hercules Motor Truck and Johnny Patton the production manager of the Indestructible Wheel Company. They took a house together at Sparborough. Together they built up the Sparborough Country Club and made it a social as well as a golfing rendezvous. And together they defied the other sex. That is, they had defied the other sex until this last month.

Now Jimmy, who had always danced, stood in the chilly gloom of the club veranda and smoked. Johnny, who had never danced, cavorted within. Jimmy stood far enough back from the window so that he could not be seen from the brightly-lighted room. At least he stood far enough back at first. He was so anxious to see what Johnny was doing that he edged gradually toward the window. He saw Johnny proceeding jerkily in the arms of Doris Swope. Technically Doris was in Johnny's arms. But Jimmy thought of it the other way round. It was a painful sight. It was painful because it was so badly done. It was more painful because it was Doris.

The thing had begun suddenly one Saturday afternoon. Johnny Patton had ignored women for years. He had endured mixed foursomes occasionally—to please Jimmy. But on this Saturday he had played eighteen holes alone with Doris Swope. That night Johnny had danced for the first time in his life. With Doris Swope. On Tuesday Doris had been in town, and Johnny had lunched with her. Johnny had not mentioned it, but Jimmy knew. On Thursday evening Johnny had called out from the front hall that he might drop in at the club, and slammed the door. Johnny had not gone to the club. Johnny had gone to the Swopes' to call on Doris. On Friday Johnny had taken the early train out from town and played a round with Doris and gone to dinner at the Swopes'. On Saturday he had played two rounds with Doris. On Sunday he had driven away with Doris and got back after midnight. Without a word of explanation to Jimmy, Johnny had seen Doris on some excuse or other every day for four weeks.

"I suppose," Jimmy decided, "I suppose he is interested in her."

The dancers paused. Jimmy could see Johnny standing beside Doris. Jimmy had to admit that she was pretty. There was a suggestion of the Spanish in her dance-frock, most becoming to the red-lipped, dark-eyed sort she was. She was carrying a fan. Jimmy could remember her as a long-legged girl with a flying pigtail. But she looked quite grown-up now. She looked capable of anything. Doris tapped Johnny coquettishly with her fan. Johnny smiled fatuously. Jimmy smiled grimly.

The violinist drew his bow across the strings, and Doris held out her arms to Johnny in a gesture languorous, inviting.

"Little fool!" Jimmy said. He meant Doris. But he did not mean she was a little fool. He meant she was a dangerous woman. How could Johnny, who knew nothing of women, resist such a gesture? He couldn't. Unless something was done about it, Johnny was lost. She would marry him. Johnny would be tied for life to a chit of a girl—an utterly frivolous creature. Jimmy watched and watched and thought and thought. But he could not think what to do. By ignoring it Johnny had made it impossible for him to mention the subject.

Johnny was dancing with Milly Agnew now. Jimmy supposed you could call it dancing. Milly Agnew was a new girl. There was nothing languorous about her. She was a good deal of a flirt, of course; but she flirted with everybody. She was just an awfully nice, jolly, friendly, pleasant person who happened to be the prettiest girl in Sparborough. Why couldn't Johnny fall in love with a girl like that—if he was bound to fall? She was hardly older than Doris Swope in years, but she had twice as much sense. She was ever so much more worth Johnny's while than Doris Swope. Why, if Johnny married Milly Agnew, Jimmy would enjoy being invited in to dinner.

The music ceased. Johnny swung Milly round dangerously, hopping after her, and came to a sudden stop not a yard from the window. Milly smiled up at him.

"She likes him too," Jimmy said to himself. Milly was smiling up at Johnny in a way no girl could possibly smile up at a man unless she liked him very much indeed. Jimmy noted the

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way her hand rested on Johnny's arm; the look she gave him. And she had just been dancing with him too. How could any girl look tenderly at a man who danced as Johnny danced—unless she were in love with him?

A thought occurred to Jimmy—a thought so daring that he smiled. The thought was that a girl like Milly Agnew could rescue Johnny from a little fool like Doris Swope. No man could; no other girl in Sparborough could. But Milly could. If she were properly coached. He wondered if Milly knew how much she cared about Johnny, or if he would have to tell her.

Jimmy lit a fresh cigarette. Several couples were braving the chilly air on the veranda. Milly and Johnny passed him without seeing him, paused, turned back. They had passed him a second time when the music began.

"Run," said Milly Agnew to Johnny. "Run back, or you'll be late for your dance with Doris."

Johnny ran. Jimmy's mouth settled in a straight grim line. If only Johnny had learned about women. If only he knew anything, he wouldn't run back to Doris Swope—away from Milly Agnew. Jimmy saw Milly follow Johnny three steps, each slower than the last. The gesture seemed to him symbolic. Poor Milly! Milly stopped at the door, looked in a moment, and, turning back on the veranda, ran plump into Jimmy.

"Oh!" she said. It might have been a sob. "Why, Jimmy! I didn't know you were here."

"No," Jimmy thought, "you were too much interested in Johnny."

"Come on," Milly said, "dance with me, won't you?"

"I'd like to," Jimmy said. He meant to talk to Milly Agnew. He meant to help her. He meant to straighten out this horrid tangle. But he didn't know quite how to begin. Perhaps he could talk while they danced. He always thought better when he was dancing.

They swung round the floor once without speaking. It was pure joy to dance with Milly Agnew. But Jimmy's heart was heavy.

"You know," Milly said, "I like your friend, Johnny Patton."

"I wish you'd take him away from that little Doris Swope," Jimmy said. Jimmy realized he had stated the case rather flatly, but he had only spoken what was in his mind.

Milly came to a dead stop. "What?" she cried.

Jimmy swung easily back into the dance. "Why not?" he asked, stiffly. His eyes were on the couple he was dodging.

"But why?" Milly asked.

"Because you're in love with him yourself."

Milly gasped. "I—I haven't said so."

"It's time you did say so," Jimmy said. He danced grimly on.

"That's what women will never learn," he added, bitterly.

"What women will never learn?"

"Exactly," Jimmy said.

"Oh!" said Milly.

They danced on in silence. Jimmy felt that he had given Milly something to think about, and he did not propose to interrupt her thinking by casual conversation. If she was as genuine as he thought she was, she would respond to his frankness. If not—well, he had done his duty. They swung toward the door that led to the veranda.

"Come," Milly said.

She led the way to a far corner of the veranda.

"Now," she said, "talk."

Jimmy was completely floored. His gears simply wouldn't mesh.

"Well—er, er-r-r-r," he began. The motor missed and died.

"You've got something on your mind," said Milly Agnew. "You've been standing out here with your white face glued to the window-pane all the evening. And when I drag you in to dance with me you make mysterious remarks about what women will never learn. What is it women will never learn?"

"To go after what they want—the way men do."

"And what is it I could get if I'd only go after it?"

"J-J-J-Johnny." Now that he had said it, Jimmy felt it was a distinctly odd thing to say to a girl. He watched Milly anxiously. But she did not seem at all surprised. She merely looked him square in the eye.

"You can trust me, Milly," he said.

She nodded. "I'm going to," she said. "But I want you to tell me how you knew I wanted Johnny."

"Intuition," said Jimmy.

Milly looked off into the darkness for a long minute.

"Suppose," she said, softly, "suppose I do. How—how can I get him?"

"Go right after him," Jimmy said. "I'll help."

Milly considered thoughtfully. "For instance?"

"To-morrow is Saturday. Johnny'll come out by the one o'clock, and Doris will meet him at the station. They'll drive over here and play eighteen holes all alone."

"Yes," said Milly, pensively, "I've no doubt they will. But where do I come in? I can't very well join in if they're playing a single."

"That's where I come in. I'll come by the one o'clock too. You meet me. We'll drive over behind them. We'll join them on the first tee, and they'll have to make it a foursome. I'll play with Doris, and you'll play with Johnny—naturally."

"All right," said Milly. "I'll be at the station with my car. And now I want one more dance with you."

They danced three more dances. Jimmy liked her. He had always liked her, and now he liked her more than ever. She had been so frank; she had trusted him so completely; and she had not spoiled it all by asking him not to tell a soul—or any such rot. He felt sorry for her too. It had been awfully hard for her these last weeks to see Johnny so constantly in Doris's company, to see the man she wanted trailing

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nother girl. She had been a terribly good port. And how she could dance!

Jimmy got aboard the one o'clock early and found a seat far forward where Johnny would not be likely to see him. His conscience troubled him slightly. He wondered if it were altogether the right thing for him to do, thus to take Johnny's destiny into his own hands and mould it nearer to common sense, as it were. Jimmy shook off his doubts before the train stopped at Sparborough. Johnny simply didn't understand



"THEY SWUNG ROUND THE FLOOR ONCE WITHOUT SPEAKING. IT WAS PURE JOY TO DANCE WITH MILLY AGNEW. BUT JIMMY'S HEART WAS HEAVY."

women. He needed to be protected. And who was better equipped to protect him than Jimmy Wilkes?

He saw Doris on one side of the station as the front end of the train went past. And there on the other side was Milly in her car. He was glad Milly had put the station between them. It would be better if Doris and Johnny did not see him until he and

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Milly swept up the club drive a hundred yards behind.

"Here I am," Milly smiled.

"Good!" Jimmy said. Wasn't Milly a sport to take it all so cheerfully?

Milly swung the car round slowly. Doris was spinning along over the hill. They would catch Doris at the last moment and propose the foursome. Suddenly the motor coughed, bucked, and stopped.

Jimmy jumped down and jerked up the hood. After a few moments, "Try her again now," he said.

They went up the hill, and reached the top just in time to see Doris disappearing over the next hill. "We'll catch 'em all right," Jimmy said.

They very nearly had, when the motor stopped. They coasted on a hundred yards, but the motor wouldn't start again.

"You're out of petrol," Jimmy said.

"I couldn't be," Milly said. "That man said I had five gallons when I started."

"Look at your dash gauge."

It was true. There wasn't any petrol.

"There's a gallon in a reserve tank under the seat," Milly said.

Jimmy jerked up the seat. The reserve-can was empty. He looked at Milly. Milly looked at him. The nearest house was half a mile away.

"Say it," Milly said.

"You say it," Jimmy said, "while I go and borrow a gallon." He took the reserve can and set out.

Doris and Johnny had disappeared when Jimmy and Milly finally reached the club.

"What shall we do?" Milly asked.

"Play the first hole," Jimmy said, "and then skip the rest until we catch up with them. No one else will be playing yet, so we can do as we please."

"All right," Milly said, and drove a hundred and fifty yards straight down the course.

"Beat that," she said.

Jimmy did beat it.

Milly sliced her brassy shot into the rough.

"Let it lie and take another ball," Jimmy suggested.

"It won't take a minute to find it," Milly said. She ran toward the spot. It took five minutes to find it. And her mid-iron dropped the ball neatly on the wrong side of the bunker. She did the first hole in eight.

"I believe you're all upset," Jimmy said.

"I suppose I am—a little," Milly admitted. "I —"

"Never you mind, Milly," Jimmy said. "It's tough luck—awfully tough luck." He suddenly realized how much all this meant to Milly. He must be kind to Milly. She needed help. But he mustn't be too kind. She might cry. And then she would feel worse.

"They aren't in sight, are they?" Milly said.

"No," Jimmy replied, "but we'll catch them. We'll catch them at the ninth. We'll skip everything until we do catch them."

They walked from the first to the ninth without putting down a ball, but they did not see Doris and Johnny. You could see almost the whole eighteen holes from the ninth hole at Sparborough. The course was apparently deserted. Milly sat down on the bench near the tee. "What shall we do now?" she asked.

Jimmy scanned the hills. There simply wasn't anybody in sight.

"I'm hanged if I know," he admitted.

"Sit down," Milly said. "Let's talk."

Jimmy sat down. He didn't know what to say. So far everything had gone wrong. He couldn't feel it was his fault. He hadn't been responsible for the car. But he had proposed the whole thing He was ultimately responsible for everything. He wished there were some way of making it up to Milly.

"Never mind, Milly," he said. "We haven't got started yet. But when we do——" He smiled encouragingly. Milly smiled back. Milly patted his shoulder.

"Good old Jimmy," she said.

"You're the nicest girl I know," Jimmy said.

It was growing dusk. The hills, rising in fold on fold, were the darkest blue. The clouds behind them were a lighter blue. The hills were like great quiet shadows, marching against the sky. It was very still.

Milly's shoulder touched his. For a moment Jimmy had a queer feeling that he and Milly were the only people in the world, It was a kind of pain, this feeling, but a sweet pain. With a start Jimmy recognized it: it was heartache. He must not let it get him. He must think about Johnny.

Johnny was hipped. Johnny was a fool. But, by the Lord, Johnny could learn. He would learn if he had to be beaten over the head with a club.

"Milly," he said, and broke their long silence, "why don't you come into town on Monday and call up Johnny—ask him to lunch with you?"

"Just ask him—out of a clear sky?"

"Why not? He couldn't refuse."

"But what then?"

"Why, at lunch you just charm him out of his wits. You could, you know."

"It sounds simple," Milly admitted.

"Simplest thing in the world for you," Jimmy assured her. "Say you will."

"All right," Milly said. "I'll try. And now let's go back to the club and have one dance before dinner. You're a divine dancer, Jimmy."

"Not a patch on you, though," Jimmy said, as he picked up their clubs.

They started the phonograph at the club. There was nobody on deck except old Miggles, who golfed three hundred and sixty-five days a year. They danced four dances, and were very late for dinner.

Johnny came in about midnight and sneaked upstairs to his room. He was gone the next morning before Jimmy was awake. Jimmy spent the day with his terriers. He had been neglecting them lately. He tried to make up for it by giving them a ten-mile jaunt over the hills. But at night when they were all in and

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Jimmy had taken a shower-bath and dressed, there was up Milly, but she wasn't at home. He thought of her all Monday, wondering how she was getting on with Johnny. could fail to put Johnny's head in a whirl if she really



"'THEY AREN'T IN SIGHT, ARE THEY?' MILLY SAID. 'NO,' JIMMY REPLIED, 'BUT WE'LL CATCH THEM. WE'LL SKIP EVERYTHING UNTIL WE DO CATCH THEM.'"

nothing to do. He called through lunch time on He didn t see how she laid herself out to do it. But perhaps she cared too much to carry herself well. He called her up from the station at Sparborough. She wasn't at home. He called her up again immediately after dinner.

"Halloa, Jimmy," she said. "How's the plot?"

"That's what I am asking you," Jimmy said. "How'd it go?"

"Oh," she said, plaintively, "I just didn't have the nerve. I couldn't ask him."

"Didn't you go into town at all?"

"No, Jimmy, I didn't."

"But there isn't any time to lose, Milly. This thing has got to be done quick, or not at all."

"I know," Milly said. "But I—I just couldn't."

"But you can, Milly, you know you can. For Heaven's sake do it."

"I'll try," said Milly. "Really, I'll try."

"Say 'I will,'" Jimmy demanded.

"I will," Milly answered, weakly.

"Very well," Jimmy said; "I'll call you up to-morrow night. But listen: you can't make it too strong. Flatter him to death. He'll swallow anything now. And don't forget that you're the prettiest girl in Sparborough. Doris—why, Doris isn't in it with you."

"She's awfully sweet," Milly said.

"Sickeningly sweet," Jimmy said. "All you have to do is to go after him."

The next day Jimmy lingered in his office at lunch time. He had a picture of Milly, a little pale but very determined, greeting Johnny. The telephone rang. He answered it himself.

"Halloa, Jimmy." It was Milly's voice—a most cheerful voice. "I've missed him."

"How could you?"

"I missed the eleven o'clock train to town and had to take the twelve-ten. I called him up the minute I got to the station, but they said

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he'd already gone to lunch. But you come anyway—I've got a table at Millard's, and we can dance. You like to dance with me, don't you, Jimmy?"

"I love to dance with you, Milly," Jimmy said. "But——"

"Oh, come on, then," she cried "Come quick."

Jimmy pondered the situation as a taxi jerked



"THEY WENT OUT TO THE GARAGE AND FOUND THE PUPPIES. 'O-O-O-O-H!' DORIS CRIED. 'AREN'T THEY A-DOR-ABLE!'"

him along. Obviously Milly hadn't the nerve to carry the thing off by herself. She needed the consciousness of somebody who sympathized and understood, somebody who knew about these things, at her elbow. If he could just arrange some kind of foursome, he could take Doris away from Johnny. He could be rude if necessary. He felt that one single hour alone with Milly would settle Johnny.

Milly was so glad to see him, so glowing, that Jimmy forgot to be sorry for her until lunch was over and they had had three dances together. She was a wonderful girl to dance with—so, well—evanescent, and yet so all there. But it was time he went back to his office, and they hadn't yet discussed the situation. He hated to bring it up. But it just had to be done.

"Milly," he said, "what are we going to do?"

Milly looked away.

"I—I don't know," she said.

"We've got to do something," he said.

"Suppose I have a crowd in for Sunday night supper, and invite Doris and Johnny?"

Sunday night supper was an honoured institution in Sparborough. It was more intimate than the club and quite as jolly.

"Suppose you invite Doris and Johnny and forget the rest."

"All right," Milly said, "that's a go. I'll call them up to-night."

"And send notes if you can't get them by phone. We mustn't make any mistake this time."

"We won't slip up," Milly said, firmly. "I'll see that we don't. And now let's forget the whole thing. It's got on my nerves."

"Of course it has," Jimmy said, soothingly.

"Sometimes," Milly said, "I think it isn't worth it."

"Sometimes I think Johnny isn't worth it," Jimmy admitted. "But I know you are."

"Let's dance," Milly said.

They danced. They danced until half-past three.

"I'm afraid," Jimmy said, "I ought to get back to my office. I——"

"I'm so sorry," Milly said. "I was going to ask you to help me buy a fox-terrier this afternoon."

"Buy a fox-terrier?"

"Yes," Milly said. "I want a dog. I want a dog awfully."

"Why," said Jimmy, "I'll give you a fox-terrier. I've got two puppies out there I'd like to give you. They're only two months old, but they're good; they're the best blood there is. Take them, won't you?"

"Why—why, of course I will, Jimmy. But it's too awfully good of you."

"It isn't at all, Milly. I'd like you to have a couple of my terriers."

"Let's go out and look at them now, Jimmy," she said. "I love puppies."

He frowned. It was nearly four o'clock. If he went back to his office they could have

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one more dance and still catch the four-fifteen. But he always did go back to his office after lunch. At least, he always had.

"All right," he said.

They danced two dances and missed the four-fifteen. But they caught the five-three. And Milly was so enthusiastic about the puppies that Jimmy would have given her the whole litter if she would have taken them. She wanted to take them home immediately.

"Come on over, Jimmy," she said, "and stay to dinner. There's nobody at home but dad, and he likes dogs as well as I do."

Jimmy went, in a kind of happy glow. Nobody had been so nice about his dogs for months. And Milly really knew something about terriers.

He stayed at the Agnews' until after eleven, talking dogs with Milly and her father.

Jimmy got a note from Milly the next day, inviting him to Sunday night supper. And that night Johnny mentioned it.

"You going to Milly Angew's on Sunday night?" Johnny asked.

"Yes," Jimmy said. "Are you?"

"Of course. Doris and I'll be there."

It was the first time Johnny had ever spoken Doris's name to Jimmy. But Jimmy refused to spoil this tentative confidence by remarking it. Perhaps, if he let Johnny alone, Johnny would say more. He thought Johnny looked a little sheepish, as if he had something on his chest he would like to confess. Perhaps Johnny was beginning to realize what a fool he was making of himself.

The Sunday night supper at Milly's began auspiciously. Milly was her very gayest. And Johnny was more himself than he had been for weeks. He was almost like the old Johnny. But Jimmy caught him stealing looks at Doris every now and then. Doris was really awfully good-looking.

He seized the moment when they left the dining-room to place himself beside Doris.

"I wish you'd come out and see Milly's fox-terriers," Jimmy said, ingratiatingly.

"I'd love to."

They went out to the garage and found the puppies. They sprawled sleepily over the floor.

"O-o-o-o-h!" Doris cried. "Aren't they a-dor-able! You must bring them into the house so that Johnny can see them."

"Johnny has had plenty of chance to see them," Jimmy said, stiffly. "They were born in my kennel, and I only gave them to Milly this week."

"Oh," Doris cried, "you must bring them in."

She picked them up and hugged them.

Jimmy followed her into the house. There was no managing such a girl. But she really wasn't as bad as he had thought. There must be something in any girl who liked dogs.

The puppies disported themselves for half an hour in the drawing-room, and then Johnny announced that he and Doris would have to go.

"Have to go!" Milly cried.

"Sorry," Doris said, "but we must go. Couldn't you two come over to our house next Sunday night?"

"We'd love to, wouldn't we, Jimmy?" Milly asked.

"Why—of course we would," Jimmy said. He couldn't see that he and Milly were getting any farther with their plan. But it was sort of nice to be friends with Johnny again. He hadn't eaten a meal with Johnny for three weeks.

He and Milly sat by the library fire for a long time without speaking.

"It's no use, Jimmy," Milly said.

"Don't give up, Milly," he urged. "Something will happen."

The telephone bell rang. Milly went to answer it.

Jimmy heard her say: "Why, halloa, Doris."

And then: "You are, r-e-a-l-l-y?"

And then: "Oh, my dear, I'm so glad."

A sudden fear oppressed Jimmy. It was awfully hot by the fire. He stood up just as Milly came into the room.

"Well, Jimmy," she said, evenly, "they're engaged."

"Johnny and——"

"Yes," Milly said. "They wanted to tell us to-night, but each had promised the other not to tell. But as soon as they got out of the house they agreed we ought to know. So Doris rang up."

She looked very beautiful, standing there in her green frock, with her red-gold hair piled high, and her eyes looking into his so trustingly.

"Oh, Milly," he said, and took a step towards her.

She swayed towards him. He caught her in his arms. Her head rested on his shoulder a long minute.

"Dear, dear Milly," he said. He wanted to say something kind, and there wasn't anything to say. His heart ached for her. There never was a girl like Milly. There never would be a girl like Milly.

She looked up at him. He looked down into her eyes. His arms were round her. She gave a little sigh.

And before he knew what he was doing Jimmy had kissed her.

"Jimmy!" she said, and released herself a little.

"I love you," he said.

"I—I love you," she answered, and dropped her eyes.

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" Jimmy cried. "If you had just *told* me!"

Her eyes flashed up at him and then dropped again. He held her very tightly.

"I suppose, Jimmy, that—that is what women will never learn."

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Dancing To-Day

How to do it, and how not to.



By
PHILIP J. S. RICHARDSON,
Editor of "The Dancing Times."

Illustrated with special photographs by the Hana Studios of Miss Gertie Lawrence, of "Buzz Buzz," and Mr. Eddie Mathews.

IN EXHIBITION DANCES.
Be very careful of the hands and fingers.

IT is interesting to compare the outcry that has been raised in some quarters against the introduction of the so-called jazz-step into our ballrooms with that which heralded the first appearance of the valse in this country. It was in 1812, towards the close of the Napoleonic wars, that the valse in its modern form was first seen in London. "No event ever produced so great a sensation in English society," says a writer of the period. "The Anti-Waltzing party took the alarm, cried it down; mothers forbade it, and every ballroom became a scene of feud and contention, sarcastic remarks flew about, and pasquinades were written to deter young ladies from such a recreation."

Lord Byron, writing under the *nom de plume* "Horace Hornem," made some caustic remarks about the new dance when, on entering a London ballroom, expecting to see a contre-danse, he discovered the partner of his joys and sorrows in the embrace of a "huge hussar-looking gentleman turning round and round to a d——d see-saw, up and down sort of a tune, like two cockchafers spitted upon the same bodkin."



AN ECCENTRIC DANCE FROM THE FAR WEST.
"Ballin' the Jack," which is a first cousin to the new "Shimmy-Sha-Wabble." Not suitable for the ballroom

Many well-known people supported the agitation against the valse. "I am happy," wrote Sir W. Elford to Miss Mitford, in 1813, that you think with me about valsing. Have you seen Sir H. Englefield's verses? They appear to me perfect as touching the proper points";—

What! The girl I adore by another embraced!
What! The balm of her breath shall another man taste?
What! Pressed in the dance by another man's knee?
What! Panting recline on another than me!
Sir, She is yours: You have pressed from the grape its fine blue,
From the rosebud you've shaken the tremulous dew;
What you've touched, you may take. Pretty valser, adieu!

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In spite of these extraordinary attacks the valse survived; society surrendered to the new dance when the Emperor Alexander of Russia was seen valsing at Almack's, and it displaced the stately minuet as Queen of the Ballroom.

In the early 'forties of the last century, first Paris, then the whole of the Continent, and finally London went "polka mad." "Our private letters," said the *Times* of that day, "state that politics are for the moment suspended in public regard by the new and all-absorbing pursuit, the polka." A few weeks later the same journal reported the first drawing-room polka as danced at "Almack's," concluding its description with the instructions that "There is no stamping of the heels or toes, or kicking of legs in sharp angles forward," from which one may conclude that, as with the tango, sixty-five years later, stage versions of the dance were not suitable for the ballroom.

About the 'sixties there was a further revival of the interest taken in ballroom dancing and a great deal of rivalry between two forms of the valse, namely, the *valse à deux temps* and the *valse à trois temps*. The well-known dancing master, Cellarius, who had a good deal to do with the introduction of the polka, was a champion of the former method, and was also loud in his praises of the mazurka. Some remarks made by him on this last-named dance are well worthy of notice, as they foreshadow the phase of dancing which is in evidence to-day. "I do not hesitate to affirm that only part of the mazurka can be taught; the rest is invented, is extemporized, in the excitement of the execution; and it is precisely this circumstance of constant inspiration that renders the mazurka so attractive, so varied, and makes it perhaps the first of the fashionable dances.

"The real dancer of the mazurka not only varies his steps, but more frequently invents them, creating new ones that belong only to himself, and which others would be wrong in copying with servility. One of the great advantages of this dance is that it leaves to each his individuality, and prevents those who practise it from seeming



THE HESITATION.
The man is coming backwards and is about to pause on the right foot.



THE HESITATION.
In an exhibition Hesitation the lady may do this, but in the ballroom it becomes a source of annoyance to the other dancers.



HOW TO HOLD.
The "One-Step." Partners should hold in the same manner in the fox-trot and the valse.

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as if formed upon the same model."

In spite of Cellarius's appeal for individuality, the late Victorian dances were very stereotyped and mechanical. Hard and fast rules were laid down by the dancing masters, the valse became an uninteresting series of revolutions round the room, and ballroom dancing withered. It was in the early years of the present century that the present phase of dancing was first seen with the introduction of the Boston method of dancing the valse. A few years later the one-step crossed the Atlantic from America and took a great hold upon popular imagination, and about 1912 the much-discussed tango made its first appearance on our programmes.

These three dances—but especially the one-step—answered the description given by Cellarius of the mazurka: that is to say, the dancer was taught a few fundamental steps which he mixed to suit his own pleasure. In the tango the dancer for the first time began to study his appearance when dancing and to really take notice of the steps he was performing. Popularly the tango is supposed to be dead to-day. As a matter of fact it lives in the influence it has had on other dances, notably the Boston, which it has transformed into the modern hesitation. It is now appearing again as a dance in Paris, and will be danced in London this summer by many enthusiasts.

Just before the outbreak of war the dances in favour were the hesitation valse, the fox-trot (just arrived from America), and the one-step, or rag. The last-named was just emancipating itself from the "bunny-hug," and one or two other objectionable methods of performing it which had been introduced by a very small section of the dancing community.



A HESITATION FIGURE.
Very graceful in an exhibition dance, but not advisable in a crowded ballroom.

In those days both the hesitation and the fox-trot contained many very showy steps—some of a complicated nature which have now entirely disappeared from the ballroom.

To-day it may be taken as an axiom that the good dancer does not advertise. That is to say, the best couple will probably be the very last couple you will notice in a crowded ballroom. The whole tendency of modern dancing is towards simplicity and smoothness.

So much is this the case that it was found that had Miss Gertie Lawrence and Mr. Eddie Mathews, both most excellent dancers, been photographed in a series of strictly accurate ballroom positions, all the pictures would have appeared similar.

Strict ballroom dancing is quite unsuitable for the stage. It is not showy enough. Consequently, when a ballroom dance is shown on the stage or in a restaurant for exhibition purposes, the performers introduce many movements and steps that are never done in the



THE JAZZ-ROLL
Purposely exaggerated so as to show the lady's left foot crossed in front of her right, and the man's right foot crossed behind his left. The lady is going forward.

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WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS 'TIS FOLLY TO—LOOK WHERE YOU ARE GOING.

ballroom. Unfortunately, spectators who are not dancers do not appreciate this point: consequently they get a totally inaccurate idea of what the real ballroom dance is.

The one-step is the simplest of the dances. It is merely a walk in all directions, that is to say, frontwards, backwards, sidewards, and while turning, in time with music. Quite a number of pleasing variations can be made of this simple walk. There is no need to hug one's partner, and not the slightest excuse for introducing any movement to which exception could be taken.

The fox-trot to-day is made up of a slow walk, one step to two counts, a quick walk or run, one step to one count, the chassé, a step used in the old two-step, and a balancing movement. The twinkle, once so popular in this dance, should not be done: it is a nuisance in a crowded room, as it delays the progress of the following couple.

In both the one-step and the fox-trot considerable use is made to-day of the valse turn: indeed, this is almost suggested by the smooth way in which the majority of fox-trots are played.

The hesitation is danced to any valse, though some tunes lend themselves more readily to it than others. It may be described as the old Boston turn with a slight pause. This pause should on no account be exaggerated, neither should the foot be lifted off the floor, otherwise the shins of other dancers will suffer. In its early days the hesitation had some very graceful side-by-side movements. These are never used to-day in the ballroom except for exhibition purposes. When well done they were graceful, but when badly executed they looked ridiculous, and, in either case, took up a lot of room.

In all three dances nothing but the closed valse position is used to-day in smart ballrooms. It can be taken that any step that is conspicuous or that draws attention to the performer is in bad taste. Vernon Castle has said that if you hold your partner so that you both feel comfortable you will probably look graceful.

A good deal of ink has been spilt of late over the jazz. Of course, strictly speaking, jazz is not a dance but a method of playing the music. It is syncopation run riot and is rather noise than melody. Through attempting to dance to this noise a new step has found its way across the Atlantic, and this is generally spoken of as the jazz-step or jazz-roll.

As happened with the valse, as happened with the polka, as happened with the Boston, as happened with the tango, and as will happen with every new dance produced, it has been most vigorously attacked and described as an immoral and indecent dance.

As a matter of fact, in the jazz-roll there is absolutely nothing to which anyone can take exception, but, like all dances, including the valse



"LIFT-UPS" ARE DELIGHTFUL ON THE STAGE, BUT UNDESIRABLE IN MAYFAIR.

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itself, it can be made objectionable if the dancers so will. When properly danced it has somewhat the effect of a Dutch roll on the ice. It can be introduced into any dance, including the fox-trot, one-step, and valse. In the illustration which accompanies this, Miss Lawrence and Mr. Mathews have purposely exaggerated the first step of the roll in order that its mechanism may be made more plain.

The secret of dancing this movement is to move to the left with the right foot across the left foot and *vice versâ*, and to slightly turn in the direction towards which the foot is moving.

The following general rules may be found useful to dancers, especially those in the country.

Throughout all the modern dances hold in the valse position and keep this position right through the dance.

The man's left arm should not be held out like a poker, but slightly bent at the elbow. In a very crowded room the bend may be increased until there is formed an acute angle at the elbow.



EXAGGERATED "TWINKLES" ARE UNPOPULAR WITH THE LAST GENERATION.

It is the duty of the man to look where he is going. Eighty per cent. of the collisions which occur in the ballroom could be avoided with a little care on the part of the man.

Never go the wrong way of the room even for a single bar; never overdo the jazz-roll; never use the old "twinkle" in the fox-trot, and never unduly accentuate the pause in the hesitation. All these things impede other dancers, and in the ballroom one must learn to think of others.

Never use the "lift-up" in the rag or one-step. It is quite unsuited to the ballroom, as it is absolutely an acrobatic movement.

Never spin like a top in the one-step or rag. It is not particularly graceful, and is a source of danger to others. Never lift your heels high off the floor for the same reason.

Dance all your dances very smoothly and try and look as though you were enjoying them.

Finally, remember that the great fault of the teacher of modern ballroom dancing is that she will teach you dances rather than how to dance. She will probably omit to tell you how to steer. You must rectify this omission, for a bad steerer will upset a whole room.



THE WORK OF THE WHIRLING ONE-STEPPER ONLY DIFFERS FROM THAT OF THE TANK IN THE MATTER OF SPEED.

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THE MAGNIFICENT ENSIGN SMITH.

By EDGAR WALLACE.

Illustrated by Henry Coller.

THERE are many things about the late war (writes Dr. Halkeith-Sinclair, of Curzon Street) which I do not understand even in these days, when its secrets form the subject of daily official and unofficial communications, so that we learn of new and wonderful ships, marvellous new explosives, undreamt-of aeroplanes, and the like. Half-way through the narrative they told of the Magnificent Ensign Smith, I found myself wondering why the Government of the United States of America had been so grudging of the recognition it gave to his unparalleled devotion.

I came into this story in a most prosaic and commonplace fashion. At 9.30 one night in December I was in my surgery in Curzon Street, Mayfair, when I was rung up by the Hotel Savoy-Carlton. I was not in the best of moods, for two hours previously I had been called to a shooting case by the police, and no practitioner—and certainly no practitioner of my standing—cares to get mixed up in a criminal trial, involving as it does hours wasted in draughty court-houses.

It was the manager of the Savoy-Carlton who called me.

"I wish you would come over, doctor, and see an American lady who arrived to-day by the *Lapland*."

"What is the matter with her?" I asked.

"I think she is pretty ill. I have had telegraphic instructions from some American officers in France to do everything possible for her, and I am rather scared of her appearance."

"All right, I'll come over," said I.

I drove down to the Savoy-Carlton, which is one of the best hotels in London, and Colloni, the manager, was waiting for me in the entrance hall.

"I'm sorry to bring you over, doctor, but I am afraid the lady is very ill. I wonder the American authorities allowed her to travel."

"Is she old or young?" I asked.

"She is old," he said, "and arrived here at five o'clock in a state of collapse. The American officers I spoke of had already booked a suite for her, and as Americans are amongst my best customers I do not want to offend them, otherwise I should have sent her straight to a hospital."

He took me up in the elevator, and there I saw my patient. There is a certain beauty about age, a quality which is called caducity, which means the beauty of decaying things. Her hair was white, her face was one of infinite sweetness, and I saw what I have so often seen in women's faces when they are approaching the great last test of their fortitude, an inspiring majesty.

The nurse who was in attendance said she was the sweetest old lady she had ever attended, but "sweet" seems to me to be too mild and sugary a word. You could not call the Canadian Rockies sweet, or the tropical heavens, or the Grand Canyon, or the Valley of Chamonix—and she held something of the dignity of all these things.

I made a brief examination. There was no need to look far for the trouble. She had reached the end of all her physical resources, and it was little short of a miracle that she had been able to make the long journey from America.

She looked up into my face, which was as expressionless as I could make it, and smiled.

"You wonder I am alive," she said.

"Well, I wouldn't say that, Mrs. Smith," said I, pulling up a chair and summoning all my stock of reserve cheerfulness. "You are certainly a very daring lady to have taken this journey."

She smiled again.

"It was vanity," she said, and I laughed. "Oh, yes, it was vanity."

Her voice was quite strong. She spoke without effort, and, so far as I could see, her respiration was normal. But it is absurd and profitless for a doctor to attempt to gauge by any scientific formula the values of will. Still more unsatisfactory must be any examination which science makes into the life-value of love.

"I am the mother of Ensign Smith," she said,

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and spoke with assurance, as though Ensign Smith were so well known a character that there was no need for further explanation.

"Oh, yes," said I.

She smiled again.

"Of course you're English, and you are not taking quite the same interest in our boys as we, and I cannot expect you to understand just how an American mother feels about her son who has died so gloriously—for Liberty."

Her eyes lit up with a light that rivalled the eyes of youth, a faint colour showed in the pale, wasted cheeks, and the thin hands which lay on the coverlet gripped the down-quilt.

"I don't think you ought to talk very much," said I; "it will excite you and keep you awake."

She shook her head slowly.

"Do you know what time the Continental train arrives in London?" she asked.

I explained to her that the Continental trains kept no particular time, especially the troop trains, and apparently it was the troop train she was expecting.

"They will be here," she said, with conviction, and was silent for a while, her head turned on her pillow, her eyes half closed.

Presently she raised them again.

"My son, Ensign Smith, won the Medal of Honour in the Argonne!"

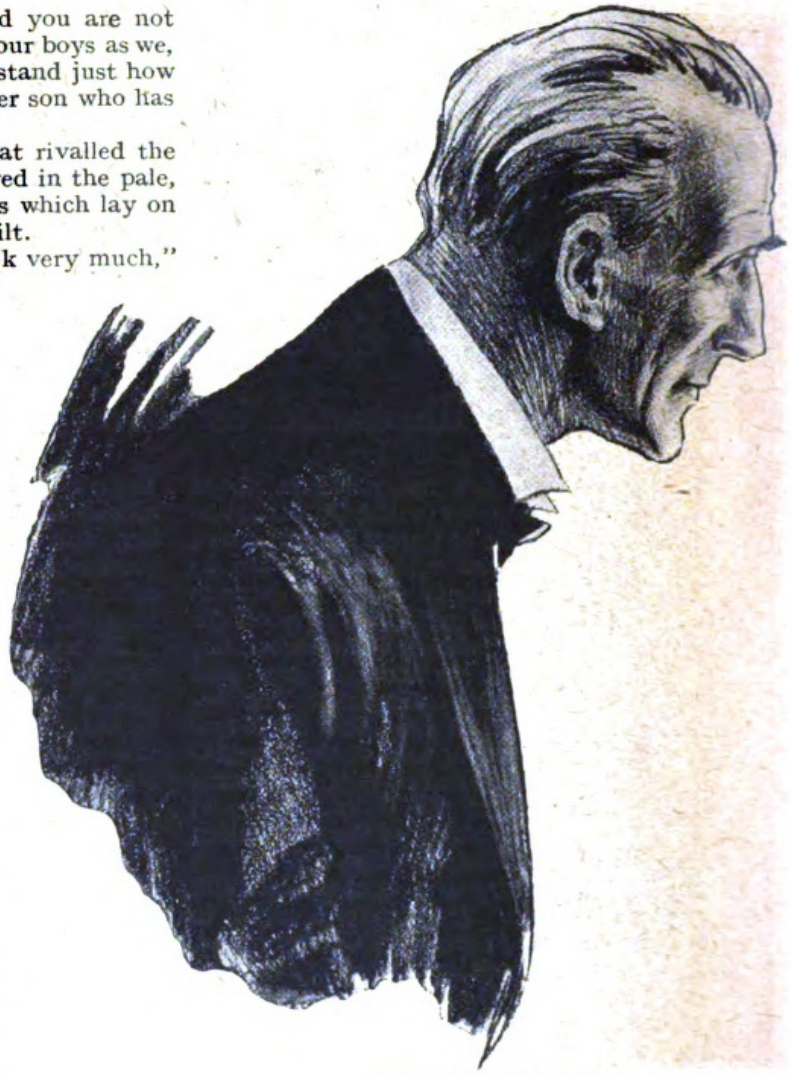
"That's splendid!" I said, with enthusiasm, for I knew how jealously that medal is awarded in the American Army.

She nodded.

"Yes, it was splendid, but you don't know how splendid it was. You see, Jimmy"—she hesitated. "Why, I'll tell you all about him, because he has so wonderfully redeemed his faults. Jimmy was a great trouble to me, dear lad. He went with the wrong set, and there was some—some unpleasantness in New York. He was always a delicate boy, and we spoilt him, I guess, and he got mixed up with evil men and women, and he—well, they used to come and tell me about him, and it well-nigh broke my heart. And even when he enlisted they said he was—drunk. But we worked hard for him, and the Governor, my brother-in-law, used his influence, and, well, Jimmy made good." She closed her eyes and smiled and repeated: "Yes, Jimmy made good. He was killed in the Argonne Forest. We didn't know what had happened, because the official news was that he had died, and I wrote to an officer who came from Palata, and he wrote back a beautiful letter about Jimmy, and said he had done splendidly and was going to be awarded the Medal of Honour."

She paused, and I hoped that she was not going to speak again, although I was more than interested. A doctor cannot afford to indulge in his emotions, but my heart went out to that pathetic figure with her beautiful pride.

But she was not, as I hoped, going to sleep.



"MY SON, ENSIGN SMITH, WON THE

She was just thinking, and the smile did not leave her face.

"I knew he would not be awarded the Medal of Honour except for something very grand," she said; "and they couldn't tell me anything at Washington. Why, you'd think they would know everything at Washington, wouldn't you?"

I nodded.

"Well, they were just too busy, I guess. So one day the thought came to me that I would go to France, or perhaps to England, where I could get into touch with his comrades and his officers."

A light dawned on me.

"I see: so you told them you were coming and they offered to meet you here?"

She nodded.

"To-night?"

She nodded again.

"I have had a telegram from France. A deputation from the regiment is on its way.

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Isn't that wonderful? A deputation from the regiment to tell me about Jimmy!"

There came a tap at the door at that moment, and I walked over and answered it. It was the manager.

"There are three American officers, the gentlemen who hired the suite, and they want to see the lady. Can they, do you think?"

"I don't think it will make very much difference," said I, in a low voice.

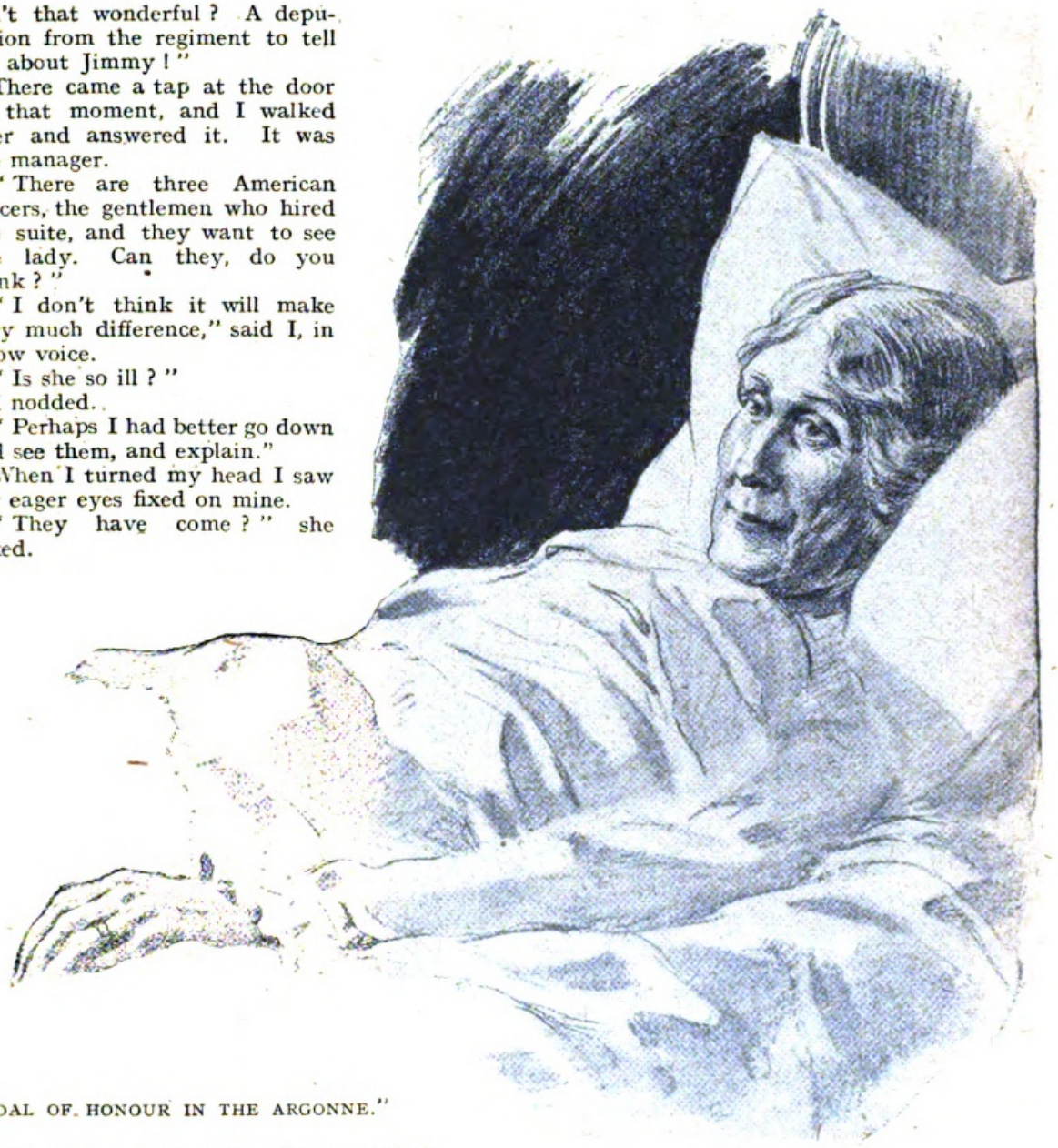
"Is she so ill?"

I nodded.

"Perhaps I had better go down and see them, and explain."

When I turned my head I saw her eager eyes fixed on mine.

"They have come?" she asked.



MEDAL OF HONOUR IN THE ARGONNE."

"They have just come. Do you mind if I go down and see them?"

"Please don't keep them too long, doctor," she said. "I know just how sick I am, and I am only living to hear about Jimmy."

This I knew to be the truth.

I found the three officers waiting by the elevator, and the manager introduced me. There was a tall, grey major and two younger officers, tired, brown-faced men, with the mud of France on their boots and that strange, set look which men wear who have been through the hell of the Argonne.

"You understand, Major," I said, "that Mrs. Smith is practically *in extremis*."

"I guessed that," said the Major—his name was Shore. "How long do you think she will live?"

"It is very difficult to tell," said I. "It may sound brutal to you, but she ought to be dead now. It is extraordinary that in her condition she can be either conscious or alive."

Major Shore exchanged glances with his two companions.

"Will you come up with us, doctor?" he said. "I'm pretty scared. I would like to have you around—in case."

I understood, and we went up in the elevator together in silence, and I did not speak again till I introduced them severally by their names—Major Shore, Captain Urqhuart, and Lieutenant van Roos.

I shall always remember the expectancy in her face, the fine comradeship in that shaking hand she extended to them, and shall never get from my mind the picture of those three solemn men sitting around the bed their faces contrasting with the live, joyous expression that she wore.

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"It is very kind of you gentlemen to humour an old woman," she said. "Maybe you will have children of your own one of these days, and you will know how I feel about Jimmy. And Jimmy had so many enemies who would never believe that he had that side to his character."

"Surely," said the Major, clearing his throat. "Why, Jimmy was the gamest boy that ever served in the 34th, wasn't he, Urqhuart?"

"He was fine," said the captain, huskily. "I don't think I have ever had a better boy under me. He was in my company."

"And you lived with him!"

She was speaking half to herself, in a sort of rapt ecstasy. "Shared the same tent with him, perhaps?"

Urqhuart nodded.

"Saw him every day! Why, that almost deifies you boys in my eyes."

"He was with me!" It was young van Roos who spoke. "The day we went over!"

"Did he show any——" She hesitated to frame the words.

"He was the bravest of the brave," said van Roos, stoutly. "He was the first over. He went right ahead of the men. There was a big redoubt immediately in front of us, a regular nest of machine-guns, and our men were falling by the score, but Jimmy went on."

"Encouraging them, you see, Mrs. Smith," said Major Shore. "In moments like that example is everything. The bravest of soldiers wouldn't face that kind of fire if they saw their officer faltering."

"That's why Jimmy was so extraordinary," put in Urqhuart. "We never expected him to make that kind of show. The men rallied and went up after him, and we took the redoubt ten minutes later."

"Was he alive then?" she whispered.

"Yes, he was alive then," said Shore. "He wasn't killed till—later."

"And didn't the men think he was wonderful?" she asked.

"They surely did," said Urqhuart; "how could they think anything else? They called him the Magnificent Ensign Smith."

"Did they really, did they really?" she cried, clasping her hands. "I know, you wrote and told me!"

"There was nothing Jimmy wouldn't face." It was Shore who spoke now. They seemed to take it in turns to supplement the record of the boy's heroism. "Nothing worried him—shells, bombs, or machine-gun fire. He took it all laughing."

"And was he a good boy?" she asked, timidly. "I know boys get a little wild when they are out of the battle-line, and there are many temptations to young men. Did he drink?"

"Oh, no!" The three spoke together.

"No," said Major Shore, "I never met a better living fellow than Jimmy. He was just the cleanest lad you could wish to meet."

"He simply spent all his time studying military books," said van Roos. "We used to get rather tired of his studious ways. When the other fellows were going out to paint the town red you would always find Jimmy sitting tight in billets with a book on his knee."

"It made a man of him. It made a man of him!" she whispered.

"Why, it's difficult to believe that Jimmy was ever anything else," said Urqhuart, shaking his head; "he was just made for soldiering. You don't get many Jimmies, even in our Army."

She lay with closed eyes, and for five minutes nobody spoke.

"Tell me how he died," she said, after a while.

"It was at a little village called Piedmont," said Urqhuart. "It lay in a valley between two steep hills, and it was covered by a stream which flowed right across the line of advance. The village had been consolidated by the Germans, who held it in strength. Their batteries had got our positions registered to an inch, and the whole of the hillside was sprinkled with machine-guns. The Virginian regiment on our right had to work round the knoll to the east of the village, and we had to make a frontal attack straight into the gap. The engineers threw over a light bridge, but it was shot away by the German guns. Then the general called for volunteers to swim the stream under fire and establish a position on the north bank so that we could enfilade the German trenches which curved round the village to the west."

"Yes?"

"Well, Jimmy volunteered," said van Roos. "Yes, Jimmy volunteered to lead a platoon across. Of course, it was all done in a hurry, the arrangements were very hasty, and he had to take what men he could find in his sector. Our guns put down a barrage on the village, and Jimmy went over."

"Was he first across the stream?" she asked, hopefully.

"Absolutely first," said Shore. "I saw him through my glasses. I was back in an observation post and had a good view. He got into a ditch on the other side of the stream, and half-a-dozen men crawled in with him. It was certain death for the first to cross, even if they got to the other side."

"Jimmy had only six men," said Urqhuart. "The next wave that tried to cross were shot to pieces, so Jimmy and his six went on and carried the first German machine-gun post at the point of the bayonet."

"Isn't that wonderful?" said the old woman, in a hushed voice. "Don't you boys feel kind of proud of having served with him?"

They nodded.

"And was he——?"

"He was killed right there in the German trench, killed instantaneously," said Shore.

"But his sacrifice was not in vain?" she asked.

"No," said Urqhuart. "Indeed no. He held the enemy at a critical point, and gave us just the opportunity we wanted."

"And they gave him the Medal of Honour?"

Major Shore put his hand in his pocket and brought out a flat leather case. He pressed a catch and it sprang open, revealing the simple

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emblem of valour. She took it reverently in both hands and raised it to her lips.

"Jimmy! Jimmy!" she whispered.

I have never seen anything more beautiful than the smile on her face when I took the medal from her dead hands.

Urqhuart was standing up by the other side of the bed.

"Is she dead?" he asked, in a low voice.

I nodded, and that big soldier went down on his knees by the side of the bed and sobbed as if his heart would break.

Presently he grew calmer and stumbled to his feet, wiping his face.

"Thank God, thank God!" he said. "Thank God that's over!"

He looked at the two men, from one strained face to the other.

"I don't know how you fellows feel, but I feel —horrible," he said, and they nodded.

I think with any encouragement they would have broken down, for their eyes were wet.

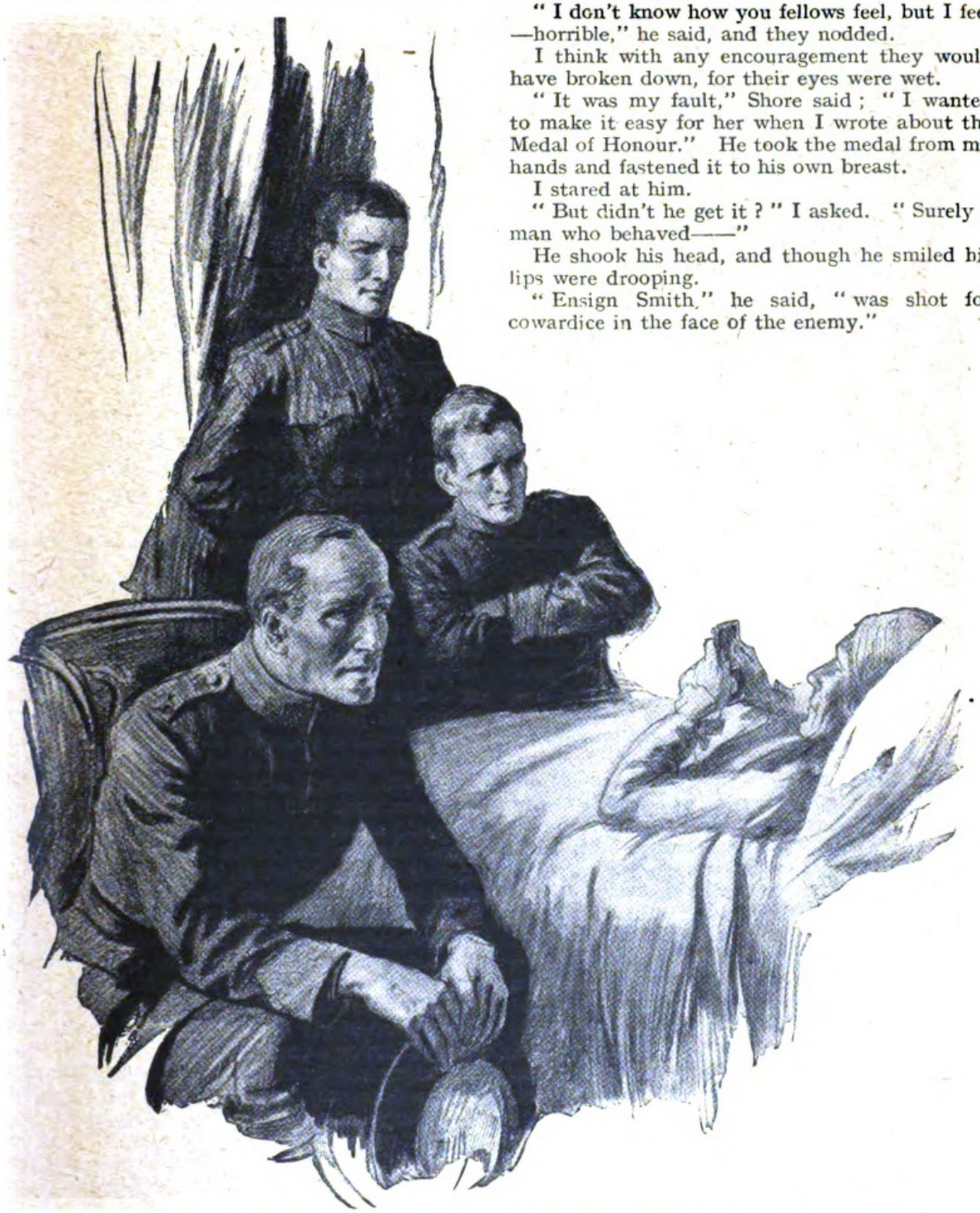
"It was my fault," Shore said; "I wanted to make it easy for her when I wrote about the Medal of Honour." He took the medal from my hands and fastened it to his own breast.

I stared at him.

"But didn't he get it?" I asked. "Surely a man who behaved——"

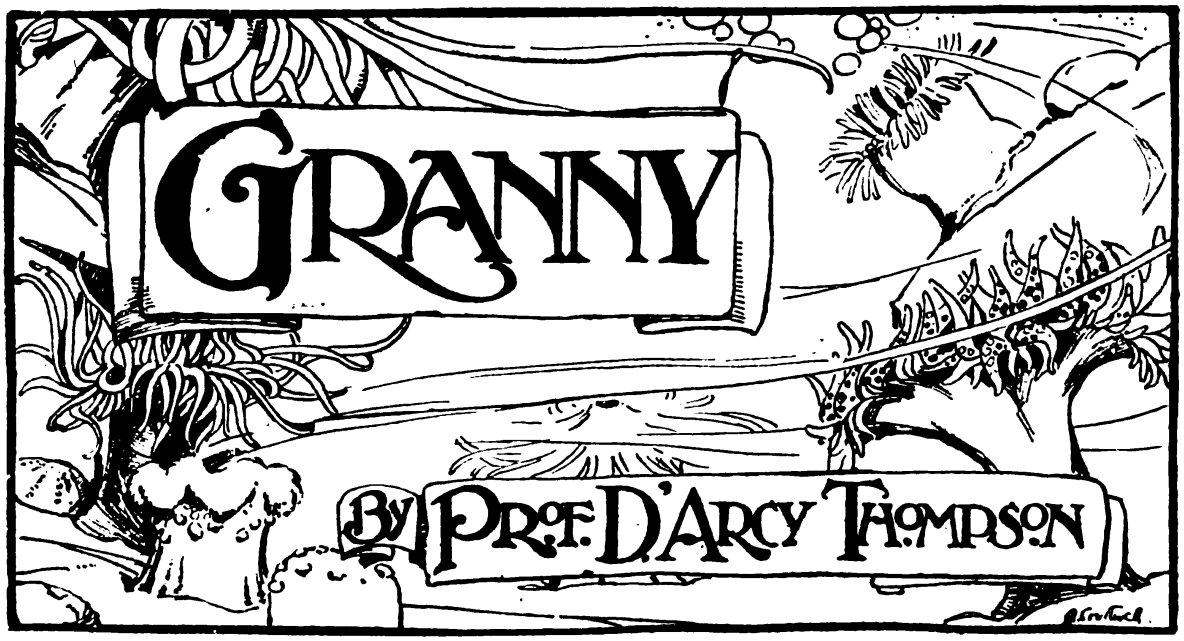
He shook his head, and though he smiled his lips were drooping.

"Ensign Smith," he said, "was shot for cowardice in the face of the enemy."



"SHE TOOK THE MEDAL REVERENTLY IN BOTH HANDS AND RAISED IT TO HER LIPS."

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Illustrated by Grace Cruttwell.

Professor D'Arcy Thompson, one of the best-known lecturers to children on scientific matters, has here written a most interesting article on a subject with which very few people have any acquaintance. Read the history of "Granny." It will make you open your eyes.

ONCE upon a time, about a hundred years ago, there lived a Scottish gentleman, laird of a small estate in Linlithgowshire, whose name was Sir John Graham Dalyell,* Knight and Baronet. He died when last century was half-way through; he was born, as near as may be, about the time when Dr. Samuel Johnson and Mr. Boswell were travelling through Scotland and making their adventurous journey to the Western Isles. So Sir John belonged to another world than ours, and lived in the olden times of long ago.

The differences between the old days and the new are many, but the line between them is not hard to find. It differs a little for different people, but it always comes to the same thing—it is the date when we were born. There is a very curious difference between the old world on the other side, of which we have heard with our ears but in which we had no place or share, and our own world on the hither side, to which we belong and in which we have played our part. The year in which I was born does not matter; it was a year in which other things happened besides. But it was about the time when (for instance) Darwin had just told the world about Evolution, and when men were beginning to believe in it; and when all the science for which I have lived—and for which Sir John Graham Dalyell had lived—was getting changed, almost in the twinkling of an eye. And this is only one of the differences between the old world aforetime and the new world which has been mine.

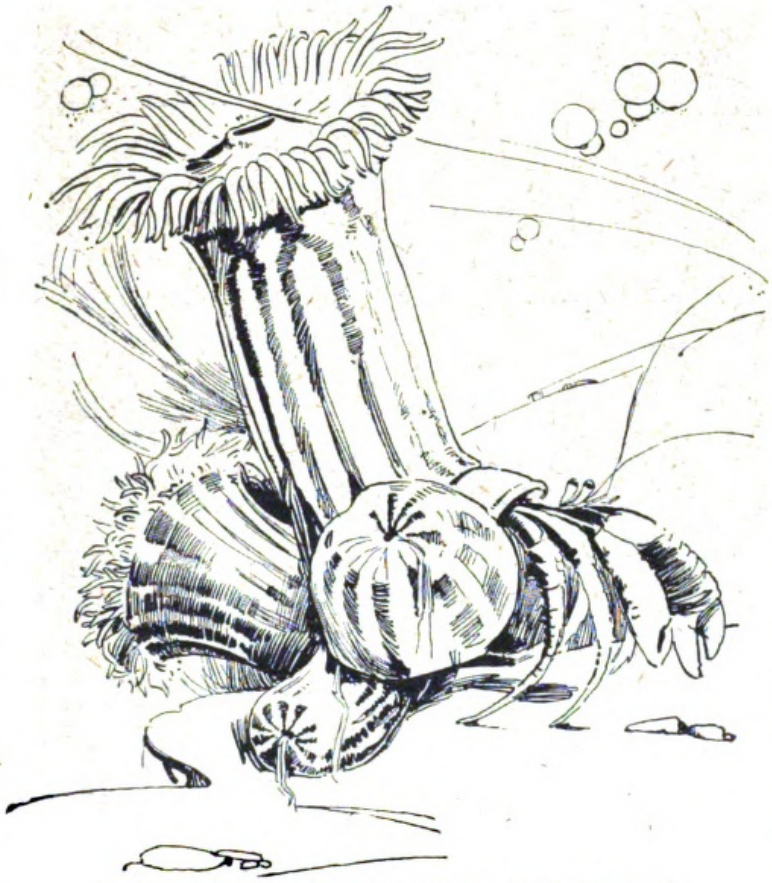
Now Sir John was a very great naturalist, and we are coming presently to some, or to one at least, of the curious beasts he found. But to begin with, he was a man of ancient family; his ancestors were men of credit and renown; and it would never do to pass his family by. Like many another old Scotch pedigree, his descent harked back to before the days of history, when tradition (which is often just as good) has to do instead. We are told that the first of the Dalyells, who as yet had no name at all, was the servant of a king whose name has been forgotten, and who fought a bloody war with another king who is in the same plight. And the second king caught one of the first king's noble knights and hanged him on a tree in front of the armies; and the angry and insulted king called to his men, "Who dare cut him down?" And our hero's ancestor cried out, "Dalyell, Dalyell!" which, in the language of the time (but its name is lost), meant "I dare!" And he did cut him down. And the story must be true, for Sir John wore upon his coat-of-arms a hanged man, with a rope round his neck, and the motto "I dare."

And there was another ancestor, a few hundred years later, who fought at the Battle of Largs, when the "ravens were tamed"—that is

*This name has various spellings. When I was lecturing the other day at the Royal Institution, I found one of my young hearers putting it down in his notes as "DL"—and that is just how it is pronounced.

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to say, when the Danes were conquered, and their long black ships burned; and who lived to be a very old man, and to be hanged himself by Edward Longshanks, when that soldier-king put the good folks of Berwick to the sword and sacked the Castle of Dunbar. And there was another who fought the losing battle of Worcester (where King Charles hid in the oak tree), and was put in the Tower, and who lived to fight again and was much beloved by his "affectionat frind, Charles R." And this Dalyell was a very mighty warrior; he fought against Turks and Tartars for the "Great Sovereign and Czarian Majesty, Alexis Michaelovitch," and was made a general "at our Court in the Metropolitan city of Muscow, in the year from the Creation of the World 7773, January 6." And afterwards, I am sorry to say, he took part in a certain battle at a place called Rullion Green, in a pleasant nook of the Pentland Hills, and there he slew "the Reverend Mr. John Crookshanks and Mr. Andrew M'Cormack, Ministers of the Gospel, and about fifty other true Covenanted Presbyterians."



ADAMSIA—ONE OF GRANNY'S RELATIONS.

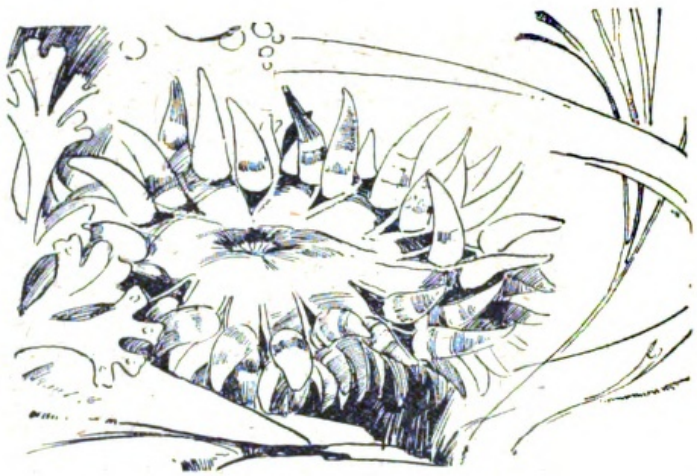
"WHAT THE SEA-ANEMONE LOOKS LIKE IS EASILY TOLD—ALL BUT ITS COLOUR, WHICH VARIES WONDERFULLY WITH ITS KIND."

For this was no other than that General Dalziel (or Dalyell), commonly called Tom Dalziel, of whom we have all read in "Old Mortality." Who stood behind Claverhouse "in a dress of the antique fashion of Charles the First's time, composed of shamoy leather, curiously slashed, and covered with antique lace and garniture." Who wore a breastplate "over which descended a grey beard of venerable length, which he cherished as a mark of mourning for Charles the First, having never shaved since that monarch was brought to the scaffold." And whose "high and wrinkled forehead, piercing grey eyes, and marked features evinced age unbroken by infirmity, and stern resolution unsoftened by humanity." Whom the Whigs feared and hated more even than Claverhouse himself; and who, once upon a time, struck one of his Whig prisoners in the face with his sabre-hilt, so that the blood gushed out, because the poor Covenanter had called him "a Muscovy beast"! But this old warrior, of many fierce adventures, would seem to have been something of a naturalist, and to have bequeathed his tastes to his descendant. At least he was a very fine gardener, at a time when gardens, especially in Scotland, were few; a collector of rare plants and curious flowers. And so, if we cared, we might trace the family of the Dalyells, as we might any other ancient Scottish stock, through Scottish history, and learn much by so doing.

But let us come at last to John Dalyell, Baronet of Nova Scotia, and Knight (and, by the way, it is a great thing in Scotland to be a Baronet of Nova Scotia). He was a little delicate boy, and lame. And so, just like another lame boy of about the self-same time, whose name was Walter Scott, he had to sit aloof and could not join in the games—and pretty rough games they were—that the other Scotch boys played, such as rounders, and shinty, and hails, some of which games I have played myself, but not recently! But while Walter sat in the Old High School Yards and told stories to the other boys when they were done playing, John had to play by himself, for he was a country boy and a laird's son. He was a wonderful fellow with his hands. He found in a hay-loft what he calls, in Scotch, a "spangie," and I don't quite know what that is, but I think it was a kind of old-fashioned spinning-wheel. At any rate, it was something that turned round, and he used it for a turning lathe, just as some clever boys can make a turning lathe out of an old sewing machine or a broken bicycle. And with this he turned little brass cannon and tiny ivory cups, and other things. He had a taste for music, and when he was a student at this old University of mine, St. Andrews, he got a blind fiddler to teach him to play. He was a born collector, as naturalists mostly are, those of the old school at any rate. And just as John Ray, the blacksmith's

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son, the first of all the great English naturalists, gathered up out-of-the-way words and old proverbs, much as he collected his plants and his beasts, so Sir John Graham Dalyell was a great gleaner of old tunes, and old ballads, and old stories. One of his many books is called "The Darker Superstitions of Scotland," and those of us who like stories of witches will find lenty there.

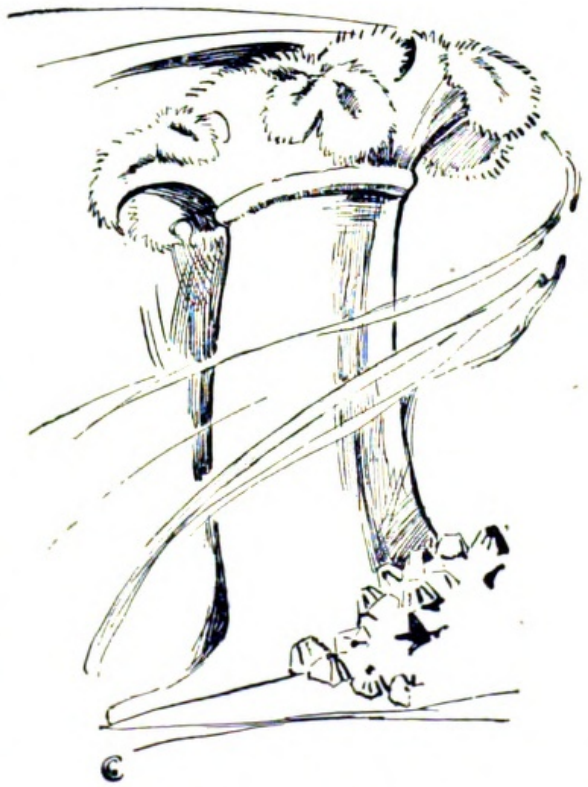


THE CRASS ANEMONE.

"WHEN I GO OUT A-FISHING, OR DREDGING IN THE DEEPER WATERS, I MEET THE CRASS."

But over and above all his other studies, and most diligently of all, Sir John was a student and lover of living things—that is to say, he was a real naturalist. His way was not to shoot and kill things, to cut them up or skin or stuff them, but to keep them by him, perhaps for years together, alive and happy. Now by doing this one learns a great many things. One learns all that man can learn about their habits, their taste in food, their movements, their senses and their faculties; but one is also learning, all the while, how they multiply and how they grow. And the way things grow, from small to big, from youth to age, is a story without an end, and each sort of creature has its own particular story. The long-clothes baby gets "short-coated," changes its little petticoats for knickerbockers, and in due time puts on the raiment of a grown man; and it is somewhat after the same fashion, but more deeply and truly, that we watch the insect's egg produce the baby caterpillar, which casts its coat again and again, then goes to sleep in its tiny cradle as a chrysalis, and one fine day wakes up a glorious butterfly. Some day, perhaps, I will tell you the story, not less wonderful, of some of the little sea-beasts whose changes and transformations Sir John watched and drew. But just now I have only one story to tell, about a certain sea-anemone which Sir John made a very great pet of—as strange a pet, surely, as ever man had.

We all know, I hope, what a sea-anemone is. It is a little humble beast of the sea, living sometimes in deepish water, but usually hard by the shore, sitting quiet in little rock-pools, or in sheltered caves like the fairy caverns of the Channel Islands or the Devonshire coast. What the sea-anemone looks like is easily told—all but its colour, which varies wonderfully with its kind. It is a little simple animal, with an inside and an outside, and little or nothing between; outside it can feel, and inside it can digest, and in between are sort of threads or muscles, whereby it can move, and change its shape, and grow longer or shorter, and put out its beautiful arms and draw them in again, and catch its food and pull it in to its wide-open mouth, and then draw itself together and tuck itself up and go to sleep. Where I live, in this old grey city by the cold Northern sea, I seldom see more than one kind, unless now and then I go out a-fishing, or dredging in the deeper waters, and then I meet with one or two more, such as the crass shown in the above illustration. But in the warmer waters of our Southern coasts there are many, many more; and a great number of these my friends at Plymouth sent me up from Devonshire the other day, when I was talking about these things in London. Some of them I myself had only seen once or twice before, some of them I had never seen at all. Our common one is dark red, or sometimes green; but the other kinds

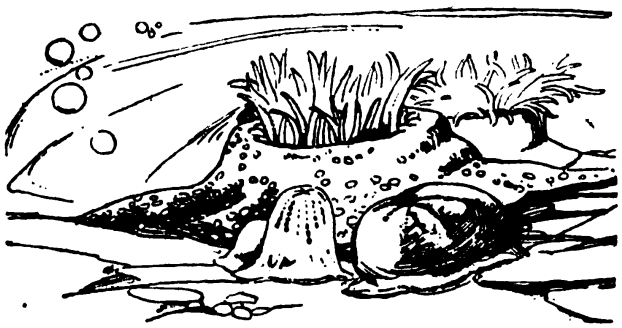


THE PLUMOSE ANEMONE.

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are of all hues and tints imaginable. Some little ones are snowy white; some are banded like the onyx and carnelian, or pale sea-green like the beryl-stone; some are pink-and-white like a pretty girl, and some ruddy like a country lass; and some are spangled with gay colours, and studded as it were with gems, And men who loved them have given them all sorts of pretty names—such as Opelet and Beadlet, and Wartlet and Gemlet, Sea-pink and Sea-daisy, and so on. And they are very, very beautiful, and to watch them is a delight to the eyes.

In some parts of the world they are larger, and even more beautiful, if possible, than here at home; and for my part, the most beautiful I ever saw were some that live Out West, round Vancouver Island and up the Alaskan coast. Suppose, just for a moment, that we have come a-sailing through the Strait of Juan de Fuca or Queen Charlotte's Sound, and have put in at some little out-of-the-way settlement, and that all this is twenty years and more ago. An old tumble-down pier, on wooden piles, juts out into the sheltered bay; hard by is a tiny Indian village, under the great pine and cedar trees; the men, home from hunting or fishing, smoke their pipes in silence, the women do their bead-work or basket-work beside the door, the children are at play; the long canoes lie by the beach or by the little pier, each one with a great eye painted on its bows, "to see where it is going," like a Chinese junk, and just as the old Greek mariners and the men of Tyre and Sidon were wont to have it in their day. And we peer down into the smooth water, crystal-clear, and see many wonderful things. We see, for example, great star-fishes, or "sun-stars," the biggest I ever saw anywhere, with about twenty arms, a yard and more across from tip to tip; now and then we see a great octopus, with its long, twining arms tucked close about it, watching us with its bright but sullen eyes; and then, clustering on the broken timbers of the pier, we see huge sea-anemones (very like our Plumose Anemone shown on page 374, but much bigger), a foot or eighteen inches, or even more, long; creamy-white, with just a faint blush of pink showing through their delicate skin and flushing the feathery frills which fringe the mouth at the top of the tall white column.



"GRANNY,"
THE ANEMONE WHOSE STORY IS TOLD IN THIS ARTICLE, LIVED AND FLOURISHED FOR SIXTY YEARS AFTER BEING TAKEN FROM THE SEA.

But to come back to Sir John and to his poor little common anemone. He found it—I think it was at North Berwick—about the year 1827, and neither he nor anybody else could tell how old it was then. He took it home, put it in a little bowl on a table by the window, and fed it once a week or so with bits of oyster or mussel; and he changed the sea-water every day. And it lived and flourished, and brought forth children and grandchildren; and the years passed away, and still the anemone lived on—and it was Sir John who died. And he left it to Professor Fleming, who also was a fine old naturalist and knew about many things, especially about shells; and in the natural course of things the old Professor died. And then it came into the hands of Dr. MacBain, an old Scotch surgeon, who in his young days had seen many adventures and had made several voyages to Greenland and Davis Straits in the old Dundee and Peterhead whalers. And the sea-anemone, which by now had got to be known as Granny and was greatly respected, continued to prosper, and in my boyhood I knew her and the old surgeon well and intimately, and helped to feed her, and got some of her children and grandchildren to keep. And Dr. MacBain died, and Granny was taken care of for a while by an old lady who kept a girls' school—until she, that is, the old lady—died. And then Granny got into the keeping of a certain botanist; and I don't know exactly what happened, but things went wrong. It cannot well have been that he forgot to feed her, for I have heard of sea-anemones living for months, even for a couple of years, without any food at all. Probably he forgot to change her sea-water, which is a much more serious matter for a sea-anemone. At any rate poor Granny died, though almost up to the very last she had been in the best of health, without a wrinkle, and with a complexion like a girl's—for age had not withered her. And this was in the year 1886, just sixty years after she had left the pool in the rocks at North Berwick.

And she was given an obituary notice, half a column long, in the *Scotsman* newspaper; and very few people, only the great and famous, get as much as that. But she also was famous, and was mourned by a great circle of friends.

And now I never look down into the clear depths or shallows of a seaside pool and see the anemones peeping out of the clefts of the rock and waving their little arms without a feeling of great respect, and of friendly sympathy, and of curious wonderment. For I know that it is just possible that one or another of these may be very old and venerable, though not frail with age, like Granny herself; may have sat there, day in, day out, for years and years; and may even belong to the world of long ago, to the days before ever I was born.

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The BEACH of DREAMS

A Romance

by

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

Illustrated by Tom Peddie

CHAPTER XX.

BACK TO LIFE.



T took Raft three days to bring Cléo back to life. It poured with rain during those three days, but he managed to light little fires in one of the caves with seal blubber, and, routing about, he found everything she had so carefully salved, the cups and plates, the tin of coffee—half-empty now—everything, even to the tobacco the men had taken from the cache; he found Bompard's tinder-box and the Swedish match-box belonging to La Touche. He had given the woman life and she had given him tobacco, and, sometimes, sitting in the adjoining cave and smoking between nursing times, he would bring his big fist down on his thigh, just that.

Here was a woman starving to death and dying of thirst, with food enough for a ship's company at her elbow. And the tobacco! Where was the explanation? She was able to speak a little now. She had spoken at first in French, which he could not understand; then she spoke in English as good as his; another mystery. A woman all gone to pieces that spoke two tongues and was different somehow from any woman he had ever known.

Then the things she had said: "Who are you: I am not dreaming this? Are you really, really, truly—Oh, *don't* leave me." Crazy talk like that. And it was always, "Oh, don't leave me." Then he would lay his pipe down carefully on the sand of the cave and pass through the sheeting rain to have a look at her. Sometimes she would have dozed off and he could get back to his pipe, sometimes she was awake, and then he would have to sit down beside her and hold her hand and stroke it or play with her fingers just as one plays with the fingers of a child. At these moments he was transformed, he was no longer a man—he was a mother, and the hand that could break down the resistance of a bellying sail was the hand of a child. He no longer thought of her as the "poor woman"; an infant is sexless, so did she seem, or so would she have seemed had he thought of the matter. He didn't. As a matter of fact thought was not his strong suit in the game of life. He was a man from the world of Things. That was why, perhaps, he made such a good sick-nurse. He did not fuss, nor talk; his touch was firm, firm as his determination to "get food into her"; and his hand, big as a ham, was delicate because it was the hand of a perfect steersman. It was used to handling women in the form of three-thousand-ton ships, coaxing them, humoring them—up to a point.

He fed her now from one of the tin cups, every two hours of the day. On the second day she was able to raise herself, and once, when he came in, he found that she had been moving about the cave, and that she had rearranged the blanket that did for a pillow.

Then on the morning when the blessed sun shone she was able to come out and sit on a patch of sand with one of the blankets for a rug. She looked old and worn, but no longer terrible, and as she sat with her thin hands folded in her lap, watching the great sea-birds and the cows as if contemplating them for

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first time, the man who had helped her out and placed her there was at a loss. She was a sight to inspire pity in a savage. He took his seat beside her on a piece of rock and, rolling some tobacco in his hand, filled his pipe.

"You're all right now?" said he.

She nodded her head and smiled.

"Yes," she said, "this is good."

"Lucky I came along," he said. "Wouldn't have seen you, only an old tin hit my eye."

He put the pipe in his pocket, got up, and went to the cave where he did the cooking, and came back with a cup half-full of coffee and half a biscuit.

"Dip it in," said he.

She did as she was bid. It was the first time he had given her coffee, and the stimulant brought a flush to her cheeks and cheered her heart so that she began to talk.

"There are more biscuits in a place down the beach," she said, "and down there"—she nodded to the left—"there are a lot of things hidden under a heap of stones. It's beyond the river on the left."

Then the empty cup began to shake in her hand and he took it from her.

"You're not over strong yet," said he, "but you'll be better in a bit with this sun. You aren't afraid of the sea-cows, are you?"

She shook her head.

"Thought you wouldn't be," said he; "there's no harm in them. Well, I'll be moving about. I'll go and have a look down the beach and see what's to be found."

He hung for a moment with the cup in his hand, shading his eyes and looking seaward, then he turned towards the cave to put the cup back.

"What is your name?" she said, suddenly, bringing him to a halt.

"Raft," said he.

"Raft." She repeated the name several times in a low voice, as if committing it to memory or turning it over in her mind.

"How long might you have been here?" he asked, standing in a doubtful manner as though debating in his mind the wisdom of allowing her to strain her strength answering questions.

"I don't know," said she; "a long while. I was wrecked with two men from a yacht. The *Gaston de Paris*. We came here in a boat. They are both dead."

At the name *Gaston de Paris*, Raft nodded his head. Already a suspicion that she might be one of the yacht's crowd had come into his mind, so the news came scarcely as a surprise.

"It was us you hit," said he. "I'm one of the chaps from the old hooker."

"The *Albatross*?"

"That's her."

She said nothing for a moment, looking away over at the islands. She could see the name, still, written as if on the night. Then she remembered the boat-sail she had seen when adrift with Bompard and La Touche.

"There were four of us got off," said he; "we struck them islands over there and put in, but there was nothing but rocks in that part; next day we put out, but got blown down the coast. We got smashed landing, all but a chap named Ponting and me went under, but one chap's body was hove up and we stripped him. I've got his boots and his knife in that bundle over there in the cave and Ponting's. We saved a bag of bread."

He took his seat again on the rock, and, placing the cup beside him, took the pipe from his pocket, but he did not light it. He held it, rubbing the bowl reflectively. He seemed to have come to an end of his story.

"Did the other man die?" she asked.

"He went getting gulls' eggs one day," said Raft, "and slipped over the cliff. They're big, the cliffs, down there. I found him all broke up on the rocks. He didn't live more than a minute when I got to him, and I had to leave him; the tide was coming up."

"Poor man!" said she.

He rose up and, taking the cup, stood for a moment again looking seaward.

"Well, I'll be off down the beach," said he. "You won't be frightened to be here by yourself?"

"No," she replied; "but don't go very far."

"I'll keep in sight," said Raft.

He put the cup in the cave and off he went, whilst she sat watching him; everything, life itself, seemed centred in him. A terrible feeling came over her at moments that he might vanish; that, looking away for a moment and turning again, she might find him gone.

Then her mind went back over the last few days. She had been very near death. She had drunk the last of the water in the tin and had been too feeble to go for more. What had brought her to that pass? It seemed to her that the rocks, the sea, and the sky had slowly sucked her vitality away from her till at last she could not eat, could not walk, could not think. All that time her mind had never thought of loneliness; the thing that was killing her had veiled itself by numbing her brain and weakening her body. But near death her mind had cleared, and the great grief of desolation stood before her. Then, God-sent, a form had pushed the grief aside and a hand had taken her lonely hand and a finger had moistened her lips. But it was the knowledge that the hand was a real hand that gave her the first lead back to life.

Then the last three days. The feeling of extreme helplessness and sickness and the knowledge that she was watched over and cared for and thought for—there was no word to express what all that meant. It turned the great rough figure to a spirit, great and tender and benign.

He was coming back now, carrying something he had picked up amongst the rocks. It was a crab. A great, satisfactory two-pound crab, bound up in kelp ribbon so craftily that it could neither bite nor escape. He put it on the sand for her to look at before taking it off to boil.

The sun was hot, and as he stood whilst she admired his prize: "Don't you feel the sun on your head?" asked he.

"No," she replied, "I like it. I had a hat—a

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sou'-wester—but it's in a cave away down the beach. There's a dead man there."

"A dead man?" said Raft.

"Yes; I killed him."

"Killed him?"

"It was partly accident. He was one of the sailors. He was a bad man. The other sailor got lost and never came back, and I was left alone with this man. He nearly frightened me to death."

"Swab," said Raft.

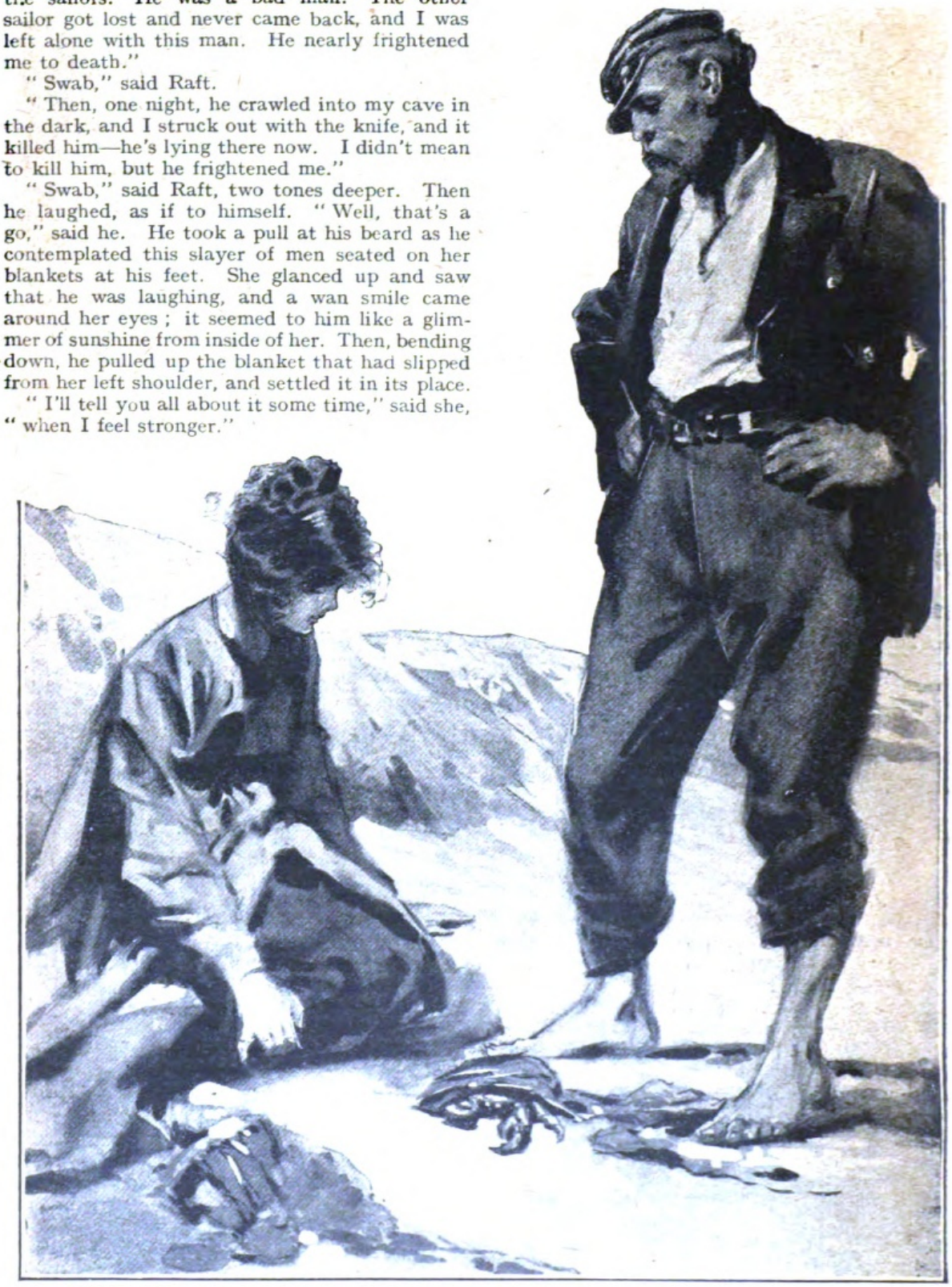
"Then, one night, he crawled into my cave in the dark, and I struck out with the knife, and it killed him—he's lying there now. I didn't mean to kill him, but he frightened me."

"Swab," said Raft, two tones deeper. Then he laughed, as if to himself. "Well, that's a go," said he. He took a pull at his beard as he contemplated this slayer of men seated on her blankets at his feet. She glanced up and saw that he was laughing, and a wan smile came around her eyes; it seemed to him like a glimmer of sunshine from inside of her. Then, bending down, he pulled up the blanket that had slipped from her left shoulder, and settled it in its place.

"I'll tell you all about it some time," said she, "when I feel stronger."

"Aye, aye," said Raft. Then he went off with the crab to boil it.

As he sat at this business in the cave, half-sitting, half-kneeling before the little fire, he chuckled to himself now and then, and now and



"HE PUT IT ON THE SAND FOR HER TO LOOK AT BEFORE TAKING IT OFF TO BOIL."

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then he would bring his great hand down on his thigh with a slap.

The idea of her killing a man seemed to him the height of humour. She had gone up a lot in his estimation.

CHAPTER XXI.

FRIENDS.

At the end of a week the girl was able to accompany Raft along the beach to the cache, where he unearthed some stores and came upon the harpoon, which he carried back with them.

He found food of all sorts where Bompard and La Touche had found nothing; he brought in crabs and cray-fish and penguins' eggs; he knocked over rabbits with stones. That was his great art. A stone in the hand of Raft was a terrible missile, and his aim was deadly. Then one day he suddenly appeared before her carrying her lost sou'-wester. He had gone off down the beach in the direction of the Lizard Point, and he came back carrying the hat in his hand. He must have been into the cave where the remains of La Touche lay, but he said nothing about that.

It was nearly a fortnight since she had told him of how she had lost it, and he must have treasured the fact in his mind all that time.

The weather had cleared again, after a tremendous blow from the south, and as they sat that evening in the sunset blaze before the caves, Raft, who had been staring steadfastly out to sea as if watching something, began to talk.

"That chap Ponting told me this side of the coast is no use for ships," said he. "They keep beyond them islands for fear of the reefs. I reckon the old sea-cows know that, or there wouldn't be so many of them on this beach. He said there was a bay round to the westward where ships put in."

"How far?" asked the girl.

"A goodish bit," replied Raft. "I was making for that bay when I struck you. I was thinking," he finished, "that when you were stronger on your pins we might make for there."

"Leave here?"

"Aye," said Raft; "there's not much use sticking here."

She said nothing for a moment; she felt disturbed.

Since her recovery she had fallen into a state of quietude. She who had been the leader of Bompard and La Touche, she who had fought and worked so determinedly for existence, had now no ambition, no desire for anything but rest. The strength of this man who had given her back her life seemed a shield against everything, just as a wall is a shield against the wind; she was content to sit in its shelter and rest. The idea of new exertions and unknown places terrified her.

"But how are you to know the bay?" asked she. "There may be a good many bays along the coast."

"No," said Raft. "Ponting told me there wasn't a decent anchorage but this. He said this bay wasn't to be mistook, looks as if it was cut out with a spade and the cliffs run high and black; there's a seal-beach that way, and it's after seals the ships come. Well, there's time enough to think of it, seeing you are not fit to move yet."

"Oh, I'll soon be all right," said she. "I'm getting stronger every day."

"What gets me," said Raft, "is how you fell to pieces like that, with all that stuff at your elbow and a river close by."

"It was being alone," replied she. "I did not know it at the time, but I got so that I did not care to eat, and then at last I believe I didn't eat anything at all. I couldn't have imagined that just being alone would make a person like that. You see, I had food and water. If I had been compelled to hunt about for food I expect I should have been all right; as it was, I had nothing to do and was just driven in on myself."

Raft said nothing for a moment; he was turning this over in his mind. He could not understand it. The idea of a person with plenty of food and a good set of teeth dying of starvation just because they were lonely seemed to him outrageous, yet he knew she was speaking the truth. It was another strange thing about this strange woman. She was altogether strange, different from any human being he had ever met, and growing more different every day now that she was "filling out," and getting her voice back.

Had he put his thoughts into words he would have said that she was filling out and getting more pleasant-looking; at her very best he would never have tacked the word beauty on to her; a buxom, rotund, beady-eyed young female would have made the word beauty spring to his lips—Cléo de Bronsart, never. But she was getting more pleasant-looking, and her eyes were getting over their "stiffness"—which was something—and he felt pleased.

And she, as she sat in the sunset not knowing his thoughts, had you asked her how she felt about him, would have answered with steadfast eyes that she loved him. Meaning that she loved him as she had learned to love the sea-elephants, or as she would have loved a great cart-horse that had stood between her and danger, or a huge dog. She scarcely thought of him as a man—just as a great benign thing, human, but nearer to the heart than any human being life had brought her in contact with till now.

Her almost passionate gratitude had little to do with this measure of him; any kindly man might have done what he had done; it was perhaps the feeling of his great strength, of his possible fierceness, that gave the touch of benignity to him.

"Weren't you afraid of them sea-cows?" said he, at last; "you must have come clean through them to get to that cave."

"No," she replied. "I didn't mind them, quite the reverse. I came here because of them."

"Because of them!"

"Yes. They were company."

"Meaning——"

"Friends."

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"Y'mean to say—— Friends did you call them? Well, I don't know, there's no accountin'."

So she had been keeping company with the sea-cows—and she talked of them as "friends!"

Now Raft, for all his limitless power of compassion for a female in distress, would have slaughtered those same "sea-cows" to the last bull, and without a shred of compunction or compassion, had he possessed kettles to boil down the blubber and a vessel to carry the oil. He had already done in two of the babies for food when she was not looking. The idea of talking about them as friends tickled his mind in a new place. Then, as he glanced at the great bulls taking headers in the sunset light and snoring in from the sea and squattering over the beach, he came as near as anything to bursting into a roar of laughter.

Then he suddenly remembered supper and went off to prepare it.

CHAPTER XXII.

ON THE BEACH.

FOR a week after that day not a word was said about their departure for that problematical bay to the westward where ships put in, or where they might put in should they find themselves in the region of Kerguelen. The idea seemed to the girl like one of those nightmare ideas, those terrific tasks which fever or indigestion sets to one in dreams.

They talked a good deal during these days and at odd times, and the girl began to get some true glimpses of the mind of her companion, a mind that had never grown up, yet had in no wise deteriorated from remaining ungrown. Raft, who had been round the world a dozen times and more, knew less of the world than a modern child. To the girl, born and bred amongst all the intricacies of modern life and thought and with a sense of mind-values as delicate as a jeweller's scales, he was a revelation.

She tried to sound his past. He had no past beyond the *Albatross*. He could tell all about the *Albatross* and his shipmates and the Old Man and so forth, but beyond that lay only a ship called the *Pathfinder*, and beyond that a muddle of ships and ports, a forest of masts stretching to a grey time an infinite distance away, the time of his childhood. He had no professed religion and he could neither read nor write.

Yet he had remembered her sou'-wester, this man without a memory, and he was always astonishing her by remembering little things she had said or things she had wished for.

Of social distinction, beyond the division of cabin from fo'c's'le, he seemed to possess little idea; and as to sex, beyond a queer instinctive delicacy and a tenderness due to her weakness and the memory of how he had found her, she might just as well have been a man, or a child like himself.

Another thing that struck her forcibly was the sense of his good humour. His mind seemed to possess an equable warm temperature, a temperature that it seemed impossible to lower or raise. She could not fancy him getting angry about anything. Had she seen him as in the past during one of his rare sprees, fighting the crowd and tossing men about like ninepins, she would have said: "This is not the same man"—and maybe she would have been right.

One day during a brief spell of calm, when they were seated in the sun, dinner over and nothing to do, she tried the effect of literature upon him. She told him the story of Jack and the Beanstalk, and was delighted to find him interested when he had got his bearings and knew that a "giant" was a man fifty feet high; the cutting open of the giant—it occurred in her version—pleased him immensely. Then when she had finished she was alarmed to find, from words dropped by him, that he considered the story to be true, or at least to be taken seriously. She did not disillusion him; to do so she would have had to tell him that she had lied. That was the funny part of the thing. He would have said to himself: "What made her lie to me about that chap?" By no possible means could he have imagined a person sitting down to invent in cold blood, for the amusement of others, a yarn about what never happened.

Then the weather broke fair and the islands drew away, and the clouds rose high, and the white terns, always flitting like dragon-flies amidst the other birds, rose like the clouds; they always flew higher in fine weather, and with the smooth seas a new thing showed like a sign: the little sea-elephants were no longer confining themselves to the river and near shore. Some of them were taking boldly to the sea. Their small heads could be seen sometimes quite a long way out.

This fact gave the girl food for thought. The summer was getting on.

It almost seemed that Ponting was right: that no ships would venture into that sea between the islands and the shore, and that their only hope of rescue lay in that bay away to the west, Heaven knew how far. She told Raft what was in her mind, but got little consolation from him.

She hated the idea of that journey, which she pictured over rocks and across plains—where? In search of a place that might not exist, and where, if it did exist, no ship might perhaps be found. An almost hopeless journey, involving unknown hardships.

"You ain't strong enough," suddenly said Raft.

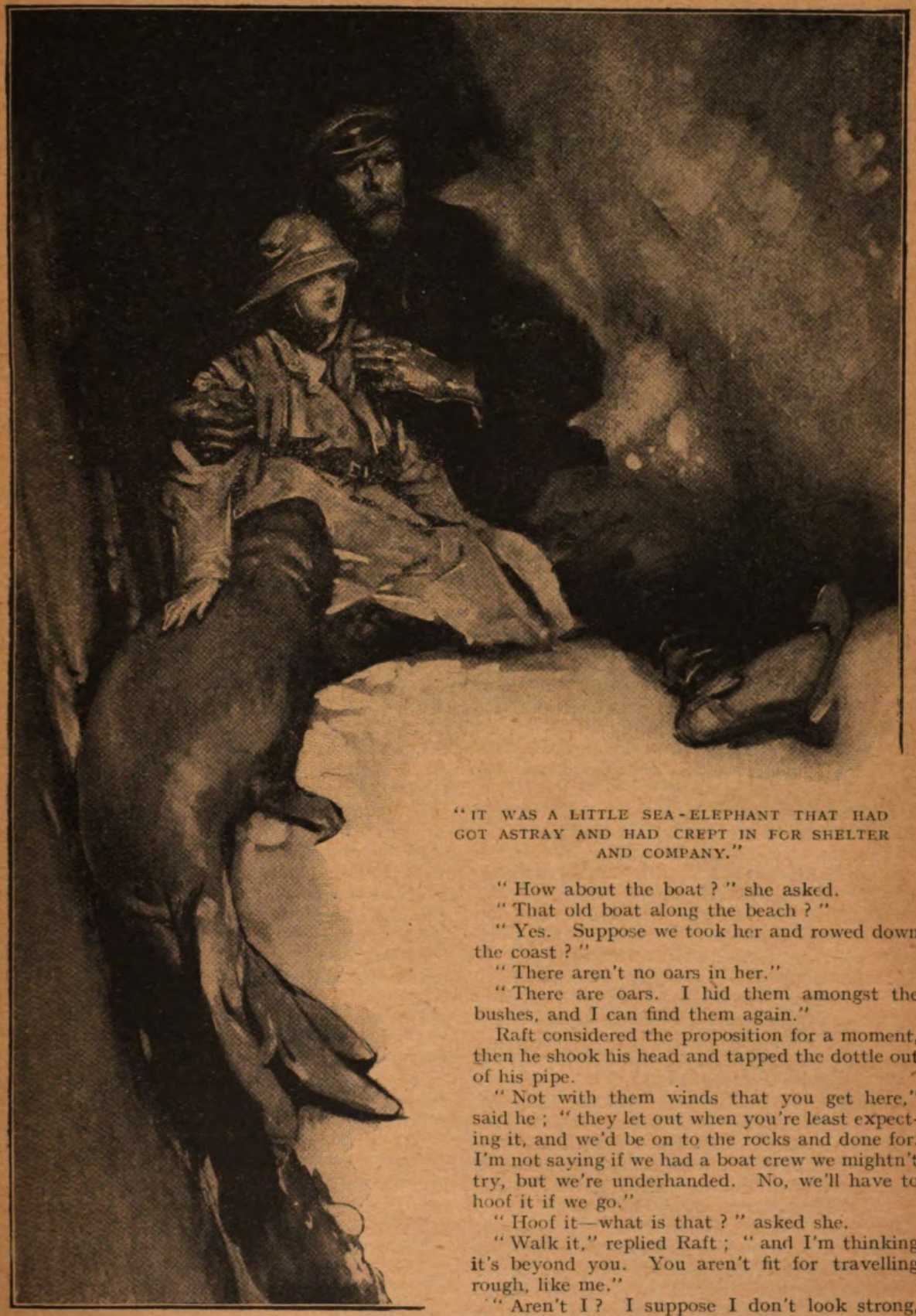
It was as though he had touched some spring in her character that set the machinery of determination working.

"I *am* strong enough," she replied. Then, after a moment's pause, something in her began speaking, something that seemed allied to conscience, rather than thought, something that spoke almost against her will.

"We ought to go; we ought not to lose any chance. It seems almost hopeless, but it is the right thing to do. To stay here is not fighting, and in this place one has to fight if one wants to live or to get away. I feel that. To sit here with one's hands folded is wicked."

"Well, I believe in making a fight," said the

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"IT WAS A LITTLE SEA-ELEPHANT THAT HAD GOT ASTRAY AND HAD CREPT IN FOR SHELTER AND COMPANY."

other. "The question is, shall we be any the better?"

"There's always the chance."

Then an idea came to her.

"How about the boat?" she asked.

"That old boat along the beach?"

"Yes. Suppose we took her and rowed down the coast?"

"There aren't no oars in her."

"There are oars. I hid them amongst the bushes, and I can find them again."

Raft considered the proposition for a moment, then he shook his head and tapped the dottle out of his pipe.

"Not with them winds that you get here," said he; "they let out when you're least expecting it, and we'd be on to the rocks and done for. I'm not saying if we had a boat crew we mightn't try, but we're underhanded. No, we'll have to hoof it if we go."

"Hoof it—what is that?" asked she.

"Walk it," replied Raft; "and I'm thinking it's beyond you. You aren't fit for travelling rough, like me."

"Aren't I? I suppose I don't look strong, but I am. Of course, I'm not as strong as you, but I can keep on once I begin, and I have been through a good deal ever since that night we were wrecked. I don't think any journey we could make would be worse than that."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GREAT WIND.

THE sun sank, broadened out and banded with mist, beyond the Lizard Point, and before his upper limb had been swallowed by the rocks the business began with a blow from the hills.

Most winds come in gusts and pauses; this wind from the Infernal Regions came at first steady and warm, never ceasing, steadily growing like the thrust of an infinite sword driven with a rapidly-increasing momentum, and a murmur like the voice of Speed herself.

Raft and the girl saw that the sea-elephants were herding up into the shelter of the cliffs, and that the gulls had vanished as though they had never been.

And still the wind increased, its voice now a long monotonous cry, steadily sharpening, yet deepening, stern as the Voice of Wrath.

"It's blowing up," said Raft, "and there's more coming."

Then over the cliff, and undershot by the last rays of sunset, came the clouds, chased and harried by the wind, tearing before and torn by the teeth of the gale.

Raft and the girl stood watching, till pebbles and rocks the size of cocoanuts began to fall on the beach, blown over the cliff edge; till the sea, flat and milk-white, seemed to bend under the stress; till it would seem that the very islands would be blown away.

The girl felt light-headed and giddy, as though the rush above had rarefied the air under the cliffs. Not a drop of rain fell; the wind held the sky and the whole world; it seemed loosed from some mysterious keeping, never to be recaptured until it had blown the sea away and flattened the earth.

And still it increased.

Raft, taking the girl by the arm, drew her back into the cave; she was trembling. It seemed to her that this was no storm, that something had gone wrong with the scheme of things, that this Voice, steadily being keyed up, was the voice of some string keeping everything together, stretched to its utmost and sure to snap.

Then it snapped.

The whole of Kerguelen seemed to burst like a bombshell, with a blaze of light showing islands and sea.

Then again it seemed to burst with a light struggling through a deluge.

The boom of the rain on the sea came between the thunder crashes, whilst a giant on the hills seemed to stand steadily working a flashlight—a light so intense that now and again through broken walls of rain the islands could be seen like far white ghosts wreathed in mist.

They sat down on the floor of the cave, and the man put his arm about the girl as if to protect her. Then something came sniffing at them. It was a little sea-elephant that had got astray and, scared by the work outside, had crept in for shelter and company. The girl rested her hand on it, and it lay still.

It seemed to her now that she could hear the gods of the storm as they battled, hear their cries and breathing and trampling, whilst every moment a thousand-foot giant in full armour would come crashing to earth, knee, shoulder, and helmet hitting the rocks in succession.

"It's a big blow," came Raft's voice; "no call to be scared."

He was holding her to him like a child, whilst she held to her the little sea-elephant, and so they remained, the three of them, until the big blow, failing to tear Kerguelen from its foundations, began to pause like a spent madman.

The flashlight man on the hills began to work his apparatus more slowly, and now the thunder seemed doing its vast work away out at sea and all sounds became gradually merged in the enormous, continuous sound of the rain.

The little sea-elephant seemed suddenly to take fright at the strange company it found itself in and went tumbling and sniffing out to find its mates, whilst through the night came the occasional "woof" of a bull as if giving praise that the worst was over.

"The old sea-cows know it's done," said Raft; "now you'd better get under your blankets—you aren't afraid to be alone?"

"I'm not afraid a bit now," said she. She patted his hand as a child might, and he crawled out, and she heard him swearing at the rain as he made for his hole in the cliff.

"I'm thinking when this blow is over we may have a spell of fine weather," said Raft, the next morning, "and it will be just as well for us to be making our plans and getting things ready, so's we won't be behindhand when the fine spell comes."

"I think so, too," said she. "We shall have to take food with us—how much?"

"Enough for a month," said he; "who knows, we may have to come back, and there's not much to be had elsewhere." Then he fell into thought for a moment. "Maybe stuff for a fortnight will be enough, for there's birds and rabbits to be got, and gulls' eggs. Them old penguins let you screw their necks as if it comes natural to them—we don't want to take too big a load."

Then they found themselves at a loss. It was quite easy to arrange to take a fortnight's food, but how much did that mean?

They determined to use two blankets for sacks and then made a rough calculation, based on imagination, and collected together tins of meat and vegetables and the remaining biscuits. The result was a burden that two people might have carried, but not for far.

"We've overshot it," said Raft.

"We'll never be able to carry all that," said the girl, "or if we did we should have to go so slow that the journey would be much longer—it cuts both ways."

They reduced the load by nearly a half.

"There's one thing," said he; "there's no call to take water with us. There's holes full of water everywhere, seems to me, in this place."

Then he turned to look at the weather.

The wind was less and the clouds were thinning, and the air had the feel of a break coming. Then, just before sunset, the clouds parted in the west and the sun went down in a sky red as blood.

"We'll start to-morrow," said Raft.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CORRIDOR.

THE next morning broke grey and fair.

When the girl came out she found that Raft had collected the things to be taken in one bundle tied up in a blanket. He had also set out breakfast. The remainder of the stores he had stacked at the back of the cave where he slept.

These stores with what was still in the cache would be useful if they had to come back to the beach.

"But what am I to carry?" asked she.

"Oh, there's no call for you to trouble," answered he; "you've got your oilskins. I reckon that'll be enough for you to bother with. Them things in the bundle is no weight for a man."

She tried to argue the question. It seemed to her impossible that any single person could carry that load for long, but she might just as well have argued with the gentle wind blowing now shorewards from the islands. He lifted the bundle with one great hand to demonstrate its lightness; he was also going to take the harpoon as a sort of walking-stick.

It seemed to her that she had never realized his strength before, nor his placid determination that seemed more like an elemental force than the will of a man.

She gave in and sat down to the meal. When it was finished Raft washed the plates and stored them in the cave. He stood looking at the stored things for a moment as if to make sure they would be all right, kicked an old tin away into a cleft of the rocks as though to tidy the place, and then took up the harpoon and slung the bundle on his shoulder.

The girl rose and looked around her. This place where she had suffered and nearly died was still warm with memories, and the sea creatures were like friends; she had grown to love them just as people love trees or familiar inanimate things.

To associate the idea of home with that desolate beach, those moving monsters, those caves, would seem absurd. Well, it was like leaving home, and as she stood looking around her a tightness came in her throat and her eyes grew misty. But Raft was moving now and she followed him, glancing back now and then until they crossed the river, where she looked back for the last time.

They passed the figure-head with its sphinx-like face staring over the sea, and the great skull half sanded over by the recent blow. Then they drew near the caves and the boat, climbed the Lizard rocks, and at the highest point sat down to rest for a moment.

Raft, with the bundle beside him and the harpoon held between his knees, swung his head from the great beach on his right to the broken country on his left.

He said nothing, not wishing perhaps to dishearten his companion. It was she who spoke.

"That's the plain I told you of," said she; "we mustn't cross it. You can see from here some of the dangerous patches, those yellow ones, but there are others just as bad that you can't tell till you are trapped in them. I would have gone down, only a bird flying overhead dropped a fish on the ground right in front of me and the fish disappeared."

"We'd better get along the sea-shore rocks, seems to me," said Raft; "the tide's going out. All them rocks between tide-marks is pretty flat."

"Suppose the tide comes in," said she, "and we can't get up the cliffs?"

"Oh, we'll have lots of time to make a good way before it comes back," replied he, "and we've got to trust a bit to chance. I believe in strikin' bold. It's like fighting with a chap: the fellow that does the hittin' without bothering about bein' hit. He's the chap. Well, if you're ready, we'll be gettin' along."

He heaved up and led the way, striking right down to the sea and pausing now and then to help her. Once he lifted her as though she were a feather, from one rock to the other. Then, all of a sudden, they came to a ten-foot drop. There was no getting round that drop, but it did not disconcert Raft. He threw the harpoon down, then he lowered himself, clutching the edge, and let himself fall. Following his directions, she threw him the bundle. It would have felled an ordinary landsman, but he caught it, placed it beside him, and then ordered her to jump, just as she stood, without lowering herself.

"Jump with your arms up," said he, laughing. "No call to lower yourself, I'll catch you."

It was like an order to commit suicide. It seemed to her impossible—she thought that he only spoke in fun; then she knew that he was in earnest, that he was ordering her. But it was impossible—absolutely. Then she jumped with arms raised, jumped into two great hands that clipped her round the waist and brought her feet to ground, with scarcely a jar.

"I didn't think you'd have done it," said he. "You ain't wanting in pluck."

"I knew it would be all right if you told me," said she, "but I didn't want to do it until the very last moment."

After that she would have jumped over a cliff if he had told her. It seemed to her that he was invincible—infallible.

Where the cliffs began they first experienced the true meaning of a journey along that coast. She had seen these cliffs from the boat, but that view, though forbidding enough, had told her little of the reality. They rose from two to four hundred feet in height, these cliffs, and looking up was like looking up a wall of polished ebony.

With the sea so close on the right and the cliffs on the left, the girl felt like a mouse in a trap designed for an elephant. Alone she would never have dared this road; even with Raft leading her she felt timid and oppressed. The place did not seem to affect Raft; plodding ahead as indifferently as though he were on some civilized country road, he talked to her now and then over his shoulder.

It was now about an hour and a half after high water, that is to say, quarter ebb; in a

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little more than ten hours it would be high water again, and before that they must find a way from the beach or be drowned. Raft knew this and the girl knew it, too. It seemed almost impossible that, with so much time before them, they could not find a break in the cliffs towards safe ground, yet the cliffs seemed to stretch endlessly before them and their pace was slow—not more than three miles an hour. Three hours after noon he took some food out of the bundle and made her eat; they had already drunk from a little torrent rushing out of a crack in the cliff-wall, but even so the food seemed dry and she could scarcely swallow it. Anxiety had her in its grip, the cliffs stretching on and on interminably seemed like misfortune itself made visible.

She looked forward, then she looked back. They were in a veritable corridor. The sea formed the right-hand wall of this corridor; the cliffs, varying from two hundred to three hundred feet high, formed the left-hand wall—cliffs black as ebony, polished by sea-washing, unclimbable and tremendous as a dream of Dante.

She saw their full position. There was time to get back from where they stood, but if they went on to the cape of cliff before them there might not be time to get back; they would have to go on, and the unseen cliffs beyond that cape might stretch for twenty miles, unclimbable as here.

Yet the idea of going back was horrible, heart-breaking.

She saw that Raft was between two moods. Then she said to him:—

"If you were alone would you go back or go on?"

"Me?" said Raft. He paused for a moment as if in thought: "Oh, I reckon I'd go on."

"Then we will go on."

He picked up the bundle and harpoon and they started, and no sooner had she taken the first step than Fear laid his hand on her heart and a wild craving to return seized her, so that she could have cried out.

The cliff shoulder was farther away than they thought; it took them an hour to reach it, and, when they turned it, there before them lay cliffs higher, more monstrous and running in a curve to another shoulder seven miles away, if a yard. But towards the middle of the curve the cliff-face seemed ridged and broken near the base. Raft, shading his eyes, pointed out this broken surface.

"It looks as if there was foothold there beyond tide-mark," said he; "we've got to go on, anyhow—Lord, but you're tired!"

He made her sit down. The sight of that gargantuan sweep of cliff coming on top of the weariness of the journey had crushed her. To go forward seemed impossible, to fight against that immensity impossible. She could have wept, but she had neither tears nor energy. The gods seemed to have built those bastions to shut out all hope, and the voice of the returning sea seemed like a tide turning over her broken thoughts like pebbles.

Raft, standing over her like a tower, said not a word.

Then as she sat she made a supreme effort of mind. She must rise and go on. She struggled to rise, but her limbs had left her, deserted her, stricken as if by paralysis.

Raft took off his cap and put it in his pocket; then he went to the cliff-side and rested the harpoon against it, standing up. She watched him, vaguely wondering what he was about. Then he returned to her and bent down, and she found herself lifted suddenly and seated on his left shoulder.

"Hold on to my hair," cried he. Then he bent and picked up the bundle, went to the cliff-side and picked up the harpoon, and started. The giant strength that had caught her when she jumped from the Lizard Point ledge was carrying her now like a feather, the crook of his left arm round her legs to steady her, the harpoon clutched in his left hand, the bundle swung over his right shoulder.

And she held on to his hair as a child might, without a word, and as she held the strength of him seemed to permeate her through her fingers, casting fear and misery out.

She felt as a tiny child feels when caught up and carried by its mother; and carrying her so he strode on, cursing himself for not having carried her before.

It was a three-mile journey to that roughness on the cliff, and as he drew near he saw that they were saved, at least for the time.

The rock broke here in ledges like steps and twenty feet up, and well beyond tide-mark, ran a little plateau some ten or twelve feet broad. She saw it as well as he and, filled with new strength, she cried out to be set down.

"Stay easy," said Raft. "It's easier to carry the bundle with you on my shoulder—you ain't no weight."

Then, when he reached the steps:—

"Done it, b'God," said he.

He dropped the bundle and harpoon and, lifting her, set her feet on the basalt steps.

"Can you climb it?" asked he.

Without a word she climbed, and sitting on the little plateau, looked down on him.

Then he followed with the things and took his seat beside her. They sat for a while without a word, the bare rocks and the grey sea before them.

Raft seemed absorbed in thought.

Then he said: "It won't be high-water until gettin' on for dark. We'd better stick here the night, anyhow, and get the low tide to-morrow. But there's time for me now to get to that next shoulder and see what's beyond—it's a matter of four miles there, maybe, and four miles back."

"I'll go with you," said she, "I'm stronger now."

"No, you stick here," said he. "There's no call for two to go. You'll want your strength for the morning."

"Aren't you tired?" she asked.

"Me—oh, no, not more than a bit stiff in the arm." He stretched his left arm out. Then he looked at the bundle.

"You don't want nothing to eat just yet?" asked he.

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"THEN SHE JUMPED WITH ARMS RAISED, JUMPED INTO TWO GREAT HANDS THAT CLIPPED HE ROUND THE WAIST."

"Not till you come back," she answered. "I'll watch you from here."

He scrambled down, picked up the harpoon, which he had left on the rocks, and then looked up and nodded to her.

"I'll keep in sight," said he. Then he started.

She watched his great figure as it went, harpoon in hand, growing smaller and smaller, till could have covered it with her thumb-r Then it disappeared.

He had promised to keep in sight.

Evidently that was impossible if he wante get a view of what lay beyond.

A minute passed, two, three—then the fig

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reappeared, and her heart, that had lain still, sprang to life again.

As he drew closer she saw him stoop and pick up something; then he came right up to the cliff-face, paused a minute and continued his way towards her, walking more slowly now and carrying the thing in his hands.

It was a big shell shaped like an abalone; he had filled it with water from a little torrent running from the cliff, and when he reached her he held it up to show.

"We're all right," cried he; "there's only four or five miles of cliff beyond the Point, then it breaks away down to the beach. We'll be able to get clear of this to-morrow."

She came down the basalt steps and took the shell from him. He had washed it in the torrent so that the water had no taint of salt. Then, carrying it carefully, she got up to the plateau, where he followed her.

Towards dark the incoming tide began to hit the cliff base. Raft had taken the things from the bundle and had made her wrap herself in the blanket. "You ain't used to the weather like me," said he, "and this is nothing to bother about. Lucky it's not blowing. Lucky we made this shelf. Hark at that!"

The first full blow of a wave hit the basalt below them with a heart-sickening thud; then miles



"HE WAS CARRYING HER NOW LIKE A FEATHER, THE CROOK OF HIS LEFT ARM ROUND HER LEGS TO STEADY HER, THE HALLOON CLUTCHED IN HIS LEFT HAND, THE BUNDLE SWUNG OVER HIS RIGHT SHOULDER."

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of stricken cliff began to boom. The terrific corridor was no more, and between them and the Lizard Point so many miles away to the east and the point of safety miles away to the west there was nothing but cliff washed by sea.

"A rotten coast," said Raft, as they listened. "Only for this shelf we'd be down there."

"We'd have been flung against the cliff and beaten to pieces," said she.

"That's so," said Raft.

The sea, now nearly at full flood, was bringing big waves along with it; in the gloom they could see the racing grey ghosts, and here, on account of the curve, there was little rhythm in the sound of it, that came like the continuous thunder of big drums. At their feet, like the licking, vicious tongue of the roaring monster, came the continuous gash-gash of waves washing up the cliff face and falling back, and washing up and falling back.

The girl sat with the blanket round her, leaning close up against the man; she felt as a person feels standing before the cage of a tiger, uncertain as to the strength of the bars. Sometimes a puff of wind brought a touch of spray on her face, whilst the continuous muffled thunder of the coast-leagues seemed like the bastions of the whole world at war with the sea.

"There's no call to be afraid," said Raft. He seemed, by some special faculty, to be able to divine her feelings.

"I'm not exactly afraid," she replied. "It's just that everything seems so big—and those cliffs, now, even when they are hidden, they make one know they are there; they seem wicked and alive, yet not able to move."

"You've hit it," said he; "they're for all the world as if they were looking at a chap. It's a rotten coast, but it's near high-water now and the tide will soon be drawing out."

This cheered her.

Raft had lit his pipe with the tinder-box, and the smell of the tobacco came good and comforting; the slap and dash of the waves sounded less vicious, too, as though the sea had done its worst to get at them and was foiled.

Then he found that she was leaning more heavily against him and was asleep. He put his pipe beside him and slipped an arm round her. Then, as though sleep were infectious, down he sank, still holding her, and there they lay—he snoring gently and she with her head pillowed on his chest.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BAY.

When Cléo awoke on the rock plateau the first word of Raft to her was "Fog."

They had slept as the dead sleep for nine hours, and Raft had awoken with the girl's head still on his chest and feeling as though he were packed in damp cotton wool; it was after sun-up, and the fog was so dense that the edge of the plateau was only just visible. Through the fog came the breaking of the waves; the tide was coming in again.

Raft had lit his pipe, and the girl, stiff from lying, rose up and stamped about to warm herself. Neither of them spoke a word in the way of grumbling.

The plateau was about twenty yards in length, and by drawing off five yards or so one could have a dressing-room screened with a fog-veil, so the fog was not an unmixed evil.

Then they breakfasted, listening to the slashing of the water just below, and counting the time till the out-going sea would let them loose.

"It's a good job I went to the Point last night," said Raft, "else we wouldn't be able to start in this smother, not knowing what was beyond there."

"Shall we be able to start in this?" she asked.

"Lord, yes," replied he; "the cliffs will give us a lead; it'll be slow going, but we'll do it all right—it's not more than six miles or so to the break from the Point there."

"When can we start?"

"In another three hours or may be a bit more," said he.

An hour later, the smother began to thin; by the time the tide reluctantly began to free them it had broken up, and patches of the blessed blue sky showed overhead. When they reached the Point it was fine weather.

It was as though their troubles were ended. At noon they reached a new form of country.

Stretching inland almost to the foothills lay a broad valley, boulder-strewn and looking like the bed of some vanished river; before them to the west the ground rose from the valley, gently, unbroken, desolate. But it was ease itself compared to the tumble of rocks around and beyond the Lizard Point. They went on with light hearts, taking the easy ascent to the high ground, treading a moss dark and springy like the moss that covers the old lava beds of Iceland.

"Look!" said the girl.

They had reached the highest point, and before them, away to the west, stretched the same rolling, dark-smooth country.

"It's over there the bay would be," said Raft. "Ponting said it was a black brute of a bay between two cliffs rising higher than a ship's top-masts. Well, there's our chance before us—if you call it a chance. It's a long way, taking it how you will.

Chance! Despite her optimism and belief in being led, as she stood now with the wind blowing in her face it seemed to her that she stood before absolute hopelessness.

Nothing, not even the sea corridor, had baulked her like that terrible distance, calm, sunlit, yet gloomy like a recumbent giant.

The monstrosity of the whole adventure unmasked itself of a sudden—travelling to find a bay they had heard of on the chance of finding a ship—a ship on a coast where ships were scarcely to be found. And even if they found the bay they could not wait for a ship. Here there was no food, with the exception of rabbits and gulls. The ship would have to be there, waiting for them.

Raft must have been mad! mad! mad! She herself must have been mad to dream of such a thing.

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It took them till dusk to reach the foot of the western rise of ground; here they slept under a rock, continuing their way next morning. At noon, far ahead of them, they saw something that made them pause—a little mound. As they drew closer they discovered it to be another cache, a cache made of heaped earth and loose stones, with about a foot of sign-post protruding from it. The post had been broken off in some storm and blown away.

"There'll be stuff under there," said Raft, "and if we have to go back it'll come in handy; it's a pointer to the bay, anyhow. There must be some landin'-place near here; we've only got to keep on."

They sat down and rested and had some food, eating as much as they wanted now that they had a store to depend on. They had drunk twice that morning from pot-holes still half-filled with the rain of a few days ago and they had no need of water—it is the one thing a man never needs in Kerguelen. They were in good spirits; the haunting fear that their provisions might not be enough to last them for the return journey was gone. The desire to get on drove them like a whip and they went on, halting towards dusk and sleeping in a hollow that gave them shelter from the wind that was blowing from the south.

Towards dawn the wind changed to the west, and at the first rays of light Raft awoke, sat up and sniffed. Then he laid his hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Smell that!" cried he.

She sat up, her eyes half-blind with sleep.

"Smell the wind!" said Raft.

She turned her face to the west. On the wind was coming the ghost of a smell, faint and horrible and soul-searching.

"That's a ship," said Raft.

"A ship!"

"Boiling down blubber. I've struck that smell once, seven years ago—it's blubber. I reckon we're all right."

He heaved himself on to his feet and the girl half rose, kneeling, and looked at him.

"Are you sure?"

"Sure as sure; smell it."

Then as she sniffed again she knew. That was not a nature smell; horrible though it was, it was not the tragic smell of corruption; it had something, almost one might say, low down about it, little, mean, business-like. It was her first sniff of returning civilization, the first impression on an olfactory sense cleared and cleaned by the winds of Kerguelen.

She looked at Raft. He was standing, shading his eyes as though staring at the smell; the dawn was at his back, and across the dawn a flight of wild duck was making in from the sea.

Imagine a person waking in a garret from absolute penury to find himself a millionaire—such a person, were he normal, would feel what the girl felt as the message of that noxious odour struck home to her mind.

Her teeth chattered a little as she rose to her feet, she could not speak and she had to hold her lower jaw with her hand to still it; then the muscles of her throat did all sorts of queer things on their own account, and a violent feeling of sickness seized her that would have ended in an attack of vomiting had it not passed as quickly as it came. Raft, who had ceased staring to the west, saw how she was taken and put his hand on her shoulder.

"You'll be all right in a bit," said he; "it comes hard at first. I've seen chaps go clean off their heads sniffin' land after three months of hell and weather. We'll start in a bit; there's no call to hurry, and I'll just take a walk to get the stiffness out of my legs."

Off he went, away and away, disappearing beyond a dip in the ground.

She knew that he would be away at least half an hour. Thoughtful as a mother for her comfort, yet sometimes almost as outspoken as a nurse, he was wonderful.

The dawn broke, peaceful and grey, promising a continuance of the fine weather that had now lasted for three days.

Then as they went on their way the sun broke over the edge of the high lands, and gulls rising above the cliff edge flitted like birds born of snow and fire.

They stopped for ten minutes to breakfast, then they went on, and now suddenly came something new. On the wind they could hear the sound of gulls quarrelling, a sound quite distinct from the ordinary mewing and wheezing of the gulls at peace.

"We're near there," said Raft. "Hark at the gulls, they're fighting over the scraps; them chaps, whoever they are, have been killing seals and boiling the blubber. The bay's there."

He pointed to a higher rise in the ground just before them, and to the fact that the land from there sloped down inland at a terrific rate.

He was right.

Ten minutes' walking brought them to the end of their journey and to the edge of a cliff two hundred feet high. The ripples of the bay washed in on a beach of black pebbles, easily reached by the declivity of the land, and on the beach, stewing like witches' cauldrons, queer-looking try-pots were sending up their smoke. Near the pots carcasses of sea-bulls lay ripped and gory, being cleared of their blubber by small men, strange-looking, stripped to the waist, and with arms and chests splashed by blood.

But the clove in this devil's mixture was the ship moored in the cliff shadows, a small ship like a withered kernel in the shell of the bay, barque-rigged, antiquated, high-pooped, almost with the lines of a junk. One might have fancied her designer to have taken for his model some old picture of the ships of Drake.

The try-pots, carcasses, and busy men left Raft unmoved. The ship held his whole mind.

"Lord! Look at her!" said he.

(*To be continued.*)

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Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM

Some Reminiscences

by

PERCY BURTON

Illustrated by H. H. Harris.



SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM.
Photo. Dover Street Studios.

MY first theatrical engagement was as private secretary and assistant manager, twenty years ago, with the late Sir Charles Wyndham—most fascinating and mercurial of high comedians and one of the most charming of men.

Few actors can have had a richer and more adventurous career than Wyndham, and the spirit of perennial youth distinguished him on and off the stage even after he had passed the allotted span of three-score years and ten. Wyndham, like Sir John Hare, was caught in Germany at the beginning of the war, and Sir Charles lost all his baggage in beating a hasty retreat to England from taking mud-baths in the "Fatherland." And it is interesting to recall that Wyndham long ago played in the German language in Berlin, and also in Petrograd. Sir Charles was a French and German linguist, and a good judge of a bad play. Coquelin *aîné*, Le Bargy, and Guitry were personal friends of his.

The English, like the American, public is apt to rate the personality of the actor higher than his art, and his natural charm and irrepressible humour endeared Wyndham to all with whom he came in contact. He was a very keen man of business, and frequently told me that he measured success only by the money it brought, and his standard was always what appealed to the box-office. Yet Wyndham's interests, unlike those of most of his contemporaries, extended beyond his own calling, and as an after-dinner speaker and raconteur he could not be excelled. To hear him apparently extemporize, one would not think that his speeches and effects had been most carefully prepared and studied, ready in repartee, versatile, and witty though he assuredly was.

The occasion when that fine old actor, the late William Farren, in playing Squire Ingot to Charles Wyndham's ever-green, if not immortal, David Garrick, by mistake greeted the latter on the stage with the remark, "Mr. *Wyndham*, sir, you are drunk!" irresistibly recalled a reminiscence of one of Charles Wyndham's first appearances on the stage in New York, following his experiences as a brigade-surgeon during the American Civil War. Wyndham had a long and somewhat tiresome speech to deliver, which dealt with his undying love for a certain young lady. The speech in question started: "Drunk with enthusiasm, I . . ." but after the very first word his memory forsook him, through stage-fright, and he stammered out the startling confession that he was "drunk"!

In connection with the production of "Cyrano de Bergerac," which I always thought one of Wyndham's most artistic performances, well

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do I remember the trouble and private criticism which the construction of that historic nose caused—surely almost as much as that entailed by the original. When that more or less monumental edifice had been built, pulled down, and reared again on the foundation of Wyndham's fascinating face, the production was allowed to proceed, but Cyrano's proboscis grew smaller and smaller along with the receipts, during the short run of that play. Wyndham was intending to sing on—or rather off—the stage in the course of this piece, but wiser counsels prevailed.

During a preliminary canter of "Cyrano de Bergerac" on tour, the late King Edward came to see Pinero's "Dandy Dick," then being played at Wyndham's Theatre, and, sending for the house-manager, said, "Tell Mr. Wyndham from me that this is the worst box I ever sat in—and tell him to put a bit on So-and-so"—a horse that was running a few days later. For Wyndham long enjoyed King Edward's patronage and had the honour of many royal "command" performances, with other marks of regal favour.

When "Cyrano de Bergerac" was put on at Wyndham's Theatre the size of the stage made the elaborate production look rather cramped, though the services of everybody available were enlisted, and even I was dragged out of my anonymous obscurity of private secretary, and, as a "hungry poet" (a part which I had secured on the recommendation of Pinero as a means to augment my slender salary and satisfy my stage-struck ambitions), to parade in the first act as one of the crowd, and in the fourth to masquerade as a "cadet of Gascony." A somewhat bloody battle scene didn't give me much outlet for any humour I may have possessed, but I determined to have my revenge for the extra work thrust upon me, and appeared in the first act as a nondescript character with a long flaxen wig and as girlish a face as make-up could give me. At the beginning of the act the crowd gathered around Cyrano in the person of Wyndham, who, when discovered, had to say in a ferocious voice and threatening attitude, as he drew his sword from its scabbard, "Press not so mercilessly on my poor sword, or it may vomit steel!" Seeing me at its point the night in question, he "audibly smiled," and muttered "Good God! what's this?"



"HE GLANCED DOWN AT SOME RATHER GAY-LOOKING GARTERS HE WAS WEARING, AND SAID, 'RATHER COQUETTISH, EH? I WONDER WHAT TREE WOULD SAY AS TO THE LEADERSHIP OF THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION NOW!'"

Meantime, my *rôle* as a "hungry poet," which I was gradually adding to and building up, was severely cut to pieces after a "command" performance at Dublin, owing to the risibility of the audience (during a love-scene between Cyrano and Roxane), caused by my sudden bites at a pastry-tipped lyre and some "better 'oles" at the back of my scanty costume, which one day I found another actor putting on. In consequence, I decided to follow Columbus to America at the end of the last century. When I returned to England six months later Sir Charles sent for me and offered me four times as much money to return to him in a managerial capacity, and, cured of acting, I returned to his fold.

Six months before it happened, I had prophesied his knighthood in an article for a daily paper on the subject of "Should Actors be Knighted?" with a second headline reading: "Sir Charles Wyndham a Coronation Probability!" The humour of the idea evidently appealed to Wyndham, for on showing him the proof he facetiously asked: "Can't you make it a lord, Burton?" He was only knighted, however.

After Irving's death there was naturally a good deal of newspaper controversy—some inspired, but mostly irresponsible—as to who was his (Irving's) successor as the recognized leader of the English Stage, and, being in Wyndham's employ, I inevitably "did my bit" against all comers. Tree particularly put up a strong claim. One night when I was in Wyndham's dressing-room entertaining him with the latest gossip while he was making-up for the stage, he glanced down at some rather gay-looking garters he was wearing, and said, "Rather coquettish, eh? . . ." "H'm!" he continued, "I wonder what Tree would say as to the leadership of the theatrical profession now!"

And there were a lot of little jocular jealousies then. A well-known dramatist came into the Garrick Club one day, and finding Wyndham reclining at ease under the statue of David Garrick, whom he was impersonating at the time, said: "You look more like Garrick every day!" "H'm," drawled Wyndham, with his quizzical smile, obviously pleased, "that's very nice of you!" "Yes," continued the playwright, "and you act less like him every night!"

Sir Charles, too, was a born diplomatist, very popular and always welcome even in exclusive society circles, and a veritable "Squire of Dames," to quote the title of one of the many plays he produced. And he had a very facile pen. It was to Miss Mary Moore

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"'YOU LOOK MORE LIKE GARRICK EVERY DAY,' HE SAID."

(now Lady Wyndham) that Sir Charles owed a lot of his longevity and a great deal of his fortune, for she was a constant helpmate and a devoted partner to him, as well as his artistic associate and leading lady for many years. Previous to their marriage he always referred to her as "Mrs. A."—Albery, the well-known dramatist, being her first husband.

Their association was as important to the realms and records of modern comedy as that of Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry was to Shakespeare and tragedy, and, incidentally, the former combination (Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore) made a great deal more money, or rather actual financial profit. For though Irving often drew bigger receipts, Wyndham knew how to save and invest.

When I first joined Charles Wyndham I found him snowed under a mass of correspondence which he seemed powerless to deal with. I immediately devised a scheme by which he should have the burden of it taken off his mind. I opened his letters myself in the morning and gave him a typewritten and tabulated form in three columns; the first, from whom the letters came; the second, rather more comprehensive in extent, as to what they were about, and in the third column what I proposed to reply to them. Then if he wanted to see the originals he could ask for them, but, truth to tell, there were very few of any real importance, as a great many were almost love-letters from anonymous admirers of his personality and acting. No actor ever received so many love-letters, I am sure—not even a moving-picture hero.



"HE WOULD ABSENT-MINDEDLY RAISE HIS HAT TO HIS HEAD AND BE SURPRISED TO FIND A LOT OF LETTERS FALLING OVER HIS FACE."

Charles Wyndham had a very ingenious way of jogging his own memory. The last thing at night he would usually send himself a post-card about anything he wanted to remember the next morning, and any letters he wanted to keep he would deposit in his top-hat I have often seen him absent-mindedly raise his hat to his head and be surprised to find a lot of letters falling over his face. He, and Miss Mary Moore also, had so many applications for autographs that we arranged a contribution of two shillings and sixpence each to the Actors' Benevolent Fund, and asked for a receipt from that society before the autograph fiend was satisfied. And if photographs were required, an extra amount to cover the cost of these was demanded. If a stamped envelope were sent, this was used for the enclosure of a neatly-printed card to this effect; otherwise applicants were usually doomed to disappointment. I can recommend from experience this form of treatment for the importunate autograph-hunter. I had myself been more fortunate on my first application to Mr. Wyndham. I had just returned from tour as an actor, spending more money than I made, but, with some experience in Barnum and Bailey's managerial and Press departments, I wrote to Mr. Wyndham, as he then was, applying to him in a semi-comic vein

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for a post as "secretary in real life," and as his "servant in stage-land."

My letter evidently appealed to him, for he at once wired asking me to see his business manager, who was then connected with the Fulham Theatre, and I was engaged as assistant manager. We did not, however, get on very well together, so I was discharged as assistant manager and instantly engaged as private secretary to Wyndham. It was the same business manager of Wyndham's who experienced, perhaps, one of the best retorts ever made by a drunken man which Wyndham enjoyed more than anyone. One night some crude melodrama, "The Face at the Window," I think, was being played at the Fulham Theatre, when a man, obviously the worse for liquor, but apparently a gentleman in spite of it, staggered up to the box-office window and asked for a couple of hic-hic-orchestra seats. The Cerberus in the box-office explained with tact that they were all sold, but the would-be patron was not intoxicated enough to believe this, and insisted on seeing the manager. The latter, who was very short-tempered, came out at his reiterated request and asked the Bacchanalian visitor what he wanted. "I want to know why I cannot get admission to your theatre?" "It is because you are drunk!" replied Wyndham's then manager. "Drunk," was the amazing confession, "Of course I'm drunk; do you think I'd come to your ——— theatre if I wasn't drunk?"



"WYNDHAM WAS SIGNING PHOTOGRAPHS WITH ONE HAND AND LATHERING HIS FACE WITH THE OTHER."

Charles Wyndham was a great walker and, being somewhat of a night-owl myself, I would often meet him in the early hours of the morning walking down Piccadilly or through St. James's Park with his hat on the back of his head and as light-hearted as any school-boy.

"Never have a theatre of your own," said Wyndham to me one night. "I do not see any prospect of it at present," I replied, and Wyndham, who was signing photographs with one hand and lathering his face, preparatory to shaving, with the other, looked as if he were foaming at the mouth. I got a rise, however. On the whole, Charles Wyndham was not mean and had sudden attacks of generosity, of which perhaps I was not slow to take advantage, and more than once left for Paris with my notice and a cheque for £50 or £100 in my pocket. A touch of humour would always appeal to him.

Truth to tell, Wyndham rarely, if ever, got the worst of a bargain; he saw to that, and brought all his charm of personality and magnetism into full play. He could get an actor or actress to work for him at less terms than I have ever known, and if there were any dispute was always keen on arbitration. He had a legal as well as a medical mind, and was as versatile as he was brilliant, being just as good an actor off the stage as he was on. Wyndham was more a man of the world, perhaps, than Irving, but not so great a man. His humour was, however, his saving grace, and he exercised it to its fullest extent and was never at a loss for a retort. "Dear Sir, I have read your play, oh, my dear Sir!" was his dictated reply, to which, later, another lesser-known but more obtrusive actor-manager laid claim.

Wyndham was the son of a doctor in Dublin. In later years he suffered a good deal from insomnia, and was often up very early in the morning in his simple bedroom overlooking Hyde Park, writing letters and reading papers, though he told me more than once that he never read his own notices; but I never found occasion to believe this forgivable pose, which was hardly original, perhaps. Wyndham never gave up his annual holiday, and was one of the most enthusiastic indulgers in the week-end habit. The Continent in the summer and the South Coast at the end of the week were his particular delights, and the relaxation no doubt contributed a great deal to his longevity. He took life very easily on the whole, and never let anything touch his heart or affect him very deeply.

I know, however, of many acts of kindness he did by stealth, and might have blushed had they become known. Quite the best and most carefully-dressed actor of his day, Wyndham succeeded in avoiding the snobbery which marked, without distinguishing, some of his contemporaries, and he had an air which won him many friends. He was the originator of the "Flying Matinée," by which, at one time, I calculated he was making money once, when I was with him, at the rate of £100,000 or more a year for several months together, and played everywhere to splendid business. With Mary Moore, he would get into a town and give a performance of "David Garrick," and within two hours would be away again and in pocket to the extent of eighty per cent. or eighty-five per cent. of three or four hundred pounds. Bewildered playgoers often wondered whether they had really seen Sir Charles Wyndham and his

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charming associate, Miss Mary Moore. He would have made an ideal film favourite in his younger days, for he always was a great matinée idol, especially in "David Garrick," which I made arrangements for him to appear in on the screen, but it was not a great success. What a beautiful performance he gave of that delightful character! And how he loved it! He was, I think, a great deal indebted as an actor to Charles Mathews, and used a riding-whip and cocked hat on the stage, if I am not mistaken, belonging to that favourite actor, on whom Wyndham somewhat modelled his style, especially in talking off-stage, which insured a tremendous round of applause when he came on.

Gay, debonair, handsome, and devil-may-care in temperament, Sir Charles Wyndham was always *le preux chevalier*, and his passing will be missed more than any, probably, by the older and middle-aged playgoer, whose memories of him as David Garrick, in "The Liars," and many another Henry Arthur Jones' and Hubert Henry Davies' play, and frolicsome French farce, will be treasured for all time.

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HUSBANDRY



BY W·W·JACOBS

Illustrated by Will Owen.

DEALING with a man, said the night-watchman, thoughtfully, is as easy as a teetotaller walking along a nice wide pavement; dealing with a woman is like the same teetotaller, arter four or five whiskies, trying to get up a step that ain't there. If a man can't get 'is own way he eases 'is mind with a little nasty language, and then forgets all about it; if a woman can't get 'er own way she flies into a temper and reminds you of something you oughtn't to ha' done ten years ago. Wot a woman would do whose 'usband had never done anything wrong I can't think.

I remember a young feller telling me about a row he 'ad with 'is wife once. He 'adn't been married long and he talked as if the way she carried on was unusual. Fust of all, he said, she spoke to 'im in a cooing sort o' voice and pulled his moustache, then when he wouldn't give way she worked herself up into a temper and said things about 'is sister. Arter which she went out o' the room and banged the door so hard it blew down a vase off the fireplace. Four times she came back to tell 'im other things she 'ad thought of, and then she got so upset she 'ad to go up to bed and lay down instead of getting his tea. When that didn't do no good she refused her food, and when 'e took her up toast and tea she wouldn't look at it. Said she wanted to die. He got quite uneasy till 'e came 'ome the next night and found the best part of a loaf o' bread, a quarter o' butter, and a couple o' chops he 'ad got in for 'is supper had gorn; and then when he said 'e was glad she 'ad got 'er appetite back she turned round and said that he grudged 'er the food she ate.

And no woman ever owned up as 'ow she was wrong; and the more you try and prove it to 'em the louder they talk about something else. I know wot I'm talking about, because a woman made a mistake about me once, and though she was proved to be in the wrong, and it was years ago, my missus shakes her 'ead about it to this day.

It was about eight years arter I 'ad left off going to sea and took up night-watching. A beautiful summer evening it was, and I was sitting by the gate smoking a pipe till it should be time to light up, when I noticed a woman who 'ad just passed turn back and stand staring at me. I've 'ad that sort o' thing before, and I went on smoking and looking straight in front of me. Fat, middle-aged woman she was, wot 'ad lost her good looks and found others. She stood

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there staring and staring, and by and by she tries a little cough.

I got up very slow then, and, arter looking all round at the evening, without seeing 'er, I was just going to step inside and shut the wicket, when she came closer.

"Bill!" she ses, in a choking sort o' voice. "*Bill!*"

I gave her a look that made her catch 'er breath, and I was just stepping through the wicket, when she laid hold of my coat and tried to hold me back.

"Do you know wot you're a-doing of?" I ses, turning on her

"Oh, Bill dear," she ses, "don't talk to me like that. Do you want to break my 'art? Arter all these years!"

She pulled out a dirt-coloured pocket-'ankercher and stood there dabbing her eyes with it. One eye at a time she dabbed, while she looked at me reproachful with the other. And arter eight dabs, four to each eye, she began to sob as if her 'art would break.

"Go away," I ses, very slow. "You can't stand making that noise outside my wharf. "Go away and give somebody else a treat."

Afore she could say anything the potman from the Tiger, a nasty ginger-'aired little chap that nobody liked, come by and stopped to pat her on the back.

"There, there, don't take on, mother," he ses. "Wot's he been a-doing to you?"

"You get off 'ome," I ses, losing my temper. "Wot d'ye mean trying to drag me into it? I've never seen the woman afore in my life."

"Oh, Bill!" ses the woman, sobbing louder than ever. "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"'Ow does she know your name, then?" ses the little beast of a potman.

I didn't answer him. I might have told 'im that there's about five million Bills in England, but I didn't. I stood there with my arms folded acrost my chest, and looked at him, superior.

"Where 'ave you been all this long, long time?" she ses, between her sobs. "Why did you leave your happy 'ome and your children wot loved you?"

The potman let off a whistle that you could have 'eard acrost the river, and as for me, I thought I should ha' dropped. To have a woman standing sobbing and taking my character away like that was a'most more than I could bear.

"Did he run away from you?" ses the potman.

"Ye-ye-yes," she ses. "He went off on a vi'ge to China over nine years ago, and that's the last I saw of 'im till to-night. A lady friend o' mine thought she reckernized 'im yesterday, and told me."

"I shouldn't cry over 'im," ses the potman, shaking his 'ead; "he ain't worth it. If I was you I should just give 'im a bang or two over the 'ead with my umberella, and then give 'im in charge."

I stepped inside the wicket—backwards—and then I slammed it in their faces, and, putting the key in my pocket, walked up the wharf. I knew it was no good standing out there argufying. I felt sorry for the poor thing in a way. If she really thought I was her 'usband, and she 'ad lost me—— I put one or two things straight and then, for the sake of distracting my mind, I 'ad a word or two with the skipper of the *John Henry*, who was leaning against the side of his ship, smoking.

"Wot's that tapping noise?" he ses, all of a sudden. "'Ark!"

I knew wot it was. It was the handle of that umberella 'ammering on the gate. I went cold all over, and then when I thought that the potman was most likely encouraging 'er to do it I began to boil.

"Somebody at the gate," ses the skipper.

"Aye, aye," I ses. "I know all about it."

I went on talking until at last the skipper asked me whether he was wandering in 'is mind, or whether I was. The mate came up from the cabin just then, and o' course *he* 'ad to tell me there was somebody knocking at the gate.

"Ain't you going to open it?" ses the skipper, staring at me.

"Let 'em ring," I ses, off-hand.

The words was 'ardly out of my mouth afore they did ring, and if they 'ad been selling muffins they couldn't ha' kept it up harder. And all the time the umberella was doing rat-a-tat-tats on the gate, while a voice—much too loud for the potman's—started calling out: "Watchman ahoy!"

"They're calling you, Bill," ses the skipper.

"I ain't deaf," I ses, very cold.

"Well, I wish I was," ses the skipper. "It's fair making my 'ead ache. Why the blazes don't you do your dooty, and open the gate?"

"You mind your bisness and I'll mind mine," I ses. "I know wot I'm doing. It's just some silly fools 'aving a game with me, and I'm not going to encourage 'em."

"Game with you?" ses the skipper. "Ain't they got anything better than that to play with? Look 'ere, if you don't open that gate, I will."

"It's nothing to do with you," I ses. "You look arter your ship and I'll look arter my wharf. See? If you don't like the noise, go down in the cabin and stick your 'ead in a biscuit-bag."

To my surprise he took the mate by the arm and went, and I was just thinking wot a good thing it was to be a bit firm with people sometimes, when they came back dressed up in their coats and bowler-hats and climbed on to the wharf.

"Watchman!" ses the skipper, in a hoity-toity sort o' voice, "me and the mate is going as far as Aldgate for a breath o' fresh air. Open the gate."

I gave him a look that might ha' melted a 'art of stone, and all it done to 'im was to make 'im laugh.

"Hurry up," he ses. "It a'most seems to me that there's somebody ringing the bell, and you can let them in same time as you let us out. Is it the bell, or is it my fancy, Joe?" he ses, turning to the mate.

They marched on in front of me with their noses cocked in the air, and all the time the noise at the gate got worse and worse. So far

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"IT WAS LIKE OPENING THE DOOR AT A THEATRE, AND THE FUST ONE

as I could make out, there was quite a crowd outside, and I stood there with the key in the lock, trembling all over. Then I unlocked it very careful, and put my hand on the skipper's arm.

"Nip out quick," I ses in a whisper.

"I'm in no hurry," ses the skipper. "Here! Halloa, wot's up?"

It was like opening the door at a theatre, and the fust one through was that woman, shoved behind by the potman. Arter 'im came a carman, two big 'ulking brewers' draymen, a little scrap of a woman with 'er bonnet cocked over one eye, and a couple o' dirty little boys.

"Wot is it?" ses the skipper, shutting the wicket behind 'em. "A beanfeast?"

"This lady wants her 'usband," ses the potman, pointing at me. "He run away from her nine years ago, and now he says he 'as never seen 'er before. He ought to be 'ung."

"Bill," ses the skipper, shaking his silly 'ead at me, "I can 'ardly believe it."

"It's all a pack o' silly lies," I ses, firing up. "She's made a mistake."

"She made a mistake when she married you," ses the thin little woman. "If I was in 'er shoes I'd take 'old of you and tear you limb from limb."

"I don't want to hurt 'im, ma'am," ses the other woman. "I on'y want him to come 'ome to me and my five. Why, he's never seen the youngest, little Annie. She's as like 'im as two peas."

"Pore little devil," ses the carman.

"Look here!" I ses, "you clear off. All of you. 'Ow dare you come on to my wharf? If you arn't gone in two minutes I'll give you all in charge."

"Who to?" ses one of the draymen, sticking his face into mine. "You go 'ome to your wife

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THROUGH WAS THAT WOMAN, SHOVED BEHIND BY THE POTMAN."

and kids. Go on now, afore I put up my 'ands to you."

"That's the way to talk to 'im," ses the potman, nodding at 'em.

They all began to talk to me then and tell me wot I was to do, and wot they would do if I didn't. I couldn't get a word in edgeways. When I reminded the mate that when he was up in London 'e always passed himself off as a single man, 'e wouldn't listen; and when I asked the skipper whether 'is pore missus was blind, he on'y went on shouting at the top of 'is voice. It on'y showed me 'ow anxious most people are that everybody else should be good.

I thought they was never going to stop, and, if it 'adn't been for a fit of coughing, I don't believe that the scraggy little woman *could* ha' stopped. Arter one o' the draymen 'ad saved her life and spoilt 'er temper by patting 'er on the back with a hand the size of a leg o' mutton, the carman turned to me and told me to tell the truth, if it choked me.

"I have told you the truth," I ses. "She sés I'm her 'usband and I say I ain't. 'Ow's she going to prove it? Why should you believe her, and not me?"

"*She's* got a truthful face," ses the carman.

"Look here!" ses the skipper, speaking very slow, "I've got an idea, wot'll settle it, p'r'aps. You get outside," he ses, turning sharp on the two little boys.

One o' the draymen 'elped 'em to go out, and arf a minute arterwards a stone came over the gate and cut the potman's lip open. Boys will be boys.

"Now!" ses the skipper, turning to the woman, and smiling with conceitedness. "Had your 'usband got any marks on 'im? Birthmark, or moles, or anything of that sort?"

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"I'm sure he *is* my 'usband," ses the woman, dabbing her eyes.

"Yes, yes," ses the skipper, "but answer my question. If you can tell us any marks your 'usband had, we can take Bill down into my cabin and——"

"You'll do *wot?*" I ses, in a loud voice.

"You speak when you're spoke to," ses the carman. "It's got nothing to do with you."

"No, he ain't got no birthmarks," ses the woman, speaking very slow, and I could see she was afraid of making a mistake and losing me, "but he's got tattoo marks. He's got a mermaid tattooed on 'im."

"Where?" ses the skipper, a'most jumping.

I 'eld my breath. Five sailormen out of ten have been tattooed with mermaids, and I was one of 'em. When she spoke agin I thought I should ha' dropped.

"On 'is right arm," she ses, "unless he's 'ad it rubbed off."

"You can't rub out tattoo marks," ses the skipper.

They all stood looking at me as if they was waiting for something. I folded my arms—tight—and stared back at 'em.

"If you ain't this lady's 'usband," ses the skipper, turning to me, "you can take off your coat and prove it."

"And if you don't we'll take it off for you," ses the carman, coming a bit closer.

Arter that things 'appened so quick, I hardly knew whether I was standing on my 'ead or my heels. Both I think. They was all on top o' me at once, and the next thing I can remember is sitting on the ground in my shirt-sleeves listening to the potman, who was making a fearful fuss because somebody 'ad bit his ear arf off. My coat was ripped up the back, and one of the draymen was holding up my arm and showing them all the mermaid, while the other struck matches so as they could see better

"That's your 'usband right enough," he ses to the woman. "Take 'im."

"P'r'aps she'll carry 'im 'ome," I ses, very fierce and sarcastic.

"And we don't want none of your lip," ses the carman, who was in a bad temper because he 'ad got a fearful kick on the shin from somewhere.

I got up very slow and began to put my coat on again, and twice I 'ad to tell that silly woman that when I wanted her 'elp I'd let 'er know. Then I 'eard slow, heavy footsteps in the road outside, and, afore any of 'em could stop me, I was calling for the police.

I don't like policemen as a rule; they're too inquisitive, but when the wicket was pushed open and I saw a face with a helmet on it peeping in, I felt quite a liking for 'em.

"Wot's up?" ses the policeman, staring 'ard at my little party.

They all started telling 'im at once, and I should thin if the potman showed himk 'is ear once he showed it to 'im twenty times. He lost his temper and pushed it away at last, and the potman gave a 'owl that set my teeth on edge. I waited till they was all finished, and the policeman trying to get 'is hearing back, and then I spoke up in a quiet way and told 'im to clear them all off of my wharf.

"They're trespassing," I ses, "all except the skipper and mate here. They belong to a little wash-tub that's laying alongside, and they're both as 'armless as they look."

It's wonderful wot a uniform will do. The policeman just jerked his 'ead and said "Outside," and the men went out like a flock of sheep. The on'y man that said a word was the carman, who was in such a hurry that 'e knocked



"THE DRAYMAN WAS HOLDING UP MY ARM AND SHOWING THEM ALL THE MERMAID, WHILE THE OTHER STRUCK MATCHES SO AS THEY COULD SEE BETTER."

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his bad shin against my foot as 'e went by. The thin little woman was passed out by the policeman in the middle of a speech she was making, and he was just going for the other, when the skipper stopped 'im.

"This lady is coming on my ship," he ses, puffing out 'is chest.

I looked at 'im, and then I turned to the policeman. "So long as she goes off my wharf, I don't mind where she goes," I ses. "The skipper's goings-on 'ave got nothing to do with me."

"Then she can foller him 'ome in the morning," ses the skipper. "Good night, watchman."

Him and the mate 'elped the silly old thing to the ship, and, arter I 'ad been round to the Bull's Head and fetched a pint for the policeman, I locked up and sat down to think things out; and the more I thought the worse they seemed. I've 'eard people say that if you have a clear conscience nothing can hurt you. They didn't know my missus.

I got up at last and walked on to the jetty, and the woman, wot was sitting on the deck of the *John Henry*, kept calling out: "Bill!" like a sick baa-lamb crying for its ma. I went back, and 'ad four pints at the Bull's Head, but it didn't seem to do me any good, and at last I went and sat down in the office to wait for morning.

It came at last, a lovely morning with a beautiful sunrise; and that woman sitting up wide awake, waiting to foller me 'ome. When I opened the gate at six o'clock she was there with the mate and the skipper, waiting, and when I left at five minutes past she was trotting along beside me.

Twice I stopped and spoke to 'er, but it was no good. Other people stopped too, and I 'ad to move on agin; and every step was bringing me nearer to my house and the missus.

I turned into our street, arter passing it three times, and the first thing I saw was my missus standing on the doorstep 'aving a few words with the lady next door. Then she 'appened to look up and see us, just as that silly woman was trying to walk arm-in-arm.

Twice I knocked her 'and away, and then, right afore my wife and the party next door, she put her arm round my waist. By the time I got to the 'ouse my legs was trembling so I could hardly stand, and when I got into the passage I 'ad to lean up against the wall for a bit.

"Keep 'er out," I ses.

"Wot do you want?" ses my missus, trembling with passion. "Wot do you think you're doing?"

"I want my 'usband, Bill," ses the woman.

[redacted] missus put her 'and to her throat and
'out a word, and the woman follered
'n't kept my presence o' mind and
two or three more would 'ave

'he kitchen about ten minutes
'e 'ow they was getting on.
y was both calling for me.
ses my missus, who was

leaning up against the dresser with 'er arms folded, "wot 'ave you got to say for yourself walking in as bold as brass with this hussy?"

"Bill!" ses the woman, "did you hear wot she called me?"

She spoke to me like that afore my wife, and in two minutes they was at it, hammer and tongs. Fust of all they spoke about each other, and then my missus started speaking about me. She's got a better memory than most people, because she can remember things that never 'appened, and every time I coughed she turned on me like a tiger.

"And as for you," she ses, turning to the woman, "if you did marry 'im you should ha' made sure that he 'adn't got a wife already."

"He married me fust," ses the woman.

"When?" ses my wife. "Wot was the date?"

"Wot was the date you married 'im?" ses the other one.

They stood looking at each other like a couple o' game-cocks, and I could see as plain as a pike-staff 'ow frightened both of 'em was o' losing me.

"Look here!" I ses at last, to my missus, "talk sense. 'Ow could I be married to 'er? When I was at sea I was at sea, and when I was ashore I was with you."

"Did you use to go down to the ship to see 'im off?" ses the woman.

"No," ses my wife. "I'd something better to do."

"Neither did I," ses the woman. "P'r'aps that's where we both made a mistake."

"You get out of my 'ouse!" ses my missus, very sudden. "Go on, afore I put you out."

"Not without my Bill," ses the woman. "If you lay a finger on me I'll scream the house down."

"You brought her 'ere," ses my wife, turning to me, "now you can take 'er away."

"I didn't bring 'er," I ses. "She follered me."

"Well, she can foller you ag'in," she ses. "Go on!" she ses, trembling all over. "Git out afore I start on you."

I was in such a temper that I daren't trust myself to stop. I just gave 'er one look, and then I drew myself up and went out. 'Alf the fools in our street was standing in front of the 'ouse, 'umming like bees, but I took no notice. I held my 'ead up and walked through them with that woman tailing arter me.

I was in such a state of mind that I went on like a man in a dream. If it had ha' been a dream I should ha' pushed 'er under an omnibus, but you can't do things like that in real life.

"Penny for your thoughts, Bill," she ses.

I didn't answer her.

"Why don't you speak to me?" she ses.

"You don't know wot you're asking for," I ses.

I was hungry and sleepy, and 'ow I was going to get through the day I couldn't think. I went into a pub and 'ad a couple o' pints o' stout and a crust o' bread and cheese for brekfuss. I don't know wot she 'ad, but when the

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barman tried to take for it out o' my money, I surprised 'im.

We walked about till I was ready to drop. Then we got to Victoria Park, and I 'ad no sooner got on to the grass than I laid down and went straight off to sleep. It was two o'clock when I woke, and, arter a couple o' pork-pies and a pint or two, I sat on a seat in the Park smoking, while she kep' dabbing 'er eyes agin and asking me to come 'ome.



"RIGHT AFORE MY WIFE AND THE PARTY NEXT DOOR SHE PUT HER ARM ROUND MY WAIST."

At five o'clock I got up to go back to the wharf, and, taking no notice of 'er, I walked into the street and jumped on a 'bus that was passing. She jumped too, and, arter the conductor had 'elped 'er up off of 'er knees and taken her arms away from his waist, I'm blest if he didn't turn on me and ask me why I 'adn't left her at 'ome.

We got to the wharf just afore six. The *John Henry* 'ad gorn, but the skipper 'ad done all the 'arm he could afore he sailed, and, if I 'adn't kept my temper, I should ha' murdered arf-a-dozen of 'em. The woman wanted to come on to the wharf, but I 'ad a word or two with one o' the foremen, who owed me arf a dollar, and he made that all right.

"We all 'ave our faults, Bill," he ses as 'e went out, "and I suppose she was better looking once upon a time?"

I didn't answer 'im. I shut the wicket arter 'im, quick, and turned the key, and then I went on with my work. For a long time everything was as quiet as the grave, and then there came just one little pull at the bell. Five minutes arterwards there was another.

I thought it was that woman, but I 'ad to make sure. When it came the third time I crept up to the gate.

"Halloa!" I ses. "Who is it?"

"Me, darling," ses a voice I reckernized as the potman's. "Your missus wants to come in and sit down."

I could 'ear several people talking, and it seemed to me there was quite a crowd out there, and by and by that bell was going like mad. Then people started kicking the gate and shouting, but I took no

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notice until, presently, it left off all of a sudden, and I 'eard a loud voice asking what it was all about. I supposo there was about fifty of 'em all telling it at once, and then there was the sound of a fist on the gate.

"Who is it?" I ses.

"Police," ses the voice.

I opened the wicket then and looked out. A couple o' policemen was standing by the gate and arf the riff-raff of Wapping behind 'em.

"Wot's all this about?" ses one o' the policemen.

I shook my 'ead. "Ask me another," I ses.

"Your missus is causing a disturbance," he ses.

"She's not my missus," I ses; "she's a complete stranger to me."

"And causing a crowd to collect and refusing to go away," ses the other policeman.

"That's your business," I ses. "It's nothing to do with me."

They talked to each other for a moment, and then they spoke to the woman. I didn't 'ear wot she said, but I saw her shake her 'ead, and a'most direckly arterwards she was marching away between the two policemen with the crowd follering and advising 'er where to kick 'em.

I was a bit worried at fust—not about her—and then I began to think that p'r'aps it was the best thing that could have 'appened.

I went 'ome in the morning with a load lifted off my mind; but I 'adn't been in the 'ouse two seconds afore my missus started to put it on agin. Fust of all she asked me 'ow I dared to come into the 'ouse, and then she wanted to know wot I meant by leaving her at 'ome and going out for the day with another woman.

"You told me to," I ses.

"Oh, yes," she ses, trembling with temper. "You always do wot I tell you, don't you? Always 'ave, especially when it's anything you like."

She fetched a bucket o' water and scrubbed the kitchen while I was having my brekfuss, but I kept my eye on 'er, and, the moment she 'ad finished, I did the perlite and emptied the bucket for 'er, to prevent mistakes.

I read about the case in the Sunday paper, and I'm thankful to say my name wasn't in it. All the magistrate done was to make 'er promise that she wouldn't do it again, and then he let 'er go. I should ha' felt more comfortable if he 'ad given 'er five years, but, as it turned out, it didn't matter. Her 'usband happened to read it, and, whether 'e was tired of living alone, or whether he was excited by 'earing that she 'ad got a little general shop, 'e went back to her.

The fust I knew about it was they came round to the wharf to see me. He 'ad been a fine-looking chap in 'is day, and even then 'e was enough like me for me to see 'ow she 'ad made the mistake, and all the time she was telling me 'ow it 'appened, he was looking me up and down and sniffing.

"'Ave you got a cold?" I ses, at last.

"Wot's that got to do with you?" he ses. "Wot do you mean by walking out with my wife? That's wot I've come to talk about."

For a moment I thought that his bad luck 'ad turned 'is brain. "You've got it wrong," I ses, as soon as I could speak. "She walked out with me."

"'Cos she thought you was her 'usband," he ses, "but you didn't think you was me, did you?"

"Course I didn't," I ses.

"Then 'ow dare you walk out with 'er?" he ses.

"Look 'ere!" I ses. "You get off 'ome as quick as you like. I've 'ad about enough of your family. Go on, hook it."

Afore I could put my 'ands up he 'it me hard in the mouth, and the next moment we was at it as 'ard as we could go. Nearly every time I hit 'im he wasn't there, and every time 'e hit me I wished I hadn't ha' been. When I said I had 'ad enough, 'e contradicted me and kept on, but he got tired of it at last, and, arter telling me wot he would do if I ever walked 'is wife out agin, they went off like a couple o' love-birds.

By the time I got 'ome next morning my eyes was so swelled up I could 'ardly see, and my nose wouldn't let me touch it. I was so done up I could 'ardly speak, but I managed to tell my missus about it arter I had 'ad a cup o' tea. Judging by her face anybody might ha' thought I was telling 'er something funny, and, when I 'ad finished, she looks up at the ceiling and ses:—

"I 'ope it'll be a lesson to you," she ses.

LEST YOU FORGET!

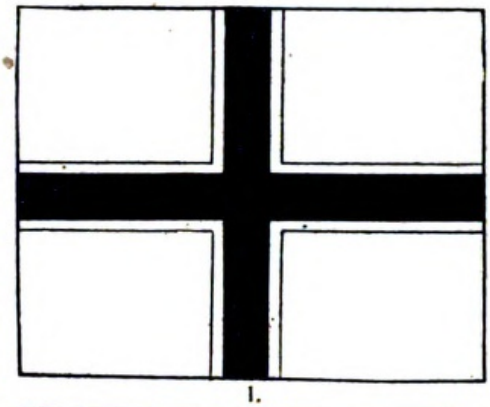
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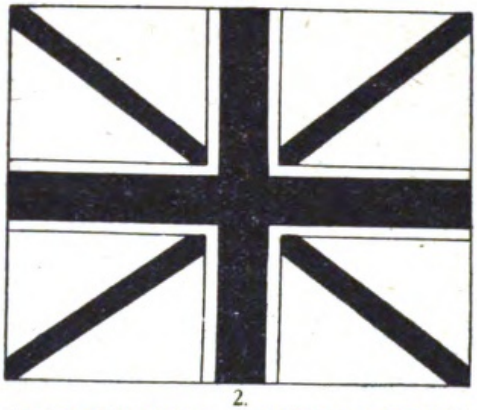
How to Make a Floral Union Jack.

IN what way shall the celebration of Peace be shown in our gardens? Quite the most striking and appropriate emblem for the purpose is the national flag designed in living flowers.

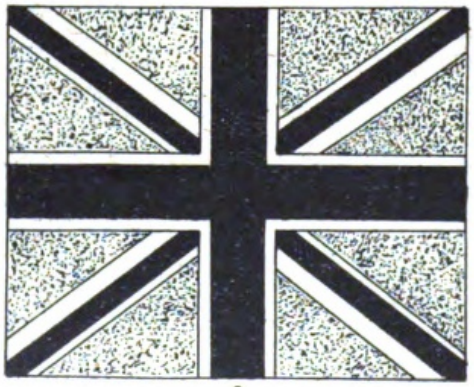
The Union Jack is a combination of three separate flags, those of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick. The first is a white flag with a red cross placed exactly in the centre; the second a white diagonal cross on a blue ground; the third a red diagonal cross on a white ground.



1.



2.



3.

In the first place, a good open, sunny situation is desirable, and, whilst this may be on the level, the flag is certainly seen to better advantage if it can be arranged on ground sloping upwards from the observer. To allow proper room for working in the plants, the flag should hardly be less than six feet in length and about a foot less in width. If the bed for the flag has been cut out of grass no further border will be needed; otherwise the evergreen saxifrage might be employed to give the outline.

The matter of designing the flag may now be taken in hand. For this purpose one should be equipped with a measuring tape, numerous small wooden pegs, and a quantity of twine. Begin with the cross of St. George. This is a cross right in the centre of the flag and, in thickness, it should be about a tenth of the total length of the flag. By means of your little pegs, with the twine in between, it is easy to line out the cross. The cross of St. George should be bordered with a comparatively narrow strip which will be ultimately represented by white flowers. (Fig. 1.) The next stage is to work out the cross of St. Patrick. This runs from the corners of the flag, and it should be somewhat thinner than the cross of St. George. The lines are shown by means of your twine stretched between the little wooden pegs. (Fig. 2.) An indication of the white diagonal cross of St. Andrew is secured by giving an outline to the cross of St. Patrick. These lines should run straight into the border of the cross of St. George, as can be seen by looking at the diagram. It should be noted that these lines are somewhat different in width; those on the left-hand side of the flag being wide at the top, the reverse being the case on the right-hand side. (Fig. 3.)

You will thus have your flag marked out for the reception of the plants, and one must now think about the sorts to be used. A few hints in this direction may be useful. A very fine compact effect is secured by using the dwarf-growing asters. Planted rather close together good blocks of colour in red, white, and blue are obtained. Be very careful to keep the differently-coloured seedlings separate, or you will get a muddled appearance when flowering time comes. For a large bed geraniums, double marguerites, and salvias would be very fine. There is a reddish strain of cornflower which would look very well with the blue and white forms of the same plant. The beautiful verbenas can also be secured in shades of red, white, and a purplish blue. One of the newer plants, the Swan River daisy (Brachycome), also gives us charming blossoms in the three colours desired. The great thing in selecting the plants is to get those kinds that will bloom together and give a good massed effect. Allowance must, of course, be made for growth.

One might start with the cross of St. George, working this in with red-flowered plants. Then comes a thin line of plants that will bear white blossoms. More specimens with red flowers are used for the diagonal cross of St. Patrick, and the white cross of St. Andrew is indicated by an outline of white-blooming plants. The remaining eight triangular spaces are simply filled in with your blue-flowered plants. During the growing period a good deal of pinching off of wayward shoots will be needed. Everything must be done to keep the different lots of plants within their own divisions. The final effect will be so striking that you will feel amply repaid for all the trouble you have taken.

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BY THE AERO-MAIL.

A ROMANCE OF TO-MORROW.

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN,

Author of "According to Orders," etc.

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant.

OLD Sir Henry Winthrop looked up in sharp annoyance from behind his vast writing-table in the chastely palatial inner sanctum of Winthrops', Limited, London head offices. The frown did not abate even when the quick grey eyes under those pouched and heavy lids had recognized Jackson, the general manager, faultlessly adequate in appearance and reality to his five thousand pounds a year, in the intruder. After all, not even Jackson had the right to enter without knocking! The liberty was so unusual that the alert brain in that massive old head suspended condemnation in a swift apprehension of reason for the abnormality—although the door unclosed behind the sacrilegist added a fresh count to the reserved impeachment.

"Look, sir!" cried Jackson, holding out an evening newspaper while yet remote from the table. "Read that!"

"What—what's the matter?" said the old man, fumbling for his pince-nez and adjusting them with a deliberation which was a victory over secret nervousness. "What's the excitement?"

"Read, sir!" reiterated Jackson.

The old man frowned myopically, and read:—

> "Lord Rogerholm was among the passengers on the *Hispania*, which left Liverpool for New York this afternoon. It is understood that he represents a combination which includes several of the most important British engineering firms."

"Good heavens!" cried the old man, staring blankly at the sheet. Then, recovering himself, he said, in a tone of assertion which was evidently merely a refused recognition of the fact: "No! It's impossible! I saw him only yesterday afternoon—he didn't even hint at it. He wouldn't dare—surely he wouldn't dare!"

He frowned for a moment, then he snatched up the receiver of the telephone on his desk.

"Halloa!—Westminster 95380!—Quickly!—Halloa!—Is that Rogerson and Sons?—Put me through to Lord Rogerholm—Sir Henry Winthrop speaking!—What?—Put me through to his secretary, then!—Halloa!—Sir Henry Winthrop—I want to speak to Lord Rogerholm.—Out of town? Will he be back to-morrow?—But surely he gave a date!—No address?" His voice rose in incredulity. "Oh, I see—complete rest—yes, all right," the old man's eyes flashed as he suavely concurred in this detected mendacity—"all right!" He put back the receiver and looked up to his general manager.

"The old scoundrel has beaten us, Jackson! I ought never to have trusted him." He brought down his hand in a heavy crash upon the table. "There goes the biggest job of the century—and a cool million! By Heaven, Jackson, at my time of life—by old Rogerholm—to be tricked out of a million!" His voice was bitter.

"A million, uncle! That's depressing, just when I want you to cash my cheque for a hundred!"

Jackson's switch round and the old man's start of surprise were simultaneous. The tall young man who had entered unobserved through the unclosed door nodded familiarly and uttered a short laugh which was the vocal expression of his frank smile.

"Sorry, uncle. I didn't mean to intrude. I was late for the bank—and I thought you would be good enough to act as my cashier. It's rather urgent."

An expression of kindliness flitted momentarily into old Sir Henry's eyes as they rested on the young man.

"All right, Jimmy. We'll see what we can do." He glanced abeyance of the matter in hand to Jackson, who stood fuming under apparent impassivity. "How's journalism?"

"Booming!" The young man's face lit up, his voice came on a note of enthusiasm. "I'm on a first-class stunt now. That's why I want that hundred in a hurry. The biggest 'exclusive' since Noah's dove!"

The old man nodded in appreciation of success.

"You wouldn't be a Winthrop if you didn't make good, Jimmy," he said, looking a little wistfully at youth so radiantly confident of itself. He paused for a moment, sat with his fist pressed against his mouth, a look as of far-off reminiscence in his old eyes. "Well, I've had a good innings, Jimmy, and I can't complain, I suppose—but I never thought you would catch your old uncle at this moment. Jimmy, my boy, I've just been beaten on the post by a man I've distanced all my life—although he *did* buy a title." He smiled grimly. "There's a confession for the head of the family to make!"

"The million, uncle?" queried Jimmy, cheerfully. "Well, you can afford it!"

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"Oh—afford it!" agreed the old man, contemptuously. "It isn't that. It's being beaten that gets me. And I'm fairly done—done, by Jove, by a common confidence trick!"

Jimmy sat down with the air of one taking his seat at a play.

"Uncle," he observed, with perfect solemnity, "this is a historic moment. I must imbibe its full significance. You will forgive me if I scrutinize you somewhat narrowly? I feel I want to put out my hand and touch you. A confidence trick! No, it can't be real—this is illusion—a delicious illusion!"

The old man met his eyes and laughed.

"No," he said. "It's real enough. You may as well hear the story." He ignored the warning frown which flitted over Jackson's face. "It is ancient history now, and there can be no harm in telling you. Take it as a lesson, my boy. Always be sure of yourself—but never *cock*-sure." The old eyes looked into the young ones in emphasis of the point. Jimmy smiled dutifully. Old Sir Henry nodded and resumed:—

"I'd got the biggest scheme of the century, Jimmy. I'd been working it out for more than a year in all its details. I don't mind confessing that I thought myself a bit of a Napoleon as I thought it out. It was so big that I couldn't possibly undertake it alone. It's a thing that requires the combined efforts of not only the big British firms, but the big American ones as well. A thing that must be bitten off in a big mouthful. The resuscitation of the war-devastated manufacturing area which is so terribly embarrassing the French Government—there you have it. Everything was worked out—clearances, rebuildings, power-supply, transport facilities—costs and profits. Nothing left to chance, nothing unforeseen. The biggest thing of my life, Jimmy!" He passed his hand over the square brow that bulked over the shrewd eyes, and Jimmy thought suddenly of the big things that brain had conceived and carried into execution. "I should have made a well-earned million in five years for my share—and no one would have grudged it to me. Well, I had to trust someone, so I trusted Rogerholm. He's the next biggest. I gave him all the plans and invited him in. Then I proposed to go to America. We couldn't do it alone—and I knew old Whittaker, the head of the American Combine, had imagination enough to recognize a big thing when he saw it, and power enough to bring all the necessary firms into line. But, so far, I had said nothing to Whittaker. I was waiting for Rogerholm's decision. Well, Jimmy, Rogerholm has made a private arrangement with some other British firms, *and he has gone off to America with my plans*. I'm cut out—cut out!" He finished in a spasm of anger that swelled the veins upon the big forehead and flushed his scalp pink under the grey hair. "He's gone off with the whole bag of tricks! Turned me inside out, confound him! and left me on the beach!"

"When did he leave, uncle?"

"This afternoon, by the *Hispania*."

Jimmy jumped to his feet with something like a shout.

"By the Lord, uncle! You can beat him yet!"

The old man stared.

"Don't talk nonsense, Jimmy. The *Hispania* is the fastest thing on the Atlantic." He glanced at the calendar on his desk. "To-day is May the 22nd. By midday of the 28th Rogerholm will be sitting in Whittaker's office in New York and passing off my plans as his own, confound him!"

"Cable to Whittaker for an appointment at noon of the 25th!" Jackson swung round in a sudden doubt of the young man's sanity "And get there first!"

Old Sir Henry frowned irritably. A joke was a joke, but this was going too far.

"My dear boy, there isn't another boat for two days——"

"*Boat!* Who wants a boat? To-morrow is the inaugural trip of the aero-mail to New York—have you forgotten? I'm going by it, the only journalist. That's the exclusive stunt I spoke of. You're going too! By Jove, this is the biggest thing yet! What a story! Here, let me use your telephone!"

He sprang to the desk, lifted the receiver, and shouted a number. Then, while he waited for the connection, he turned and spoke over his shoulder to the old man.

"They are scheduled to do it in sixty hours—Government contract—and you can bet your life they'll be up to time. Start six o'clock to-morrow morning——"

"But—Jimmy——" expostulated the old man, rising nervously to his feet. "I can't——"

"Halloa! halloa!" called Jimmy, suddenly imperturbable, into the telephone. "Is that the Transatlantic Aerial Company? Right—put me through to the general manager—yes, Mr. Goldingham—at once, please—urgent. Halloa, that you, Goldingham? This is Winthrop of the *Daily Radio*. I say, you've got to make room for another passenger to-morrow—what?—oh, it's got to be possible!—throw someone out!—this is the biggest thing ever! I'm going to give you an advertisement which will thrill two continents. Trust me! I want you to take Sir Henry Winthrop with us—you know, the big engineer—the *millionaire*, man! Another millionaire has skedaddled across to New York with a stolen scheme—started to-day in the *Hispania*—it's old Sir Henry's scheme and he swears he'll get there first—there's a million at stake. What!—my dear chap, you don't know Sir Henry. He's never been beaten in his life! He's going by the aero-mail to-morrow if he has to buy up your company, lock, stock, and barrel, to-night to do it—and every newspaper in two continents is going to headline the race. What? Look here, Goldingham, one representative of your company is enough for the first trip, and Sir Henry offers you a thousand pounds down for your place—yes—right, that's a deal!" He hung up the receiver and turned to Sir Henry "And cheap at the price, uncle!"

"But, my dear Jimmy——"

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"Excuse me, uncle," replied the imperturbable Jimmy, picking up the receiver again, "I can't allow sentiment in business hours. Thank me later. You'd like old Rogerholm made a public ass, I suppose?"

"I'd give a fortune for it!" responded the old man, fervently. "But, really, I'm not going to——"

"Halloa! Halloa!" said Jimmy, into the telephone. He gave a number, waited.

"Jimmy!" cried the old man. "This is ridiculous madness! I haven't even thought it out! You are going altogether too fast!"

"Not half so fast as we shall go to-morrow, uncle!" was the cheerful rejoinder. He turned his attention to the telephone. "Halloa! Is that the *Radio*?—Put me through to the News Editor. Halloa! That you, Dick? Jimmy Winthrop speaking. I say, old man, I want another column to-morrow. Greatest story in the world! Headline it *Romance of Modern Business! Millionaires' race, aeroplane against liner, across the Atlantic! The nineteenth century versus the twentieth! A million at stake!*—How's that?—Right-o, I'll come along to the office and give you the story. Make arrangements for it to be radio'd out to the Atlantic shipping. With you in ten minutes!" He put down the instrument and turned once more to Sir Henry, who stood regarding him with a speechless stare. "That will spoil old Rogerholm's breakfast to-morrow morning, uncle!—He'll read that you've started—and he'd give his fortune to be able to fly off the ship!"

"But, my dear Jimmy," expostulated the old man, "I've never told you——"

"There's no need for compliments between us, uncle," said Jimmy, cheerfully. "We understand each other without words. Now, pack up your specifications—and I'll pick you up with the car at five a.m. to-morrow. Don't forget to cable to Whittaker and make that appointment. Noon on the 25th in his office. Here's that cheque of mine. You can give me the cash in the morning—I've got enough till then. Excuse my rushing off, uncle—I want to get that story in." He waved his hand and vanished. A moment later they heard him ringing furiously at the elevator bell.

Old Sir Henry mopped his forehead with a voluminous handkerchief.

"What do you think of that, Jackson?" he asked, with unwonted feebleness.

"It's our only chance, sir," replied Jackson, with a calm impassivity which earned him the momentary detestation of his chief. "I'll get those specifications out of the safe."

He also went out, with what Sir Henry felt to be a heartless briskness.

The old man sat down and fingered the calendar thoughtfully for some moments. Then, on a sudden impulse, he wrote out a cablegram for New York.

An extremely alive portion of old Sir Henry's soul, long comfortable in regular habits of the body which housed it, contemplated, with bewilderment and some alarm, that body wrapped in the vastest of fur-coats being whirled along the empty London streets at the unholy hour of 5.5 a.m. That soul had no taste for physical adventure, and disliked extremely what it felt to be an imminent possibility of being rendered homeless. It had objected all night long. And it had marvelled at the insanity of another part of itself when old Sir Henry had impulsively escaped from hopeless insomnia by jumping from his bed at 4 a.m. and ringing for his astonished valet. And there he was, the attaché case of precious specifications on his knee, a small suit-case of necessaries next to the driver on the front seat, listening speechlessly to Jimmy's excited chatter, as the car bore him swiftly eastwards to the Transatlantic Aerial Company's starting point at Tilbury. Of course, it was madness—but another part of him, the part that had fought through many a close battle in the past, thought of old Lord Rogerholm reading the wireless bulletin over his breakfast in the state-room on the *Hispania*—and smiled grimly.

At last, with a little inner shock of confronted destiny, he saw the new red-brick gateway inscribed with the staring white entitlement of the Company which his timorous indwelling soul felt assured had been formed by Fate for the sure accomplishment of his doom. A little knot of curious sightseers clustered round a cinematograph man at the entrance. A motor mail-van, preceding them, swung into the gateway.

"We're in good time, uncle—don't worry!" said Jimmy, cheerfully. "That's the mail for New York."

The part of Sir Henry which kept up appearances was constrained to nod and to speak in a normal voice.

"Special postage rate, I suppose?" he heard it say, and was pleased with its casual tone. No one would suspect how his soul abhorred the whole business.

"Rather—half-crown the ounce. But it pays. Think! A plain-message letter of a couple of thousand words—how much would that cost by deferred cable rates? Pounds sterling! These people deliver it for half a crown and very nearly as quickly. Post at midnight in London on the twenty-second—delivered in New York by the evening of the twenty-fifth at the latest. And they are going to do it every day! But, of course, we have got used to the quick transmission of messages. The wonderful thing is to shift human beings across the world at this pace. Think of yourself having dinner with old Whittaker in New York the day after to-morrow! It doesn't seem possible, does it?"

"It doesn't!" agreed the old man, emphatically. He called up the possibility and failed to visualize it. He saw only that waste of deep blue, running, lifting waves he had so often contemplated from the promenade deck of a liner—and thought how cold they would be to fall into.

The car swerved round to the façade of a new building which fronted the river. Other

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motor-cars were drawn up in a bunch by the central doorway.

"Here we are, uncle!" cried the ever-cheerful Jimmy. "The other passengers have got there first—but we're in time."

"How many of them?" queried the old man, with a sudden vision of recklessly overcrowded enthusiasts, all intoxicated with the prospect of immolation in this modern Juggernaut of the air.

"Twenty, normally," said Jimmy. "Fare one hundred pounds each—that makes two thousand per trip, exclusive of the mail contract, for the company. Of course, to-day is a special day—and no one minds what he pays. You got in dirt cheap at a thousand, uncle!"

"Yes, I suppose so," agreed Sir Henry, surrendering himself to complete unveracity. After all, it might be the last money he ever spent, and the extravagance befitted the madness of this end.

Jimmy leaped from the car as it slowed to a standstill and ran to greet a tall, sharp-faced man in a soft hat and tweeds, who was at that moment comparing his watch with the clock on the front of the company's offices.

"All right, Goldingham!" he cried. "We're up to time—it wants five minutes to six. Let me introduce Sir Henry Winthrop." He turned to the burly old figure which followed him heavily in its fur coat. The two men shook hands. "My uncle's tremendously grateful to you for giving up your place, Goldingham—but it's great business, isn't it?" He laughed with youthful excitement. "The gods arranged it for you, my boy." He clapped the manager on the shoulder. "Two millionaires racing for a million!—the *Radio* has head-lined it right across the page. You couldn't have stage-managed such an advert for any money!"

A mighty, deep-toned, reverberating roar, breaking in upon them from somewhere out of sight, prevented further conversation.

"Come along!" shouted Goldingham. "They are starting up!"

At a run he led them past a building on the quay to an open view of the river. Out there, on the grey water, a covey of large seaplanes, with wings folded back, floated on the oily surface like a group of monstrous water-fowl resting after a flight. Beyond them, another, with dark wings outspread to an enormous span, triple-tiered on either side of a boat-like hull, rocked slightly on the petty waves which lapped her. From the blurred discs of her five whirling propellers came the swelling, thrumming roar which had stimulated their haste. Behind their revolutions the water fled in quick, flattened waves streaked with white. In front of her was a dark lane of river, kept clear by swiftly flitting craft, which hooted impudently to the old-fashioned freighters lumbering up and down the stream.

A motor-boat, in a smother of bow-flung spray, was racing out to the seaplane. It swung round and hid under her wing.

"The mails!" cried Goldingham, pointing to it. "Get aboard! Here you are!"

A moment later and they, too, were across the open water in a motor-boat. A bitterly cold wind cut through them.

"Wind north-north-east—north-east five thousand feet up!" shouted Jimmy, with the assurance of a newspaper man imparting knowledge however recently acquired. "The wind always shifts round clockwise every five thousand feet. North-east five thousand feet—east at ten thousand. We shall go the southern route—by the Azores!"

Old Sir Henry nodded speechlessly, his eyes fixed on the enormous machine they were fast approaching. He dared only one short glance up to that threatening sky, and shuddered.

The roar of the engines stopped suddenly. Their cessation seemed to plunge the world into an uncannily profound peace, where the sirens of the passing freighters sounded a diminutive note. As their craft shot under the lee of the wide-stretched, towering wing, they noticed men in small boats busy by the buoys to which the giant seaplane was moored, ready to cast her off for her ambitious flight. She lay patiently awaiting her freedom.

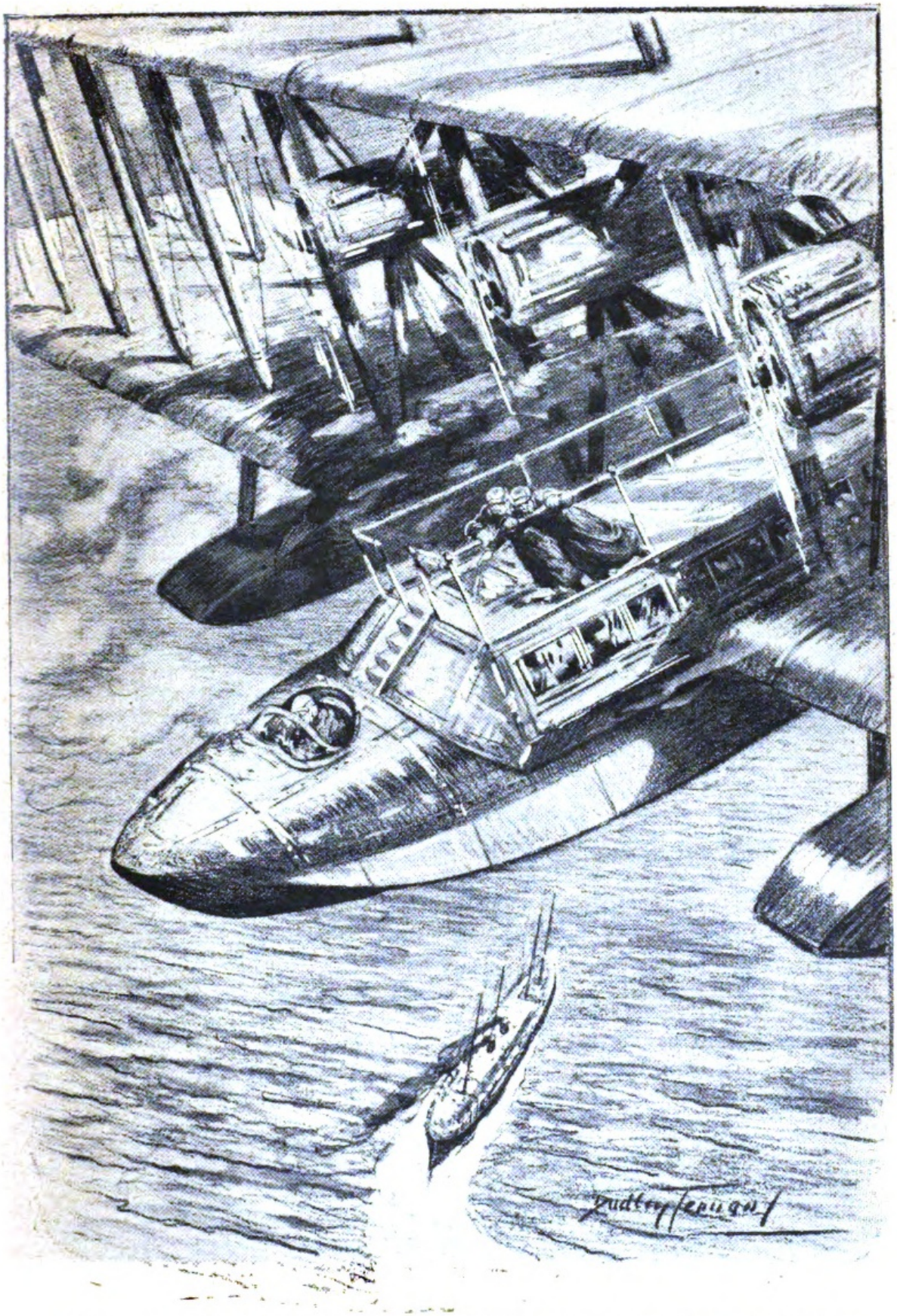
Men's faces appeared over high bulwarks of the graceful, boat-shaped hull, shouting in voices that sounded strange after the deep-toned, ear-filling roar that had so recently ceased. A ladder hung down from an open gap. They swung round to it with a swirling sidewash, clutched at hanging ropes.

Sir Henry felt himself hoisted up, his senses, slow to adjust themselves to the novel circumstances of this adventure, swimming in the bewildering unreality of a dream. He was scarcely conscious of how he arrived upon a small square, grating-floored deck, behind chin-high bulwarks, where he was jostled by the little throng of men overcrowding the limited space. Forward of him the hull was turtle-decked level with his chin, until at the bluntly tapering nose it was broken by another square opening from which a man's head and shoulders protruded in gesticulation and shouts to the attendants at the buoys. A whistle shrilled, was answered as each mooring was cast loose.

There was a second of silence—and then, in one exact synchronization, the quintuple roar started in a sudden shock of overwhelming sound which faltered not in its continuance, but swelled and broadened and deepened in its intensity until the deafened ear failed to follow its development beyond one featureless bellow of colossal power at full effort. Everything shook to its molecular atoms. The bodies of those standing upon that grating-floored deck caught up its vibrations, repeated them in a quiver which jarred the nerves. Sir Henry, staring at a factory-chimney on the shore like a hypnagogist at a *point de repère* in the moment when the engines started, saw that chimney flit suddenly backwards, a panorama of wharves and quays race suddenly past his vision.

Were they aloft? Something sank within him, was lost in a sudden chill. Trembling, he peered over the bulwark at the river. No. With a scutter of spray, inaudible in the all-owning roar of the whirring, invisible propellers

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"'LOOK, UNCLE!' CRIED JIMMY, PULLING HIS BEWILDERED RELATIVE TO THE BULWARK, 'WE'RE UP!'"

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above his head, the seaplane was tearing over the surface of the water, but still in contact with it.

A squat old tramp, blundering stolidly seaward also, shot suddenly past them, stern foremost. They had scarcely time to mark the flutter of hands upon her deck, the wind-torn wisp of white vapour from her steam-pipe. The voices which cheered, the rasp of her siren, were alike inaudible.

"Look, uncle!" cried Jimmy, pulling his bewildered relative to the bulwark. "We're up!"

Sir Henry, clutching tightly at his cap in the terrific blast of wind which smote his head, peered diffidently over the side—was startled to see the river-surface already dropped away below him. An Atlantic transport liner, a forest of fore-shortened derricks on her decks, was gliding rapidly backwards beneath him and apparently dropping with the river as she slid out of sight behind. He glanced at the Kentish hills upon the southern shore and saw them flattened, saw them settle down featureless in a shallow bowl, chart d with squares of dull green and brown, and veined with roads, which had scarce an inequality of elevation. The rim of the bowl seemed to rise as he gazed, and the rim was a strip of sea with tiny dots of ships passing far away beyond the huddled counties at his feet. He clutched at the bulwark, with a sudden shifting of his balance, as the great seaplane lifted on one side, banking for a steady, long-continued turn. The scene below, the river, now only a sinuous ribbon narrowing into the smoke of London, spun rapidly round as he gazed. He found himself staring at a tiny white sail, glinting a reflected ray of sunshine under a towering black cloud, and realized suddenly that he was looking far over the North Sea, though but a moment before he had been trying to pick out the dome of St. Paul's from the murk of the metropolis. The tiny white sail dropped away also, dropped to minuteness, vanished finally on a change of tack. The great seaplane roared upward into a clear sky, leaving behind it the wall of cloud that threw out long grey fingers on a level with it.

The vast surge of sound which beat unceasingly upon his senses isolated him from companionship in its denial of conversation. Sir Henry forgot the fellow-passengers crowded on that restricted deck, forgot his nephew, as, perforce silent, he stared down on to those patchwork depths, dark with woods, bright with young crops on Lilliputian fields, criss-crossed with highways and railroads, which flitted rapidly beneath him. He had scarce time to recognize a feature, to distinguish village from its meadows, ere it was gone. How long he gazed he knew not; he lost all sense of himself in the fascination of the stream of terrestrial objects which seemed at times to link themselves into long, straight lines as they passed underneath. He was awakened from a reverie that knew not its own thought by a tug on the arm. He turned to see Jimmy the sole occupant besides himself of the little deck. His nephew shouted words that were merely a soundless gesticulation, and pointed to an open hatchway in the forward bulwark. A light ladder led down into the interior. He nodded and followed, as delicate in his movements as though on board a yacht whose stability might be affected by rash displacement of his weight.

He found himself at the end of a long, narrow, low-roofed cabin, illumined by broad windows in the walls and roof. Two narrow tables followed the curved line of the cushioned seats along the sides, and at those tables were seated his fellow-passengers, absorbed in the consumption of coffee and ham-and-eggs. An agile young steward moved nimbly up and down the gangway between the tables in satisfaction of their wants.

It was pleasantly warm in here, markedly so by comparison with the numbing cold which had chilled him to the bone when on deck. The smell of breakfast reminded him that he was ravenously hungry. He followed Jimmy to a seat at one of the tables. The young steward bustled up to him, proffering him an instrument which resembled the head-piece of a telephone-girl. He glanced around him in sudden observation of the fact that Jimmy and all his fellow-passengers, including the steward, were wearing a similar article. He fumbled at it with frozen fingers. The steward, smiling and uttering words completely inaudible in the roar of the engines, adjusted it for him. Instantly that deafening, oppressive roar receded into a faint background. The steward, bending forward, spoke at his chest, instead of to his ear.

"Tea or coffee, sir?" The phrase was absurdly normal in pitch and purport. He might have been in a cross-Channel steamer instead of—— Sir Henry faltered at the imagination of his present whereabouts. But he chose coffee, so adaptable is the soul of man.

Jimmy was in high excitement, and his flow of conversation was only interrupted by his mouthfuls of food.

"Topping in here, isn't it?" he said, speaking at his uncle's chest. "Electrically heated, of course. Patent stuff on the walls. That man at the end there—the one with the pointed beard—is the boss of the whole concern. Keen as mustard. He's been showing me round. Like a ship, almost. Pilot right up forward in the nose. Another one taking turn in reliefs. Both chaps who did wonderful things in the war—stunt flyers. All the pilots are old Service men, either British or American—no foreigners need apply! Wireless operator—I've sent off a message to the *Evening Radio* already. They're following us hour by hour. I arranged that they should print a chart of the *Hispania's* course, showing where old Rogerholm is at each point, so that the public can follow the race. He's just about heard that you have started uncle—I'd give something to see his face!"

Old Sir Henry chuckled, thoroughly at ease in his surroundings. He forgot that he was thousands of feet high in the air, so yacht-like was this narrow cabin. A slightly-marked lengthily prolonged rise and fall, as of gliding over a long, slow swell, helped the illusion.

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"At this rate we shall be there well in front of time," continued Jimmy. "We're about six thousand feet up"—his uncle shuddered suddenly—"and we've got a thirty-mile wind behind us. They've got instruments, you know, which tell you everything—wonderful! We do one hundred miles an hour ourselves; so that makes one hundred and thirty. And we're going on a dead straight skyway for the Azores—rather under two thousand five hundred miles from our starting-point."

Sir Henry uttered an ineffectual remark at his nephew's ear; then, suddenly remembering the novel auditory conditions, spoke at the receiver on his chest.

"How do they find their way—compass?" he asked. He felt that he was being splendidly normal for an old man who detested any speed over twenty m.p.h. in a motor-car.

"Compass and observation in clear weather. Then the company has fixed up with all the Lloyd's stations near the route to send out wireless waves in a sort of cone—too complicated to explain, but they've got an instrument which records the distance and bearing of the origin of those waves. Sort of thing that was used in the war—secret then—very ingenious. Tell where you are even in a fog. With compass alone you can't tell easily how much drift you are making if you get in a cross air-current. But they've got another instrument which registers any movement of the wing-tips which is out of the straight-ahead—and that helps to keep one on the track."

Sir Henry looked with curiosity at his fellow-adventurers, who had now finished their breakfast and were whiling away the time according to their temperaments. One or two left their seats and well wrapped in thick coats, ascended the ladder to the little deck. Five others grouped together were coolly playing poker, but the acousticon, which transmitted only near sounds, left their voices inaudible. Intent upon their game, they seemed like dumb men expert in lip-reading. Sir Henry diagnosed them as American business men. A tall, thin individual, with one eye glazed by an immutable monocle, who perused long type-written documents with a certain aristocratic aloofness, he set down as a British Foreign Office messenger. Jimmy was busy scrawling down another instalment of his "story" for the wireless operator. The steward flitted to and fro, clearing the dishes from the tables into a diminutive pantry, smaller even than that of a railway dining-car, amidships. An equally diminutive kitchen, with an electric cooking-range, balanced it on the other side.

The steward had already long been busy with his preparations for lunch in the little kitchen, when Jimmy reappeared. Sir Henry had not noticed his departure, or had forgotten it.

"Come on deck, uncle!" said the young man. "You are missing everything down here. We've just passed a naval airship patrolling the mouth of the Channel."

"Where are we?" asked his uncle, glancing at his watch. It marked ten o'clock.

"Two hundred miles out in the Atlantic. We dropped the last glimpse of old England about an hour ago."

Sir Henry rose stiffly from his comfortable seat, and clambered up the ladder to the little deck. Bright sunshine bathed him, but, after the heated cabin, it was piercingly cold. Overhead, above the great dark wings which barred it broadly, the sky was a glorious blue of infinite translucency. Below him his gaze was arrested by a far-stretching landscape of white cloud, Arctic in its whiteness and emptiness, unreal in its rounded, ever-changing contours of heaped and riven vapour that appeared solid enough to walk upon. A mass of it rose like a mountain before them, a mountain of dark chasms and white surfaces that reflected the sun with the dazzling brilliance of snow. Instinctively he expected the seaplane to rise for clearance. With a little qualm of unreasoning apprehension, he saw it drive straight onwards. It passed into the wall with an eerie suggestion of the ghostly in themselves. Upon the instant they were in thick grey fog that wreathed over the nose of the nacelle for the brief moment ere it was flying in long, torn strips behind the propellers. Moisture, congealed upon the planes, came dashing into their faces like violent rain. Despite the roar of the engines, heard diminished through the acousticons, they seemed suddenly stayed in immobility, so changeless was the enveloping blanket of fog. Another instant and, as if a magician had worked a miracle of transformation, they were out again in blue sky and yellow sunshine in which the last fog-moisture flew back from the planes like flashing jewels.

Far below, very far, infinitely lower it seemed than that cloud-floor at which he had so lately gazed, Sir Henry looked down at a deep blue sea scintillating from a myriad wave-tops. A shoal of long, dark fish manœuvred in it. He drew his nephew's attention to them.

"What are they?" he asked. "Not sharks?"

Jimmy laughed, with the uncanny noiselessness of everything not in close proximity.

"No," he replied. "A squadron of submarines at practice!"

For a long time the unchanging prospect of that infinitely extended ocean, flashing far and wide in tiny points of glitter over its sunlit blue, dotted with absurdly small and apparently immobile ships that seemed lost upon it, the sense of almost godlike superiority as they roared through high blue air above it, held them fascinated.

Someone tapped Sir Henry on the back. It was the man with the pointed beard—the man whom Jimmy had described as the "boss of the whole concern." He proffered a piece of paper.

"Stock Exchange opening prices!" he said, and smiled. "Thought you'd like to see them!"

Sir Henry felt himself bewildered at this fantastic normality as he took the wireless message and read off the prices of the market leaders. He felt, subtly, that this matter-of-fact radiogram somehow established what had been a wonderful adventure as an every-day component of the scheme of things. To-morrow, at this hour of

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"SIR HENRY LOOKED WITH CURIOSITY AT HIS FELLOW-ADVENTURERS, WHO HAD NOW FINISHED THEIR BREAKFASTS AND WERE WHILING AWAY THE TIME ACCORDING TO THEIR TEMPERAMENTS."

11.15 a.m., another giant seaplane would be roaring over this wide ocean and its passengers also would be reading the mutations of their wealth in far-off London—to-morrow—and morrow after morrow—until—— What would be man's next stage in the conquest of space?

So they drove onward, while the passengers descended to the cabin for a lunch which resembled breakfast in its ship-like service. And after lunch the poker party re-assembled and the tall gentleman with the monocle read more typewritten documents. Jimmy wrote another instalment of their Odyssey, and Sir Henry conversed with the man who was the directing brain of the new enterprise and forgot all but his immediate environment in the talk.

"Of course it pays," said the man with the pointed beard. "When you travel by liner you are paying for hotel accommodation—here you pay for swift transport with the necessary meal

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thrown in. With mails and passengers and special lightweight valuable freights, running one machine per day each way, we ought to make a gross income of nearly two millions sterling a year—a full complement of passengers alone would give us nearly a million and a half. We start with a fleet of twenty seaplanes which cost us, roughly, four hundred thousand, offices and general installation, say another hundred thousand—we've got to earn fifty thousand to give us ten per cent. on that, thirty thousand to pay forty pilots a living wage, fifty thousand to pay other wages and salaries, two hundred thousand for running expenses and repairs, four hundred thousand to renew our fleet completely every year. That's—let me see——" he performed a sum in mental arithmetic, "seven hundred and thirty thousand sterling—and until rival fleets start competition and force down the fares we can earn at least a million and a half. There are certainly forty people every day in Europe and the United States who will find it profitable to pay double liner rates in order to do the voyage in less than half the time. We cater for rich men in a hurry, like yourself."

The Wall Street opening prices were brought in by the steward as they talked. The clock on the cabin-wall marked 3.10, London time. Tea was served while the two men were still exploring the infinite possibilities of the future. The wonderful day passed like a dream to Sir Henry. He forgot all about Lord Rogerholm plodding along in the liner they had already out-distanced.

Dinner drew him from another half-hour of contemplation from the little square deck thousands of feet above the monotonous expanse of sea where the tiny ships wallowed in thread-like white foam. The sun was still high in the heaven, remarkably so for the hour. He drew Jimmy's attention to it.

"We're doing our best to keep up with the old fellow, uncle!" said the young man. "One hundred and thirty miles an hour against his six hundred and fifty—we'll beat him one day!"

It had not set even when they emerged on the deck after a leisurely dinner. But the unchanging ocean below offered no novel spectacle of interest, and they gladly exchanged the bitter cold outside for the comfortable cabin.

At ten o'clock the steward pulled out ingeniously folding bunks in a double tier along the two walls of the cabin, and at eleven Sir Henry found himself, with a somnolent astonishment at his sense of security, dropping off to sleep in a comfortable bed, which it was impossible to realize as being at least five thousand feet in the air. The vibration of the structure, the gentle rise and fall more apparent in this horizontal position, lulled him off with a half-dream of being in a seagoing ship, with calmly-pacing officers watching over his safety from a bridge scudded over with flying spray.

It seemed that he had scarcely closed his eyes when the steward roused him with a touch on the shoulder, woke him to see the cabin in a blaze of electric light.

"Change 'planes in twenty minutes, sir," he said. "Azores in sight."

He passed from one to another of the sleeping passengers with the routine air of a conductor on a railway sleeping-car.

Sir Henry looked at his watch. It marked 1.40. Jimmy, tumbling out from the underneath bunk, tousled his hair and yawned.

"Four hours in front of time, uncle!" he said. "Come along and let us have a look outside."

Muffled up in their big coats to face the intense cold, they climbed up to the little deck. Overhead, the great planes blotted out dark parallelograms from the infinite multitude of strangely vivid stars powdered over the blue-black sky. Far away in front of them, and immensely below, a searchlight waved a tiny finger to and fro across the blackness. It grew larger and larger as they watched it.

"Horta on Fayol Island in the Azores," said Jimmy, always primed with information. "The only safe anchorage in the islands. You know them? Lofty volcanic mountains sheer from the water's edge. Of course, we sha'n't see anything to-night."

The searchlight was now a broad, long beam that seemed to feel among the stars. Suddenly a spark of fire flew in a thin line of flame from the dark nose forward of the shadowed planes—burst far behind them in a coruscation of brilliant light. Another and another followed. From the vicinity of the pin-point base of the searchlight, far below and in front of them, other rockets, diminutive like low, soaring stars, answered them. The searchlight waved, felt towards them. After a few more minutes of unabated rushing progress towards it, the beam glinted white on the polished undersides of the nose, silhouetted every strut and stay of the broad planes against a milky radiance.

Two other searchlights shot out of the black night below, pointed their fingers horizontally at an angle together. Another rocket sped from the seaplane in recognition. There was a sudden complete silence. The engines had been shut off. Sir Henry closed his eyes dizzily at an unexpected alteration in the angle of the deck, felt himself gliding downward—downward—downward as though they would never stop.

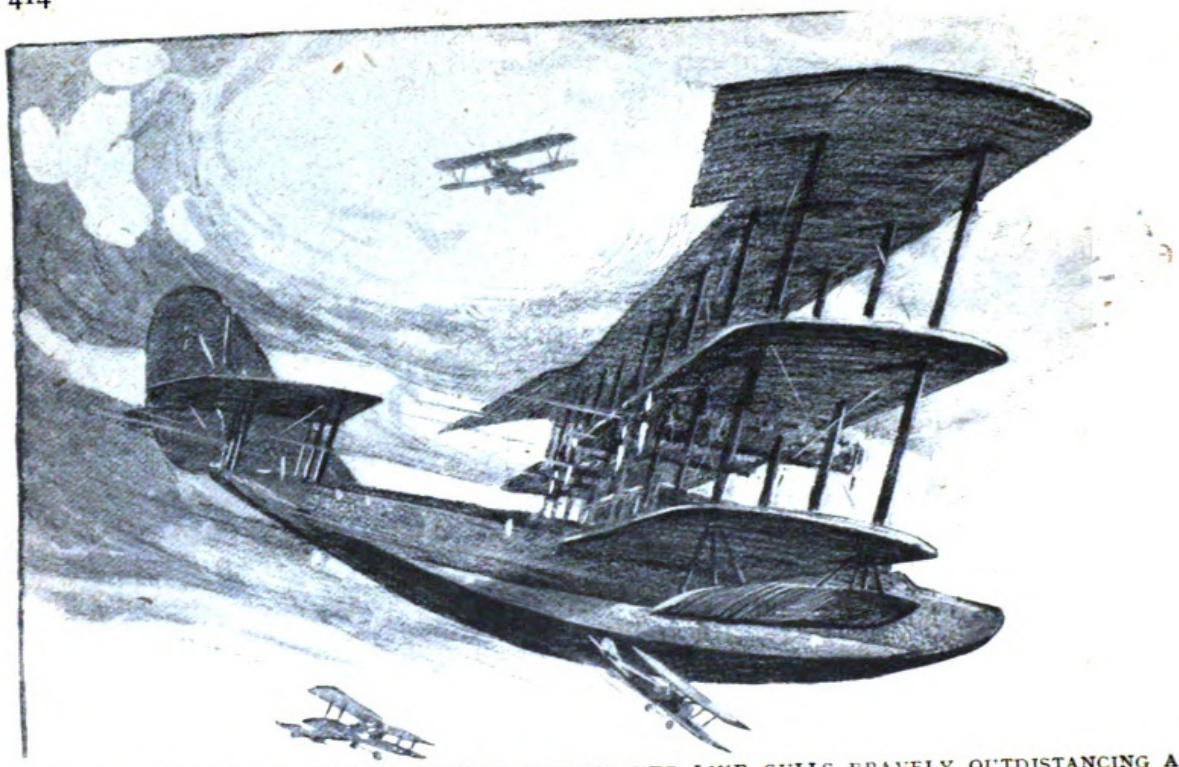
In the interval of a brief recovery to a level keel he glanced over the bulwark. The converging searchlights were now very close beneath, startlingly broad and white. They overlay darkness which he guessed to be water, pointing to a mooring. The deck tilted again. The machine swung round giddily in a great sweep of its wings.

A moment later flying spray struck him in the face. He heard the splash of waves, fast and furious at first, slowing to an ever more languid beat, until they merely lapped and sucked at the motionless floats. The searchlights converged dazzlingly upon them, bathing them in intense light. From beyond it came shouts and the throbbing of motor-boats.

One of the searchlights swung round and illumined, with ghostly radiance, another seaplane poised upon the surface of the dark water.

There was an interlude of bustle, of scrambling

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"A SQUADRON OF AEROPLANES CIRCLED AROUND HER LIKE GULLS BRAVELY OUTDISTANCING A TORPEDO-BOAT. 'NEW YORK!' SHOUTED JIMMY, POINTING TO A LONG CLUMP OF TALL BUILDINGS UPON THE HORIZON."

down a precarious ladder into a motor-boat, of shouts and orders as the mail-bags were transferred, of a scurry across the black bosom of a harbour whose shores could only be deduced from dark pinnacles occulting the powdered stars, and then Sir Henry found himself in a lighted cabin, where a stolid steward showed him to a bunk which was the counterpart of the one he had left. He hesitated a moment, then philosophically turned in. After all, he was still tired, and a man at his time of life could not afford to miss sleep when it offered itself. He dozed through a stampede of trampling feet which shook the sensitive craft, but he did not hear the roar of the engines as they bore him off on the second stage of his flight.

He awoke to bright sunlight flooding in through the top window. The steward was piloting the passengers, in due turn, to a tiny lavatory. He found himself sharing it with the director.

"No hotel accommodation, Sir Henry!" laughed the man with the pointed beard. "Quick transit is all we offer. But you'll find hot water for shaving."

And Sir Henry shaved, undisturbed by any realization of the fact that he was thousands of feet high in the air. The suggestion of the miniature accommodation of a yacht was strong upon his mind yet unadjusted to this new day. Only when he had finished did the full perception of his whereabouts flood into him, with a "Bless my soul!" of wonderment at himself.

The second day was a replica of the first. Meals in the warm cabin, interludes of ocean-gazing from [illegible] little deck [illegible]ite the cold. So precisely similar were the seaplanes that he scarcely remembered the transhipment during the night.

Jimmy was, of course, full of information.

"This is the long stretch, uncle," he said, at dinner that evening. "Rather more than two thousand seven hundred miles. And we've got a rotten sou'-wester against us—haven't done more than a steady seventy-five an hour all day. We left Horta at two-thirty, London time, of the twenty-fourth—say thirty-seven hours—we ought to get in by eleven o'clock, New York time, on the morning of the twenty-fifth. You'll just keep your appointment, uncle! I hope they're wirelessing our run to the *Hispania*. Rogerholm must be meditating suicide!"

Sir Henry laughed, thoroughly at home in his surroundings, and accepted the steward's offer of a second helping of the soufflé. After dinner he formed one of a four at bridge, and composedly won money until bedtime. He slept without a dream.

He awoke, with the *blasé* indifference of the liner-passenger, to the same monotony of blue sky around and blue sea far below. The engines continued their unwearied roar, the great dark planes above him barred the heaven steadily and ever steadily. The steward summoned the passengers to breakfast and then to lunch.

"One o'clock, Jimmy!" said Sir Henry, glancing at his watch. "One o'clock of the twenty-fifth. My appointment!"

Jimmy laughed.

"One o'clock London time—nine a.m. New York time. You've got three hours, uncle, and you'll have two lunches to-day! Didn't

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you notice that the sun was not up at breakfast-time? Look at it now!"

The sun was indeed still only half-way up on its eastern climb to its meridian, had not nearly reached it when they emerged again after lunch.

Grouped on the little square deck, the passengers eagerly scanned the western horizon for the first glimpse of the shore-line of America.

"There it is!" cried someone, putting down his binoculars. "Look! And, by Jove, they're coming to meet us!"

A squadron of aeroplanes dotted the distant sky like a flight of birds, grew rapidly larger. They approached in a few minutes of swiftly converging flight, revealed themselves as fast scouting machines of the United States Air Force. Diminutive by comparison with the great span of the steadily onrushing trans-atlantic monster, they circled around her like gulls bravely outdistancing a torpedo-boat, handkerchiefs waving from their tiny cockpits.

"New York!" shouted Jimmy, pointing to a long clump of evidently tall buildings which just serrated the mist over a big city grey and white upon the horizon. "Three o'clock—eleven o'clock New York time!"

Old Sir Henry gazed at the rapidly nearing coast, picking out its familiar features charted so unfamiliarly in a flat prospect. Sandy Hook threw out a long, light-coloured finger into the dark expanse of New York Bay, pointing towards The Narrows and the city. The wind-ruffled surface of the bay was thronged with shipping. The four funnels of a great Atlantic liner gleamed yellow in the sun, as, a leviathan among minnows, she made her way proudly into her appointed port.

"The *Leontic!*" said Jimmy. "She left three days ahead of the *Hispania!*"

The gaint seaplane shut off her engines suddenly and swooped downwards in a long circling dive.

At five minutes to noon, New York time, Sir Henry Winthrop shot up in a distressingly fast elevator to Robert Whittaker's private office. On his face was the after-dinner smile of the tiger; he felt Rogerholm was, metaphorically, inside him—swallowed up. He wondered whether he was halfway across the Atlantic yet.



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The Beckoning Finger.

By L. J. BEESTON.

Illustrated by Kay Edmunds.

HALF-STUNNED by the splendour of this thing, half-dazed by this shock of happiness which resembled a burst of steaming tropic heat into a polar night, which was already soaking into his chilled bones, sucking up his wretchedness like a miasmic fog, wrapping him in an ecstatic, a delicious warm caress, Truslove gripped the arms of the leather-padded chair and listened to the lawyer telling him of the thousands of pounds bequeathed to him.

Thousands of pounds!

He kept saying "Yes," and "I see," and "I perfectly understand," to the solicitor's observations and advice; but he understood very little, really, and did not try to exert his intellect, nor to swim in a sea of figures and legal waters. This might be the place, but he felt that it was not the time. And, indeed, he was incapable of the effort, for this transition from the sordid to the splendid, from years of want to a golden plenty, worked in his brain like the heady fumes of wine, and a sob kept floating up from his heart as a bubble from a still depth.

Thousands of pounds!

With intense deliberation the lawyer had read the will to him: Edward Ingars' last will and testament. Was it possible? Was it credible? Why, when he saw Edward Ingars for the last time, he—Truslove—had shaken a clenched fist in the other's face, had almost dashed it into that pale and sneering face. In hate had they parted, in a cold hate finishing that storm of fury between them, engendered by a business deal with ha'-pence on the one side and kicks on the other. Since that long-time-ago it appeared that Ingars had accumulated money. That held no amazement for Truslove, who had discovered the razor-edge of Ingars' lust for riches, who had cut himself upon that edge. But what did amaze him, what stupefied him, was this legacy from one who never forgave, who was pitiless in his wrath as a tiger, voracious in his greed as a shark.

And he had left him everything he had! No—not quite everything. Truslove had heard the lawyer speak of some trifling bequest in another direction. He roused himself to have this recapitulated.

"A small casket," answered the other with professional urbanity. "Just a box of some rare Japanese wood, inlaid with ivory. Mr. Louis Grennill—the late Mr. Ingars' friend of some years' standing—had expressed admiration for the trinket, being a collector—and exhibitor, I believe—of Eastern carved ivories. Just a souvenir of their mutual esteem."

Truslove nodded absently. "He might have left him a good deal more than that," he murmured.

To this reflection the other replied by a discreet and unsentimental silence.

Truslove cast his eyes down and caught sight of his boots. Heavens, how shabby they were! One might have said they were in a state of decay. Furtively, he edged his feet under cover of the big desk. He essayed, with a feeling that he ought to get it off his chest:—

"I don't know if you are aware that Ingars and I parted, years back, on the worst possible terms."

"Indeed?" The legal brows attempted the crescent form.

"He hated me like poison."

"Come, Mr. Truslove, you must not say that—now."

"So that you see this piece of news has sort of knocked me on the throat."

"I can understand that, indeed."

"Yes," said Truslove, getting up and reaching for his hat. Flushing, he noticed that its nap had departed, was spread about the earth somewhere, in innumerable particles. "What do I do now?" he demanded.

"Come and see me, at this hour, the day after to-morrow, if you will be so good. I shall then be quite ready to go deeper into this pleasant business with you. I need not say that I am happy to have found you, my dear sir. It took me nearly three months. We have both excellent reason to congratulate ourselves on the success of that lucky newspaper advertisement.

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In the meantime—er—as a little ready cash—hum!—may be of service to you pending these formalities, I beg that you will—er, hum!—draw upon me for your immediate needs."

Truslove accepted twenty pounds and a cordial handshake.

Not until he found himself on one of the public benches in Lincoln's Inn Fields did he awake to complete realization of his surroundings, to a perfect grip of his ideas. Mechanically his feet had turned towards this green oasis, where quiet was. He needed to rest awhile; to sit down and be still; to bask in this golden radiance of fortune; to gloat. Yes, that was it: to gloat and do nothing else.

From the very mire and sweat of poverty, from a one-room existence in a sordid street, from the nip of cold winds and the soak of the rains, from the pinch of hunger, from the killing uncertainty of every to-morrow—to This! Yesterday he was a slave; to-day—a king.

Waves of exaltation kept lifting him into mysterious heights; he wanted to laugh, to break loose into some wild, vociferous state of feeling. He regarded with a bold, almost insolent, expression the people who passed his seat, and who were of the crowd, the masses; for he felt himself raised above this sheep-like swarm. He sat on a throne; his seat was in the sun.

There kept surging through him the ecstasies of a boy who sits by a big fire on a winter eve and reads the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; who fixes his shining eyes on wonderful stories of Calendars—First, Second, and Third; who descends, with princesses glimmering in silks and diamonds, into vaults where burn mysterious fires, and odoriferous essences swim like summer hazes round hanging lamps of silver. And he *was* a boy again; a child in possession of a magnificent toy who shrieks with pure delight, who longs to run and tell everyone what he has got. But, not yet! Just for the minute, for the hour, for the rest of that day and night, perhaps, he wanted only to think of what he could do, to brood and gloat over this mighty change.

A nurse-maid with two tiny children approached his seat, cast a glance at him, and continued down the path to the next, evidently not relishing his needy appearance. Idiot! Had she but known! An hour or two ago this avoidance would have hurt him; now it sent a chuckle to his lips.

A pang of hunger made itself felt. He had twenty pounds in his pocket. An instant vision of a big juicy steak with a bottle of wine floated into the field of mental vision. Ah, not yet!

He stuck his hands into his trouser pockets; he hugged himself at the prospect of first-class food served in a first-class way, which was coming, which would remain with him for the rest of his life; deliberately he restrained himself; he revelled in a delicious contemplation.

And he owed everything to Ingars. That was the queerest fact in his experience. Only one explanation was possible: Ingars had changed; had developed compassion; had closed his life by an act of pity extraordinary. Or, perhaps, he (Truslove) had wronged Ingars in his estimation of his character; perhaps below an uncharming, sunless surface of disposition the other had concealed a heart of sterling worth.

"It must be so," reflected Truslove. "I have heard and read of men being like that. But who would have dreamed it? Certainly not I. I thought him malicious, revengeful, a snake in the grass. I was amazingly mistaken."

Dusk was creeping through the gardens; a chill wind commenced to whistle through the evergreens; drops of rain began to fall.

Truslove got up, then, stiff with the cold. He walked to Old Compton Street, and he had his big juicy steak, with two portions of syrup roll, and a bottle of claret. He put his first sovereign upon the table for payment to be extracted from it. His first. Even from that there was a goodly pile of silver as change. And there were thousands of others to come. Oh, glory!

He had the best cigar the place boasted of. That is not saying a great deal. He leaned back and watched the smoke-rings float and break. Never was tobacco so delicious. He thought of opium fumes inhaled by the degenerate, which give them new senses for old, so he had heard; which make the unreal a golden substance, which transmute the squalid into streets of gold with gates of jasper and iridescent opal, which call long-dead hopes out from their graves and make them resplendent and eternal presences. Well, it seemed to him that he was getting all that from a sixpenny cigar.

And suddenly he remembered Ingars' friend, Louis Grennill, who had to be satisfied with an antique Japanese box inlaid with ivory. That did not seem much. It seemed devilish little. Why had Ingars left his friend only a bauble like that? Truly Edward Ingars had acted with eccentricity in disposing of his treasures. Doubtless Louis Grennill felt a trifle sore about it.

"Bah!" chuckled Truslove, getting up, "that is *his* trouble. Trouble? I have done with the word."

When he quitted the restaurant the rain was pelting down smartly. For a moment he paused in indecision, watching the perturbed puddles in the roadway.

"I know," said he, with a sharp snap of finger and thumb. "I'll treat myself to an outside view of part of my property—the house in Brackinton Street; number twenty-two."

This property had been touched upon in the interview with the solicitor. It was situated between Bedford Square and New Oxford Street, and Truslove could take in that region on his way home to Maple Street, at the north end of the Tottenham Court Road.

He knew Brackinton Street, which abutted on a square at one end, and which contained four-storey houses of freestone, with big fanlights over their wide mahogany doors. Number twenty-two was at the square corner, he found. It was a very solid, ample, comfortable-seeming residence, with a wrought-iron balcony, a highly-polished brass handrail up the front steps, linen blinds drawn over the tall windows.

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"AS THE MATCH FLARED HE SOUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIS VISITOR, AND SAW A TALL AND RATHER STOOPING FIGURE, WITH THE FACE OF A SCHOLAR."

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Truslove stood on the opposite side of the street and permitted his eyes to feast their fill.

"Mine! Mine!"

He rubbed his hands, which were red with the cold, wet with the rain. For a time he had owned, by paying five shillings a week, that terrible back room in Maple Street, which insulted his eyes whenever he entered it. To-day this fine structure called him lord. He might live in it himself, fill it with the choicest woods and silver and crystal.

Truslove laughed deep down in his throat and continued his route northward. He had made up his mind to go back to his single room—just for this one remaining night. Contrast! He was going to fill himself with appreciation of it, and what it meant. Deliberately he was going to remain in the shadow for another night and look across at the blaze of sun into which he would step to-morrow. He would hear the family below him—those five who drank like fishes—quarrel as they nearly always did. He would hear, in the street, the melancholy cry of the hot-potato salesman calling the merits of his baked tubers—"All hot and floury!" And then, with a dying cadence—"All hot—hot!" He would lie in bed and watch the light from the street lamp opposite glimmer on his shockingly-grimed ceiling. He would fall asleep in that room, in that den; and when he awoke—ah, then, what a delicious shock of realization would whip the red blood through his veins! If there were a suspicion of a touch of morbidness in this gloating he repressed it. The situation fascinated him through and through.

He reached the house in Maple Street, let himself in and climbed the many flights of stairs. It was then almost quite dark. The instant he turned the handle of his door instinct told him that someone was in the room. He paused, staring into the gloomy interior.

"Is that Mr. Truslove?" called a well-bred, kindly voice.

When he heard this voice, which was quite strange to him, for some mysterious and inexplicable reason Truslove had a sensation of something dragging at his heart.

"Yes," he answered, irritated at finding a stranger admitted to his room. "Who is it?"

"One who asks pardon for infringing the privacy of your apartment," the voice hastened to add. "My name is Grennill—Louis Grennill. I called three times at the house, but you were not in. Your landlady took pity on me, said you would be sure to arrive soon, and showed me into this room, rightly or wrongly. I beg you will pardon my intrusion, Mr. Truslove."

For a moment or two Truslove remained motionless and unresponsive, a deep frown entrenching his forehead.

"I'll light the lamp," he said, abruptly.

As the match flared he sought a glimpse of his visitor, and saw a tall and rather stooping figure, with the face of a scholar, with grave eyes not altogether devoid of a shrewd sense of humour. Truslove forced himself to light the lamp very slowly. He was agitated without quite knowing why. He placed one of his two chairs for the visitor, and he himself remained standing. He said, apologetically:—

"Excuse these surroundings, which are somewhat less than humble. Frankly, I never receive guests here. May I ask how you obtained my address?"

"I am anxious to explain that. Yesterday I saw your solicitor, who told me he had an appointment to-day with you. He was good enough to furnish me with your address. You criticize it with a strong disfavour? But this lowly environment is already part of a past which compares badly indeed with your more fortunate present."

"Yes," said Truslove, absently. "That, of course, is so." He was conscious of being a trifle short-breathed. Why should this man call upon him?

The visitor crossed his knees and laid a delicate white hand upon the table. He went on, gravely, courteously:—

"Mr. Truslove, I have come on somewhat unusual business. I must first confess that it was this business which caused my visit to your solicitor, but at the last moment I repressed it on impulse. It seemed to me that, after all, I should act with fairness by calling upon you first. This business concerns the will of my deceased friend, Mr. Ingars."

No word escaped from Truslove's lips. Instead, a burning rush of blood streamed over his face. Instinctively he clenched his fists, and a blaze of light swept across his eyes. What! had this man come to deprive him of his immeasurable happiness? Were his envious fingers reached out to snatch from his lips his cup of perfect joy? No! By heaven and hell, he would strangle him first!

The shock of frenzied rage tore like a tempest through his brain. It passed to some extent, and Truslove steadied himself.

"Well," said he, thickly, "you have seen it?"

"Certainly. I congratulate you. I have no quarrel with my dead friend's last wishes. I am not so foolish. I have seen too much—and you also, doubtless—of misery set up by strife over legacies to wish to add to it."

He paused upon the expression of sympathy. "That document contains no word to hurt me," he continued, sadly. "There is no opportunity for quibble so far as *that* document is concerned; but I cannot help suspecting that it may have been superseded by another. On the other hand, I may be quite wrong. As you know, my friend Ingars did not absolutely forget me in his bequest. He left me a small casket of choice Eastern workmanship. Here it is." The speaker drew it from the capacious side pocket of his waterproof. "It is charming of its kind. Quite recently I examined it carefully—as Ingars knew perfectly well I should. I discovered that it has a double bottom—the second released by a minute spring on this side—so. But that was not all. There is an enclosure in the hidden receptacle—this enclosure, as you see: a stout envelope containing some paper. I thought it best to open it in the presence of the solicitor, to whom I went; but on learning that you had

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been found I kept silent, as I stated. And now you know as much as I do, Mr. Truslove. It remains to be seen if the same inference will suggest itself to you."

Truslove took the enclosure held out to him. He saw a thick, sealed envelope, bearing the words, "To my friend Louis Grennill." In a corner, heavily under-scored, was the word "Important."

In a dazed, dumb fashion Truslove turned it over and over. His eyes, which burned as with fever, regarded the massive and unbroken seal bearing the initials "E. I." He pressed the envelope between his fingers and noted that it held a thick paper of some sort. He knew absolutely what that paper was. It was *the* last will and testament of the man who had hated him, who had played this savage, this fiendish trick upon him. It was just the kind of thing Ingars would have done. He had reached up an arm out of his grave and struck Truslove this foul and mortal blow.

Truslove returned the packet, sat down and pressed a hand to his forehead. He had the sensations of a wrecked sailor in a drifting boat, at whose vitals thirst and hunger gnaw, who sees a ship pass after apparently seeing his signals of distress. He felt as a condemned felon who dreams that he is pardoned and freed, and who wakes at a terrible touch upon his shoulder, and sees the ghastly-breaking dawn and the beckoning finger of horror.

"Courage!" he heard Grennill's voice exhorting. "We may be quite wrong in our inference—for I see that the same idea has occurred to you. And it was bound to come to both of us. I was aware of the bad terms existing between you and Edward, and his will astonished me. But we are not yet certain that he has done you a very grievous wrong. For one thing, if we have to deal with a later will, it must be one bearing the needful signatures of witnesses. We have not heard from them. They have not come forward, though it is possible that they were persons in some humble condition of life who did not realize the importance of the matter. Courage, I say! And do not hate me—yet. You see, I was bound to produce this packet addressed to myself. Who would have done otherwise? Who, in my position, would have destroyed it? Yet it may hold a document quite other than what we are thinking about."

"Bah! What do I care?" burst out Truslove, looking round with a face white as milk. "Open it, and be hanged to the whole dirty, rotten business!"

"Tut, tut! You shout, but you are not yet hurt. However, I agree that it may be best to get it over and settled. Though the situation may benefit me, yet it is one which I find far



"HE SPRA[NG] HIS CHAIR BACK. "YOU INFERNAL VILLAIN!

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from pleasing. Open the packet yourself; I prefer you so to do."

Truslove, whose heart was quaking with agitation, made a gesture of dissent.

"Pray investigate the contents yourself," insisted his interlocutor, warmly. "I have no wish to crow over you. I assure you I find my position the reverse of comfortable."

Truslove snatched at the stout envelope and tore off one end with a savage jerk. He pressed in the sides of the wrapper, making it gape, and he peered into that small interior as he might have looked into his own grave. He said, huskily:—

"I think it is a will form."

"That is my impression. It has all the appearance and the fibre of such a parchment. Yet before you draw it out I should like to say one word."

Truslove rolled haggard eyes upon the speaker.

"It is this," continued Grennill. "I have little doubt that we have to do with Edward Ingars' latest will. Against that supposition put this: it may not be a will at all. But we will assume that it is. In that case it almost certainly annuls the former will—would be written with that spiteful intent. On the other hand it may not give me all, but may be making me a co-sharer with you. Let us weigh these hypotheses in our minds. We cannot know for certain unless we read. You may be crushed; I may be disappointed. But is it necessary? Why not come to some arrangement? You regard this mysterious communication with something like hate in your eyes. I myself am not in love with it, for it may not deepen my esteem for my friend. Suppose we destroy it, therefore? One must not destroy a will, but then we know not that it *is* a will. Suppose we burn it here, in this room, unread?"

Like a flash Truslove understood the terms of the gamble. He was thrilled by it to the soul. He leaned towards Louis Grennill, gripping the table's edge in a convulsive clutch.

"Done!" he rapped out, and it was more like a snarl than a word.

The other nodded pleasantly. "You understand me, I perceive. So much the better. I am genuinely pleased."



HE ROARED. GRENNILL LEAPED UP ALSO, ABRUPTLY, BLOODLESS.

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"How can we arrange it?" demanded Truslove, hoarsely. "I foresee difficulties."

"Surely not. I agree that it is no matter to submit to legal machinery. And of course the thing must be executed now, for that document must not be carried about by either of us, making an intolerable situation for the other. We must necessarily have recourse to methods of simplicity. I will accept your I O U, which, later on, can be converted into a more complete written obligation. And we will turn this mysterious communication into harmless carbon on the spot."

"Done!" cried Truslove again.

He grabbed pen and paper. "We must agree upon a figure," he muttered, abstractedly. "What——?"

"I beg to leave all that to you," was the courteous response. "You know more than I the value of the property. If your decision is a reasonable one I accept it unreservedly."

Truslove leaned over the paper. What ought he to put down?

In spite of his relief he was seized by a twinge of regret that hurt. How many thousands was he about to sign away? For it had to be thousands, of course. It was hard—hard; but better half a loaf than no——

As he raised his eyes swiftly, involuntarily, to the other's face he was startled to see an astonishing change there.

Grennill was leaning forward, his left hand gripping his chin, and his eyes, fixed intently upon the blank sheet in front of Truslove, were a-glare with a light of triumph and cupidity.

A shock like an electric discharge passed over Truslove's nerves. He sprang up, sending his chair flying.

"You infernal villain!" he roared.

Grennill leaped up also, abruptly, bloodless. "What do you mean?" he forced himself to say, after a silence during which their glances darted like rapier blades.

"Mean?" shouted the other. "Why, you put that false bottom to the casket yourself! And you put in it some worthless——"

He could get no further. Three movements took off his coat and sent it in a heap to a corner. Slight as the delay was it saved Grennill considerable unpleasantness, for that gentleman rushed to the door as if death snapped at his heels. There came the sound of a man taking flights of stairs in single jumps.

"Phew!" gasped Truslove, like one who rises from a deep pool after thirty seconds below the surface. He drew the back of his right hand across his damp forehead. He felt abruptly limp, enervated, until the ecstasy of an hour ago ran again like wine through his blood. Good old Ingars! Splendid sport! He had died a great friend, after all.

Truslove moved mechanically to his window and looked down into the gulf of the sordid street. Near to the lamp opposite, revealed in its flickering gleam, a man was standing—Louis Grennill. He had a paper in his hands; and he suddenly tore it across and across and across again, vehemently tore it, furiously; and with a savage gesture tossed the fragments to the wind and rain.

HOW TO WIN AT BRIDGE.

By

R. F. FOSTER,

Author of "Advanced Auction Bridge," etc.

2.—Competitive Calls.

WE have seen in a previous article that the two golden rules for original caller, whether he be dealer or second hand, are: Never to call a suit just because it is good enough for the trump, unless it also has the sure tricks to support or oppose some other declaration; and, never to bid up hands of different composition in the same way. These rules do not apply, of course, to exceptional hands, strong enough to call three or four at the start.

The Secondary Bid.

Any suit which is strong enough for the trump but lacks the defensive element, should be reserved for the second round of calls, and then

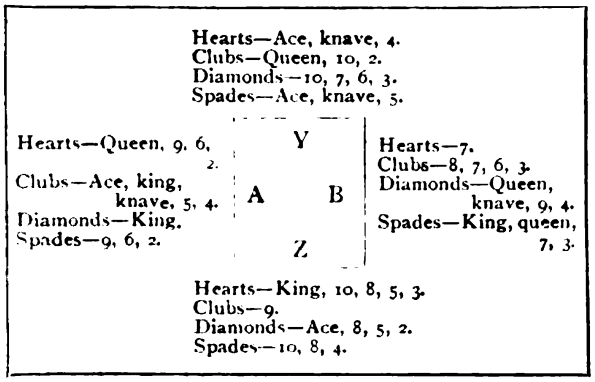
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it may safely be shown, if the development seems favourable, or the situation justifies it.

The average player usually develops a number of faults in handling secondary bids, of which there are three kinds, by bidding them all alike. Classifying these bids, we find first: those which are called on the second round after having passed altogether on the first round. Second: those calls in a major suit, hearts or spades, after having called a minor suit on the first round. Third: calls in a lower ranking suit, after having called one of higher rank as a free bid.

It is in competing for the winning declaration and the privilege of playing the dummy that players are so often at fault in not making due allowance for the fact that a call is secondary, and that the suit named is not to be depended on for the high cards that would have to be indicated by a free bid. By assisting or taking advantage of such bids, without the extra strength to make up for their weakness in high cards, the average player exposes himself to some of the severest penalties above the line.

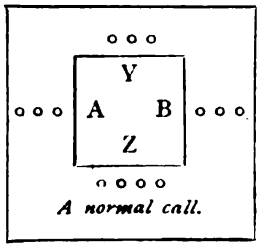
The fault usually lies in the failure to mark the distinction between a secondary call and a forced bid. When the dealer bids a heart and second hand a spade, the spade suit may be quite strong enough to have been an original call, had the dealer passed. This is never true of a secondary bid. These bids are always weak in high cards, and should act as a warning to the partner not to go too far or double too freely. Take this case :—



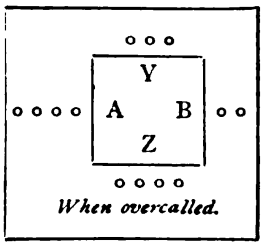
Z dealt and passed. A called the clubs and Y passed, as he saw no chance for game if Z had no bid. When B passed Z called the hearts. A pushed the clubs and Y the hearts once only. He is willing to be down fifty to score honours and prevent an adverse score in clubs. B went to three clubs and A made it. At other tables, when this hand was overplayed in a duplicate match, hearts were bid originally, and A made a forced bid of two clubs, Y going to three hearts over B's three clubs. Y is counting on both king and queen of hearts in Z's hand and a sure trick elsewhere. Not having the strength indicated, Z is down for two tricks. At one table Y doubled three clubs, counting on Z's defence, and A made his contract, at double value, winning the game.

Bidding the Hand Twice.

One of the most fruitful sources of loss at auction is unquestionably the habit of bidding the same cards twice over. The average player seems to forget that altheugh his partner bids to win seven tricks, he does not hold seven winning cards in his own hand. He has a partner, and he bids on his partner's ability to win his share of the outstanding tricks. Take these two situations :—



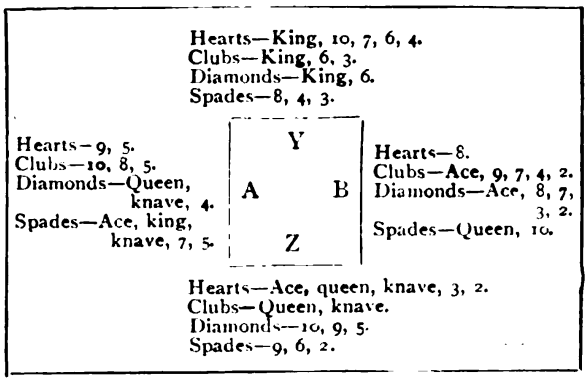
A normal call.



When overcalled.

The average call is on four tricks, or more than average. The normal distribution is three in each of the other hands. This will give the declarer his seven, which is his contract. When the second hand overcalls, he shows probably four tricks, and trusts his partner for three. Now it should be clear that if the third hand is the one that has the three, as in the second illustration, the second caller cannot make his contract, but at the same time if the third hand assists the first caller, that contract will fail, unless the first caller has more than four tricks. If he has, he will rebid his hand when it comes to his turn.

The point is that if the third hand assists, when he holds no more than his average share of tricks, he is bidding his cards twice over, because those three tricks are already included in the dealer's original call. This fault is so common that it is almost universal, and leads to most of the big losses one sees at the card table. Overcalling is usually started, and too often finished, by the original caller's partner, whose "assists" are largely a mixture of guesswork and optimism. Take this case :—



Z dealt and called a heart; A a spade and Y two hearts. When B went to two spades, Z passed, showing that he had called all there was in his hand at the start. This did not stop Y, who was so carried away by his five trumps that he went to three hearts and finally to four, as B continued to assist the spades.

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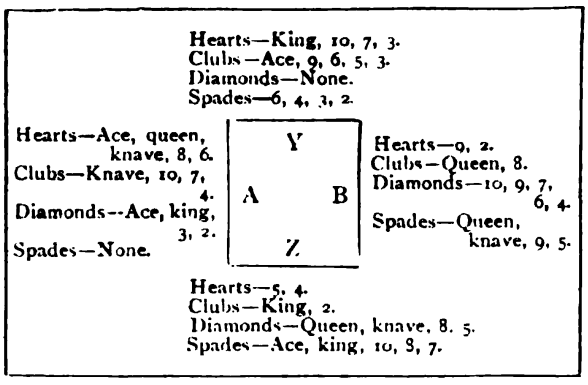
On this contract, Z was doubled and downed for three hundred, as A and B got home three spades, two diamonds, and a club before losing the lead.

Z had the conventional strength for a free call, four tricks, and Y had just enough to support it; three tricks. The combined hands are good for seven, but no more. Y is bidding his cards twice over, and is downed just that number of tricks.

Useless Trumps.

This brings us to another very common fault in calling, which is overestimating the value of trumps in the dummy. Five trumps are worth no more than three unless something can be done with them. It is an easy matter to count up the winning cards in a hand when they are aces and kings, but few players realize that the smallest trump in the dummy may be as good as an ace, or it may be good for nothing. The conventional rule is to count a missing suit as good as an ace, if it can be trumped the first time it is led, and to count a singleton as good as a king, because the second round can be trumped, after the ace has gone. With any four trumps, a missing suit may be counted as good as both ace and king. This applies only to the dummy. To count the declarer's trumps in that manner is to count them twice over. It is a common error to count the trumps in the calling hand and then to count what is to be done with them.

The curious part of this trump situation is that those who continually overestimate the value of four or five trumps as an assist, consistently underestimate the value of their ability to do something with their trumps. Take this case :—



After assisting the spades once, Y passed when A went on to three hearts. His idea was that he could save the game, which he did, as A was downed two tricks. But why not go for game in spades? Y's hand, in its trick-taking possibilities, is actually stronger than the dealer's, yet he will not assist more than once! He is sure of a heart trick, has ace of clubs, and can count his hand as equal to both ace and king of diamonds as well.

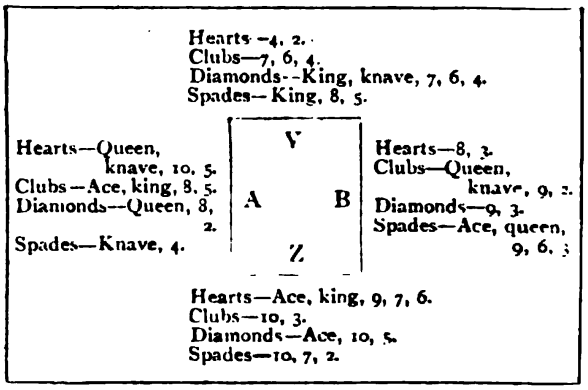
This hand went the rounds of a duplicate match and at every table at which Y went right ahead with the spades Z made a little slam, as A led the king of diamonds to show his re-entry, before leading the hearts.

Leaving the Partner In.

As opposed to the fault of failing to assist the partner when able to do so, or assisting him when one should not do so, we have another common fault, which is leaving him in the lurch with a losing contract on his hands. This is just as bad as taking the opponents out of the same situation.

All original calls of one trick are made on averages, and the average for suits is five cards. Dummy is expected to hold his share of the remaining eight. The minimum has been found to work out at three small trumps, or an honour as good as the queen, and one small. Failing this average or minimum, it is the partner's duty to warn the declarer that he will probably find a strong trump hand against him.

The partner's failure to deny average assistance in such a suit works disaster in two ways. The absence of the warning leads the declarer to believe the distribution is normal, or nearly so. The discovery that his partner does not warn him leads him to lose confidence in bids on five average cards, as he knows he will be left to play them, even if his partner has nothing. The absence of the warning and the consequent inference that the distribution is normal may lead to serious loss. Here is a case in point :



Z dealt and bid a heart, A and Y passing. When B calls the spades, Z correctly rebids his hand, as he has had no warning from Y, and assumes that the heart distribution is normal. Z was down for one hundred and sixteen points, without doubling. A led the club king, and was encouraged by B's dropping the nine to go on with that suit, forcing Z. The attempt to drop all the trumps in three rounds allowed A to draw Z's last, and B cleverly discarded the high club, leaving A in the lead.

This is not Z's fault. Give Y what Z thought he had; three small trumps, giving A one less and another club, and Z will make his contract. Y should have denied the hearts with two diamonds, which he can make easily.

Denying No-Trumpers.

Some persons are very much opposed to any system of "calling against the partner," as

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they term it, but careful analysis of some two thousand recorded hands has shown that the advantage in the universal call of two hearts or spades, when the dealer calls no-trump and second hand passes, will win an average of fifty-one points a deal.

The usual fault is in the original call. Good players will not call no-trumps unless they can stand a take-out in either of the major suits, or have a good secondary bid in the hand. Contrast these two hands :—

Hearts—6, 4.	Hearts—8, 5.
Clubs—King, 6, 4, 2.	Clubs—Ace, 8, 5.
Diamonds—Ace, 10, 5, 3.	Diamonds—Ace, king, knave, 5, 3.
Spades—Ace, queen, 3.	Spades—King, knave, 4.

Neither of these can stand a heart bid from the partner. The first has no secondary bid with which to deny—that is, to take out—the hearts; the second has. Then, if the hearts are headed by high cards, offering good support for a no-trumper, the partner can go back to no-trumps when the usual strength in diamonds is shown. This denying suits is sometimes carried beyond the first call, and may lead to interesting situations. Here is a case :—

Hearts—9, 5, 2.
Clubs—5.
Diamonds—Ace, 7, 6, 4.
Spades—Queen, 9, 6, 4, 3.

Hearts—King, queen, 7, 4.
Clubs—8, 7, 6, 3.
Diamonds—Knave, 10, 3.
Spades—Ace, 7.

Y / A B / Z

Hearts—8, 6, 3.
Clubs—King, 10, 2.
Diamonds—9, 5.
Spades—King, knave, 10, 8, 2.

Hearts—Ace, knave, 10.
Clubs—Ace, queen, knave, 9, 4.
Diamonds—King, queen, 8, 2.
Spades—5.

Z dealt and called no-trump. When A passed, Y bid two spades. Z had to deny the spades with three clubs, but as Y was not strong enough in spades to go back to no-trumps, and was weak in clubs, he had to deny the clubs with three diamonds. This not only made the contract, as neither A nor B had made a bid, but it won the game, making five odd.

B led a spade and A returned the king of hearts, so as to avoid the clubs. Y put himself in with a trump and finessed the club, setting up the suit by leading ace and nine. After getting out A's trumps, it was easy to set up a heart trick.

Errors in Opposing Calls.

Among the more common faults of those who are opposed to the first declarer, is the habit of calling a suit second hand, when one has the lead against a no-trumper. The moment such a bid is made, it opens the door for the no-trumper to take to cover, or to sit tight and defeat the caller. Here is a hand that has been for years the talk of the club in which it was played. A United States senator held A's cards :—

Hearts—7, 6, 2.
Clubs—Knave, 10.
Diamonds—7, 6, 4, 2.
Spades—Queen, knave, 10, 5.

Hearts—Ace, king, queen, knave, 10, 3.
Clubs—9, 6.
Diamonds—Ace, 8, 3.
Spades—8, 4.

Y / A B / Z

Hearts—8, 5, 4.
Clubs—5, 2.
Diamonds—10, 9, 5.
Spades—9, 7, 6, 3, 2.

Hearts—9.
Clubs—Ace, king, queen, 8, 7, 4, 3.
Diamonds—King, queen, knave.
Spades—Ace, king.

Z dealt and thoughtlessly called no-trump. A said two hearts, his excuse being that he had eighty honours to score. Z then took a more deliberate survey of his hand and bid five clubs, which he made. All he can lose is one trick in each of the red suits. Now where are A's eighty in honours ?

Some players will overcall a no-trumper in a major suit, but not in a minor. Some insist that with strong probability of game the call should always be made. Both are fallacies. If one can go game in a suit, what can be done to the no-trumper ? The best rule is to sit tight and lead.

Faults in Doubling.

The modern conventional double is done to death, and is the most prolific breeder of penalties in the game. To call no-trumps third hand when the dealer has passed without a bid is bad enough, but to double a no-trumper in the same circumstances is worse. Here is a deal that combines both errors :—

Hearts—Ace, 8.
Clubs—King, knave, 6, 3.
Diamonds—Ace, knave, 10, 6.
Spades—8, 3, 2.

Hearts—10, 9, 3.
Clubs—9, 8, 7, 2.
Diamonds—Queen, 7, 3.
Spades—Queen, knave, 10.

Y / A B / Z

Hearts—Queen, 6, 4.
Clubs—Ace, queen, 4.
Diamonds—King, 8, 5, 2.
Spades—Ace, king, 6.

Hearts—King, knave, 7, 5, 2.
Clubs—10, 5.
Diamonds—9, 4.
Spades—9, 7, 5, 4.

Although both Z and A passed, Y called no-trump, and B doubled. Each is asking a partner who cannot make a free bid to produce four or five tricks. If B passes, Z calls two hearts, and is downed, as a just punishment for Y's making such a forward call as no-trumps third hand, when he should have called a diamond. As it was, Z waited for A to answer the double, and he called clubs. This was downed. Had B taken out the clubs with no-trump, that would have been downed also.

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A CASE OF



By
EDWIN
BALMER.

PAUL RAILSFORD was "missing." Exactly what that meant no one knew; or, at least, no one told Corinna Ashton. Twenty-nine days ago—Corinna reckoned all time from that date—arrived the first brief telegram from Washington addressed to Herbert Railsford, her step-father and Paul's uncle and next-of-kin. It announced simply that Captain Paul Railsford had been severely wounded in action. Corinna obtained that telegram and she knew that was all it said. The Chicago newspapers, always tremendously interested in anything which touched the Railsfords, and most particularly the oldest grandson and chief heir of Charles Railsford, were able to discover nothing more. Paul Railsford was severely wounded in battle in Picardy, they said in the column under his picture; and they added items about his rowing and his polo, his clubs, and a list of the chief properties of his estate. The next day, learning no more, they printed her picture too, because she was engaged to him. The newspapers had cabled, as of course she and her father had cabled, for the fullest particulars; but three days later the cables returned the word that Captain Paul Railsford, previously reported severely wounded, now was missing; and that, apparently, was all that was to be told till the mails arrived.

The mails, of course, were arriving every few days, bringing to Corinna letters from Paul—his dear, light-hearted, intimate letters, suddenly serious sometimes for whole pages. These serious pages had become more and more frequent lately; they weren't parts of love-letters at all; they weren't even much about Paul. Rather, they were about his men, how he who had gone to an English school, and then to Harvard, and then lived at clubs or on yachts or at home seeing only people of his sort and servants, was being made to feel about himself now. "I've been with these corking fine men through training and into trenches, and still at times I find myself thinking I'm superior somehow because I'm a Railsford and I've got title to altogether too much land. I'm thinking just now of a boy here whom the rest call 'the rat'—and as repellent to me as one. So I felt I ought to make a special effort to like him, and in the effort, of course, I gave him the idea that he was the sort of man I like. So then, of course, I acted like a Railsford, instead of as an officer—I acted like a fool with fifty millions and brought him up short, and gave him the guardhouse for an entirely inadequate occasion. But the boy bore no grudge." Then the letters went back just to himself and herself.

Rapturous torture it was to reread them; rapturous torture also to write to him her love each dawn—to write to him "missing" as though he surely would read. Yet not to write was to give him up; so each morning she wrote. Only this morning, which was warm and bright

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LOST MEMORY



with the sunrise of spring, she lay a bit longer in bed after awakening, looking out of her window across the lawn to the great house where he had lived, and from which she could see him coming for her on these early, warm mornings of spring; and her blood would leap and dance all through her, and she would finish dressing and run down to him, silently and all breathless, to where he was waiting in the dew.

The telephone rang below, and Corinna stopped, with heart halted. A servant was coming upstairs, and Corinna heard the man rapping at her father's door. It was early for a call for her father, unless it was something urgent—something about Paul. So she ran out to her father's door as he received the call upon the telephone in his dressing-room.

"Yes; I am Herbert Railsford," she heard him acknowledge. "Oh, you've news of my nephew, have you? What is it?"

Corinna opened the door and stood beside him. "A newspaper," he informed her, curtly; and then to the newspaper:—

"Oh; that's all you have! No; I have no comment—What?—I will do what should be done for the family, of course. Oh, yes; of course I'm grateful to you for informing me. If you send me the letter to my office I will take appropriate action—I should prefer, of course, as little publicity about it as possible—No, I shall not call her for you. Good-bye!"

Her father hung up the receiver and held the instrument firmly to prevent Corinna seizing it as he turned to her.

"It is nothing more than we know, Corinna," he said to her. "They have received nothing but a letter from one of their correspondents, from which they are trying to work up one of the regular stories. It seems that, when Paul was hurt, one of his men—a rag-picker's son, they say—got Paul out or helped to get him out. Now that is all they know—absolutely all, I tell you. They called up solely to get an interview with me about a Railsford owing his life to the loyalty of a rag-picker's son; they wanted to know what I was going to do for him. You heard what I said; that is all."

Corinna returned to her room; to try to oppose would only create a scene with her father. Besides, he would not have told her an untruth. The newspaper had learned no more about Paul than that, when he had been hurt, he had been helped by a rag-picker. But the newspaper had the account from a letter which had come. Another mail had arrived from abroad! So she dressed, watching the road by which the chauffeur, who always drove to the post-office for the mail, would return.

He did not appear until she was at the breakfast table with her mother and father. There was a letter from France for her! The envelope bore a man's writing—not Paul's; it enclosed two letters, one in the man's, the other in a woman's. Corinna glanced at the first and, as her mother bent over her and her father watched her from across the table, she read the first aloud. It stated merely that Captain Paul Railsford, before disappearing from the hospital where he was taken, dictated to a nurse the accompanying

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unfinished letter, which the undersigned—a surgeon named Warren—considered it his duty to forward. The surgeon appeared to think that the recipient of the letter already must be informed of all details regarding Paul's disappearance.

"'Doing well; absolutely no danger.'" Corinna read aloud the nurse's writing in the same toneless voice. "'I want to ask you to do something for me, Corrie. First, I'd better tell you how I got here. We'd been on a raid and were getting away rather nicely and with prisoners when they spotted us with star-shells and got a machine-gun and a bit of a barrage on us. I was keeping snug in a shell-hole, seeing the rest back through the German wire and was masked, of course, when a splinter of shrap ripped up my mask and something stunned me stupid. I wasn't quite all out; but I couldn't move for the life of me. All our people had cleared nicely and were on no account to come back; so, with my mask ripped, I was quite right for the gas to finish, next time any drifted by, when I felt someone beside me. It was Merkowitz, "the rat."

"'He's a junk-dealer's son; address 1183, Fowen Street (rear). I rather imagine you'll find a family or two extra on the premises. Rear usually means frontage on alley, you know. You've heard of the district.

"'He was quite unhurt, and when I was missed he'd volunteered to go back to find me. He got me up on him, though he's a little chap; and I couldn't help at all. But he crawled along with me till the star-shells showed us again and a high explosive shell bumped us hard.

"'I didn't know anything more at all for a time; when I did, I found myself being taken down into our trench by a lot of men with masks, and I had on a perfectly good mask myself, which was the only reason I was alive; for gas was all about.

"'It turned out to have been Stanley Merkowitz's mask I had on, Corrie. You see, he'd got me as far as he could all alone; then he had to leave me and go for help. Gas was all about, clinging to the ground as it does; and having only one good mask between us, he put it on me and made a run for our trench, standing. He couldn't crawl through gas without a mask. He got hard hit and horribly gassed; he's not coming through as I am— the poor little "rat."

"'We were lying together after first aid —rotten little aid for him, Corrie—when he got delirious. He's not near me now; but he's alive, they say—trying to breathe yet. I don't know what I'll do about it; I don't know what I can do; 1183, Fowen Street. Perhaps you can think for me—for his people, Corrie; 1183, Fowen Street, rear. That's why I'm telling you; I know you'll do what can be done.'"

The letter ceased there; and Corinna clung to it, hollowly. Nothing more about Paul; this was all prior to his "disappearance," and thus could tell nothing about that. He made no mention of his suffering, either. "Doing well; absolutely no danger," was all he really had said about himself; beyond that, all his thought had been for the boy who had offered his life for him—Merkowitz, "the rat" from the alley off Fowen Street, whom Paul was hearing trying to breathe.

Corinna looked up, aghast, to her mother and father.

"We'll see to that boy's family, dear." Her mother bent with arms about her; her mother was crying a little too as she thought of the boy. "Herbert," she said to her husband, "you will see to this at once, surely."

"I'll send Dawes this morning, Corinna," he said. Dawes was the man at the office who did all sorts of personal things for the Railsfords. "Dawes knows just how to see to things like that, Corinna," her father assured. "I'll send him as soon as I get in town."

"Thank you," Corinna whispered, accepting not Dawes as emissary, but the kindness which her father meant. She arose quietly and, with lips pressed tight to keep from crying, she went to her room. In the drawer beside her bed, where she kept Paul's last letters, she had also the cuttings from the newspaper which told anything whatever about him; she had there, entire, the casualty lists in which his name was printed; the first published his name in the column of those "severely wounded," the second mentioned him in the correction at the bottom. "Captain Paul Railsford, previously reported severely wounded, now reported missing."

Corinna looked up at the names in the rows above, names all of which had been strange to her and which had meant nothing. Now she reread one of these names.

"Died of Wounds," said the list of that day upon which Paul Railsford had disappeared, "Stanley Merkowitz."

Corinna went to her bowl and bathed her eyes and quietly returned downstairs; she gave the slip of paper to her mother, who handed it to her father.

"Yes," her father said. "The newspaper told me that the boy who saved Paul was killed. I meant to tell Dawes that. He will know just what to do. You're going to stay here now or go down for surgical dressings?"

"I'll go down town with you," Corinna said, simply. Suspicion that she intended herself to go to the alley home off Fowen Street never entered her father's mind; he did not even suspect, from Paul's letter, that Paul had asked her to do it. Her mother did not suspect it either; she kissed Corinna with additional tenderness as she started out to the car. "Dawes will do everything for them that can be done," her mother reassured her., "Dawes understands these people well."

Corinna winced again at the idea of Dawes, sleek, oily Dawes, bearing money from her father and approaching the father or the mother of Stanley Merkowitz—"Died of Wounds"—to offer them payment, to clear the Railsfords of a claim for gratitude, bearing a sum to be reported and advertised in the papers of the next morning as proof of the Railsfords' generous charity. It was not for this that Paul had

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appealed to her to help him to think about Stanley Merkowitz's people. Paul would know that would be done without the asking; it was not that which Paul meant when he asked her to do "what can be done."

As to her father, the idea that any of the family would go in person to that alley hovel to acknowledge the debt simply could not come to him. So Corinna avoided suggesting it; she let him put her into a taxicab as usual to take her to her surgical dressings class; and she let the chauffeur drive her several streets in the usual direction before she halted the car and gave the man the new direction.

"Take me to 900, Fower Street," she said to the driver.

"Fower Street?" the man repeated.

"Fower Street," she directed, hot and cold sensations of excitement fluttering through her as she had to repeat it again before the man believed her. He heard aright and obeyed.

She sat back, clenching to the side of the seat, realizing for the first time that till now she had been so intent upon the planning and carrying through of the decision she had made that she had not thought at all what she was to do when she arrived at Fower Street; and as the car, having turned about, dashed rapidly west and across the river in obedience to her direction, she found herself dismayingly unable to think. The streets suddenly had begun to frighten her; the neighbourhood—once the direction of Fower Street was taken—was deteriorating with amazing rapidity from shabby, smoky rows of machine shops, warehouses, lofts, interspersed with saloons, to shabbier, more insalubrious old houses, wretched and vile, with vicious dens of drinking places, and less definable lairs where slovenly women and men mingled.

The car slowed and stopped at a foul corner which bore the number 900; and Corinna sat huddled back in the cushions, ashamed of herself as pricking pulsations of fear flowed to her face, to her gloved finger-tips, and toes. The chauffeur turned about and opened the door.

"Nine hundred, miss," he said.

Her idea, when she gave the number as nine hundred, had been to leave the car a few blocks away and go to Stanley Merkowitz's home on foot; and she forced herself to that plan now.

"You'll be going back soon, miss?" the chauffeur asked, when she got out and paid him. He noticed her trembling fingers. "I'll wait."

She controlled the trembling, furious at herself; and, in the same self-reproach, she dismissed the man, though that had not been her intention. "No; I don't know when I shall go back. Don't wait for me."

He touched his cap, but did not move his car. Glancing back, nervously, she saw him leaning forward on his driving wheel, watching her; and when she passed the end of the block he overtook her.

"I'll take you where you want to go, miss," he offered, solicitously.

"Thank you; please don't bother about me; please go away." At last she rid herself of him, but only at the cost of attracting more attention than, perhaps, she might otherwise have got.

It came because she was afraid, and showed it. She was upon an open street and the sun was shining; and however vicious and dangerous a part of the population thereabouts might be, the greater part would protect her if she were threatened. Everyone who passed — men, women, and children—peered at her curiously or challengingly. It was not the smartness and newness of her suit, her straw toque, her gloves, or her clear-skinned self which so stirred their challenge; it was that she was afraid among them. If she were not a Railsford—or an Ashton—with title "to altogether too much land"—she would not be afraid, she told herself; as a mere girl there she was safe as anywhere else. But she was engaged to marry the one known to the city as idler, spendthrift heir, Paul Railsford.

Paul's picture, with hers beside it, stared at her suddenly from a news-stand at the next corner. The first edition of the noon papers had arrived; and an evil-looking man was holding one of the papers in his hand and gazing with steely eyes at Paul's picture and hers. She had stopped, and he looked up quickly at her.

He did not recognize her at once, she saw; he simply stared, as others had been staring at her, curious to guess her errand on this street. She stepped past him, and only a few moments later, after he had looked back to the paper perhaps, and read the column with her picture, was the recognition of her and of her errand supplied to him.

Others already had followed her, curiously, for half a block or so; but this man, who caught step a little behind her, was different from the others. He was not what Corinna called "a workman," nor was he of the type which she thought of as "tramp" or as "criminal." Rather he was the sort which loosely associated itself in her thought as a "Socialist" or an "Anarchist" or an "I.W.W." She formed that, subconsciously perhaps, from recognition in her brief glance that this man was not dull or stupid, but that his faculties were conspicuously alert; his bearing was not like that of the others about. He was of superior capacities, perverted or debased, somehow, to make him—yes, decidedly dangerous. Not to a girl in good clothes on that street, perhaps, but to a recognized Railsford.

A man approached her who stared at her and then looked past her to the man following her; and Corinna was aware that the man behind signalled to the other; for he stopped and also followed when she had passed. She went cold with fright, and looked down the street for a police officer; but she saw none. She gazed about for the chauffeur who had driven her; but she had succeeded too well in making him obey her. She was alone with these two men on that part of the street.

It had become less a street, indeed, than a causeway, with a broken, pitted, filthy surface which ran eight or ten feet above the ground level there. A few of the newer tenement shacks had been built even with the street grade, but

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the much greater number of the hovels stood on the low land, which evidently had been the original level of the old Chicago swamp. Wooden steps descended from the sidewalk to this level, or the walk was bridged over to the first storey door of a house; but most of the miserable life of this section seemed to be lived on that old, muddy land ten feet lower than the street. Upon that land one and two and three-storey frame shacks were crowded close together, with deep, dark passages between from which strange, stifling stenches arose, and in which yesterday's rain lay in dirty pools where a few children splashed and squabbled. Wretched and dismal as were the hovels which rose from the sink below the walk, those behind seemed only more miserable, one hovel fronting on the rear of another, three and four deep, as closely as they could be crowded together.

Yet Corinna found the causeway of the street absolutely deserted as she proceeded, except for the two men who followed her; the few women who appeared outdoors went on their errands by passages on the low land; they glanced up at Corinna and at the two men following her and went on; from within the hovels, other eyes observed her—eyes furtively retreating from the grimy panes as Corinna gazed towards them. Service stars—poor, cheap, service emblems, printed upon paper and of the sort which the Sunday newspapers had distributed free months ago—were pasted in one window after another; and Corinna felt the blood flowing full and warm through her; and she wetted her lips and turned suddenly upon the two men following her and challenged them.



"SHE TURNED SUDDENLY UPON THE TWO MEN AND CHALLENGED THEM. 'WHAT DO YOU WANT?' SHE DEMANDED."

"What do you want?" she demanded.

The man who had the newspaper spoke for the two; he was a tall man, black-haired and black-browed, and with metally grey eyes—about thirty-five and almost handsome but for the weakness and sensuousness of large mouth and the flatness of his big chin. He had broad, almost brutish shoulders, and long soiled hands,

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one of which he brought to his face and stroked his cheek sensually as he looked over Corinna.

"You're looking for 1183, Corinna Ashton?" he said, coolly, while his companion—a sandy-haired, pale-eyed man, younger and insignificant—laughed uneasily.

The big man so plainly was certain of her and of her errand that she knew nothing better to do than admit it.

"The newspaper photographers were here earlier; we expected Dawes after a while," the big man volunteered. "But not you."

The blood burned in Corinna's cheek. So they knew about Dawes; that is, they knew that Dawes was sent when the Railsfords had to do with other people? Everyone who knew of the Railsfords knew of Dawes.

"There's your place," the man pointed a few doors ahead. "Rear, it is."

"Thank you," Corinna acknowledged. "You do not need to escort me farther."

"Oh, that's all right," the big man said; and the other one laughed uneasily again.

Corinna went on to the stairway to which the man pointed; the number 1185 was painted upon the shack facing the street and it had a service star in the window. This gave Corinna courage again as she descended the stairway and knocked at the door. A pallid, stooping, grey-haired woman, with a baby bundled to her breast, opened the door and stared out sullenly.

"I'm looking for the home of Stanley Merkowitz—Stanley Merkowitz." Corinna carefully repeated the name.

"He's dead," the woman said.

"Yes, I know. But he lived here?"

"Back there," the woman motioned and closed the door.

Corinna looked up to the street. The two men had disappeared; she hesitated in panic of indecision, and then stepped through the soft mud of the narrow passage between that little shack and the next and came into a small miry pool at the back of the hovel and in front of the next. The passage which led farther back was so narrow that it scarcely took her shoulders; the eaves of the roof on both sides quite met above it and made it very dark; but she pressed through to a second patch of mire, beyond which was a tall, dilapidated shed where, evidently, a horse was stabled.

The only farther passage was through the shed; and Corinna rapped on the rough door; receiving no response, she hammered with a bit of iron from a rubbish heap, but the noise roused no one within; it roused no interest from the vacant, grimy windows in the rear of the tenement on the other side of the mire. Blank walls were on both sides. She seemed to have stepped into a well walled off from the world where no one saw or could hear her. She lifted the latch of the big door and thrust it inward, encountering obstruction—a heap of rags and rubbish. She squeezed into the shed amid bundles of old papers, tangles of broken metal and wooden things; and she knew she had gained the home which had been Stanley Merkowitz's. Rude stairs, almost as steep as a ladder, led up at one side, and Corinna, after rapping without answer, climbed up into a low, small, stifling room with an old bed and a table, a stove, and a couple of chairs, and with a single window overlooking the alley in one of the panes of which a faded, print-paper service-flag, with a single star, was fixed.

Corinna caught at the side of the window to steady her as she saw it; outside, the narrow, filthy, rain-soaked alley steamed under the hot morning sun; the sun beat almost unbearably upon the boards just overhead, and the stenches from the alley and from the rubbish and the stable filled the loft; but what made her dizzy was that the boy who had come from this had yet loved and given his life—he had taken off his mask "knowing he was going to get what he got"—for Paul!

Her hand caught a little low shelf beside the window and disturbed small articles upon it. One was a cheap photograph of a boy in uniform, a short-statured, narrow-cheeked, furtive-looking boy of twenty-one or two; another was an old carved wooden animal, black and broken—a child's poor toy of the sort which a mother or a father saves. There was a child's scrawly sketch of an apple and an orange upon the rough faded yellow paper of the public school which a little boy one day proudly had brought back to his parents as it bore the teacher's approval, "good"; there was a letter lately received from France and addressed to Otto Merkowitz; and there was the envelope of the official telegram from Washington, of the same sort which Corinna herself had received.

What had been Otto Merkowitz's feeling—Corinna wondered—when he had opened that envelope in the light of this window over this steaming fetid alley and had read that his son had given his life for those who had given him only this? What hate, bitterness, and malevolence must have risen to choke him as he told his woman and watched her take out their child's pitiful treasures and lay them beside the picture on the shelf! Corinna gazed again at the flag in the window, and she sank down, quite dizzy now, and with tears blinding her as she saw the marvel that no hate had stirred these people; but instead, proudly—proudly as might she or any of hers—they had taken out the flag from the window and with yellow chalk had covered the blue of the star in the centre and replaced it in the pane to display, over this alley, their star of gold!

Sounds from below brought her back; someone was pushing open the door from the alley in the shed. She thought of the man who had directed her here, and she fled swiftly to the steep stairs and descended and stood half hid behind a heap of rags as a man bearing a bag upon his shoulders entered from the alley and, not noticing her, flung his bag down and emptied it on the floor. He was not one of the men who had followed her, nor could he be Otto Merkowitz. He might be a brother of Stanley, perhaps, or just someone who was using this shed. He was a young man, tall and well developed. He bore

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none of the stunted marks of the boy of the picture upstairs; indeed, she now saw it was quite impossible that his childhood could have been that of the boys about here. Then, under his old and battered hat, Corinna saw his face, and her heart halted.

His brows were brown like his hair; but his brows, unlike his hair, had not become rough and unkempt. He had not recently shaved, but the brown stubble and the thinness of his features could not destroy his likeness to Paul! His mouth was very changed in expression, and his eyes—oh, they were not like Paul's eyes in the way they looked at her; but he was Paul! He was Paul!

She cried out to him: "Paul—oh, Paul!"

He heard it as a voice calling a name, and he straightened and gazed at her as she came to him—gazed at her puzzled, blankly, and took off his hat and stood staring at her. Perhaps it was only his inability to know her; perhaps it was because she saw him more clearly now; whatever it was, terror of hallucination seized her. She thought herself mad a moment before to dream that this poor, dazed, blankly-staring creature was Paul.

Then he spoke: "What did you say? What do you say—lady?"

He *was* Paul! The fact that he did not know her meant nothing. If he was there as that man, he would not know her. He did not know that he was Paul; her repetition of his name as she seized his hand, his arm, his body, and clung to him only perplexed him the more, frightened him, too.

"Paul! Oh, Paul, I'm Corinna — your Corinna! Corinna, Paul!"

Her name meant no more to him. She took her arms from about him and clung only to his hand—his long, well-shaped hand, rough and soiled from the sack he had carried and the things with which he had filled it.

Her closeness to him continued to dismay him, and it stirred him to feeling, too. Her hand upon his, her body against his, her breath upon his face, moved him, with tense, struggling strength, to thrust her away. She drew back before him, her pulses pressing as though they would burst the beating thing in her breast. Her face, her hands, all her body was hot and wet. To have Paul back from beyond the seas, from the battle, and from the shell-hole where he had lain stunned, back from the hospital, back from "missing"—to be able to see him, touch him, hold him, and yet not to have him; for him not to know her, or to know himself!

She approached him once more; but as he stepped back before her, staring in wild dismay, she recoiled. For now she had witnesses! Men were standing in the door behind Paul and had been watching her. They were the men who had followed her. The big man could not have known before that Paul was here in the alley; but surely now he knew. He had been hearing her cry it out again and again, and proving it by her embraces and entreaties to this poor, blank-minded man with the rubbish sack to realize that he was Paul Railsford.

The big man moved forward calmly and commandingly and caught Paul by the arm, saying, "I've something for you down this way."

"All right," Paul said, picking up the sack he had emptied. "I'll go and get it."

The man released his hold on Paul and, as Paul bent, Corinna lost hold of him too. They were close within the door from the alley, and, as Paul straightened, the big man thrust Paul quickly out into the alley, to the smaller man who had waited there.

"Take him away," the big man commanded, and pulled the door shut behind Paul and bolted it.

He blocked off Corinna with his body as he did this. She flung herself at the door, screaming to Paul not to go; not to go, but to stay with her, Corinna! She felt herself seized and dragged back, and a big hand muffled her mouth and shut off her breath.

Straining and fighting, she got free only for a few seconds, in which her breathlessness held her powerless to scream. She could see through the chinks in the side of the shed that Paul had halted outside, looking back at the door doubtfully. The little man urged him on, and Paul complied and they went down the alley together, out of Corinna's sight. She convulsed her failing strength into a wilder spasm to get free, but the big, steely-eyed man held her fast with gloating ease. He gazed down at her, grinning, and she knew that he was conscious of the fullness of his triumph. The hate, the bitter vindictiveness and malevolence against her and all her people—against the Railsfords, root and branch, and the Ashtons—was taught to them, she knew, by such as this man. He was sending Paul—weak, vacant-minded, not knowing Corinna, not knowing himself—away to where he would never have the opportunity to know her or any of his people, and where no one would ever bring him back to himself, but would gloat in fating him to wander away his life as he was.

The man's grin at this frightful requital which he was working, and her realization that she had brought it upon Paul, renewed Corinna's fury. If she had not come no one could have suspected that poor creature was Paul. She alone knew how Paul had come to feel; she alone could realize how, through his stunned mind as he dictated the last letter to her, had run his agony for "the rat," how he had clung to the debt he owed "the rat," how he had iterated the address of this shed—which he had had looked up for him—so that, through whatever later experience he had gone when "the rat" died, that debt and that address had stuck with him so that somehow he had returned here. She had realized; but only to deliver him up to others.

Her spasm of fury again was futile; the man who held her took his hand from her mouth.

"You keep quiet now, Corinna Ashton!"

She sucked in a full breath, desperately. There was no use screaming now; Paul was taken far away. Though the thought of this made her almost indifferent to herself, she recognized that the man was estimating her newly. A moment before he had been surfeited with his

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"WRESTLING MADLY, THEY WHIRLED OVER AND OVER IN THE WHIRLSTROM OF DUST FROM THE FLOOR."

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punishment of Paul. But now he had held her; his arms were still about her; his hands moved over her; he bent his face close to hers. She wrenched away a little and he laughed and grabbed her closer; she screamed out; his hand went over her mouth; yet she screamed once more and while she still had strength to struggle with him. The door from the yard opened.

Paul stood in the door and, as he saw her struggling and heard her scream, he sprang forward. The man saw him, and Corinna, suddenly released, was flung upon the rubbish on the floor. She saw Paul advancing, bending and crouching a little, and wrapping the sack, which he still carried, about his arm; and she saw then the wonder!

Why he had returned, she did not know—whether on an ordinary errand for something which he had forgotten, whether because enough question had soaked into his consciousness to make him return to inquire about the girl who had appealed to him there. Whichever it was, he was there, and where her appeals for him had failed to affect him, the sight of her in danger—and her scream to him for help had shocked through to his own consciousness.

The man who had flung her down saw it; and he recoiled from the door, drawing a knife. She shrieked this at Paul, and she saw him stoop a little, as he stepped again, and without seeming to glance down, he pulled a bludgeon of rusty pipe from the rubbish on the floor.

Paul's eyes—wide, glaring—petrified her; he struck terror through the man who stepped back and back, not daring to meet him. The man drew back his hand with the knife as though to throw it; then he feared to. Swiftly he shifted the knife to his left hand, and with his right pulled out a pistol which he was about to fire when Paul hurled his pipe, and the pistol fell to the floor.

Corinna scrambled on hands and knees to pick it up; the man with the knife lunged for it. "Leave it alone!" Paul cried to Corinna, and came on with the sack on his arm. The man with the knife dared not stoop deep enough to pick up the pistol; he kicked it under the heap of iron and went back two steps more; then Paul leaped and wound him with his arms, and they went down together.

Corinna got to her feet, seizing the pipe which Paul had thrown. She knew he no longer was merely the stunned, blank-minded man of the alley, nor was he yet himself. He did not know her as he looked up at her, but he was a man roused to fight for a woman—a soldier who had fought with all the fibre of his being and so was fighting now. He held with one hand the wrist of the hand with the knife; with the other arm, each grappled the other, and, wrestling madly, they whirled over and over in the maelstrom of dust from the floor.

"Leave him to me!" Paul choked as Corinna bent over to aid him. A man was beating at the alley door; Corinna saw through the cracks that it was the man who had led Paul away; and she hammered fast the bolt of the door.

Behind her the thud and batter and choking-gasps of the struggle emitted the knife. Paul had knocked it from the other's grasp, and they came to their knees, grappling and whirling about, each trying to batter the other down again, below him to the floor. Corinna struck, bruising arms—Paul's as well as the other's; and she saw Paul's eyes again, gazing at her in wild wonder while he fought.

"Leave him to me!" he blurted again, and they crashed down on their sides. They got up, grappled, and now Paul overpowered the other. Paul half-picked him up and flung himself and the man below him upon the iron heap; and the man lay still as Paul parted his arms and stood up and turned to Corinna.

His eyes were staring, his breast was heaving, and, from the fury of the fight, veins stood out big and purple in his temples. But he knew her; he knew her now!

"Corinna!" he cried. "Why, Corrie! Corrie!"

The pipe she had held fell to the floor and she was in his arms. "Why, Corrie! Corrie! Corrie, that girl just changed into you!"

She could see that the man whom he had thrown was moving now; but he was crawling toward the door to the yard, and he was seeking only to escape. And that was what she wanted, to be alone with Paul—her Paul now and here.

"Corrie! How did it come—you and I here. He tried to hurt you—I saw that. So I tried to kill him!" Paul turned about. "Where is he now? Corrie, I'm all mixed. Wasn't he here? and weren't you that girl? What's all this place? How are you and I here?"

So there in the shed and held quite close against him she told him what she could; and some of the rest he remembered and told her.

"They gassed him, you see, Corrie," he repeated again and again, when she spoke of Stanley. "And I could hear him trying to breathe—even after they took him away. Then, they told me he was dead. It was one night the Germans bombed our hospitals; they came our way and then—that's all I remember."

"I see, dear. So you came here to the address that was in your head. You'd written me."

"Yes, I remember that."

"So I came, too. Oh, Paul, a few minutes ago I thought I'd only lost you for ever by coming. But now, unless I'd come, I know I'd never have got you, for no one else would have known you but me."

He bent and kissed her again; and there they were a half hour later when Dawes came with the money which he was to give. He would never have recognized Paul. For when Paul went out, he scarcely knew him even now. So Corinna identified Paul to Dawes and dismissed him.

"Mr. Railsford and I are going to wait until Mr. Merkowitz returns, you see," she explained to Dawes. "Mr. Railsford's been here for a few days, but Mr. Merkowitz doesn't know it. So we'll wait to see him; and then we'll go home together."

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Among the Doctors

by William Caine

ILLUSTRATED BY
H. M. BATEMAN

EVERYONE must have remarked how great a consequence a man's body assumes in his own sight the moment he begins to suspect that he is not in perfect health. So long as he feels well he treats himself without the smallest consideration, eats enormously of the most indigestible food, smokes perpetually, drinks whatever he fancies, sits up all night playing cards for more money than he can afford to lose (than which there is nothing more prejudicial to the heart and nerves), and generally plays the mischief with his constitution as complacently as if he were made entirely of steel. Anybody who hints to him that he might do well to treat the poor thing with a little more consideration he derides. He is all right. Always is. Never had a day's illness in his life. Coddling oneself is the surest way to be ill. As for the doctors, he hoots at them, one and all. A set of bloodthirsty quacks, that's what the doctors are.

The doctors bide their time, smiling in their beards, up their sleeves, and down their stethoscopes. And one day the person in question does not feel quite so well as usual. He flies to the nearest doctor; something is diagnosed; a prescription is written out and made up at the chemist's. And now that man's body is the most important thing in all the world. He thinks of nothing else; he tells everyone he meets about it; he has forgotten that he was ever well before and doubts very seriously if he will ever be well again. He lives according to a diet-sheet, smokes only one pipe a year, drinks nothing but milk and soda-water, goes to bed at six o'clock, buys a hot-water bottle, perhaps two, and swears off gambling for ever. All this because of his body.

Presently he is well again, and at once it is as if he had never been ill. He gorges himself afresh on cold pork, pickles, and lobster, inhales the smoke of cigarettes from morning to night, resumes his consumption of beer and spirits, and hastens to learn the kind of bridge which has come into fashion during his fortnight's retirement from the world where one amuses oneself. He assures you that he has never had a day's illness in his life. Of all doctors he speaks with the utmost contempt.

After about ten or a dozen experiences of this kind he reaches the age of seventy and dies of bronchitis, surrounded by the doctors whom he has caused to be summoned by telephone from all quarters.

That is the normal thing.

The case of Garraway differs from the normal in several respects, but principally in the circumstance that he had (before entering upon the series of adventures now to be related) always taken the most abject care of himself. He was a pattern of moderation in all things, eating only the most simple food and drinking nothing stronger than beer and that but once a day, at his evening meal. He was a non-smoker, because tobacco made him sick. Cards he never played, because he could never remember what was trumps. His hygienic mode of life was indeed less voluntarily than unconsciously pursued, for he was blessed with an almost total lack of the grosser appetites. If he devoured anything it was books; if he had a passion it was for bulbs; if he had an inordinate desire it was for British Colonial postage-stamps. You are not, therefore, to imagine him a hypochondriac. The truth is that his disregard of his own constitution was no less complete than is that of the hardest drinker and gambler of us all; but it proceeded from sheer humility. He never thought about himself or his health, because, first of all, he did not consider these subjects of any importance, and secondly, because he never ailed. I cannot say that he abounded in health. Negative in all things, he simply never ailed.

He had no friends and few acquaintances. Gregson, one of the latter, introduced him, in the 9.5 train, to a fellow called Wagstaff. Wagstaff, a man of rudimentary mind, suffered under the delusion that, possessed of such a name, it was his duty to say funny things all day long. And so, when he was introduced to Garraway, he said "Mornin', Garraway. I say, you do look seedy, old boy."

This had never been said to Garraway before, which shows you how few acquaintances he had.

"Do I?" said Garraway. "I feel all right."

Now Wagstaff had expected both Garraway and Gregson to laugh, but neither of them had understood that Wagstaff was being funny.

Gregson said: "Garraway's always pale; aren't you, old son?"

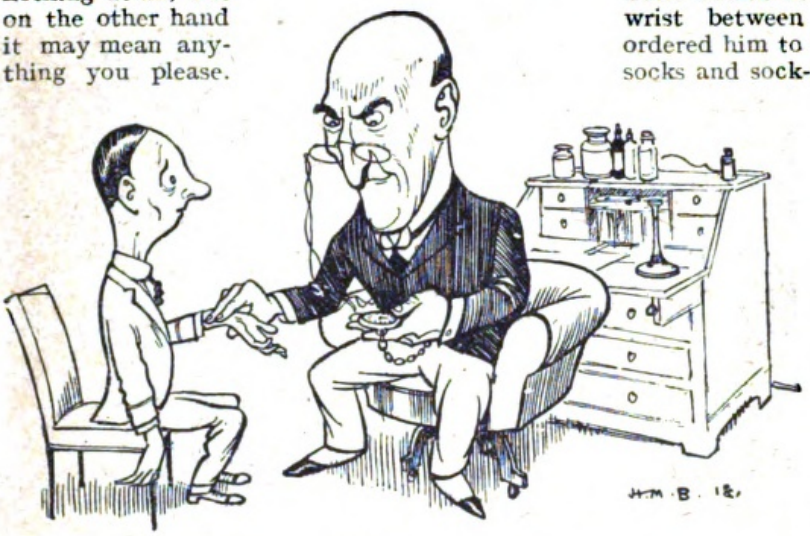
And Garraway said he was, except during and just after his summer holiday.

Wagstaff found himself confronted with the choice between owning to a pun which had

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missed fire or pretending that he had been serious. Naturally he chose the second course.

"You ought to see a doctor," he said, earnestly. "You really ought. That pallor may mean nothing at all, but on the other hand it may mean anything you please.



"SIR JAMES TOOK HIS WRIST BETWEEN FINGERS AND THUMB."

I should certainly see a doctor if I were you. One never knows with a thing like pallor. Of course, I don't want to alarm you, old pet," he went on, for Garraway's pallor had become suddenly intensified. "Don't take any notice of what I have said," and he busied himself in the *Daily Sketch*. Or was it the *Mirror?*

Garraway had never gone to see a doctor in his life. Indeed, he had not spoken with one professionally since his seventh year when mumps had made it desirable. He only knew the names of two, both baronets. After some hesitation he decided to consult Sir James James rather than Sir Hatchings Fodham. He felt that Sir James James might be the more sympathetic of the two.

You are to observe that he never doubted the necessity of this visit. Your ordinary man of ordinary evil life would have waited until he felt something resembling a symptom before seeking medical aid, but that is because your ordinary debauchee is accustomed to thinking and talking of doctors—if only with disrespect. But Garraway had never so much as dreamed of a doctor for twenty-four years, and the effect upon him of having his attention directed to the state of his health was proportionately stronger.

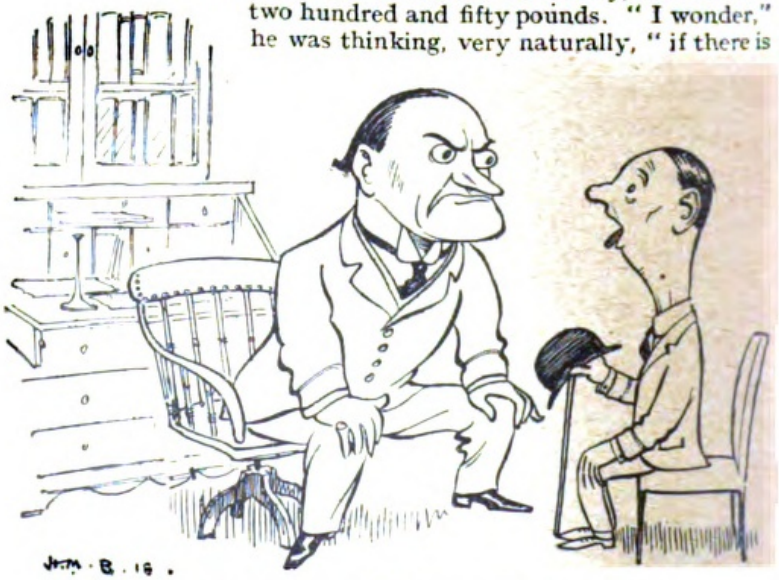
He asked permission to leave his office early that same afternoon, pawned, for ten guineas, the gold watch which he had inherited from his father, and posted up to Harley Street in a taxi-cab, for he did not feel equal to facing what passes for air in the Central London Railway.

Sir James James cut short all his apologies, entered his name and address in a handsome little book bound in red morocco, and then took his wrist between fingers and thumb. He then ordered him to take off all his clothes except his socks and sock-suspenders, and, having laid him out on a sofa, subjected him to a rigorous examination, five times during the course of which he said "Hah! Hum!" loudly.

When the ceremony was at an end he gave his verdict.

"Mr. Garraway," he said, glancing at his book, "I regret to inform you that your heart is in a bad state. There are several murmurs. Valvular disease is threatened. It is necessary that your aorta should be removed without delay. You will go into my—into a nursing home that I will recommend immediately. My friend Sir Rupert Chuff will do your business for you. No better man, I assure you His fee is three hundred guineas. Mine is two. No"—for Garraway's pallor had become really pronounced—"not two hundred. Two. Thank you. Good day. I will communicate to-night the address of my—of your nursing home, together with an early date for your entering it. Meanwhile, don't exert yourself in any way. Don't run, not though a bull should be after you. Let your valet brush your hair. The cold bath is forbidden. Smoking and alcohol are forbidden. Loud laughter is forbidden. You may, however, smile. Joles"—this to his manservant—"show Mr. —ah—Garraway out."

Garraway was put forth into Harley Street. In all the world, besides his salary, he had but two hundred and fifty pounds. "I wonder," he was thinking, very naturally, "if there is



"'PUT OUT YOUR TONGUE'; AND GARRAWAY'S TONGUE SHOT FORTH."

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anyone who will do it cheaper. Why didn't I ask Sir James James?"

To go back and do so was the obvious thing, but Garraway, although he had no fear of the obvious, was incapable of facing Sir James James again. But a brilliant idea occurred to him. He rang the bell of the next house and asked to see Sir Henry Fowle, whose name illustrated a brass plate on the door. Sir Henry would, he hoped, tell him the name of a cheaper surgeon.

"I have come——" he began when he was in Sir Henry's presence, but Sir Henry held up a hand and silenced him.

"I know what you have come for," he said. "Your name, please, and your address." Garraway, cowed, furnished these details.

"I don't want——" he began, again—but again Sir Henry's hand went up.

"Put out your tongue," said Sir Henry, and Garraway's tongue shot forth. Sir Henry studied it awhile and then said, "Thank you," and Garraway drew his tongue in so that he might ask Sir Henry for the name of a cheaper surgeon than Sir Rupert Chuff.

Sir Henry, with his doubled fist, smote Garraway suddenly and fiercely in the centre of his body. "Did that hurt?" he inquired.

Garraway, when he had recovered his breath, said that it had.

"I thought so," said Sir Henry. "Take off all your clothes except your collar and lie down on this sofa." Garraway was in such fear that he did precisely as he had been commanded. Sir Henry went over him with a stethoscope.

"Mr.—er—Garraway," he said, at last, "it is my duty to tell you that you are in a very poor state, a very poor state indeed. We shall open your abdomen without delay and then, according to what we discover, we shall do one or more of three things; short-circuit you, remove your pancreas, or excise your colon. I hope—I think I may say I am very hopeful—that it will not be necessary to perform all these operations, but whatever may be required shall be done. Here is the address of a nursing home which I can recommend. You will enter it the day after to-morrow and on the next day I will attend to you. My fee will not in any case be more than five hundred guineas. For this consultation it is two guineas. Thank you." He rang the bell and his servant appeared. "Mary," he said, "show Mr.—er—Garraway out."



"YOUR LUNGS, MR. GARRAWAY, ARE, I AM SORRY TO SAY, IN THE DEVIL OF A CONDITION."

Once again Garraway stood on the pavement of Harley Street.

"This is horrible," he said to himself. "No wonder that fellow Wagstaff thought I looked seedy. Do you suppose," he pondered, "that there is anything else wrong with me? Sir Henry seems to have overlooked my heart. I had better, I think, see another man while I'm about it."

His eye fell upon a brass plate which bore the name of Mr. Mannington Bush. "Ah!" he thought, "no more baronets for me They are too costly," and he rang the bell of Mr. Mannington Bush.

Mr. Mannington Bush caused Garraway to take off absolutely all his clothes and lie down on a sofa; then he examined him carefully; then he said: "Your lungs, Mr. Garraway, are, I am sorry to say, in the devil of a condition. You have had phthisis twice."

"Phthisis?" echoed Garraway. "What is that?"

"Consumption," said Mr. Mannington Bush.

"I assure you——" cried Garraway, indignantly, but Mr. Mannington Bush quelled him with a glance.

"You are not here, sir," he said, "to assure me. You are here to be assured by me. And I assure you that you have had consumption twice. The right lung is practically non-existent, and in the left there is a hole that I could put my fist into. We shall remove your lungs altogether, and for them substitute those of a pig. My friend, Sir Algernon Alchin, will perform the operation. It is the very newest thing in surgery—Sir Algernon's own discovery. No one else can do it. Sir Algernon himself has only done it twenty times, and so far not one of the subjects has recovered; but he is perfectly confident that on the next occasion he will have a complete success. His fee—since the operation is so very new and unusual—is, at present, one thousand guineas. Mine will be two. Thank you, Mr. Garraway. I will send you word"—here he pressed his bell—"the moment there is a vacancy in the only nursing home which I can really recommend. Bilge," this to his man, "show Mr. Garraway out."

Garraway went straight across Harley Street

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"HERE IS A BOTTLE WHICH YOU WILL TAKE WITH YOUR DINNER TO-NIGHT."

and rang the bell of a Dr. Waxe, who happened to live just there.

Dr. Waxe invited him to take off all his clothes except his waistcoat and then examined him. (Garraway had given up trying to offer any explanations of his presence in these gentlemen's consulting-rooms.) When the examination was over Dr. Waxe said :—

"Mr. Garraway, you are in a highly nervous condition. It is very fortunate that you came to me, for if another week had passed without your obtaining proper treatment I would not have answered for the consequences. However, we shall put you right in no time. Here is a prescription. It is a little tonic which I desire you will take three times a day with your meals, a bottle to each meal. The address of the chemist who makes it up is noted on the prescription. You will order five dozen to be going on with, and when you have got through that you will come to me again and we shall see. Here," and he produced a bottle, "is a bottle which you will take with your dinner to-night, so that you may lose no time. I always keep some by me. My fee is two guineas, and the medicine will be five shillings. I thank you. Good day, Mr. Garraway."

"But," said Garraway, "is there to be no operation? Is nothing to be removed?"

"Nothing," replied Dr. Waxe, as he rang the bell, "except your teeth, all of them. My friend, Mr. Pullar, will do that for you presently, but not until you are stronger. Ann," he went on to his parlour-maid, who had entered, "show Mr. Garraway out."

Garraway had still two guineas left and a little loose change. So he rang at the next door bell and inquired for Dr. Renshaw. He was quite resolved to leave no stone unturned in order to discover all that was the matter with him.

He was shown into a consulting-room, and in order to save time he began at once to remove all his clothing. He had not removed quite all of it when Dr. Renshaw entered. She said, "Good afternoon. And what can I do for *you*?"

Garraway sprang for his hat and walking-stick, his most readily assumed articles of clothing, and while he put them on answered Dr. Renshaw's questions as to his name and address.

"And what," she said, "is the matter with you, Mr. Garraway?"

Garraway told her while he drew more of his clothing on to his person. She heard him out with an indulgent smile. Then she felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, and tested him in various other simple ways. Then she said: "What you want, my little man, is a keeper. You oughtn't to be allowed out loose."

"You mean," said Garraway, without feeling any surprise, "that I'm insane?"

"Oh, no," said Dr. Renshaw," that would perhaps be going a bit too far. Let us say, rather, that you want looking after generally. If you had had anyone to look



"WHAT YOU WANT, MY LITTLE MAN, IS A KEEPER."

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"GARRAWAY HAS CHANGED HIS NAME TO RENSHAW. SHE INSISTED UPON THIS."

after you, you would never have been allowed to go to see all those impostors and waste your money paying them to find diseases in you which have never been there at all. You are simply one of those many grossly selfish and unpublic-spirited young men who will not marry because they fear or hate responsibility. If you had a wife for you to look after and to look after you, you would be perfectly well. Get a wife, young man, get a wife."

Garraway took her advice. He has changed his name to Renshaw. She insisted upon this.

ACROSTICS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 63.

(The Third of the Series.)

Two colleges we see,
But where I must not say,
For that, I fear, would be
To give the show away.

1. Few, few there are who do not do it,
Although Polonius said they'd rue it.
2. He and his bride passed to their doom,
Straight from the altar to the tomb.
3. It held, according to Saint Luke;
But it held only by a fluke.
4. This law with safety you infer
Was made by him to keep out her.
5. Ascetic you may be or glutton;
It is to her you owe your mutton.
6. Mechanics use them every day,
But children go for them in May.
7. This word is often used by all
Who duty do at Duty's call.
8. Though some have five, good every one,
Yet oft we say that they have none.
9. Why blame it if you want more light?
Its function is the opposite.

KING COLE.

Answers to Acrostic No. 63 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor; THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than by the first post on May 10th.*

To every light one alternative answer may be sent; it should be written at the side. At the foot of his answer every solver should write his pseudonym and nothing else.

ANSWER TO No. 61.

1.	W	are	S
2.	I	m	P
3.	N	igge	R
4.	T	a	I
5.	E	ve	N
6.	R	in	G

ANSWER TO No. 62.

1.	A	l	F
2.	P	rest	O
3.	R	oll	O
4.	I	nitia	L
5.	L	as	S

NOTES.—Light 1. Alfred. 5. Lass, glass.

"Artemisium" is accepted for the first light of No. 58.

The result of the tenth series will be published in the next issue of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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"Not in the Presence of the Enemy."

By "BARTIMEUS."

I.—THE GLEANER.

Illustrated by A. Gilbert, R.O.I.

THE motor-launch chugged to the limit of her beat and wheeled with her bows to a rusty sunset. The wind had been freshening steadily since noon and the steep grey seas were edged with spray, and streaked like the flanks of an over-spurred horse. The motor-launch, from a monotonous corkscrew roll, changed to a jerky see-saw that enveloped her in a bitterly cold cascade at every downward plunge.

The R.N.V.R. lieutenant in command leaned with one broad shoulder against the side of the wheel-shelter, his legs braced far apart and his oilskin flapping wetly against his leather sea-boots. As each successive welter of spray drove past his head he raised a pair of glasses and searched the horizon to the westward where the sombre November sunset was fast fading.

Somewhere below that horizon the homeward-bound convoy was approaching, and his orders were to patrol a given length of the swept channel up the coast on the look-out for floating mines that might have drifted by chance currents from distant mine-fields. Twice since dawn the sweepers had passed over that water and reported the fair-way clear; but with a dozen ship-loads of wheat to pass up it ere the morning, no one was taking any chances. "Patrol till dark; floating mines to be sunk by gun or rifle fire," said his orders. The R.N.V.R. lieutenant had been reckoned a good shot with a rifle in the days when he was an Admiralty clerk and spent his Saturday afternoons on a rifle range at Wormwood Scrubs; he glanced from the bucking deck of his command to the rifle hanging in slings over the coxswain's head, and smiled rather doubtfully to himself. As if in challenge to that smile, the signalman on the other side of the coxswain suddenly extended his telescope and arm in a straight line to seaward.

"Mine awash, sir," he shouted. "Two points on the port bow." The coxswain raised his eye from the binnacle and moved the wheel through half a turn.

The lieutenant stared through his glasses. "Umph," he said. The crew of the muffled six-pounder in the bows emerged from the fore hatchway and began to cast off the clips securing the lid of the ammunition-box.

In silence they stared at the dull green globular object that bobbed past them in the trough of a sea, the soft lead horns projecting ominously as the waves washed over the rounded surface.

"One of ours," said the lieutenant, with a swift expert glance. He stepped inboard a pace and studied a chart. "But it's come a long way—must ha' been Tuesday's gale."

The launch held on her course till she had reached the limit of the safety-zone of a bursting mine; stopped, and brought the gun to the ready. The gunlayer adjusted his sight, and the tiny gun platform rolled in sickening lurches.

"She may steady for a moment," said the lieutenant, without conviction. "Choose your time." The gunlayer chose it.

"Bang!" A puff of smoke dissolved about the muzzle and the shell sent up a column of foam a yard beyond the preposterous target.

"Try again," said the lieutenant, and unslung the rifle. "Fire on the downward roll."

The gunlayer fired on the downward and then on the upward roll, and each time the shell went sobbing away into the Channel haze and the dark, smooth object still bobbed in the fast-fading light amid the waves. The lieutenant kicked aside his seventeenth empty brass cylinder and snapped the rifle-bolt angrily. "There's the smoke of the convoy," he shouted to his second in command, who was firing from aft and swearing in a monotonous undertone that sounded like a litany. "It's right in their track." For the ensuing half-hour they kept up the fruitless fusillade until dusk blotted out the target.

The R.N.V.R. lieutenant rang down for half speed. "Secure the gun," he said, curtly, and to the coxswain: "Close the blighter; we've got to make a rope's end fast and tow it inshore out of the fair-way." The coxswain gave his commanding officer a searching, incredulous glance, as if he doubted his sanity, and spun the wheel round, but the lieutenant was lurching aft on his way to the cabin hatch. He paused en route and thrust a head and shoulders into the engine-room. "Bring a can of lubricating oil aft an' a handful of waste," he shouted to the unseen occupant, and dived into his cabin.

Under direction of the first lieutenant, a grass line was uncoiled and one end made fast to a cleat; there was no time to be lost, for the dusk was falling fast and the convoy with its attendant escorts was a bare five miles away. The motor launch circled round the floating mine, visible only by reason of the intermittent whiteness of the broken water about it. The sub-lieutenant

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"THE CREW OF THE LAUNCH HAD A GLIMPSE OF WHITE GLEAMING BODY, AS THE SWIMMER CIRCLED CAUTIOUSLY ROUND THE FLOATING MINE."

stared at it half-fascinated, the coils of the line in his hands. For a moment he felt an angry resentment against the minesweepers; this, assuredly, was their business. Then he remembered that they had garnered their grim harvest and returned to port. The motor-launch was only a gleaner.

"Now, then!" He turned to see his captain at his elbow, stark naked as the moment he was born, glistening with oil like a wrestler of old. "Give us the rope's end. Drop down to leeward when I shout—an' stand by with a hot grog."

The speaker knotted the rope loosely over one muscular shoulder and measured the distance to the mine with a dispassionate eye. "If I bungle it and foul one of the horns," he said, "it'll blow the boat to smithereens. You'd better stand by with life-belts for yourselves."

"What about you?" asked the sub. His captain gave a little grim laugh. "If that egg breaks, there won't be much of *me* to put a belt round," and without further ado he slid over the stern into the water.

The crew of the launch watched the receding

head and shoulders as their commanding officer was carried to leeward on the crest of a wave, and the sub-lieutenant, paying out loose coils of rope into the dark water, murmured: "That's a man for you!" They had a glimpse of white gleaming body, as the swimmer circled cautiously round the floating mine and the waves lifted or dropped him into their hollows. Then for a moment he vanished, and the watching group aft held their breath.

"If he grabs for the ring-bolt and catches hold of a horn——" said the coxswain, and left the sentence unfinished. The seconds passed. Then out of the darkness came a thin hail. The coxswain jumped to the wheel; the second in command flung the slack line over the stern and the launch dropped down to leeward.

The numb, exhausted figure hauled over the side a minute later, to be wrapped in blankets and massaged back to speech, resumed his clothes and clumped forward to the wheel-house as the launch turned inshore with the mine in tow.

He stared into the darkness astern as the line tautened. "God knows if there are any more farther up the coast . . . But our beat's clear. Full speed, coxswain!"

II.—THE MILLIONTH CHANCE.

Illustrated by E. H. Thomas.

THREE HUNDRED FEET above mother earth sat an able seaman of the Royal Navy, reflecting on the strangeness of his profession. For the first eighteen months of the war he had been a loading number of one of a battleship's six-inch guns; as such he spent most of his waking hours punching a dummy projectile into the breech of a "loader," or, when not at meals or asleep, following critically the fortunes of cinema-artistes as portrayed on the Grand Fleet films. There came a day after that when the vagaries of fortune transplanted him to a Dover monitor, where he grew accustomed to the roar of fifteen-inch shells from the Belgian coast batteries passing overhead, or pitching short of his floating home in a thunderous upheaval of white water. Finally he returned to his depot suffering from gun-deafness, to find himself in due course one of a working-party attached to a high-power naval wireless station, and still a little hard of hearing.

Whatever the effect of heavy gunfire on his hearing, his nervous system remained unimpaired; so much so that, as he sat swaying in a "boatswain's stool," three-quarters of the way up one of the four hundred and thirty feet wireless masts, slapping creosote on to the wooden lattice-work with a brush, he hummed a little tune to himself:—

> Laugh while you may,
> There's still to-day—
> You may be dead *ter*-morrer!

He crooned contentedly, and desisted from his labours to survey, like Moses of old, the landscape o'er.

Below him, seen through a thin veil of shifting mist, stretched smooth grey downs and a network of roads. Directly beneath, tiny figures moved among the buildings of the wireless station; on the slope of a far hillside, rows of conical tents showed white in a passing gleam of sunshine. Something moving along one of the roads held his interest for a moment and the song came to an end; a field-gun battery going out to exercise; horses the size of mice. He wondered what it must be like to be an airman and pepper an enemy battery with a machine-gun. Wouldn't they scatter! Horses all mixed up with the traces, plunging. Pap! pap! pap! would go the machine-gun, with the goggled face behind it laughing triumphant. . . . Fine, it 'ud be.

He bent his head back and stared up into the low-lying clouds that seemed to hover just overhead. Was it because he had been thinking of aeroplanes, or did he really hear the hum of an engine coming down out of the mist. The slender lattice-work above him rose towering for another hundred feet, taking the eye criss-cross along its diminishing perspective until it made you giddy. The sailor cursed his deafness as he strained to listen. Surely it was an aeroplane. He could feel the vibration of its engine rather than hear it. Or was it the wind droning in the taut wire stays that spread earthward on every side.

Then, swift as a falling stone, flashing dark through the mist, he saw the machine, apparently coming straight for him.

"Look out!" he shouted, and as he spoke the whirring thing crashed fairly into the mast fifty feet above him with a splintering concussion that shook the framework like a whip. The bluejacket ducked his head as a shower of fragments descended, and sat waiting for the thing to fall. Nothing happened. The last piece of shattered propeller dropped clattering down the lattice for a little distance, rebounded, and vanished into space. Only the humming of the wind broke a silence that had somehow become dreadful; dreading he knew not what, the man looked up.

There was the plane, with her nose jammed securely between the bars of the crossed lattice, embedded as far as the wings. The fusilage stuck out into the air at right angles to the r st like a dragon-fly that had flown blindly aga st a sticky window. . . . The sight was e a- ordinary.

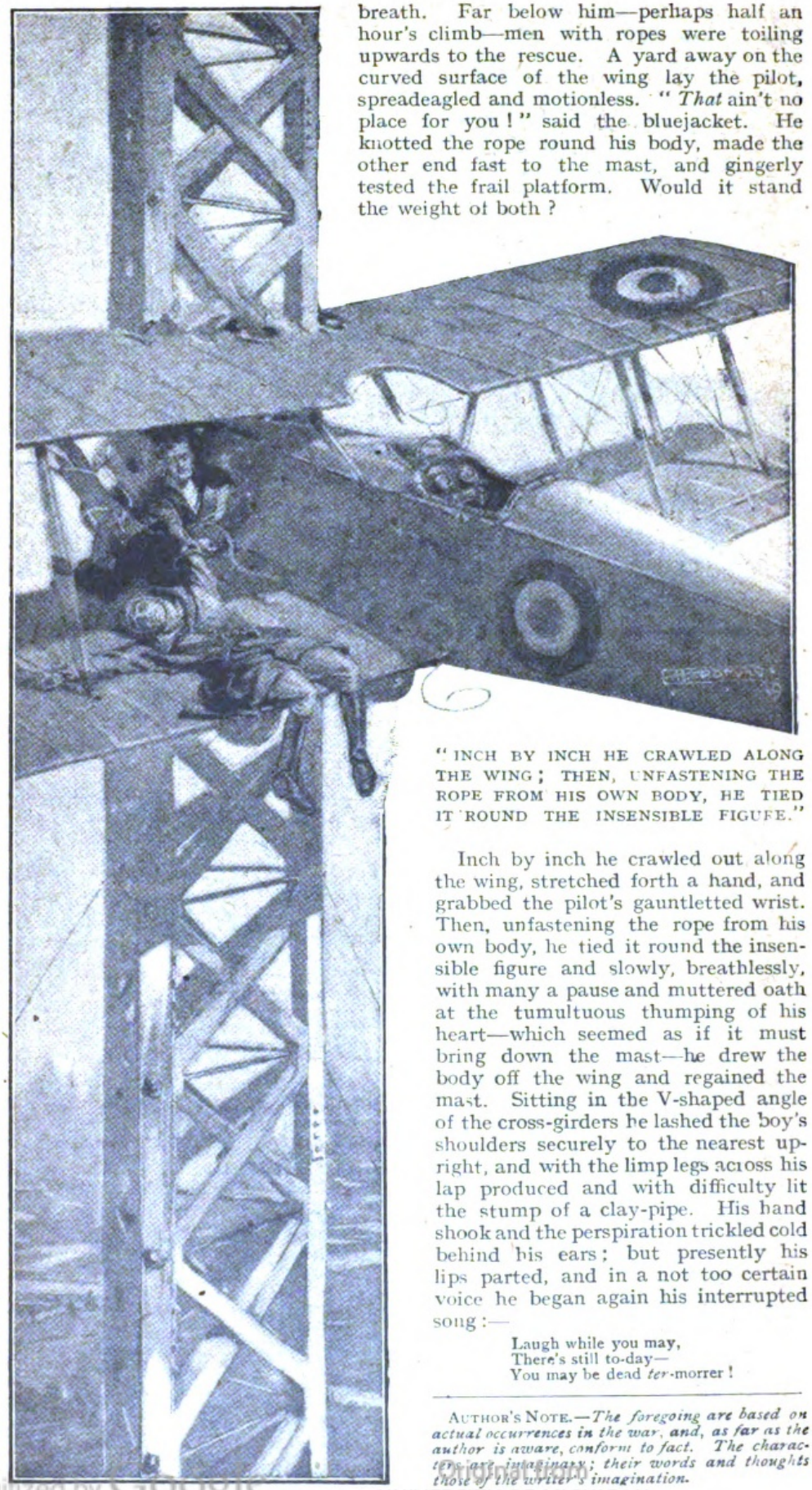
The A.B. craned his head downwards. e small figures on the earth were running to d fro like ants. But where was the pilot? e peered up at the wreck and shouted. No r y came. Odd! He'd better go and see al it the pilot, who evidently hadn't seen the r st in the fog and, by the millionth chance, hit

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Taking with him the rope that secured the boatswain's stool he commenced to climb. P'r'aps the bloke was stunned — dead, more likely. Anyhow, he couldn't leave him there in his seat with the likelihood of the machine breaking off from its nose and falling to the earth any moment. Just as well he'd been there when it happened; that was chance too, in a way. . . .

Foot by foot he climbed, and finally reached the point of impact. The lattice was smashed to matchwood here, and the mast swayed dizzily above the damaged place. Another pull and a heave enabled the rescuer to look down on the unconscious figure who had been the puppet of so incredible a whim of Fate. He lay face upwards across one of the wings where he had been flung by the force of the collision. His arms were outstretched, and both legs, from the knees down, hung over the edge of the wing into three hundred and fifty feet of space. The machine had but to sag a couple of feet, or the unconscious figure stir ever so little. . . .

The able seaman took a deep breath. Far below him—perhaps half an hour's climb—men with ropes were toiling upwards to the rescue. A yard away on the curved surface of the wing lay the pilot, spreadeagled and motionless. "*That* ain't no place for you!" said the bluejacket. He knotted the rope round his body, made the other end fast to the mast, and gingerly tested the frail platform. Would it stand the weight of both?



"INCH BY INCH HE CRAWLED ALONG THE WING; THEN, UNFASTENING THE ROPE FROM HIS OWN BODY, HE TIED IT ROUND THE INSENSIBLE FIGUFE."

Inch by inch he crawled out along the wing, stretched forth a hand, and grabbed the pilot's gauntletted wrist. Then, unfastening the rope from his own body, he tied it round the insensible figure and slowly, breathlessly, with many a pause and muttered oath at the tumultuous thumping of his heart—which seemed as if it must bring down the mast—he drew the body off the wing and regained the mast. Sitting in the V-shaped angle of the cross-girders he lashed the boy's shoulders securely to the nearest upright, and with the limp legs across his lap produced and with difficulty lit the stump of a clay-pipe. His hand shook and the perspiration trickled cold behind his ears; but presently his lips parted, and in a not too certain voice he began again his interrupted song:—

Laugh while you may,
There's still to-day—
You may be dead *fer*-morrer!

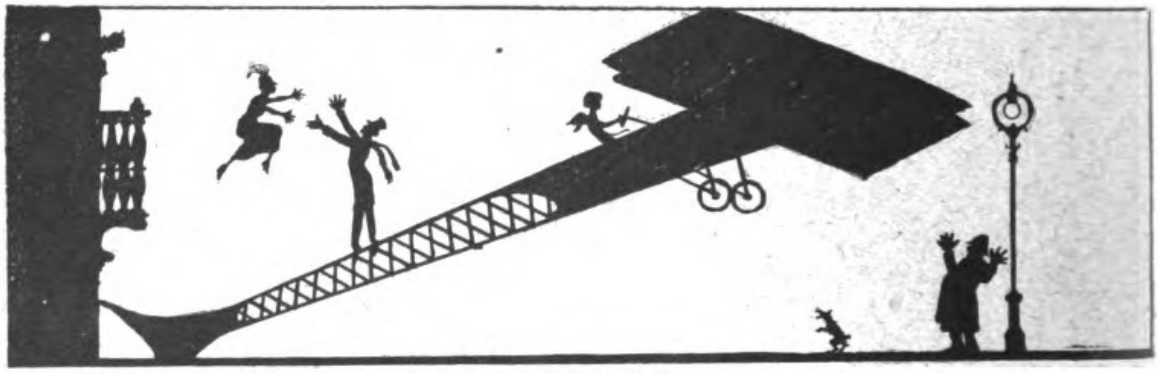
AUTHOR'S NOTE.—*The foregoing are based on actual occurrences in the war, and, as far as the author is aware, conform to fact. The characters are imaginary; their words and thoughts those of the writer's imagination.*

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A Gretna Green Wedding Up-to-Date.

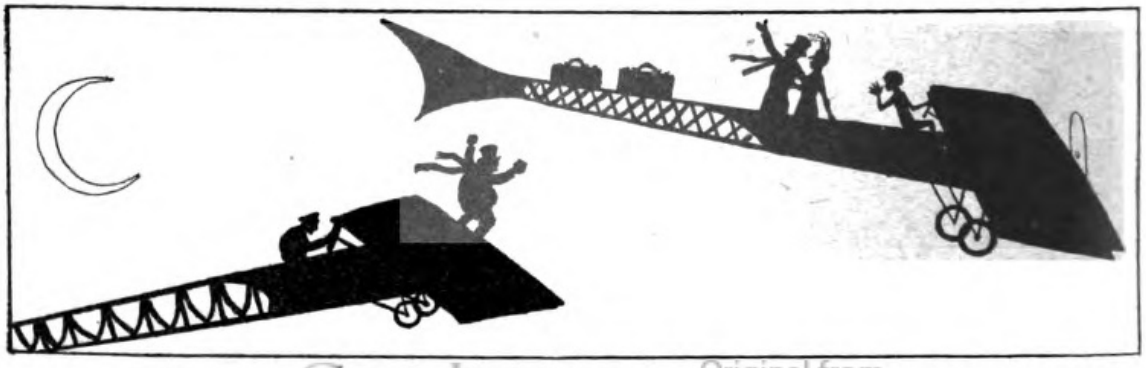
By
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THE ELOPEMENT.

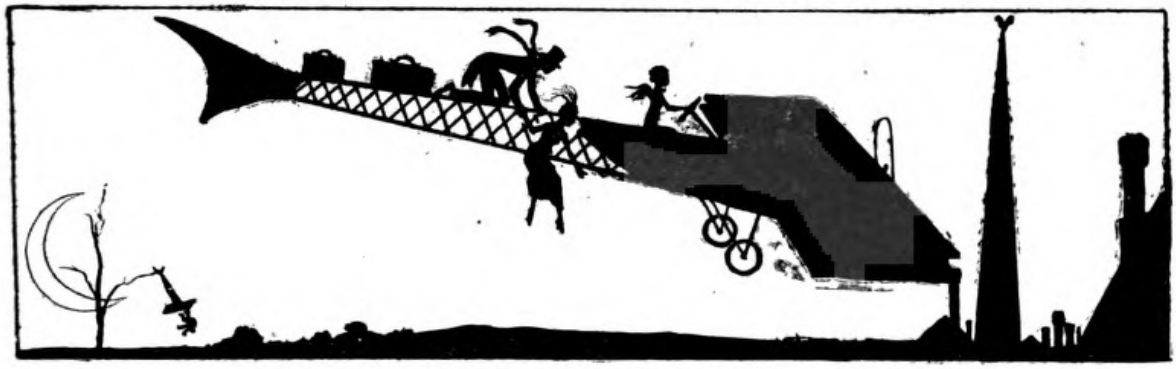


SAFE AWAY!



THE PURSUIT BY THE ANGRY PARENT.

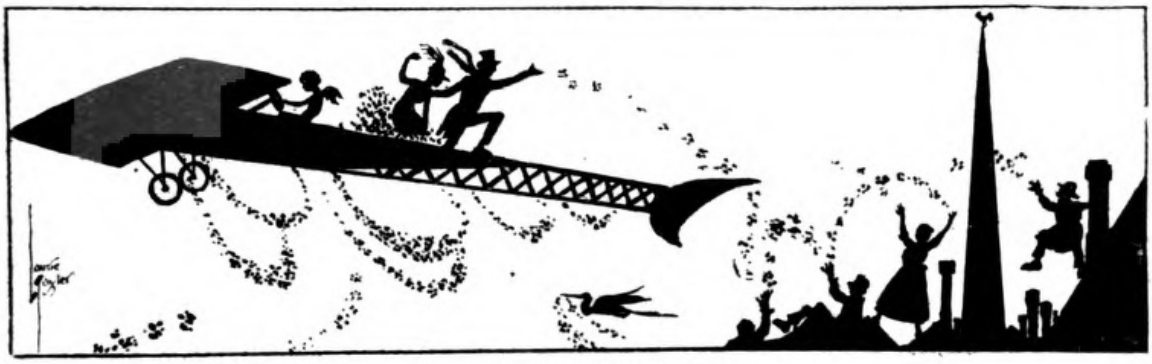
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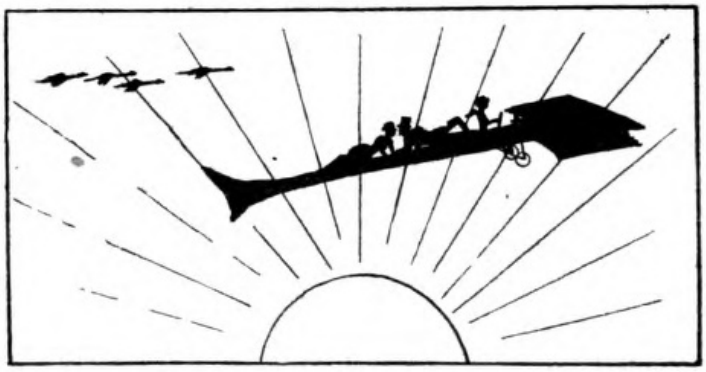
THE ARRIVAL.—DELAY OF THE ANGRY PARENT.



TOO LATE!



OFF FOR THE HONEYMOON.



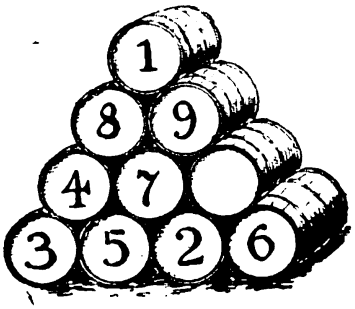
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PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

455.—THE TEN BARRELS.

A MERCHANT had ten barrels of sugar, which he stored in the form of a pyramid, as shown. Every barrel bore a different number, except one, which



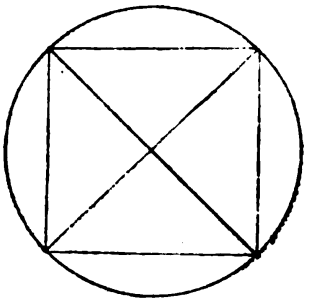
was not marked. It will be seen that he had accidentally arranged them so that the numbers in the three sides added up alike—that is, to 16. Can you rearrange them so that the three sides shall sum to the smallest number possible? Of course, the central barrel (which happens to be 7 in the illustration) does not come into the count.

456.—THE COW, GOAT, AND GOOSE.

A FARMER found that his cow and goat would eat all the grass in a certain field in 45 days, that the cow and the goose would eat it in 60 days, but that it would take the goat and goose 90 days to eat it down. Now, if he had turned cow, goat, and goose into the field together, how long would it have taken them to eat all the grass? Sir Isaac Newton showed us how to solve a puzzle of this kind with the grass growing all the time, but, for the sake of greater simplicity, we will assume that the season and conditions were such that the grass was not growing.

457.—AN OLD UNICURSAL PUZZLE.

HERE is a puzzle that I published when I was a lad, but had quite forgotten until I was recently shown it as something new. I am not aware that it



has ever been reprinted since I first gave it. You are asked to draw the figure shown with one stroke of the pencil, never lifting your pencil from the paper or going over a line twice. I will say at once that it is done by a trick, on the lines of one that I explained in these pages a few years ago.

458.—MISSING WORDS.

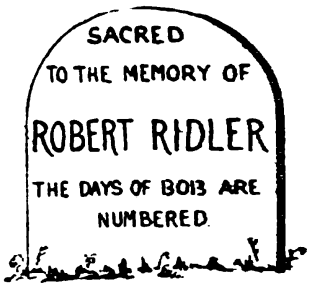
THIS is an old familiar friend in a new dress. By a slight alteration of the last two lines a sixth word is introduced. It makes it even easier than it was before, but the new version is amusing:—

A . . . . old woman on . . . . bent
Put on her . . . . and away she went.
". . . . ," said she, "oh, tell me, please.
How can I . . . . on St. . . . . cheese?"

Each of the six words contains the same four letters.

459.—A PUZZLING EPITAPH.

THE writer of the inscription shown seems to have had in his mind the words of the Psalmist, "Teach us to number our days"; but if the days of Bob are already numbered, what was the age of Bob?



Solutions to last Month's Puzzles.

451.—A CUNNING CHESS PROBLEM.

BLACK'S defence to Kt to B 3, or K 3, or the same Kt to Kt 6 is 1 P to Kt 8, becoming a *bishop!* Now, if White plays 2 B to Q 5, Black is stalemated! And there is no other line of play that will solve the problem. The correct key leaves Black the move, 2 P takes Kt, and so beats this defence.

452.—THE MOVING STAIRWAY.

IF I walk 26 steps I require 30 seconds, and if I walk 34 steps I require only 18 seconds. Multiply 30 by 34 and 26 by 18 and we get 1,020 and 468, the difference between which is 552. Divide this by the difference between 30 and 18 (that is, by 12), and the answer is 46, the number of steps in the stairway, which descends at the rate of one step in a second and a half. The speed at which I walk on the stairs does not affect the question, as the step from which I alight will reach the bottom at a given moment, whatever I do in the meantime.

453.—IS IT VERY EASY?

ALL that is necessary is to push up the second figure in every cell and so form powers of 2, as in the first square. Then the numbers become those in the second

2^7	2^0	2^5
2^2	2^4	2^6
2^3	2^8	2^1

128	1	32
4	16	64
8	256	2

square, where all the eight rows give the same product —4,096. Of course, every arithmetician knows that 2^0 equals 1.

454.—THE TWO ADDITIONS.

ARRANGE the figures in the following way:—

173	85
4	92
177	177

and both sums add up alike.

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The HAPPY HUSBAND

A Thrilling Story of Love & Passion

A Health Fortress



See Page 22.

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Contents for June, 1919.

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"AS THE OLD FELLOW RAISED HIS AXE, HIS ARMS AND THE INSTRUMENT ITSELF DESCRIBED A GIGANTIC SHADOW ON THE WALL. THE GIRL HAD JUST TIME TO WHEEL AND RAISE AN ARM IN DEFENCE."

(*See page* 455.)

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THE LIVING GHOST

by Burton Kline

ILLUSTRATED BY LEO BATES

I HAVE always thought Dr. Viall's stupendous success was owing to his use of a single medicine. That magic herb was his own personal address. Professionally he was gracious and irresistible; a patient recovered on sight of him. Socially, he was even more gracious, and, to his lady acquaintances at least, excessively irritating. He annoyed them by remaining a bachelor.

According to their own measure of intelligence, the friends of Dr. Viall set him down as sarcastic, as cynical, or as a master of irony. Only the very few who knew him best suspected that his somewhat bristling surface casing was the defensive outwork of a man extremely shy and sensitive, in despair of ever being understood as he wished to be, and determined on that account never to be known at all. This suspicion Dr. Viall confirmed to a company of us one evening, in a highly dramatic manner.



We were guests aboard his yacht, a long, smooth craft that cut the water with the silence of a knife. The doctor was allowing himself a holiday sufficient at least for a cruise as far as the Mediterranean, but we had barely poked a nose into the Channel when a fog enveloped us, and in deference to the visible nervousness of several of the lady guests, he had put in at a convenient bay till the pall should lift. Even so, we were anchored far enough out to be free of the noises on shore, and the mist seemed to blanket our hearing as well as our vision. Our lamps seemed to light up a circular room of cloud, and in the cosy seclusion thus provided Dr. Viall ordered dinner to be served under the canopy on the after-deck.

In organizing his frolic the doctor, who was at

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home with any sort, had lazily asked Mrs. Grosvenor to select from his friends the dozen or so that she best liked herself. Those she had chosen were Garford, designer of Gothic churches; Craig, an engineer; Grosvenor himself, of course, a Stock Exchange man; and two or three other celebrities and their wives and daughters. In the doctor's own behoof, Mrs. Grosvenor had artfully provided a beauty and heiress; and for me, I quite distinctly remember, a charming young widow, a recent visitor of hers, with a pair of the saddest eyes and a shock of the whitest hair I have ever seen. She was of the sort that in growing grey early will never grow old.

The doctor, weary as he was after a busy season, but now drawing the first breaths of relief and rest, was soon in spirits, and delighted us all with his brilliant balderdash.

"'You know," I remember he said, at the stage of cigarettes and cigars, probably aiming his jest at Mrs. Grosvenor, "nothing amuses me more than prudence in marrying. I've seen the most carefully-calculated matches end in divorce. I've seen the most slapdash unions end in—divorce." He paused for rebuke. "Yes, my dear madam, but if a man truly loves a woman, the last thing on earth for him to do is to marry her. He loses his one chance of preserving her good opinion of him." And he ended with a sigh, "And perhaps his good opinion of her."

"That," said Mrs. Grosvenor, "is so true that it must have been said by Shakespeare."

The doctor laughed. "It was that sort of knowledge that made him a poet."

The ladies did what they could to laugh him out of so shocking a philosophy, but the doctor fared on in his sad and mocking manner.

"My colleague here"—he nodded at me—"if he is an honest man, will admit that his science of psycho-pathology consists of the study of two horrible diseases—marrying and—er—not marrying."

Of course, we psychologists know that a man who talks in that defensive manner about marriage has the topic tremendously on his mind. But there, to end his monopoly of the conversation, Dr. Viall said simply, "Am I right, Dr. Carver?"

A little later Dr. Viall more pointedly confirmed my suspicion that he was a troubled man, when he once more brought up the topic of my science.

"The trouble with you fellows," he said to me, and this time without employment of his irony; even, I thought, with a slight excess of earnestness, "is that your science is fashioned out of disease. We surgeons are taught anatomy on fairly normal bodies. But the very name of your study is a misnomer. It should be spelled, as I've sometimes heard it pronounced—sickology. Your examinations are all of sick minds. Happy and healthy people go to the race-track, not to the psycho-analyst. Why don't you strike out on a bold and novel line, Dr. Carver, and for once explore a healthy mind? Try mine, for example. I warrant you I'll baffle you at the very start. One of these days I'm going to pounce down on you and hand you a poser. And that," he finished, "out of my own experience."

"Let's have it now," I said in defiance. And with this prospect of seeing me a victim in the hands of their idol, the guests were all for having him pounce upon me at once.

Dr. Viall set light to a fresh cigar and leaned back in his chair. "I think it will interest you," he airily began. "Your science, it seems to me, has left some rather large regions untouched. I suppose you've long ago passed by the old superstition about the power of mind over matter. But how"—he now studied me narrowly—"how about the power of matter over mind?"

"Oh," I cheerfully assented, "environment plays a tremendous part in our lives."

"Yes, I know about that. But I don't mean matter in quite that sense. When you go into a house, for example, the quality of the furniture, its general arrangement, give you a definite impression of its owner. The house has acquired a personality of its own from its occupant. I don't mean that, but something quite different. When a house has come to be very old, it has borrowed something from all its occupants. It has a story to tell. It casts a spell. You catch it from a thousand subtle tokens. The dull matter of the house has acquired a voice. It spreads an influence. Perhaps this will explain what I mean."

And Dr. Viall proceeded to tell of three friends of his, a mother and her daughters, who had looked over a long-vacant estate with a view to its purchase. Though no one of the three had mentioned the thing while they were in the house, each of them had been burdened with an oppressive desire to be out of it quickly. Afterward they had learned that in the building of the place one workman had murdered another.

"Silently the house seemed to tell them, to warn them of that. Three intelligent people felt it. What do you make of such things, Dr. Carver?" And my host beamed across at my expected perplexity.

"I should say that your three lady friends had read, some time before, an account of the killing of a workman in a building not far away. They promptly forgot the incident. That is to say, it sank into their unconscious mind. Long afterward, when they visited that particular house, itself long unoccupied, with the vague questions that a house long unused is sure to raise, the dim memory of that killing arose from their unconscious mind, perhaps not definitely enough for them to recognize it and speak of it to each other. So, Doctor," I laughed back at our host, "to that extent I'm perfectly willing to concede that matter may exert an influence over brute mind. It does have at least the power of suggestion."

"Very clever," Dr. Viall joined me in laughter. "I was sure you'd have a plausible theory. And I'm free to say I think you've hit on the explanation. I should never have thought of it myself. It happens, however, that that is not my poser.

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The other incident I have in mind I doubt if you can dispose of so easily."

Till then Dr. Viall had spoken with still a tinge of his habitual irony. Till then he had been bent on chaffing me and my supposed science. Now he treated me with more respect.

"This other incident," he laughed—a little uneasily, I thought—at the reminiscence he was about to summon up; "this other incident, I confess, has stumped me. I'm really curious to know what you will have to say of it. Perhaps the more curious"—there I thought I caught Dr. Viall in a hesitation—"because it fell within my own experience."

He was now leaning forward, with his arms folded before him on the table, and all his guests copied his posture in their gathering interest.

"Altogether I think you'll find it extraordinary," Dr. Viall began. And we certainly found it so.

"Some years ago," said Dr. Viall, "I was summoned to undertake a serious operation on ——" He named a statesman long prominent in national affairs. "The case was desperate in itself, besides being important for other reasons. I had left my other patients to a colleague and had run over in order to devote myself wholly to the M.P. It was my first case with a man of such prominence, and I suppose I was more than commonly anxious about it. Above all, the ailment was interesting and unusual. I operated at once, with the assistance of two other surgeons. It turned out to be a taxing ordeal. I warned the statesman's family that unceasing care would be necessary with him for some time afterward, and they persuaded me to stay near at hand until we could be sure of a recovery.

"The M.P.'s house was not large, and was completely filled by the nurses and attendants, and quarters were engaged for me in an old house across the street, where I could be within call. This old house had fallen into decay, but it gave sign of having once had some pretensions to elegance. My room was on the second floor of it—a corner room—in front. It was large and bare, with a few old prints on the walls, and one or two old rag rugs on the floor. Its main charm, if it had any charm at all, was in the four large windows that opened out upon the gardens round about. The fireplace had been bricked up, and in front of it stood a most unornamental stove. An ancient, creaking four-poster, with a chair or two, and a dilapidated bureau, completed the furniture.

"Well"—Dr. Viall drew a few puffs of lingering smoke from his cigar—"the operation was a success. By that I mean that the M.P. lived, as well! But it left me pretty well worn out. We surgeons suffer more than we are willing to admit from such tensions, and when I turned in that night I was in the state of nervous fatigue when one sleeps fitfully, I've noticed, and is prone to troubled dreams. Through the nearest window I could see the dim light in the patient's room across the street, in token that all was well there. Still I must have slept lightly.

"As it was, I was awakened in the middle of the night. It may be that I was keyed-up for a summons from the M.P.'s bedside, but I was scarcely prepared for the summons of another sort that came instead. A flash of light seemed to strike me in the eyes, and I sat bolt upright to learn what was wanted. The light, by the way, seemed to come from the door of my room. I opened my eyes with a start, and saw that it came from a candle carried by a young girl.

"She stepped into the room without speaking, and appeared not to be hurried. Not a messenger from my patient, I knew. 'A sleep-walker,' I decided, and waited to see what she would do.

"As she moved into the room, and as the candle lit up the surroundings, I was witness to a startling transformation. I could see then that the girl, no less than the candlestick she carried, belonged to another period, of a hundred or more years before. She was richly dressed in a claret-coloured silk, of the pattern one sees in old portraits, with a lace fichu about her shoulders, caught with a flashing brooch at her bosom. As for the girl herself, she took my breath with her beauty. About twenty, I should say; with dark brown hair waved loosely over her ears and ending in one long curl laid forward over her shoulder. Never in my life have I seen a more enchanting picture. She was smiling faintly, I remember, as if in recollection of some girlish prank.

"All this came to me in one swift glance of survey. 'Aha!' thought I, 'a masquerader, home from a party, and strayed into the wrong chamber. I must make some sound to warn her.' And yet"—Dr. Viall sighed—"it was hard to dispel that charming apparition!

"I coughed, when I could summon the resolution to do so—and then was puzzled. The young lady seemed not to have heard—across the centuries. By then her candle had faintly lighted the whole room, and I saw that it, too, was transformed. Instead of the bare walls spotted with a few prints, I saw handsome portraits, evidently of old family worthies, haughty dames and grandees, in wigs and brocades and satin breeches. The naked windows had taken on heavy silken hangings. On the floor, in place of a strip or two of rag carpet, were rugs of finest Oriental pattern. Old Chippendale chairs stood about, as if lately vacated by a leisurely owner. In the corner was a fine old highboy, and the dressing-table and armoire might have come from the shop of Sheraton. The fireplace was itself again, with a pair of logs crackling on the andirons. Yet the greatest amazement was still to come. My very bed had been transformed. Above it was a silken canopy, and draped from it were lacy curtains. To make sure that I was not deceived I even reached out to touch them, and held them aside for a better view of the most charming interior one may imagine.

"The centre of the picture was, quite naturally, the girl. I watched her now in a breathless fascination. By then I dreaded even to wink, for fear of breaking the spell and banishing the pretty vision.

"My fears, it so happened, were groundless.

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Without seeming to see that I was there, she stepped into my room—or more properly her own bed-chamber, in which I began to feel myself the intruder. Under her arm she carried several books, one of which she actually deposited on the foot of the bed—probably to read herself to sleep. Will you believe me? I felt the slight jar of it as she set it down. Then she slipped over to the fire, drew up one of the rare old ladder-back chairs, and sat down as if preparing to read another of the books. But the attraction of the firelight proved to be the stronger, and for a long time she sat gazing into it, smiling divinely and kicking a silk slipper lazily against the hem of her skirt while she slowly uncoiled her hair. Presently the neglected book slid from her lap. The young lady drew from her bosom a miniature hung upon a ribbon, and transferred her smile from the fire on the hearth to the fire that appeared to flash from the eyes of the portrait. At any rate she fondled it for some time, and crooned to it softly, with sweet words that I made out but indistinctly. At last—though you may refuse to believe it—she rose and came and thrust the miniature under my very pillow. I felt the pressure of her hand on the tick, and the light lifting of the pillow. Then she returned to the fire, removed the simple jewels from her throat and fingers, stowed them away in a drawer in her bureau, and——

"And I sneezed!" Dr. Viall brought out in disgust. "I sneezed and awoke, and discovered my body sitting in an upright posture, chilled to the bone, with a nasty wind from the nearest open window sweeping over my back as I sat there staring upon—vacancy!"

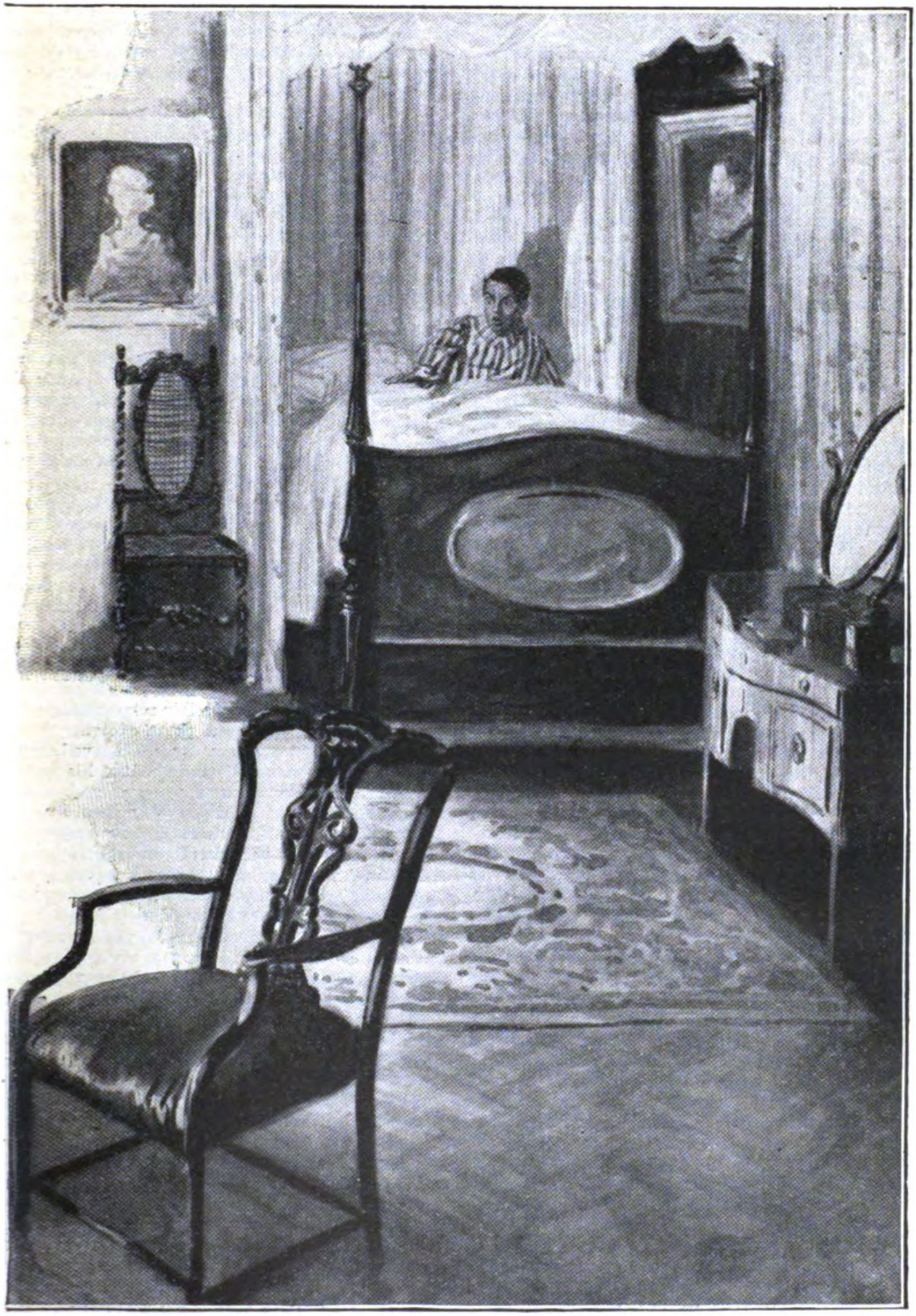
"Very remarkable!" said Grosvenor. "I remember a similar instance——"

"Ah, pardon me, but there's more!" Dr. Viall halted him. "The vision had vanished—



"WITHOUT SEEMING TO SEE THAT I WAS THERE, SHE STEPPED INTO MY

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ROOM, SLIPPED OVER TO THE FIRE, AND SAT DOWN AS IF PREPARING TO READ."

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girl, firelight, everything—but only for a time, I hoped. For the moment I refused to believe it was gone. I refused such magical surroundings the right to leave me like that to the dull and dour present. I even reached out again to touch the curtains about the bed—but they were no longer there. Not satisfied with that, I got out of bed, to make sure if I had been so cheated of my vision—and my feet froze to the bare, hard floor, and I knocked one of them painfully against the material fact of the stove. There was no mistaking that. As for my patient, he had passed from my mind till then. I glanced out of the window towards his house, but the light in the sick-room burned on—a token that all was well. My watch told me I had slept for perhaps four hours. And so I went back to bed again, hoping for further entertainment, for a continuation of the dream.

"Unfortunately," Dr. Viall lamented, "the dream appeared to be ended, and in the morning I went about my duties as usual.

"On the following day the M.P. alarmed me a bit more than he should have done," the doctor continued; "and again I was weary when I went to bed that night, once more very late. Still I was not too weary or worried to recall my charming intruder of the night before, nor to hope that the same little drama might be enacted to lighten my slumbers. And, to cut things short, that is precisely what happened.

"Again I was 'awakened,' as it were, by the light of a candle at my door. I remember scarcely daring to hope that its bearer could be my pretty visitor again. But it was she.

"This time she was *en grande toilette*. The gown was of a light blue, discreetly *décolleté*, delightfully simple, and of course it was immensely becoming. The hour seemed to be later. It was evident that she was returning from the minuet. The excitement of the dance was still in her face. It heightened the tint of her cheeks, it brightened the sparkle in her eye. The compliments seemed to be still ringing in her ears. If she was enchanting before, she was bewitching then. I drank her all in, like a fragrant wine, from the rose in her hair to the silver buckles on her tiny blue slippers. So vividly had the whole scene returned that I heard the faint creaking of a loose board in the floor as she pressed her weight upon it. And the sense of this wonderful counterfeit of reality gave me a feeling of exultation. Again for a few moments I was to step across the centuries, for sure enough there were the portraits on the walls, the rugs on the floor, the hangings about the windows and about my bed. And lighting them all were the flicker of the fire on the hearth and the dim little light of the candle. This time, you may be sure, I made certain I was not going to frighten it all away with a sneeze. I barely breathed.

"So the young lady, in pardonable pride of herself, swept a curtsy to her radiant reflection in the long mirror (I couldn't help smiling to be such an innocent, if willing, witness to these mysteries of the boudoir). And then she repeated the performance of the night before, with the miniature at her bosom—except that she cut the pretty pantomime a bit shorter, in view of the lateness of the hour. But with many kisses of it she stowed it again under my very pillow, and returned to the fire to begin her preparations for the night.

"But there, to my intense annoyance, came an interruption. A second flicker of light, from a second candle, appeared at the door; and we both, the young lady and I, turned in some dismay towards the intruder.

"The intruder"—Dr. Viall now went forward somewhat more briskly—"was an elderly woman, tall, lean, spare, most plainly dressed, and I was struck at once by her visage. Beyond all doubt it was the most evil, the most sinister, face I have ever beheld, in prison or out of it.

"She entered the room in a smirking manner, with the deference that mean people involuntarily pay to their betters. For a minute she chid the girl lightly for returning home at so late an hour, and then, coming closer, she outraged the pretty cheek with a kiss. It set my teeth grinding, for already I felt like a father to the lovely child.

"The next moment my feelings had passed beyond indignation. For behind the woman I saw a short, stocky man, heavily and powerfully framed, with a face that differed from the phiz of his wife in being stupid where hers was full of guile. It was clear they were husband and wife, and related in some fashion to the girl, over whom they seemed to exercise a sort of halting menial authority—though I was certain they could never be her parents. I remember I was still puzzling out their possible relationship when again I was startled by a gleam of light.

"The evil-looking man, I had observed, sidled into the room with his hands behind his back—for a reason that became clear when I caught that second gleam of light. By then his wife and the girl were in bantering conversation, the woman rallying her ward on the evening's triumphs, perhaps, and the girl replying with spirit but with many blushes. This last flicker of light took my eyes away from them.

"It was a flash reflected from the firelight, as a mischievous boy will dart a ray of sunshine from a pocket mirror—except that this flash came incidentally, without design, from the edge of a brightly-sharpened axe which the man carried behind him. It explained why the gentleman carried his hands as he did.

"My friends"—Dr. Viall cleared his throat—"I cleared my throat then to give some sign of life, to warn them that I was there. A moment before I had hoped that this fascinating scene might be real; now I prayed much more fervently that it was not. This new business was so grotesquely, so melodramatically out of key with my idyll. It was impossible, that was all. I tried to laugh aloud—to laugh it away, to close the dream. 'That old fellow has been at work till late; his axe can mean nothing more,' I thought. But the man soon gave token that his work lay, not behind, but before him. I

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watched his motions like a hawk. It was clear that he intended mischief.

" Under cover of his wife's chatter—a rather nervous chatter, as I recall it now—he edged round, trying meanwhile to appear unconcerned, until he had manœuvred to a position directly behind the girl. There he suddenly raised his axe with both hands above her head."

Dr. Viall paused. " Shall I go on ? " he asked.

" Go on," we all said. " You can't possibly stop there ! "

" Very well," said Dr. Viall. " I tried to cry out, to shout a warning to my pretty young girl. But, like all persons striving to act in their dreams, I was helpless. I choked. I spluttered —and voiced nothing. But as the old fellow raised his axe, his arms and the instrument itself described a gigantic shadow on the wall, which the young girl saw, and started."

" Good ! " breathed Mrs. Grosvenor, in spite of herself.

" The girl had just time to wheel and raise an arm in defence," Dr. Viall said on, " when——"

" Yes ? " we all demanded.

" When I awoke," Dr. Viall finished.

With that a pandemonium of protest burst upon him. " Why, man, you can't hoax us like that ! " Grosvenor stormed.

" It doesn't end there," said Viall. " I awoke to find myself again bolt upright in bed, choking in an effort to cry out, and with one idea in my mind—to prevent, if I could, that dreadful act ; to save my pretty young ' daughter.' But all was darkness. The vision was ended. I shut my eyes, I tried to summon it back, to see it properly finished, with a rescue. But the stars were twinkling coldly through the bare windows. My old four-poster creaked dismally. I was alone, in the present, in an ague of excitement, in a chilly and cheerless old room. At length I forced myself to get out of bed, to prove that I was there, in the twentieth, and not in the eighteenth, century. And I stayed up some time, afraid to return to bed again for fear the dream might return and end in the wrong way.

" At last I did go back, after having satisfied myself that all was well with the M.P. And the truth is that I slept soundly and sweetly till morning.

" The next day, though I was scrupulously attentive to my patient, who was now progressing nicely after all, it was impossible not to think of that poor threatened young girl of my dream. All day long her probable fate at the hands of that vicious pair haunted and haunted me. And that night I was positively afraid to retire and face the prospect of a continuance of that dream. But again I was weary, and though it took me three cigars to prepare for the ordeal of slumber that night, I finally tumbled in between the sheets. And to cut things short, the dream returned, on this third consecutive night ; and precisely as I feared, it continued.

" Still I can see—as long as I live I shall never forget—the face of that exquisite creature as she turned and for a second saw the fate that awaited her. Fortunately it was only for a second. Before she could move further the axe descended. Still I can hear the thud of it—like the blow of a hammer on wood. For an instant the girl's body wavered, and then fell, with a jar that rattled the windows. I remember that rattle.

" I remember the patter of the little pearls in the girl's necklace as they dropped to the floor. In raising her arm to defend herself, her thumb had caught in the cord that strung them, and the pretty pellets showered down like a handful of shot, and bounced and bounced on the boards. Then all was still.

" For one brief portion of a minute the two devils who had done this stood as if stunned at their deed. Slowly the man relaxed his grasp of the axe, so that it slipped to the floor beside its victim, while he covered his face with his hands and shook—shook till he was aroused by a hard laugh from his wife. That amiable lady had her plans all laid. Instantly she was all a-bustle. I sat there and watched it all in my trance.

" She flew to the girl's bureau and removed such papers and documents as she wanted, and a strong-box besides. Then she snatched the jewel-case from the dressing-table, fastened it, and tucked it under her arm. She even stooped and gathered up a handful of the pearls. Then, with a jerking sign to her husband, she took up her brass candle and motioned to him to follow.

" The obedient dog took hold of the girl's ankles and dragged her towards the door where they had entered. I heard the swish of her silk dress as it swept across the floor. Behind her head trailed her solitary curl, like a paint-brush, leaving a thin streak of red where it passed. I heard the bump of her head as it passed over the threshold. I heard it bump, bump, bump, down some back stair.

" They went down a back stair that ended in the kitchen. I know this because I left my bed and tip-toed down that stair behind them in my bare feet. The door to the kitchen they had left slightly ajar, and through the slit I watched the remainder of the proceedings.

" While the old woman held her candle aloft to light the scene, the man stepped quickly to the outer door and reached outside for an iron bar which had evidently been placed there in readiness. With this he returned to the fireplace —a great wide and deep one, for the kitchen, too, was an old-fashioned one. In front of the fireplace I marked an unusually long and wide hearthstone, probably seven feet long by three feet wide. It seemed to cover some curage or storage pit. For with the iron bar the fellow prised up this stone at one end, and so disclosed a deep bin built of brick.

" It took all his strength, but he lifted the stone and leaned it against an adjacent wall. Then he rolled the girl's body into this pit, his evil wife all the while holding the candle and smiling her smile.

" When all had been neatly disposed of, the old man grasped the heavy stone cover again to lower it into its place. All his immense strength was required to handle it, I remember.

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"Just as it was well balanced and he had braced himself to steady its descent, the wife gave him a smart push. Poised as he was, directly over the pit, he slipped into it, in spite of his frantic efforts to save himself. Even as he toppled in he uttered one piercing shriek and made a desperate move to scramble free.

"But the stone was too quick for him. I caught the look that he gave his wife. Then the tottering stone came down and blotted him out. It fell with a boom that rocked the house. The shock of it awakened me, and the last I recall of the scene, as returning consciousness faded it away into blackness, was the sight of his four thick fingers lying there on the floor beside the stone, neatly amputated in its descent."

Very deliberately Dr. Viall lighted a fresh cigar.

"I awoke," he finished, "at the bottom of an unfamiliar stairway, in pitch darkness, lost, bewildered, chilled to the bone, and sick at heart with what I had witnessed. Back up those stairs I crept on my hands and knees, and fumbled my way into my room again and cowered in bed—to sleep no more that night, as you may well believe."

Dr. Viall halted.

He came to a pause freshly impressed, I could see, by his truly remarkable vision. In fact he was a moment or two, as were we all, in recovering from the spell of it. Then he turned upon me with a smile charged with the conviction that he had me staggered.

"There!" the doctor exalted. "What do you make of that? There was an incident that must have occurred a century before I was born. By no manner of means could I possibly have heard of it or read of it. Yet there was that old house, seeking to cry out to me its terrible story. How else am I to understand that strange consecutive dream? After a hundred years or more that house found me, caught me in the properly receptive mood, and told me all. There's my poser. How do you fellows account for a thing like that?"

For a very brief space Dr. Viall and I quizzed each other with smiles. I think he had a feeling that I was reading him, and he was keen to learn what I had guessed. When he spoke I was sure of his suspicions.

"Well, now," he said, "how do you account for such things? Why not admit that you are stumped?"

I was stumped, as he put it, and for a far better reason than he himself imagined. To anyone trained to observe it, Dr. Viall had just bared his secretmost self in his dream; yet how was it possible for me to betray him before a merry party at dinner? A man who has dreams like that has himself done murder. He may not have vulgarly put a human being to death, as I was sure Dr. Viall had not; but I gazed at my eminent host and wondered what it was he had done.

"Come, now," he was railing; "let's hear what you have to say of a thing like that!"

"My dear Dr. Viall," I laughed him off, "I have to remember that you are my host, and not one of my patients."

"You're dodging!" he retorted; "but I won't let you off. There's as clear a case as I know of the 'things in heaven and earth that are not in all your philosophy.' I call for an explanation."

"I'd rather you considered me baffled," said I; and, by way of further turning aside the topic, I made a great demonstration of reaching for his box of cigars.

At this point Mrs. Grosvenor said something that startled us all. "I don't believe he is baffled," she put in for me. "Dr. Carver," she turned to me, laughing, "is it old houses that start such horrid dreams, or a troubled conscience?"

"Madam"—I rose and bowed to her—"in you psychology has missed a shining ornament!" With that the whole company burst into eager and delighted applause, if I may except the timid widow at my side, who was perhaps too new an acquaintance to risk such easy comradeship with Dr. Viall. Mrs. Grosvenor, consciously or not, had freshly raised a suspicion that all his friends had long charged against him. For years the real man behind his outward irony had intrigued them. Now, of a sudden, they saw in me a means of breaking in upon him. Instantly, though of course without sense of what they asked, they were all begging me to tell what I had divined from that dream—all except the shy widow, who only sat by and smiled.

"He's done some awful thing, I know," Mrs. Grosvenor pronounced. "Pitch into him, Dr. Carver!"

"It must be some desperate romance," another decided.

"But whose heart was broken?" Grosvenor himself inquired. "That's what we want to know! He's broken so many others. Let's have a look at his own. There's something in it if it has dreams like that!"

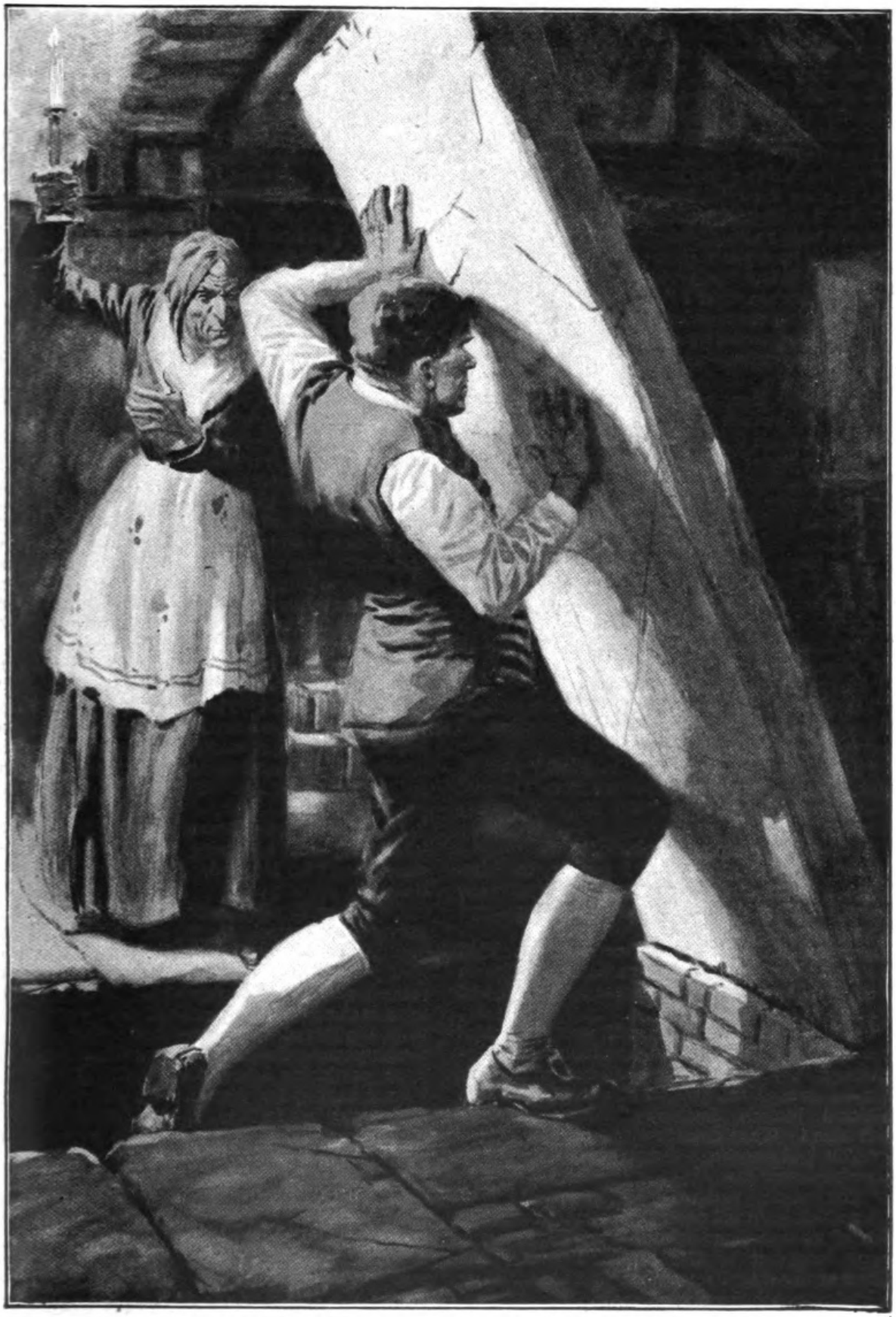
"But you forget the hearts I have mended!" Dr. Viall merrily parried. And I had hopes of seeing the inquest adjourned *sine die* in a gale of laughter. It was much more comfortable to play the guest than the coroner. But this was not to be. In a moment Dr. Viall fetched us up sharply.

"It's all very well to harry a poor bachelor. But"—he swung back to me—"can't we get back to the old house and the dream?"

"Very well," I could only assent. There seemed to be no way out of it. The thing was, somehow, to make a jest of it, and so I put it. "Just to gratify the ladies, Dr. Viall, won't you tell us whether the lovely young woman of your dream bore any likeness to an actual acquaintance—perhaps of long ago?"

For a space he appeared to torture his memory, while the ladies waited in suppressed excitement. On looking up he caught me smiling at his hesitation. At his answer I was forced to smile more broadly—perhaps more provocatively. He said: "N-no, I don't believe I can trace her to an actual acquaintance. I knew a good many young women then—as I do now."

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"IT TOOK ALL HIS STRENGTH, BUT HE LIFTED THE STONE AND LEANED IT AGAINST AN ADJACENT WALL."

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This forced me to laugh. "Now, Dr. Viall, it seems to be your turn to dodge. Your hesitation has told us a great deal."

He glanced at me sharply; and finally tossed me off with a laugh. "What can I have told you, except that I am a doddering idiot with a perfectly unscientific curiosity in the influence of old things, old houses, and other subtle voices in the mind?"

"So there was a particular young lady at one time in your life?" I laughed.

"But I told you precisely the contrary!" he was still able to laugh with me.

"That's how you told me. You were obliged to hesitate before you could deny it. Be candid, Doctor. Are we right?"

The ladies were now hugely delighted with the sight of this formidable cynic manœuvred to the point of confession—all except my sad and shy widow.

"Be candid, Doctor!" They took up the phrase.

"Oh," he hushed them, "so far as that goes," —he lowered his voice to a mysterious whisper— "there has never been a time in my life without its grand passion."

"But a very particular passion at one time!" the woman in Mrs. Grosvenor persisted. "He's told us so. Hasn't he, Dr. Carver?"

"By these deadly hesitations, I suppose!" Dr. Viall laughed. "Good heavens! at this rate my hesitations will land me on the gallows! But, my dear friend," he clung to his point, "what has all this to do with the old house and my strange vision?"

"Hadn't we better let that pass?"

"Hiding again!" he exulted. "You're beaten, and you conceal the fact behind a pretence of saving me some embarrassment."

"To prove the contrary, Dr. Viall," said I, "let me ask you one more question. Then," I threatened laughingly, "I'll stop, if you—insist!"

"Oh, ask anything you please."

Since he would have it, I put it to him. "You'd rather forget the young lady of your youth, wouldn't you? You even had her killed in your dream, you know."

In spite of his suave self-control, Dr. Viall started noticeably, and, though he tried to laugh airily, he blanched. I was instantly sorry I had spoken.

"Well!" he caught himself up. "Really! This takes my breath away, but it's most extraordinary. By the strangest chance you've hit on a—a strange recollection of mine. Ah!" he collected himself further, "there's another hesitation! What does that one tell you?"

"You had another word in your mind," the remark escaped me.

"You mean, perhaps—'unfortunate'?"

A sudden hush fell upon the party. I suppose each of us was rummaging his mind for some happy way out of this awkward pass. The widow at my side, I remember, rent me with her look of reproach for my rudeness.

"I'm sorry, Dr. Viall," I ended the suspense myself. "I crave your pardon."

"Oh, don't mind me, my dear fellow!" He was all magnanimity. "I drove you to it. But now"—he took command of things himself —"now that you've trapped the bachelor in an early romance," he laughed, quite at ease again, "perhaps you'll be good enough to come back to the old house and the vision it inspired. Otherwise," he laughed on, "these good people will imagine worse things than the reality."

"Let's go back to the old house," I assented. "But first, wasn't the young lady of your youth a bit old-fashioned?"

Dr. Viall lightly thumped the table. "She was. I have to concede your skill as a guesser. How did you find it out?"

The company were eager and at ease again. "Isn't it fascinating!" Mrs. Grosvenor exclaimed to my pretty widow, who only murmured something in return.

"You told me so, Doctor, in your dream. That old house, by the way, did influence you—did cast its spell—to this extent at least. In dating back so far it called up a past recollection of yours. It summoned up a former acquaintance. But for some reason you wished that acquaintance kept distinctly to the past. Your unconscious memory dressed her in the costume of a century or more ago. At that safe distance you were willing to admit her uncommon charm. An old fondness in you returned. But still you set limits to that very fondness. Even in the safety of a dream you allowed yourself to be no more than her 'father.' Am I going too far?" I prudently hastened to say.

"Oh, do go on!" Mrs. Grosvenor abetted me. And all the others seconded the appeal—excepting still my shy widow. I wondered what memory in her own life gave her such evident fellow-feeling for Dr. Viall in this self-imposed grilling.

Dr. Viall himself was rubbing his hands, interested, but beginning to be wary. "You startle me," he laughed. "But I'm fascinated. Go on."

"Very well. I've said the memory of that young lady is unwelcome to you. That is because you did her some injury, and you can never forgive her for it. The recollection of her never returns without some reproach. Your day-time mind is able to crowd her aside. In your dreams, when she intrudes, you invent the most effective means you can devise for having her finished off. That particular heart, Dr. Viall," I laughed, "must have got a fearful crack at your hands. And your misfortune is—to know it. You almost console me for not being a handsome man!"

"So there's one of his crimes, at least, that does trouble him!" Mrs. Grosvenor exulted, though she patted his hand to mollify him. "Plagues him. Look at his sheepish face!"

"Ah, but it does him credit," I put in, for the sex. "Besides, there was always the 'other' to relieve him of any blame."

The company looked at me in surprise, Dr. Viall among them.

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"The 'other'?" he was quick to catch me up.

"Yes, the 'other' of the miniature. We mustn't forget him, you know."

Dr. Viall, still rubbing his hands, dropped his gaze to the table. Everything came to a sudden pause. It was a nasty mistake.

"There was no other," he said; "I only invented that. It crushed her utterly. Good heavens!" he raised his eyes, with a weak attempt at laughter. "What am I saying!"

For a moment no one of us could get forward, until Mrs. Grosvenor thought of something to say. Glancing over her shoulder, she remarked, "I believe the fog is lifting."

"Yes," Dr. Viall instantly rejoined, and in a tone of voice that drew every eye. "The fog is lifting. My friend"—he turned gravely to me—"you needn't reproach yourself. I forced you into this. Besides, you've done me a service. Mrs. Grosvenor," he noticed that lady, "you are right. There *is* one of my 'crimes' that troubles me. Now that you've tracked me down to it, I'm obliged to take you into my confidence." He halted a moment. "It's more than your curiosity that I've aroused. I've stirred actual suspicions! Mrs. Grosvenor has spoken of my 'crimes.' I'm psychologist enough myself to be sure that she would never have used that word, even lightly, without a serious thought behind it. Well"—here Dr. Viall sank his voice to a really grave pitch—"I am a criminal. Just that. I mean it. Once I killed something. Oh, not a body; nothing vulgar. But something worse than that." He glanced from one astonished eye to another. "In my younger days there was a certain person. She did me the honour of an unmerited—er—respect. Since then I have learned in bitterness what such things mean in this world. I have learned how seldom a love is given without a thought but the giving of self. Will you believe me if I tell you that at the time I held such a thing lightly? It is nothing to my credit that I knew the young lady was hopelessly deceived in me. Of course, I was not impervious to the flattery of her generous regard. But I was committed to a—a 'career.' 'Love' to me then was a thing insufferable. I could never consent to live on her means. And for myself I had nothing. Nothing lay before me but the vague promise of my precious 'career.' I soothed myself with the belief that I was sparing her a lifetime of neglect. Instead, I was piling up a lifetime of neglect, of loneliness, for myself. To-day I would give anything, anything, for what I was anxious at that time to be rid of."

Dr. Viall was looking far out into the night. No one spoke.

"How to be rid of the annoyance of a generous, a disinterested love!" The man smiled. "So I killed it."

A few of the ladies started.

"It wasn't the vulgar killing of a body. It was something blacker than that. It was the shattering of a masterpiece; the dropping of something precious, alone of its kind. In one of his conjectures Dr. Carver is wrong"—he bowed to me. "There was no 'other.' That was a figment of my invention. That was the knife I used. I merely trumped up that excuse of 'another.' I pretended to be deceived and insulted. Never shall I forget the moment when I uttered that infamy. It crushed her utterly. It broke her heart. Since that moment I have never seen her. She disappeared. But all through the years since then she has written letters to me. They came from every conceivable point, but sometimes they have come from places so close at hand that I was sure I should see her. Yet never was there a word of reproach in those letters. Rarely was there a word about herself, of her comings and goings. There was only her steady and glowing pride in my fame—in my 'career'! Not even a word of reproach that I had never permitted her to help me make that career. The reproach was there, all the same, between the lines. Unmistakably."

Dr. Viall paused, I thought, to make sure of keeping his voice steady.

"Once the letters stopped for a time. She had married—but quickly had fled him. Then the letters were renewed. Always they came from a different place. She must have wandered restlessly. Once she confessed to having ventured near enough, unknown, for a glance at my face. And she doubted if she had the courage to risk the venture a second time. Of course, my brief holidays went in a frantic search for her. But never to this day have I found her or seen her. Never would she give me a clue. Timidly she wrote, from her distance; eagerly I received and read. Until lately. Lately the letters have ceased. By that I know she is dead. It was probably too much for her. After all, she was proud, and she must have been terribly hurt. Now nothing is left me but the thought of her; the thought of that lonely lovely ghost I sent into the world, to haunt me all my life. I have passed my life in holding out my hand to a ghost. Now it is too late. But if now I could touch the tip of her vanished hand——"

Dr. Viall, with a violent effort at his habitual self-control, broke into an affected laugh, to bring us tactfully back from the atmosphere of drama to be a merry party at dinner again. "Well," he said, in this lighter key, "I've had my 'career,' I've had my fling. For all it's been to me. I've held it to my lips like a rich fruit—hollow at the core." Here he turned again to me. "You reasoned rightly, my friend. I seem always to be excusing myself—even in my dreams." He then devoted his attention to Mrs. Grosvenor. "Yet all my life one thing has puzzled me. What do you say, madam," he demanded of that lady, "is it worth while to break a heart in order to make a 'career'?"

What Mrs. Grosvenor's womanly heart might have answered I cannot guess, because something answered for her.

"Eric!" I heard an unforgettable voice calling Dr. Viall's name, and the sad-eyed widow at my side slipped from her chair to the deck in a faint.

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Comedy Memories



IN "THE CHINESE PUZZLE."
Photo. by Foulsham & Banfield.

"Farewell to comedy, if I am to lose flesh or gain it according to whether or not applause is denied me."
—OLD QUOTATION.

I CANNOT say that my efforts to add to the enjoyment and gaiety of the public have always met with that measure of appreciation which I have thought they deserved. Indeed, there was an occasion when frank criticism of my abilities almost led me to abandon the stage for ever.

I was playing in "San Toy" at Hanley, and, as the Maid Dudley, I had to sing a few songs. Night after night I noticed a stage-hand looking at me thoughtfully from the side. He came up on our last night and said, "Good evening, Miss Irving; have you ever played fairy queen?" I said "No." "Why do you not try here for Christmas?" he said. I said, blushingly, "Fairy queens have to do most of the singing, and I am afraid my voice is not quite up to that form." "Ah," he said, wearily, "we have heard worse."

I understood, after that, why Mr. George Edwardes always gave me "talking" songs to sing.

I loved my musical comedy days, however, and the memories of "San Toy," "The Geisha," "The Country Girl," and "The Girl from Kay's" are very happy ones. In fact, I would go back without hesitation to musical comedy if I could find a good fat part with a good fat salary; for, if I could only make some money, it would be a far, far better thing than I have ever done.

George Edwardes was certainly the most remarkable man I ever met in my theatrical career. His judgment of the public taste was, to my mind, almost uncanny, while the manner in which he would reconstruct, in almost every detail, a play which did not meet with his approval at rehearsals, or after the public had shown only lukewarm interest, illustrated the genius of the man as a manager and producer.

It may seem somewhat egotistical on my part to relate the incident, but I always think that one of Edwardes's kindest acts occurred when I was called from the provinces to take up Gracie Leigh's part in "San Toy" at Daly's. For that reason I give it. Whether I was unduly nervous, or apprehensive of my ability to do justice to the part, I do not know, but the fact remains that I failed to please the stage-manager at the rehearsal, being repeatedly stopped and told to try certain entries, exits, and actions again. This occurred so often that my nerves began to give way, and I seemed to be going from bad to worse.

Suddenly a voice came from the gloom of the balcony:—

"For Heaven's sake, leave the girl alone! She can teach you all how to act."

It was Edwardes, who, in his characteristic, quiet way, had stolen into the theatre to watch the rehearsal.

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by

ETHEL IRVING



A CHARMING PORTRAIT STUDY.
Photo. by B. Park.

I have referred to his genius as a manager and producer, and this is strikingly illustrated by the manner in which he seized the opportunity to turn "The Girl from Kay's" from a comparative failure into a big success. Incidentally, it provides an example of, to put it politely, the contradictory nature of man. The opportunity arose through the extraordinary success of one number, which caused a furore, of which Edwardes, with his usual astuteness, was not slow to take advantage.

There is no doubt that the play, on the first night, fell flat, until the third act. Edwardes was standing at the back of the dress circle with my husband (Gilbert Porteous), looking decidedly gloomy.

"I have never seen such a rotten show in my life," he growled. "Going from bad to worse. I give it a fortnight."

Presently Willie Edouin and I came on and sang the duet, "Hoggenheimer of Park Lane." Whether the audience were so bored with the show that they were ready to welcome anything a bit new or novel, or whether the song made an extra appeal to their sense of humour, I do not quite know. But the fact remains that it had an extraordinary reception, Edouin and myself being recalled several times. Everybody was delighted, and Edwardes beamed.

"There you are, Gilbert, my boy," he said. "I knew it was all right. What did I tell you? The thing will run for a year!" Gilbert was so staggered by this cool *volte-face* that he could only gasp, "Will it really?"

Within three days, however, Edwardes had completely remodelled the comedy, with the result that it did run for well over a year.

My happiest memories of those days seem to centre around my association with Huntley Wright, Rutland Barrington, Evie Greene, Hayden Coffin, and Connie Ediss. Those who have seen the inimitable Connie will appreciate this picture of her in a burlesque melodrama, one of the authors of which was the late Charles Warner, called "The Finger of Fate," played at the Walsingham Club with a star cast about twelve years ago, in which we appeared together. Connie wore—how well I remember it!—a white muslin frock and a blue sash, and the great moment was when her sailor hero led her to the altar.

A little train-bearer, Sidney Ellison, insisted on calling her "Auntie." At last her lover turned to her and said, "Rose, my sweet blossom, let there be no secrets of the past between us. Tell me, are you really this child's aunt?" And Rose, gazing into his eyes, replied, "Darling, let bygones be bygones." Unfortunately, the script of the play got lost. I am sure that if it could be found and the play produced on the halls, it would be a great success.

The stage-hand's subtle criticism of my singing, by the way, reminds me of a story Rutland Barrington once told me concerning his own vocal powers. At the first rehearsals of a Gilbert and Sullivan production the music handed out consisted only of the voice part, which the artistes were expected to read at least fairly well at sight.

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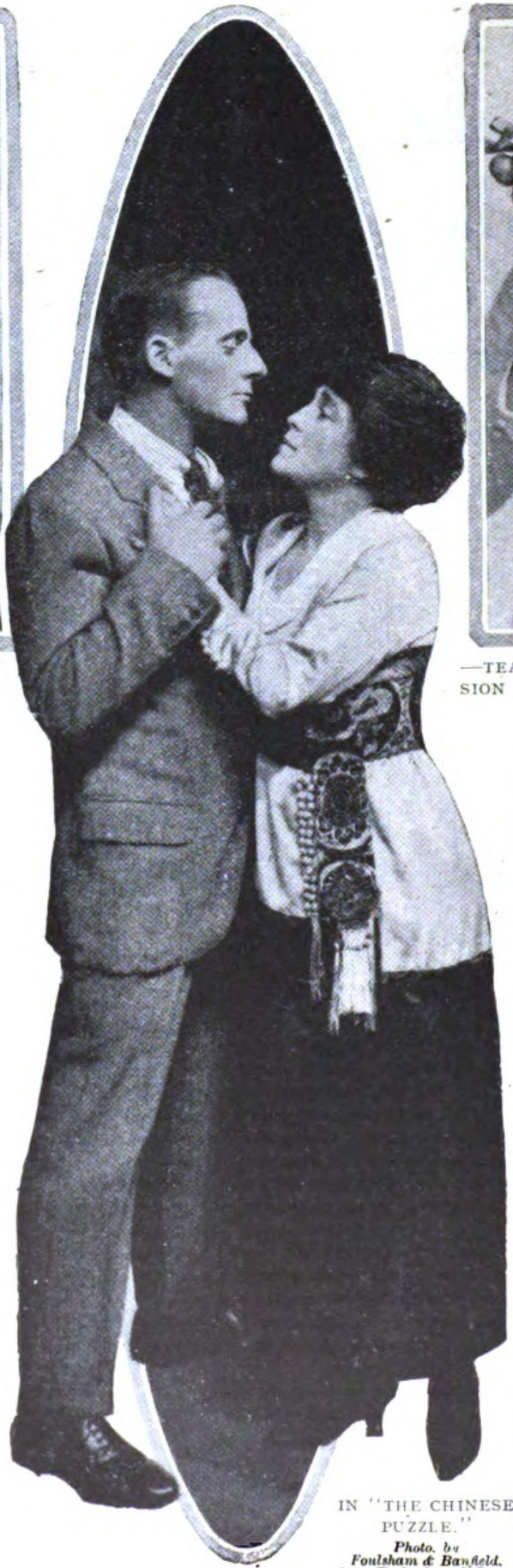


SUNSHINE AND—

Photos. by Foulsham & Banfield.



—TEARS: STUDIES IN EXPRESSION FROM "THE TYRANNY OF TEARS."



IN "THE CHINESE PUZZLE."

Photo. by Foulsham & Banfield.

"I was always very brave at this," said Barrington, "and no fence was too stiff for me to tackle, in spite of an occasional severe fall. When this happened, Sullivan would smile his sweetest and say, 'Very good tune indeed, B.; now we'll have mine.'"

I remember, too, Huntley Wright telling me how he once nearly became a Savoyard. He received a letter from D'Oyley Carte asking him to call and talk over an engagement. Thinking that there was some mistake, he replied stating that he had no pretensions to be a vocalist of the Savoy standard, and perhaps D'Oyley Carte did not understand this. The famous Savoy manager replied, however, that he understood, and Wright was to come up. When he saw D'Oyley Carte he again assured him that he had no voice worth mentioning.

"He said he thought I would do very well," said Huntley, "adding however, 'Before you go I want you to sing something to Mr. Cellier; you'll find him on the stage.' Mr. Cellier was at the piano, playing to himself, and when I told him my business, he said, 'Oh, very well, sing me something from "Pinafore."' I had to confess that I did not know 'Pinafore.' 'Well, then, "The Pirates of Penzance."' No, I did not know that, either, at least not well enough to sing. Mr. Cellier looked rather surprised, and I took a turn. 'Do you know so-and-so?' I said, naming a very popular pantomime song. 'No, I do not,' answered Mr. Cellier, with considerable emphasis. Or 'Two Lovely Black Eyes'? Still no. 'Well,' I

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said, 'we seem to be at a deadlock. I tell you what I'll do. I'll go on the stage and sing something without any accompaniment at all.' This I did, and as a result I was engaged. But my then manager would not release me from my agreement, and eventually the engagement was given to Mr. Walter Passmore, and better hands it could not have passed into."

The fact that so many actresses, making their *début* in the musical play, have succeeded later in what I hope I shall not be misunderstood in describing as higher work, does not prove that one was the cause of the other. But, unless the experience of those others differs from mine, it is so.

People have often asked me why I left musical comedy for the legitimate stage. The reason is quite simple. The farthest one can get in musical comedy is playing a soubrette part year after year, until one gets too old for it, and then you have to go. I thought it all over and decided to leave musical comedy and go into comedy proper. Not that I despise musical comedy for a moment. I love it, and often when a serious part is making heavy demands on me I wish I was back doing my little dances and songs once more. But the scope is so limited in it, and outside it is practically unlimited. One can get on almost for ever on the legitimate stage; there is such a variety of parts to be filled. But I'm sure those who have left the lighter side of the stage often wish themselves back. It's more fun, and everything is much jollier. In serious plays, somehow, everybody has a tendency to be serious, even off the stage.

My first experience of the different requirements was when I appeared as Mrs. Millamant in a revival of Congreve's old comedy, "The Way of the World," at the Royalty Theatre. I was naturally very delighted when asked to play the character, and thought it would be quite easy.

I spent many bitter hours of disappointment, however, trying again and again to get into the part, and when I made my first appearance I honestly feared that I was as far off as ever. But when I read the criticisms the next day I knew by the kind things that were said about me that I had not laboured in vain. I cannot be too grateful to the critics who so kindly gave me the encouragement I so much needed at a critical point of my career.

After I had played several parts, however, under my own management, I returned to musical comedy, and I had almost despaired of attaining my ambition when good fortune came my way and gave me such a splendid



IN "THE CHINESE PUZZLE."
Photo. by Poulsham & Banfield.

IN "LADY FREDERICK"—ONE OF HER GREATEST SUCCESSES.
Photo. by Poulsham & Banfield.

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IN "THE PRIME MINISTER."
Photo. by Foulsham & Banfield

chance in Somerset Maugham's "Lady Frederick." It was Maugham's first real dramatic success, and to my friend, Mrs. Sam Allen, I was indebted for the Irish accent I employed in the play. Hers is the most delightful I have ever listened to.

It is curious to reflect that "Lady Frederick," which brought its author fame and fortune, was rejected by a dozen or more managers, including myself, before Mr. Otho Stuart, who was among the managers who had refused it, eventually altered his mind and produced it, more as a stop-gap than with serious hopes of its success, at the Court Theatre. From the Court I took it over from Otho Stuart, and my husband and I ran it at four other theatres in the West-end.

The superstitious may be interested to know that everything connected with "Lady Frederick" seemed to be based on the number thirteen. There were thirteen characters in the cast; thirteen letters in the name; it ran thirteen months; was produced on October 26th, and during the last week we played to thirteen hundred pounds. No wonder I regard my lucky number as thirteen.

It was, of course, extremely fortunate for me that I was able to follow the part of Lady Frederick with that of Mrs. Harry Telfer in "Dolly Reforming Herself," although I was taken to task for the demoralizing extravagance which I preached from the stage.

"Think of the danger," I was told by scared husbands, "of telling wives and daughters that to run into debt is a positive virtue; it keeps women out of mischief"; and why should they be deluded with the idea that if they gambled at Monte Carlo or hid their bills in an escritoire some convenient man—the husband if he was fool enough—would always pay them? And worst of all, why should Dolly Telfer pay forty-five shillings



ETHEL IRVING MADE MANY SUCCESSES IN PANTOMIME IN THE EARLY DAYS OF HER THEATRICAL CAREER—HERE SHE IS IN ONE OF THEM.

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for three pairs of silk garters when, according to Mr. Walkley, the critic, ladies had given up wearing them?

Had they? I was appealed to to settle this very momentous question. As I was indebted to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones for such an excellent part, I naturally asserted that he knew what he was talking about. On the other hand I did not want to offend Mr. Walkley, so I soothed both gentlemen by assuring them that they were both right—we do wear them and we don't.

Looking back over the list of dramatists and artistes with whom I have been associated, it is not easy, without boring the reader, to mention all those whom one delights to recall.

Among my happiest engagements, however, were those I fulfilled at the St. James's Theatre, particularly as Stella Ballantyne in "The Witness for the Defence." Sir George Alexander was always the kindest of managers and most helpful of *confrères*, but he was a bad "first nighter." The responsibilities of production, coupled with a certain amount of nervousness, made him so uncertain of his part that I invariably learnt his as well as my own in order to prompt him for the first few performances, with the result that I felt rather nervous of those first nights.

What I liked about Sir George Alexander was his unvarying kindness to the stage aspirant and budding dramatist. He once told me that he had spent something like six thousand pounds in commissions to various authors for plays he had never been able to produce. Only once did he refuse a play that afterwards made a great success, and that was "Monsieur Beaucaire"; but it had practically been written into a new play when Lewis Waller secured it.

It was in "The Witness for the Defence" that such deadly enmity existed between Mr. Sydney Valentine and myself. We were deadly enemies on the stage, but whether it was the soothing influence of dinners at the O. P. Club, or the fact that we had this in common, we both suffered from neuralgia, we got to know each other better, and to sympathize with each other's trials and tribulations. The worst of Sydney Valentine is that, so great a spell did Sir Henry Irving cast over him, that when in a reminiscent mood his stories invariably worked round to the great man and his days at the Lyceum. I think, however, the best story I have heard him tell is of the occasion when he was rehearsing in "King Arthur." Irving was producing the play, the special music was written by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones was responsible for the scenery and costumes.

One day Mr. Valentine chanced to be standing at the stage door, when out came a disappointed "super" who had been unsuccessful in his application for work. For a moment the super stood gazing at the play-bill, and then muttered:—

"Sir 'Enery Irvin', Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones! Three blooming knights—and that's about what I give it!"

To Mr. A. E. W. Mason I was indebted for the chance his play, "The Witness for the Defence," gave me. I think I enjoyed the part of Stella Ballantyne as much as any I have played, and to Mr. Mason's kindly encouragement owe what success I achieved in that part. For a bachelor playwright, Mr. Mason shows in his books and plays such a knowledge of women that I imagine he would be contemplated as a husband with some fear by ladies in search of a life-partner.

Although it scarcely comes within the scope of the title of these reminiscences, I may, perhaps, be allowed to refer here to what I consider one of the most fascinating characters I have played—that of Julie in "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," which achieved such success at the Ambassadors' that it will be revived when a theatre can be found for it. The character—that of a woman with a yearning for children who is married to a man who refuses to have any—provided me with an emotional part which made a special appeal to me.

Curiously enough, when I am playing tragedy, or a big serious part, and seek others, I have nothing but comedy plays or suggestions sent to me; while when I play comedy I am continually being urged to try deeper and more tragic characters. To please all is an impossibility, so, woman-like, well—I just please myself and hope I please the public, too. And that is all that matters.

I wonder if, before closing this article, I may say a few words to our present-day audiences? I wonder if they realize what a factor they themselves are in the success not only of a play, but also in regard to the future of artistes, especially of the young beginner? There has been lately (may I call it?) an apathy predominating with modern audiences. Whether it is that they take life generally as a matter of course, including their enjoyments, I cannot say, but if they only knew what a big part they play in giving the artistes all the encouragement they can when they like a piece, they would, I am sure, not refrain from applause—the most valuable means of spurring the actor to do his best.

We artistes are very like children. We cannot and will not do our best without the kindly words of encouragement from those who look on. How often I hear:- "How dull they are! Can't move them. I simply can't act to-night!" and, like children, we in our way say, "No one seems to care about us, so we won't try." Perhaps this applies above all to the comedian, but, believe me, those few words of encouragement conveyed by applause from the audience to the artiste mean everything to us.

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"Not in the Presence of the Enemy."

By "BARTIMEUS."

III.—CHINKS.

Illustrated by D. Macpherson.

"THE HOHANGHO," read the first lieutenant, turning the pages of a three-days'-old paper, "has shifted its course. It is estimated that upwards of three-quarters of a million souls perished in the inundation of villages." He puffed at his pipe and eyed the inmates of the destroyer's wardroom with solemnity. "They give it a four-line paragraph . . . three-quarters of a million——"

"Shortage of paper," said the lieutenant in command. "'Sides, they were only Chinks. What's a million Chinese more or less? Don't suppose anybody worried about it. When I was on the China Station——"

"But," interrupted the first lieutenant, "when you come to think of it, that's about half the total British casualties so far in the war. Wiped out——phut! In one act! Men, women, and children!"

"You don't think of 'em quite like that," replied the captain of the destroyer, stirring his cup of coffee. He braced his back against a stanchion to steady himself to the roll of the ship. "There are four hundred millions of the blighters, remember. They all look alike: they've no religion, no ambition, no aim in life except to scratch together enough for the next meal——"

A signalman came tumbling down the ladder, water streaming from his oilskins.

"Please, sir, officer of the watch says there's a glare ahead looks like a ship a-fire. Shall he increase speed?"

The captain, who had descended for a cup of coffee, and still wore his sea-boots and duffle coat, snatched up his cap and was on the bridge with his glasses to his eyes in fewer seconds than it takes to write these lines.

The destroyer was slashing her way past a head sea and the sound of the wind and waves made speech difficult. The gunner was on watch, peering ahead into the darkness through binoculars.

"Oil ship, sir, by the looks of it," he shouted.

The captain studied the far-off glare in silence for a moment and gave an order to the telegraph man.

"Yes," he said, presently. "Oil ship. Must have been torpedoed. She's leaving a trail of blazing oil on the water astern of her." For half an hour they watched the conflagration grow brighter as the destroyer rapidly overhauled the burning derelict. Finally the gunner ranged alongside his commanding officer. "She's making way through the water, sir—yawing, too. Best give her a wide berth."

The lieutenant nodded. "Keep to windward. There can't be anybody below. I expect the heat of the fire is keeping the steam pressure up . . . My Ghost! What a blaze!"

The ship was now plainly discernible, blazing furiously from forecastle to poop. The wind whipped pennons of flame hundreds of feet to leeward, and from started rivets and gaping seams streams of liquid fire poured blazing into the sea. The ship was blundering along at a good seven knots, swerving blindly from side to side like a wounded bull, and leaving on the troubled surface of the water a fiery, serpentine trail of burning oil. The hissing crackle of the flames and roar of the wind, the constant eruption of vast columns of sparks that belched hundreds of feet into the air and floated to leeward, made the doomed ship a terrifying and almost demoniac spectacle.

"Can't be a soul alive on board," said the first lieutenant. "Just as well—ugly customer to tackle."

They ranged abeam, giving the blazing derelict a wide berth, and even at that distance felt their cheeks scorch. Men lined the destroyer's lee rail, watching in shocked silence. To the sea men the fairest of all sights is a ship upon the sea; a ship wrecked upon a lee shore or even plunging beneath the surface with racing propellers is a sad, though not unnatural, sight prompting the heart of every sailor to the rescue whatever the risk. But a ship on fire, even though abandoned, is repellent, horrible beyond the power of description.

The gunner suddenly emitted an oath and extended an arm and pointing forefinger.

"Look, sir! Fore-peak! There's some man there!"

The captain stared through his binoculars. "Yes," he said, calmly, "you're right. They'll be grilled alive if her head falls away from the wind. Starboard ten, quartermaster."

Obedient to her helm the destroyer closed with that blinding hell-glare, and presently to the naked

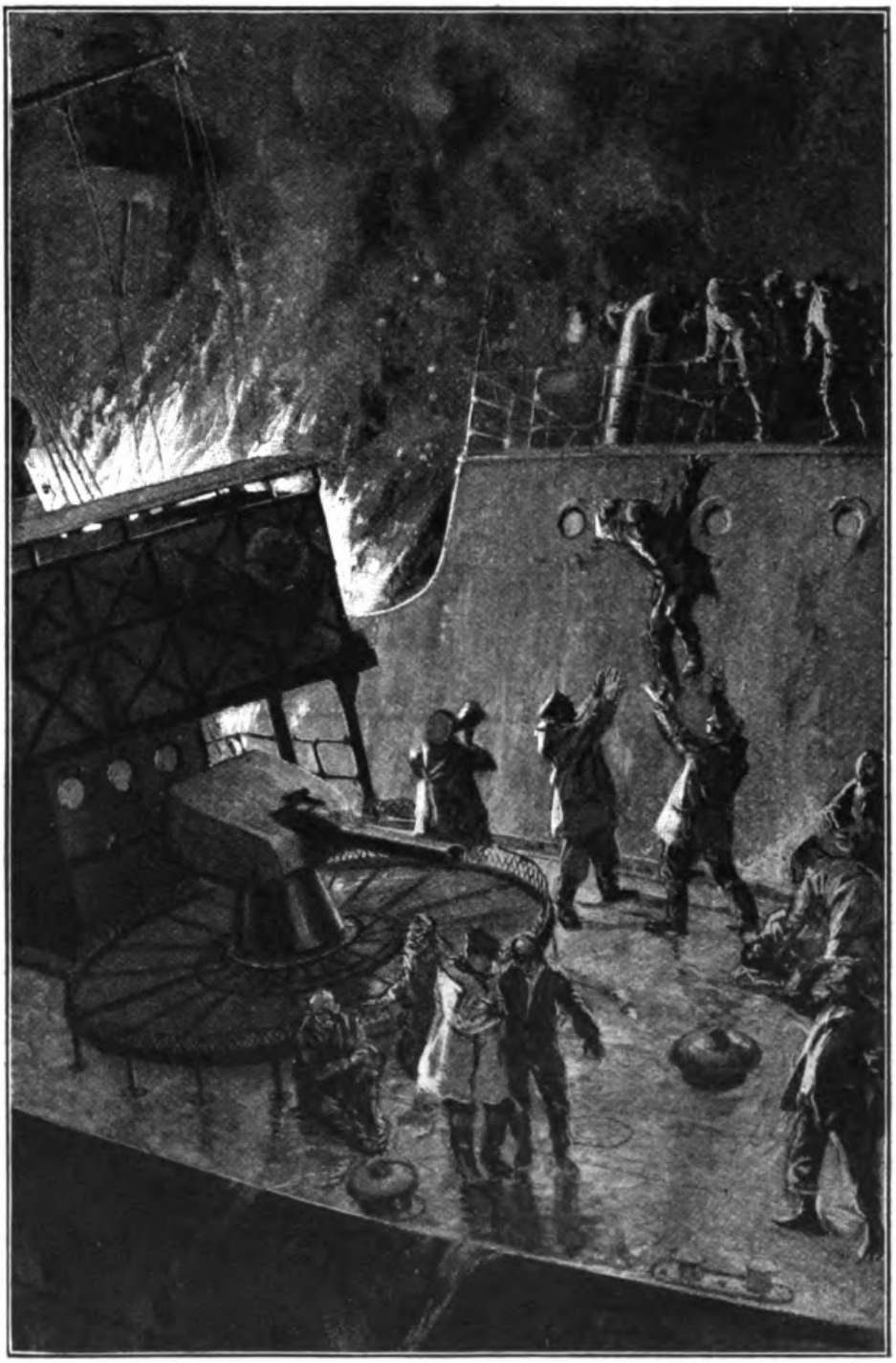
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eye a score of human figures were visible, huddled into the eyes of the ship. The lieutenant on the destroyer's bridge picked up a megaphone and bawled through it.

"Why don't they jump, the bally fools?" he demanded, angrily. "They must have seen us. They know we'd pick 'em up." The destroyer came closer, plunging and rolling in the seaway. The figures on the bridge shielded their faces from the scorching heat as every eye watched the hungry flames licking their way forward along the oiler's forecastle. Her foremast fell with a crash, sending up a great column of fire into the outraged sky. By its glare the faces of the huddled figures were plainly visible: beardless, with high cheek-bones, distorted with terror like the masks of trapped animals.

"God!" ejaculated the first lieutenant. "Chinks! They're all Chinese! No wonder they wouldn't jump. Can't swim."

The captain thrust him towards the ladder. "Stand by with fenders the port side. Get the hand-pumps going. I'll run her alongside."



"TWENTY-FOUR JABBERING CHINESE FIREMEN AND A DAZED SCOTCH MATE FLOPPED DOWN PELL-MELL ON TO THE DESTROYER'S UPPER DECK."

"Gawd 'elp us!" muttered the gunner, and as he spoke the burning ship yawed suddenly and came bearing down on them.

From first to last it was less than five minutes' work. With paint blistered and scorched clothing, rails and davits bent, with cold fear in their hearts and a sense of duty that mastered all, that prodigy of seamanship was accomplished. Twenty-four jabbering Chinese firemen and a dazed Scotch mate flopped down pell-mell on to the destroyer's upper deck and received the gift of life at the hands of a young man in a singed duffle coat, who said nothing, whose breath came and went rather fast through dilated nostrils.

"Twenty-five," reported the first lieutenant when he had mustered the rescued and the destroyer was racing landward, "and twenty-four of 'em Chinks. You risked your ship for a couple of dozen yellow-bellies!"

"Maybe I did," replied his captain. Dawn was paling the eastern sky and he loosened the duffle coat about his throat. "Maybe I did. I ain't the Hohangho."

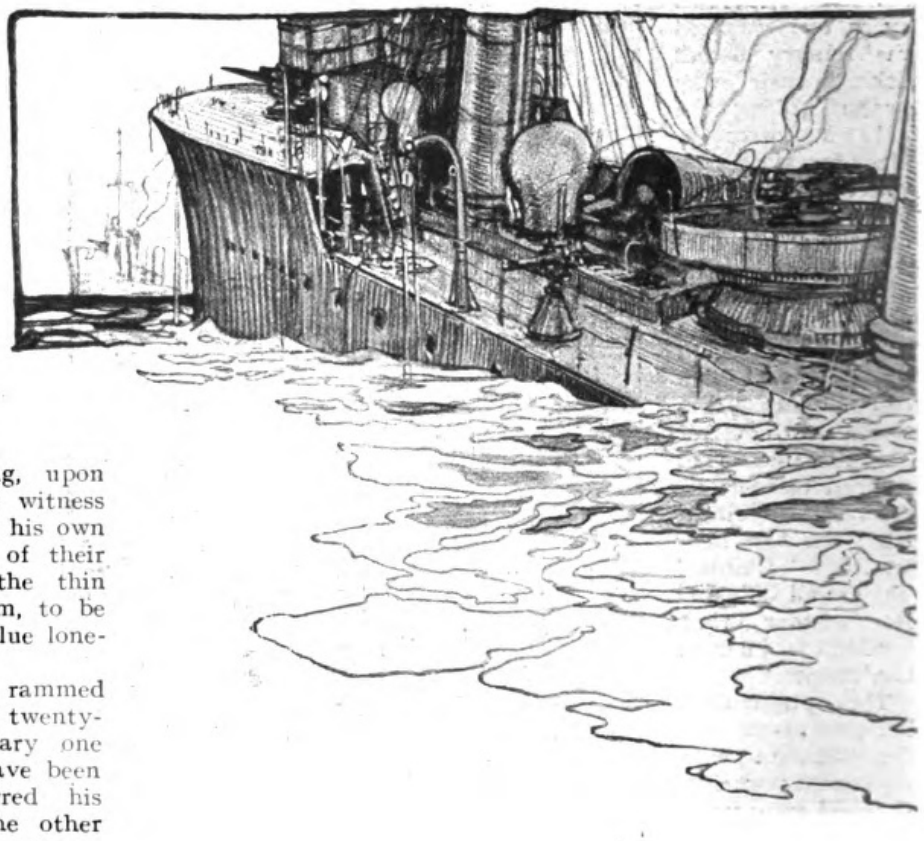
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"NOT IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ENEMY."

IV.—A FORTY-FOOT SETTING.

Illustrated by S. Spurrier.

THE tramp that had done the damage lay rolling lazily in the long, smooth swell, blowing off steam. Her escort of two destroyers—or more properly a destroyer and a half—were some distance away, exchanging a highly-seasoned and technical dialogue through megaphones. In the course of an unpremeditated zigzag a quarter of an hour earlier the tramp had rammed one of her escort and cut her in two. The combination of misunderstandings which culminated in this mishap was at the moment in process of review on the bridge of the tramp. Her master, who was a Portuguese, and the mate, who hailed from Pernambuco, in the apportioning of blame were for once in agreement; the Chinese quartermaster called, weeping, upon his ancestors' gods to witness they lied. Each spake his own tongue, and the babel of their strife mingled with the thin hiss of escaping steam, to be engulfed by the vast blue loneliness of the sky.



The captain of the rammed destroyer (his age was twenty-five and his vocabulary one Methuselah need not have been ashamed of) transferred his ship's company to the other escort and made a cursory survey of the damage.

The bulkhead forward of the gaping cavity was holding—precariously, it is true, but still holding. Therefore the fore part of the crippled destroyer continued to float; the after portion, since the sea was smooth and the swell slight, although sagged below the surface, continued attached to the remainder by a few twisted longitudinals of steel and some mangled plates. The unhurt destroyer, having embarked the shipwrecked crew, ranged alongside her damaged sister and proclaimed her intention of passing a towing hawser.

The captain of the cripple filled and lit a pipe while he considered the problem from the vantage of the midship funnel of his command, which lolled drunkenly in a horizontal posture athwart the upper deck.

"Not yet," he shouted, and turned to the gunner, who stood knee-deep in water where once a torpedo-tube had been. "It's that cursed depth-charge I'm worrying about. It's still in the chute at the stern, and set to explode at a depth of forty feet."

The gunner nodded, and bent forward to peer through the translucent depths at what had been, a quarter of an hour before, the dwelling-place of both. Somewhere beneath the surface, still affixed to the submerged stern, was the destroyer's main anti-submarine armament—her depth-charges. One had been in the tray, ready set for instant release by the jerk of a lever, when the collision occurred.

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"If the stern breaks off, that depth-charge'll sink with it, and explode when it gets down to forty feet."

"That's right, sir," said the gunner, with melancholy calm.

"And the explosion 'ull rip this bulkhead out of her, and down the fore part will go. Half a ship's better'n none, Mr. Hasthorpe."

Mr. Hasthorpe agreed, but inclined to the view that he'd rather have kept the other half, given a choice in the matter.

"There was a nice li'll drum o' paint aft there we had give us at Taranto, sir, an' some ostridge feathers under my bunk what I'd promised my old woman."

A long, sleek swell passed beneath them on its unhurried path from Africa to the Adriatic. The dark wreckage beneath the surface stirred like weed in a current, and the deck plating under their feet trembled ominously as the hulk rolled.

"A few more of those," said the youthful captain, "and down goes the after part. I shall lose my ship." The speaker had rather less than half a ship to lose, but he scrambled down on to the buckled plating of the upper deck, hastily unbuttoning his drill tunic.

"That depth-charge must be set to 'safe,' then it can't explode, however far it sinks."

"It's a couple of fathoms below the surface. I ain't no Annette Kellerman meself," said the gunner.

His captain waved the dinghy alongside. "That's nothing. I'll have a shot for it—if I can only find the beastly thing in all that tangle."

"An' if another swell passes when you're in the water, sir, likely as not the stern'll drop off an'——" The sentence remained unfinished, for his captain had slipped over the side into the waiting dinghy and was busily divesting himself of his clothes.



"'KEEP THE BOAT THERE, SIMMONDS.' THE CAPTAIN TOOK A FEW DEEP BREATHS AND THEN DIVED."

"You'd better get clear," he shouted to his *confrère* in the other destroyer, "till I've finished. No, I'm not going to bathe!" He explained the situation while the dinghy man rested on his oars and musingly contemplated the big toe of his left foot round which a shred of spun yarn was twisted. The captain of the other destroyer raised his arm to show he understood; the telegraph gongs clanged, and the destroyer moved away from the side of the derelict. The dinghy paddled a few strokes, and the nude pink figure in the stern bent down and stared into the water.

"Right," he said, presently. "Keep the boat there, Simmonds." He took a few deep breaths, standing on the after thwart, and then dived.

The oarsman leaned over the gunwale and held his breath, gazing under the boat like a man in a trance.

After all the tumult of the collision the moment was one of deathly stillness.

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The tramp lay black against the sunlight half a mile away. The destroyer was turning in a wide circle, with a flick of white under her stern, and close at hand, amid the wreckage of the still floating unfortunate, the gunner stood motionless, staring.

The dinghy man suddenly sat upright and took a stroke with one paddle. The head and shoulders of the lieutenant in command broke the oily surface with an abrupt splash. He gripped the stern of the dinghy and heaved himself out of the water. Then, stark and dripping, he stood upright, transfigured by the Mediterranean sunlight into a figure of shining gold, and raising his arms above his head, semaphored two letters to the watching destroyer —" O K," finishing with a triumphant wave of the hand.

A thin cheer broke out along the crowded rail, the siren sounded a toot of congratulation, and as the resultant wisp of steam dissolved in the air the dinghy suddenly rose, rocked on the slope of a passing swell, and dropped down its smooth flank. The portion of the destroyer that remained afloat rolled twice; there was a succession of big swirls in the water, an ugly grinding sound, and a snap. The lieutenant in command gave a short, hard laugh.

" There go your peacock feathers," he said to the gunner, as he climbed on board the wrecked remnant of his command.

" Ostridge," amended Mr. Hasthorpe, and clambered forward to the towing bollard and the preliminaries of a piece of seamanship that brought half a destroyer safely to the dock a hundred and seventy miles away.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—*The foregoing are based on actual occurrences in the war, and, as far as the author is aware, conform to fact. The characters are imaginary; their words and thoughts those of the writer's imagination.*

ACROSTICS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 64.

(*The Fourth of the Series.*)

THOUGH now 'tis somewhat out-of-date,
The bygone year we celebrate.

1. Half of the first upright we view;
'Tis surely half the second, too.
2. Though not in England, it is here;
Reversed, it will unchanged appear.
3. The problem place before the maid,
The kernel then will be displayed.
4. Take half of half, then halve again:
And now the final light is plain.
5. This, giving details and a date,
May anagram commemorate.
6. A letter in a letter show,
And seek a capital below.
7. Time does it, and full many a change
Produces thus; please rearrange.
8. An English town provides the last:
Lady, continue your repast.

PAX.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 65.

Should you cart them from your field,
Mighty rocky were the yield;
But if on the wall you sow,
They will very sweetly grow.

1. To your doctrine says " Don't know."
2. Caught, you wish you'd let him go.
3. Here's expense, as well may seem.
4. Taking this, perhaps you dream.
5. Eighty seek: in deadly cold
This with terror we behold.

GEEGEE.

Answers to Acrostics 64 and 65 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than by the first post on June 7th.*

The solution to each acrostic must be on a separate piece of paper; a second answer may be sent to any or every light, and should be written at the side of the first one; at the foot of each solution every solver should write his pseudonym and nothing else. This pseudonym should be limited to one word.

ANSWER TO No. 63.

1. B	orrd	W
2. R	ome	O
3. A	ncho	R
4. S	ali	C
5. E	w	E
6. N	ut	S
7. O	ugh	T
8. S	ens	E
9. E	xtinguish-e	R

NOTE.—Light 3. Acts, xxvii.

RESULT OF THE TENTH SERIES.

The maximum number of points obtainable for the past series was 42; one solver, Peci, achieved this score, and will receive a cheque for four guineas. Five solvers scored 41 points: one of them did not conform to our few and simple rules, and gave no clue whatever to his identity; Assam, Enos, Ocol, and Reg, the other four, gain prizes of two guineas each. Eleven solvers missed two points, and it may be of interest to add that two of these also omitted to send their names and addresses with their answers to No. 60.

The successful solvers are: Peci, Mr. G. E. Matthews, 53, Stockwell Green, S.W.9; Assam, Mr. Gordon Plater, 15, Claremont Road, Westcliff, Southend-on-Sea; Enos, Mr. W. S. Cool, 3, St. James's Square, S.W.1; Ocol, Mr. C. Golch, 16, Almeric Road, Battersea Rise, S.W.; Reg, Mr. H. Lees, 3, Campden House Chambers, W.8.

Peci will be considered ineligible for a prize during the eleventh and twelfth series, and the other winners will be disqualified during the present (eleventh) series.

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M. J. G. RITCHIE.

Lawn Tennis and Lawn Tennis Players

By M. J. G. RITCHIE (Ex-Doubles Champion).

With Caricatures by Ernest Forbes.

MORE than forty years have passed since I first handled a lawn-tennis racquet, and yet I am as fond of the game to-day as ever. Its powers of fascination are indeed remarkable, and when once you have really "got" lawn tennis, the possibilities are that you will never quite recover. There have been cases, of course, of players suddenly severing all connection with the game or finding some new love, but for the great majority of its adherents lawn tennis is a solace and delight almost from the cradle to the grave. It was in my eighth year, to be exact, that lawn tennis began to attract, and nothing gave me so much pleasure as to get hold of a racquet and ball and find someone to play across a piece of string suspended between anything available. Failing that, I used to amuse myself for hours hitting a ball against the wall. In those days lawn tennis was a much younger game than it is to-day. The balls were often uncovered, while the racquets had very small heads and were

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almost exactly similar to the racquet used at real tennis, which, from time immemorial has been the same shape. Until I was fifteen I played on every possible occasion, but after that for several years did not touch a racquet. When I had the chance to take the game up again my eye had been so trained in infancy that I found myself taking to it like a fish does to water, and can say in no boastful spirit that in a very short time I was much better than the average club player. My road thence to Wimbledon did not greatly differ, I suppose, from that travelled by most lawn tennis pilgrims with championship aspirations. I may say, however, that right from my very first appearance on the classic All England courts I was never troubled with stage fright. I think the reason is that being so obsessed with the game nothing takes my attention from it. As a rule a match is not put on to the centre-court unless it is a good one, and by the time a player is skilful enough to participate he has grown impervious to crowds. A few th usand onlookers, more or less, does not make much difference—at least they never have in my case. The strain of playing strenuous five-set matches day after day *does*, however, make a decided difference u less a man happens to be very fit and well. I must confess that nowadays by the time I reach the later rounds most of the steam has been taken out of me.

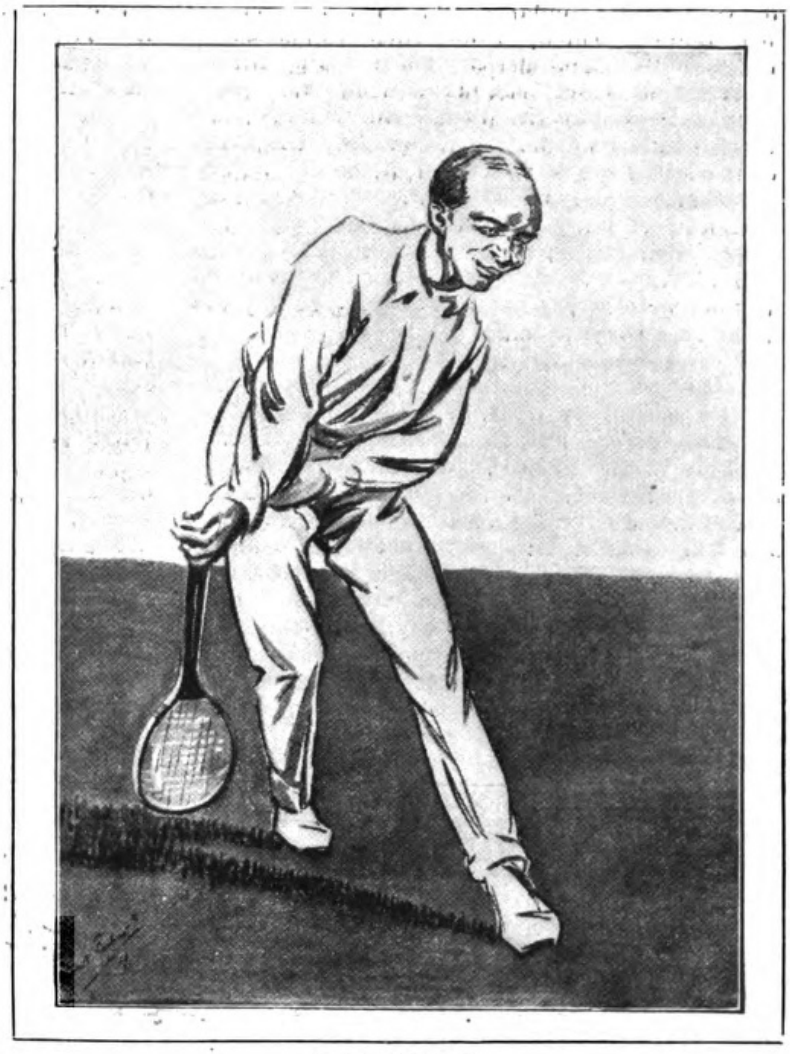
I have seen and played in a good many Wimbledons in my time, and been lucky enough to reach the Final of the All Comers' Singles on four occasions. I was beaten in the 1903 and 1904 Finals by Frank Riseley, who is of the hustling order of players, extraordinarily active and good. In one of these matches I was beaten almost before I started by the Gloucestershire player's hustling tactics. In the other I put up a much better fight, but there is no doubt the better man won on each occasion. In the



A. W. GORE.
STILL GOING STRONG!

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final of 1902, H. L. Doherty was always a little too good for me. Retrieving the ball and running for miles like a hare might have won a few additional games against "H. L.," but nothing more, and I had not the experience th n that I have gained since. In 1909 to win the final I had to beat Roper Barrett. I know the Gipsy man's game well; in fact I think our games in a good many respects are so similar that it is more a question of who gets going soonest. Barrett is probably cleverer and more wily overhead than I am, but I fancy I hit a bit harder and have, perhaps, a slightly better service. For some reason or the other I fancy Barrett is always rather in doubt as to how he ought to play me, and this has acted very much to my advantage. I am not going to tell him how to beat me now! This was the year I came so near to winning the championship, only four games separating me from the greatest honour the game has to bestow. I will endeavour to set out the facts of my rather inexplicable failure in some detail, for the match is as clear to my mind to-day as if it had been played yesterday. A. W. Gore, as holder, was my opponent in the Challenge round, and I was soon two sets up and leading by two games to love in the third and presumably final set. At this point, however, Gore appealed to the umpire for a service of his which he thought had hit the net. I, meanwhile, had returned the service and scored off it. The umpire gave his decision that the point was mine, and told us to play on. Now, I had had many a hard match with Gore in previous years, and, not wishing him to feel aggrieved, conceded the point, and we played it over again. Nevertheless, I was annoyed and put out over this unfortunate contretemps, and from that moment practically failed to score. I lost the game, the set, and the two following sets, and Gore remained champion. This was the terrible result of allowing a temperament which is somewhat easily upset domineer and put me clean off my game. By such little things are important matches lost and won. Temperament has a good deal to do with success in games, and it is therefore a wise thing to cultivate a tough hide. One should try to get into the habit of immediately dismissing from the mind any piece of bad luck that may come along—and smile. It is perhaps a good deal easier to give this advice than to follow it, but imperturbability is a very valuable asset. At this meeting the late Captain Anthony Wilding and I did not defend the Doubles Championship we had won the previous season, but secured the title again in 1910. Wilding in those days was an ideal doubles partner—he did not fancy his chances in the singles so much then, and was consequently more keen on doubles play.



A. B. JONES.

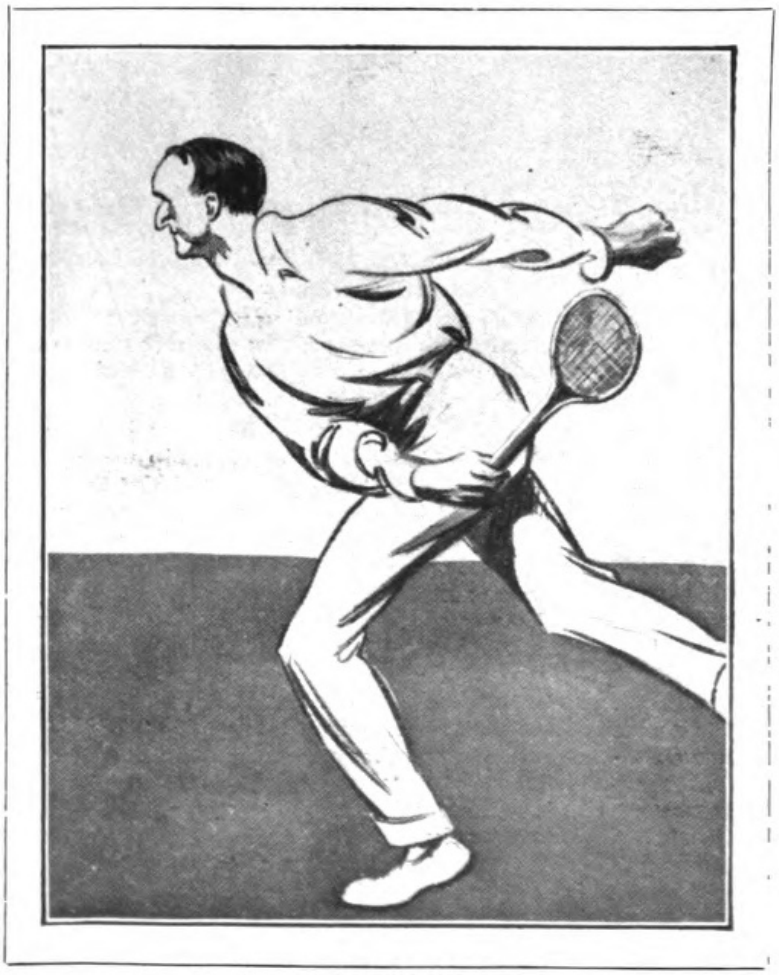
"HIS WORK IN PARTNERSHIP WITH STANLEY DOUST IS REALLY WONDERFUL. RARELY HAVE I SEEN SUCH BEAUTIFUL STROKES EXECUTED IN SO FREE AND CERTAIN A STYLE."

He was always cheery even when things were not going well and never gave up hope. My old partner, moreover, seldom failed to take advantage of an opening whether obtained for him by his colleague or made by himself. I have found many other partners lacking in this very important respect. My game, you see, is essentially a steady one, and often by accurate play I can make openings. If my partner fails to take advantage of such opportunities, I get discouraged and my game goes to pieces. Wilding very seldom let me down in this way, and consequently I always felt confident when playing with him. We have pulled many a game out of the fire. Wilding and I made, I think, a fairly sound combination, and we had some good victories to our credit, besides those at Wimbledon,

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including one over the Dohertys at Nice, where hitherto they had been undefeated. I fancy, however, that during the later part of their tennis career the famous brothers were not quite happy in their combination; at their zenith they were incomparably the finest doubles pair we have ever had, so far as my experience goes, at any rate. They played with perfect unity and in such beautiful style. Even their appearance on court in spotless white ducks was an object-lesson to many of us who were in the habit of playing in any old thing that came to hand.

I used frequently to play singles with one or other of the brothers at Queen's Club, but more especially with "R. F." He generally owed me half-fifteen, but to get him to take any interest in the game, it was always necessary to have a few shillings on each set. He was tall and slim and gave one the impression of reaching the ball without the slightest effort. No doubt this was owing to his wonderful powers of anticipation. It required a very good shot indeed to make "R. F." hustle. I think we were pretty level on the points named, but whereas I was generally run to a standstill at the finish he was mostly as cool as the proverbial cucumber. Talking of the Dohertys brings to mind a question that has so often been asked me: "Who, in your opinion, was the better of the brothers?" Well, I must plump for "H. L." In spite of the fact that in a single with his brother, Reggie often had the best of matters, I nevertheless firmly believe that if both had had to play half-a-dozen of the best players of the day, Laurie would have had more victories to his credit than Reggie. This not so much because of the "little D e's" superior play, for really there was hardly anything in it between them, but because "H. L." had the better match-playing temperament, was keener, and more consistently good. Incidentally, this reminds me of another question that is continually being put to me: "Who is the finest player you have ever seen?" Again I must vote for "H. L." He was the master of every stroke on the board and knew the why and the wherefore of everything that happens in the game. When at the top of his form I very much doubt whether any player before or since could have beaten him. Poor "R. F." having passed over, and his brother on the retired list, recollection is not the best guide to a comparison of their play with the present-day methods of men like Norman Brookes, Maurice McLoughlin, and "Tony" Wilding, all of whom improved tremendously after the "Does" gave up playing. Nevertheless, I shall stick to my opinion that H. L. Doherty is the best all-round player I have ever seen. Brookes, I may remark in passing, has been my *bête noire* on the two occasions I have met him. His game is so absolutely unlike anything we meet here, and though I have the temerity to think that with more practice against him I might put up a better fight, he is unquestionably the finest player of the present day. The Allens, who have a wonderful collection of nicknames, call him the Wizard of the Tennis Court, and I am rather inclined to agree with them. Brookes has one weak spot. His staying power is not quite reliable and he sometimes seems to go to pieces—for a time.



J. C. PARKE.

MR. RITCHIE'S PARTNER IN THE HISTORIC STRUGGLE FOR THE DAVIS CUP IN AMERICA IN 1908.

Another of my Wimbledon partners of whom I have the most pleasant recollections is C. P. Dixon. "Dickie" and I have played with and against each other on innumerable occasions. Both of us are inveterate tournament players and generally visit the same meetings. Dixon is another man who always seems in doubt as to the exact tactics he should employ against me, and as we all know "he who hesitates is lost." I suppose this is the real reason why I have

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managed to come out on top in most of our contests. Though one of the finest stroke players we have, "Dickie" has never been inclined to run about more than he could possibly help. Perhaps some of my victories over Dixon may be attributed to the fact that I try to keep him strenuously on the run the whole time. A sort of lethargy that comes over "Dickie" at times has also helped to prevent this great player having "his day" at Wimbledon as he so well deserves. The old Dulwich Farm player has a keen sense of humour and is a most entertaining companion. I sometimes think that when he exhibits that tendency to fall asleep on the court he is merely thinking out a new story. I remember on one occasion when playing with him in an international match at the Covered Courts Club, Dulwich, he made such a succession of bad mistakes off comparative "sitters" that I felt compelled to ask the reason. "It's fate, old chap, just fate," replied "Dickie," which explanation to say the least was not very consoling for his partner.

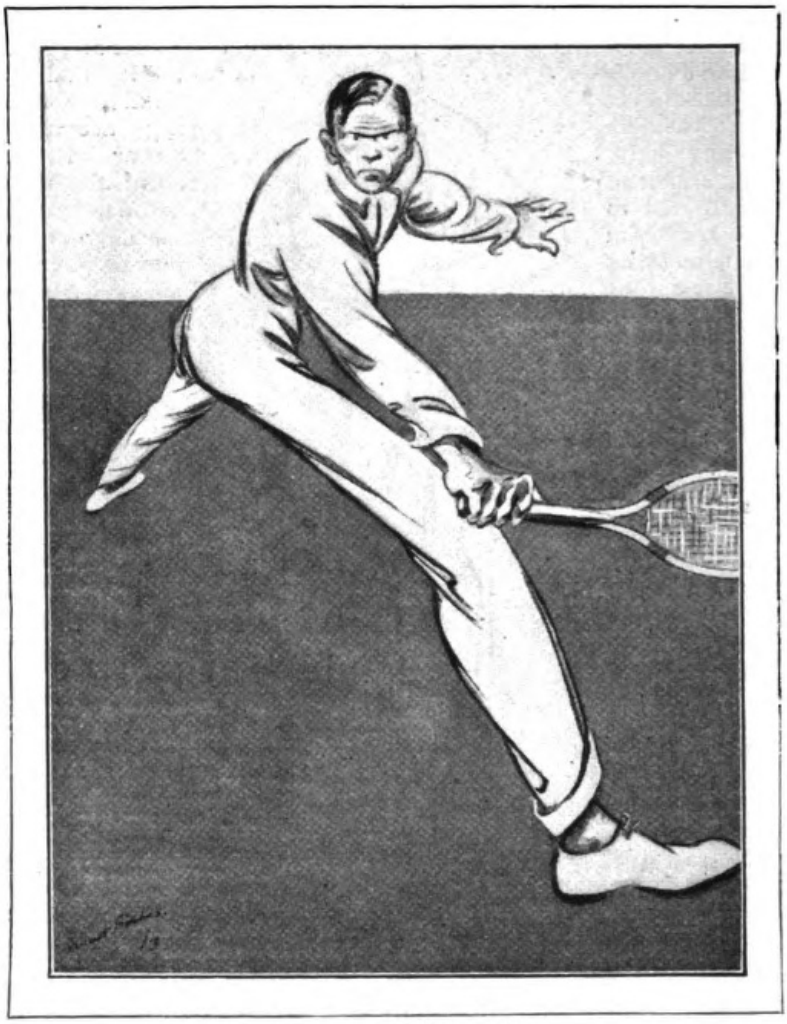


MR. FRASER.
A WELL-KNOWN UMPIRE AT WIMBLEDON.

A. D. Prebble, the well-known Badminton player, has also frequently been a partner of mine, and the partnerships have generally been fairly successful ones. I don't know why, but Prebble always gives one the curious idea that he ought to appear on the courts in full toreador costume. He is very clever at the net and overhead, introducing Badminton effects into his lawn tennis. Prebble is certainly what one would call a stroke player, and much better in doubles than singles. A lack of severity is perhaps the chief weakness. G. W. Hillyard, the popular secretary of the Championships, is a player I have several times encountered. On his day he was quite good enough to win the All England title, a temperament that is somewhat easily upset being responsible more than anything else for his failure to do so. I remember one Wimbledon in which I had a terrific struggle with "G. W. H." on an extraordinarily hot day. After fighting tooth and nail for some three sets Hillyard was quite overcome with the heat. He had a basin and sponge brought out to him in order to bathe his head, and profusely apologized for inability to continue. I must admit that though common politeness demanded expressions of regret and a hope that he would play on, I was never so thankful for the termination of a game. Yet another of my pre-war partners was Stanley Doust, the Australian, a wonderful doubles player, and not at all to be despised in a single. Volleying is his special forte. Anything within racquet reach overhead is unerringly smashed down by an oblique shot well away from his opponent. Doust and I have had some hard tussles, and it has generally been a ding-dong struggle between my accurate ground strokes, power of retrieving, and the Australian's volleying. Doust is an ideal partner in a double. I specially remember a match we played against Brookes and Wilding, the champions of 1914, just before the war. Although defeated a very little might have turned the tide of fortune.

Outside the Championships I suppose no competition has done so much to popularize lawn tennis as the Davis Cup. My own part in this historic struggle for the "Ashes" of lawn tennis is limited to one trip to America with J. C. Parke in 1908. I am a very bad sailor indeed, and was more or less ill all the way over. Naturally I was not feeling too bright on arriving at Boston a week or so before the contest commenced. Parke, however, as usual, was top-hole. After we had been in Boston a few days an incident occurred which might easily have knocked the Davis Cup scheme on the head, at least so far as we were concerned. The blame must rest on the weather, which was so hot that we were forced in self-defence to seek the nearest swimming bath. On arrival there my partner decided to try a high dive, and I was fool enough to let him. The sad result was that Parke dived too deep and hit his head a terrific bang on the bottom of the bath. Probably anyone but an Irishman would have been killed on the spot, for the concussion raised a lump on my partner's head as big as a hen's egg. Nevertheless, in a day or two Parke was quite himself again. As captain of the team I was obliged to put the veto on Irish dives for the rest of our stay. Although losing the tie, we put up a fairly good fight against the Americans. I beat Beals Wright, but was defeated, after a hard match, by W. A. Larned. Parke just, but only just, lost both his singles matches, and between us we went down in the doubles to Alexander and Hackett. I may say that I have played Beals Wright on more than one occasion and in each case come off a comparatively easy winner. The popular left-hander has before now beaten Brookes. I only mention this to show how true it is that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. W. A. Larned, our other opponent in the singles, is probably the best all-round player the States have turned out, and he held championship honours over there for several years. Though not such a spectacular player to watch as some of his fellow-countrymen, his methods were extremely sound both in attack and defence. His game appeared to me more accurate than brilliant, rather after the English

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G. L. PATTERSON.

"THE YOUNG AUSTRALIAN WHO LOOKS LIKE TURNING OUT AN EXTREMELY FINE PLAYER."

style. Larned has given up serious lawn tennis for some years now, but I saw him at Queen's Club last season, and though much heavier in weight frequently showed glimpses of his old form.

I should like here to venture the opinion that as a whole the American and Australian methods of play are more to be admired than our own. They go in much more for attacking than we do, and their game generally is not so stereotyped as ours. The Yankees invented the swerve service, and are much cleverer at the net than English players. Folk can disparage the American service as much as they like, but it is a tremendous asset. I have seen only one man who was really at home with it in this country, and that was S. H. Smith, and he was one man in a thousand for ground strokes. The English game is much too "defensive." We are always waiting for our opponent to miss a shot rather than try to make winners ourselves. This style of play may often prove successful, but the other is the more admirable. I remember the night before I played H. L. Doherty in one of the Covered Court Championship meetings some years back having a chat with H. S. Mahony, who asked me how I intended to tackle the little man. I said, "I suppose I must try to get everything back and not mind running." Mahony replied, "Ritchie, I know you want to beat 'H. L.' Don't try to play a defensive game against him, for he is the greatest master of defence we have ever had or likely to have. If you want to win you must attack him the whole time incessantly—it is your only chance. The other way you are certain to lose." This was good advice from an old stager, for on the morrow I went out for everything and got home a winner. Poor Mahony is yet another who has joined the great majority. I don't imagine a player was ever so missed or more ready with advice or the offer of practice to help a budding champion. There would not be much scope for the great-hearted Irishman's kindness these days, at any rate in this country. The lack of promising young English players is indeed lamentable. Our future seems anything but assured. This problem of how to improve the standard of play is indeed a pressing one. The only practicable way to my mind is to encourage the game at the Public Schools. In all the letters and correspondence I have read relative to its introduction

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there has never been one really sound reason brought forward as to why it should be tabooed. Let the headmasters make provision for the boys, who, with the consent of their parents, wish to play lawn tennis and are prepared to subscribe to the extra expense, if any. That is the solution in a nutshell. There are sure to be a goodly number of boys who will prefer cricket, and even if this were not the case it would but provide fresh testimony to the inherent goodness of lawn tennis as a game. In these circumstances why not make lawn tennis the national game? The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof. Each school could have a good coach to inculcate style, and after that the game would be found quite fascinating enough to be its own teacher.

It is indeed fortunate at this crisis in our lawn tennis history that the Colonies can provide the Empire with champions. In 1914 only Norman Brookes, at "the eleventh hour," prevented Otto Froitzheim, the German, from entering the Challenge Round at Wimbledon, and now Australia looks like turning out another extremely fine player in Gerald Patterson. In practice games at Queen's last winter the young Colonial struck me as being remarkably good. Many of his strokes, notably a back-hand volley, are evidently modelled on the present champion's. This shot and a terrifically fast service should enable him to make a big name for himself in the game. I was told at the time that Patterson often took sets off Brookes in Australia and is a future champion of the Island Continent.

Another member of the Australian Service contingent now touring this country for whose play I have the greatest admiration is A. B. Jones, of New South Wales. His work in partnership with Stanley Doust is really wonderful. Rarely have I seen such beautiful strokes executed in so free and certain a style. If Australia fails us, and I do not think she will, things may go ill with the Empire. There are also said to be any number of embryo champions in America after the pattern of McLoughlin, who made such a wonderful show at Wimbledon in 1913. R. N. Williams, for instance, who, though still only twenty-eight years old, has played in the Davis Cup, won the U.S.A. championship and served for a long time in the Great War. I saw Williams play at Wimbledon in 1913, as well as in the Riviera previously. He had not then the brilliancy of McLoughlin, but on his day was more accurate and steady, something after the Larned type. I do not think he was as good as Brookes or Wilding when I last saw him play. Volleying is Williams's strongest asset, but his ground strokes are also fast and accurate, while he plays well with his head.

I cannot close these reminiscences without a reference to the visit I paid to Austria in 1900—nearly twenty years ago. How time flies! A very attractive invitation from Prague was the cause of this little Continental trip. In those days I had not covered so much ground playing lawn tennis as I have since, and the journey was something of an undertaking, especially in view of the fact that I cannot speak German. I took with me quite a sheaf of new racquets, and right at the very start these were the cause of a somewhat amusing incident. When I arrived at the frontier the train pulled up as usual for the customary examination of passengers' luggage. Everything went like clockwork until the racquets came under the notice of the *douanier*. Then there was a great confabulation and hosts of questions, which I could not in the least understand. The *douanier* got wildly excited, gesticulating violently, and I began to think I must have seriously offended against the law. It really looked as if my instant execution was impending. In the meantime the train was being delayed, the passengers were annoyed, and altogether things appeared very black. Finally, my racquets were seized, placed on scales, and I was made to understand that I must pay duty on them. It was only a small sum, however, and with the racquets in my possession I got into the train and we all went on our way rejoicing. Bar Dering, who had played there once or twice, the Praguers had never seen an English player of any repute in 1900, and an admiring crowd followed me about wherever I went.



"AN ADMIRING CROWD FOLLOWED ME ABOUT WHEREVER I WENT."

And now we are looking forward to more Wimbledons. I wonder whether they will be as interesting as the 1914 meeting. The final, of course, was somewhat disappointing, though a great triumph for Norman Brookes. The last pre-war meeting had its dramatic moments, too, particularly when Froitzheim came so near to beating the present champion. Even had the German defeated Brookes, I do not for a moment think he would have beaten the late Captain Anthony Wilding in the Challenge Round. It is a possibility, nevertheless, that one does not dare to think about.

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Nicholas and the "Old Bean"

By KEBLE HOWARD

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

I.

IT all began with a certain letter from New Zealand. I do not mean, of course, that Mr. Edward Durden's difficulties dated from the receipt of his sister's letter. This gentle consulting-barrister's troubles started much earlier than that—from the moment, indeed, when, fired with patriotism and bitter hatred of the Hun, he flung himself, at five-and-forty years of age, into the Royal Air Force as an Administration Officer.

With the heart-searchings and trials resulting from that headlong act I will not weary you. They are over. Mr. Durden, duly demobilized, has retired once again to the calm, sweet privacy of his chambers in the Temple. Never again, let us hope, will he leap from his chair eleven times in one morning as a mark of respect to a major of six-and-twenty; never again will he be called upon to rick his back in the attempt to "sink slowly down upon the 'eels, knees well apart, 'ead erect, chest out, 'eels well clear o' the grahnd"; never again will he break out into a cold perspiration on hearing himself suddenly called upon by the C.O. to "take the p'rade."

No. All those agonies and bitternesses are over. The minor tragedy for which I shall endeavour to enlist your sympathy, though connected with his military service, had its origin in the private and personal letter which herewith follows:—

"My Dearest Edward,

"By the time this reaches you, Nicholas will be on his way to England to be trained as a pilot in the R.A.F. The boy is wild with delight, and I am naturally proud that my son should take his part in the great struggle. But he is only eighteen, and very impulsive and rather self-willed at that. He knows nothing, of course, of military life, but you are already an officer in the corps which he is joining, and will be able to keep a fatherly eye on the lad and put him up to all the little tips and wrinkles. I want you, in fact, to act *in loco parentis* to him, and see that he is steady and does not get into any kind of trouble. Although you will be brother-officers, the boy will not overlook the fact that you are his uncle and his god-father, and will consequently treat you with great respect.

"I enclose a draft for £200, which I want you to dole out to him as he requires it. Please see that he has a nice uniform, and plenty of good food, and reasonable amusement, but do not let him be extravagant or wasteful. Things are none too good here at present, and he must learn the value of money. With his pay and allowances, the draft I enclose should last him six months, I think, but you will be the best judge of that.

"He is a nice lad, very shy and retiring, but with plenty of pluck and keenness. Above all, do not let him contract one of these foolish boy-and-girl war-marriages of which we read so much in the papers from home. I rely on you, my dear Edward, to prevent that.

"Always your very affectionate

"Sister."

Mr. Durden, having read the letter three times, cast his memory back some twelve years. It was Christmas, and he had arrived unexpectedly at the paternal residence. His sister from New Zealand was also at home, and with her Master Nicholas, aged six.

"The house is quite full," he was told. "It's too late to get you a room out. Would you mind having a bed made up in the room where little Nicholas is sleeping?"

"Not a bit," he had replied, and the necessary orders were given.

"Be very careful," the mother of Nicholas had impressed upon him, "not to alarm the little fellow. He's such a nervous, sensitive child! When he wakes in the morning, and sees a strange man in the room, he may be terrified. Just say to him, 'Don't be frightened, Nicholas. I'm your Uncle Edward. A happy Christmas to you!'"

So Mr. Durden promised and went to bed. The hour was late, and he slept heavily. The next thing he knew was a terrible explosion in his ear and a blinding flash of light. Springing up in his bed, he found a small boy standing over him with a toy pistol.

"Dead!" cried Master Nicholas. "I shot you in the ear! You're dead! Lie down again!"

Thus uncle and nephew met for the first time. And now, it seemed, the "nervous and sensitive child" had grown into a "shy and retiring youth."

Mr. Durden, in reminiscent fashion, gently rubbed his right ear.

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II.

BEING closely tied to duty, Mr. Durden could not meet his nephew at Southampton, but, at the earliest opportunity, he invited Nicholas to dinner. He was distinctly pleased with the appearance of the lad. From a small and rather delicate-looking boy he had grown into a tall, nice-looking, well-proportioned youth. Mr. Durden urged him to order just what he fancied.

Nicholas began with a diffident sardine. With the soup he was rather more at his ease. The fish, together with the first glass of wine, encouraged him to examine the outstanding features of the club dining-room. With the chicken he volunteered a criticism of the portrait of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. Over the sweets, he explained the intricacies of the modern aero-engine to his uncle, who had recently passed a stiff examination on the subject. With the coffee, the lad seemed restless, and no sooner had Mr. Durden lighted his cigar and leaned well back in his chair than Nicholas seized an evening paper and read out the titles of the various revues. Five minutes later saw them making their way, on foot, to a form of entertainment that Mr. Durden sincerely loathed.

After that evening, however, he lost sight of his nephew for some months. The training camps had swallowed him up. Nicholas kept the post busy, and the two hundred pounds began to dwindle, even to melt; still, the boy was evidently keen on getting his commission and his flying ticket.

The *Gazette* announced his success, and away he went overseas with an emergency draft. Mr. Durden, for his part, stuck to the drudgery of routine. No glories or excitements for the man of five-and-forty. No promotion, either, until he had served his full eighteen months. He must be content to supply, without the loss of a moment, spare parts for the machines which Nicholas so gaily and gallantly crashed into barbed-wire fences and stumps of derelict trees.

Anxious letters continued to arrive from New Zealand, and Mr. Durden was strictly enjoined to see to it that the boy did not run unnecessary risks.

"I am sure," said one letter, "that a man in your position must have considerable influence with the authorities. ("And me a poor miserable Second Loot!" commented Mr. Durden to himself.) Of course, I want the boy to do his duty, and I hope he will distinguish himself, but I should like you to see that he is not sent on any of those horrible night expeditions. His chest was never too sound, and the night air, especially among the clouds, would be extremely injurious.

"Have you been up with him yet? He will never be satisfied until you do, and that will be a good opportunity for you to impress upon him the necessity for caution. He used to take terrible risks with his bicycle, and I am afraid the same spirit may lead him into some rash adventure with the Germans. I could almost wish he was your age, and then I should feel quite easy in my mind about him."

It was not many weeks after the receipt of this letter that Mr. Durden and Nicholas met for the second time. Nicholas had a blue band round his arm, and walked with the aid of a stick.

"Halloa, Uncle Ned!" was his greeting.

"Good gracious!" cried Mr. Durden. "You don't mean to say you've been wounded?"

"Not precisely," replied the lad, holding out his hand for a cigarette. "Made rather a bad landing—that's all. Been in hospital three weeks. You going strong? Got your second pip yet?"

"Not yet," admitted Mr. Durden.

"I have. Got mine while I was in hospital." He suddenly burst into a loud and hearty laugh.

"What's the joke?" inquired Second-Lieutenant Durden, not quite catching his nephew's meaning.

"Why, isn't it a lark! Ha! Ha! I'm your *senior*, Uncle Ned!"

"Such things happen in war-time, my boy. Tell me more



"WITH THE CHICKEN NICHOLAS VOLUNTEERED A CRITICISM OF THE PORTRAIT OF THE LATE LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL."

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about your accident. Your mother will be very anxious."

"Oh, no need to bother her about it. I was up scouting, and tumbled into a nest of rotten Huns. Two of them came straight for me, and the other three tried to cut me off. I put 'er into a spinning nose-dive, but they pierced my petrol-tank in five places."

"And yet you escaped?"

"Looks like it!"

"Well done! Bravo!" Mr. Durden's eyes glistened.

"Wasn't much 'bravo' about it when I got back to camp. The C.O. called me a silly young fool for losing touch with the flight and going on alone. If I hadn't saved the machine there'd have been a worse *strafe*. Anyway, it's the end of my flying."

"The end of your flying? How's that?"

"The old knee. I smashed a bit of bone or something. I've got to be a rotten Administration Officer. Oh, beg pardon. You know what I mean. All right for you old chaps, but I expect I'll get bored stiff. I've put in for a job at this place. I don't suppose *you* can do much, but say the right thing if you get the chance."

"Why, certainly I will. At any rate, you've done your bit and come off with your life. Your mother *will* be delighted! If you can wait twenty minutes, we'll go and have some lunch at the club."

"Right-o! But, I say, Uncle Ned?"

"Yes, my boy?"

"Don't call me 'my boy.' After all, I am a First Loot. And are you so set on the old club? What's the matter with the Ritz? I've never been in that show."

Neither, as a matter of fact, had Mr. Durden. But a wounded hero must not be denied. They took a taxi to the Ritz, and Nicholas ordered an excellent lunch in a *dégagé* style that compelled admiration even from the old Second Loot who was paying the bill.

As for the waiter, he betrayed no surprise. He knew those flying boys.

III.

You will have gathered that Mr. Edward Durden was stationed in London. He was attached, in point of fact, to a large depot situated on the borders of a famous park.

His duties were monotonous, but not arduous. He arrived at nine-thirty in the morning and left at six in the evening. On certain days he had to remain until half-past seven. And about once in every six weeks he was orderly officer.

This "orderly-dog" business was the one really black spot in an otherwise fairly tranquil life. It was not that he was particularly nervous about raids. He knew the chances, and accepted them from the point of view of a philosopher. What Mr. Durden dreaded, what caused him at times to start and mutter in his sleep, what sent him hurrying every evening at six o'clock to scan the "Orders" for the next twenty-four hours, was the horror of finding himself obliged to take the early morning parade.

There were five hundred men at the depot, and they paraded each morning in an adjacent portion of the park, within full view of all London that chanced to be stirring, for inspection by the orderly officer. There were always two orderly officers, and they decided between themselves which should turn out for the early parade. So far, Mr. Durden, with considerable skill, had avoided the ordeal.

He possessed, he knew well enough, no capacity for the job. It needed lots of assurance for a man with no military training. You had to pass up and down the lines, followed by the sergeant-major and another N.C.O., find instant fault with any unshaven chin or unpolished button, and generally strike awe into the troops. Then you had to march them off the parade-ground, place yourself at the head of the column, and lead them back to the depot. Finally, you had to station yourself at the gates of the depot in a Napoleonic attitude, and acknowledge the salutes of the various flight-sergeants as the whole column marched past.

Mr. Durden realized quite positively that he was unequal to the feat. He would fall over his stick, and stammer, and get the column into a knot, and set the housemaids, and the post-girls, and the park-keepers roaring with laughter. All the depot would get to hear of it, and his name would become a by-word. He might be called before the C.O.! He might—well, anything might happen!

However, as I say, the ordeal could be dodged. The other orderly officer was always willing to take the parade if Mr. Durden would inspect the sentries overnight. Mr. Durden did not mind that a bit. Darkness covered him. It was even romantic. Be the night never so wet or bleak, he would always offer eagerly to visit the sentries.

Now, whether by chance or whether by cunning contrivance he never knew, but it so fell out that he and his nephew Nicholas—who had been duly posted at the depot as an administration officer—were put down in "Orders" as orderly officers for the same night. Mr. Durden was delighted. They would have a cosy night of it. He would supply plenty of provisions, which would certainly appeal to Nicholas, and they would have a nice long chat. Besides, having been in France, Nicholas naturally knew all about military routine. The boy would undoubtedly enjoy the parade.

Nicholas came on duty at seven-thirty in high spirits. He had the picnicky air of the man who had done his bit. His "wings" entitled him to consideration in the depot. Besides, his cheery disposition had soon made him a general favourite.

"Well, old bean," said he—they had agreed to drop the "Uncle" business—"this is a stroke of luck, eh?"

"Yes, isn't it?" replied Mr. Durden, at once opening his suit-case and bringing forth the excellent refreshments.

"Top-hole!" exclaimed Nicholas. "Got something good there?"

"Oh, famish," said Mr. Durden. "Only

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fairish. Sardine sandwiches, cheese sandwiches, cake, biscuits, cigarettes, and some white wine."

"Good enough," acknowledged Nicholas. "I'll just take a turn round the depot with the flight-sergeant, and then we'll have at it."

"Don't you bother about that, my lad. I'll go round."

"No, no! I'm the senior officer on duty, and it's my business to see that all the sheds are safely locked up. You stay in here and attend to the telephone."

Off went Nicholas and was away about half an hour. Mr. Durden was not greatly discomposed. As senior officer, it was only right that the boy should make the first round. There were still the sentries to be visited between eleven and twelve o'clock. All would be well.

The food finished and cigarettes lighted, Nicholas regarded his uncle with a prolonged and thoughtful stare. The boy, as Mr. Durden plainly saw, was making up his mind for a daring manœuvre.

"I say, old bean," he opened at last.

"Halloa," replied Mr. Durden, in his best subalternish manner.

"How much money have you got of mine, old bean?"

"About forty-five pounds."

"Good. You might just draw a cheque for it, will you?"

"The whole amount, Nicholas?"

"Yes, old thing. I want it for a rather particular purpose."

"I must remind you, Nicholas, that this is the third remittance from your mother, and ought to last a good three months from now."

"Don't you worry about that, old man. You see, since I got my second pip, my pay has increased considerably."

"But your flying pay has ceased."

"They'll have to compensate me for my crocked knee."

"All the same, Nicholas, I should not feel justified——"

"Oh, do you mind chucking all that tosh, old man? I'm not a kid any longer. The case is altered. Besides, if you knew what I wanted that forty-five quid for——"

"Not debts, I trust?"

"Bless your heart, no! I shouldn't draw it to pay debts. I want to buy something—something very important."

Mr. Durden's heart gave a sudden quake—a premonitory quake. There was a self-conscious, defiant air about the boy which could only mean one thing—a scrape. And, if a scrape, what sort of a scrape? Nineteen, good-looking, a pilot, and wounded? Mr. Durden's heart gave two more quakes.

"If you will take me into your confidence, Nicholas——"

"Just between us two—on your honour?"

"On my honour."

"No cabling to New Zealand?"

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Who said it was bad? It isn't bad at all! It's good! It's wonderful! It's the most wonderful thing that can happen to a fellow!"

"Then why no cabling to New Zealand?"

"Oh, well—well, one's people don't always see eye to eye with one."

"Do you think I shall see eye to eye with you?"

"I don't know, old bean, and, to be quite candid, it doesn't much matter if you don't. The main thing is that I should see eye to eye with—with Ivy."

"Ivy!" cried Mr. Durden.

"You've got it, old thing, first shot. Ivy. Nice name, eh? Pretty name, don't you think? Ivy. I'm having a ring made of ivy-leaves and diamonds. It was her idea. By Jove, she's got brains, that girl!"

"So I perceive," murmured Mr. Durden.

Nicholas sprang to his feet. "Look here, old man," he said, sharply, "we don't want any of that stuff. Cut it right out. There's no honester girl in the wide world! She's told me all about herself—everything. Her father was a gentleman."

"Was?"

"Is now, for all Ivy knows. They don't see him at home. He disappeared some years ago. It was very sad for the poor child. Her mother takes paying guests. I expect I shall be one of them before long."

"I shouldn't wonder," thought Mr. Durden. "And what," he asked, "does Miss Ivy do? Help her mother?"

"Yes, when she has time. But her profession is the stage."

"Really? Very interesting. Does she favour the Tragic or the Comic Muse?"

"You're asking for it, old bean. I've warned you."

"My dear boy, I'm quite serious. I want to know. As it happens, my private profession sometimes brings me into touch with the stage. I have had the pleasure of meeting a good many theatrical celebrities. It is possible I may know Miss Ivy."

"As a matter of fact," explained Nicholas, somewhat hesitatingly, "she doesn't exactly *act*."

"Indeed? A dancer, perhaps?"

"Not precisely a dancer. Have you seen 'Hullo, Jizz-Jazz!'?"

"I regret to say, up to the present——"

"Well, anyhow, she's in that. In the first scene she's a Cup."

"I beg your pardon?"

"A Cup, old man. Awfully smart idea! There are twelve Cups and twelve Saucers. Ivy's a Cup."

"Ah! Now I'm with you!"

"They dance on a huge tray, don't you see? And then twelve men come on, and they're the Spoons. I tell you, it's a corking number! Sending all London mad!"

"I'm sure of it!" agreed Mr. Durden, with a courteous little bow.

"You must come and see it. I know the chap in the box-office—topping chap. When things are a bit slack he lets me have six stalls for two and a half guineas."

"You go in parties of six?"

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"Parties be hanged! I go alone—every night. It comes a bit expensive, of course, but Ivy likes me to be in front. It helps her with her work."

"I'm sure it would. I'll come with pleasure."

"Good old bean! You might take the stage-box! You could almost shake hands with Ivy from the stage-box!"

"That would be a privilege indeed!"

"You bet it would! I'll tell you what, uncle. You stand us a little dinner at the Ritz—Ivy rather likes the Ritz—and we'll go on to the show afterwards."

"I'll think it over."

"You're hedging, old bean."

"Oh, no. Not at all!"

"Then you really mean to invite Ivy and me to dine with you at the Ritz?"

"Certainly."

"And you'll get the stage-box for 'Hullo, Jizz-Jazz!' afterwards?"

"That's the arrangement."

"And I may have the forty-five quid for the ring?"

"Well, as to that——"

"You're playing double, old bean! I can see it in your eye! You don't mean to give me that money, and you don't approve of Ivy, and you're going to do your best to mush things up generally! Right!"

Nicholas took up the telephone. "Put me through to the flight-sergeant. That you, flight-sergeant? Orderly officer speaking. Just step in here a moment, will you?"

Mr. Durden noted with appreciation—but not much concern as yet—the determination in the boy's manner. He had certainly developed since he arrived in England.

The flight-sergeant entered. He was about Mr. Durden's age and an archæologist. He stood strictly to attention.

"I shall visit the sentries myself, Flight, at eleven-thirty."

"Very good, sir."

"The sergeant-major is not in the depot, I suppose?"

"No, sir. He comes on duty to-morrow just after eight, sir."

"I see. Well, tell him that Lieutenant Durden will take the morning parade."

"Very good, sir."

"That's all, Flight. Carry on."

The flight-sergeant saluted smartly and went out. Mr. Durden, pale and a little breathless, gazed at his nephew.

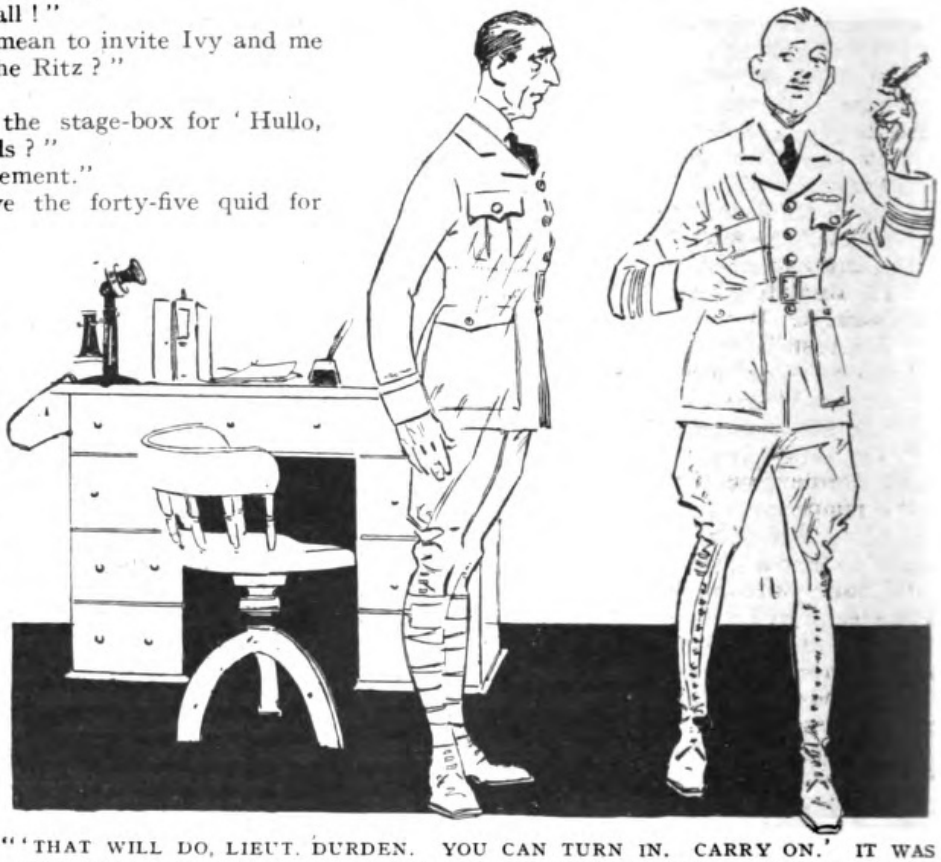
"My dear Nicholas——" he began.

"That will do, Lieutenant Durden. You can turn in. Carry on."

It was the voice of Authority. There is much virtue in an extra pip.

Poor Mr. Durden was obliged to obey, even though the command came from a lad half his age and his own nephew at that.

He went into the adjoining apartment, removed his puttees, boots, belt, and tunic, and stretched himself on the little camp bed. The blow had fallen! The nightmare of a hundred nights had come true! And he had brought it on himself through a sheer sense of duty!



"'THAT WILL DO, LIEUT. DURDEN. YOU CAN TURN IN. CARRY ON.' IT WAS THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY. THERE IS MUCH VIRTUE IN AN EXTRA PIP."

All night he debated the problem. To yield would be a traitorous act towards the boy's mother, to say nothing of the boy himself. As a man of law, he knew that the ring—and such a ring—would form a very powerful weapon in the hands of the girl's mother. It was possible, of course, that Miss Ivy was everything that could be desired in the way of a helpmeet. Mr. Durden had no foolish prejudices against the stage. On the other hand, Nicholas was only nineteen, and almost fresh from far-off New Zealand.

The worst that could happen would be a secret marriage. The next worst, an action for breach of promise. (But the latter would probably fail by reason of the legal infancy

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of the defendant.) In either case, the lad's career would be handicapped, if not ruined.

Though not much of a soldier, perhaps, Mr. Durden was no fool in the normal affairs of a normal world. At four in the morning, just as the sentries were being relieved, he fell asleep. And his face wore an expression which indicated a happy thought that might possibly bear good fruit.

He rose at seven-thirty, shaved with a trembling hand, dressed, and reported to his nephew. It was by then just after eight, and Nicholas was still in bed.

"Halloa, old bean," he murmured.

"I've been thinking over our talk of last night," said Mr. Durden.

"What? Oh, yes. I remember now. Chuck over my shirt, will you?"

"Here you are! . . . Could we have that little dinner-party to-night?"

"Top-hole! I'll fix it!"

"And will it do if you get the cheque for the forty-five pounds the following morning? You see, I have to arrange with my bank."

"Is this a straight deal?"

"An absolutely straight deal."

"Right-o. By the way, what's the time?"

"Ten past."

"Are you very keen on taking this parade?"

"Not frightfully."

"Right. Look out for the S.-M. and tell 'im I'll do it myself."

Mr. Durden was out of the room in two hops and a jump.

IV.

THE party arrived at the Ritz in the following order:—

(1) Mr. Durden, who managed to secure a table for four in a fairly secluded corner. (His nephew's taste in young women, you see, was still an unknown quantity.)

(2) Nicholas, with a suspiciously languid manner, belied by the nervous movements of his fingers.

(3) Miss Ivy, whose little face, probably quite pretty, was entirely concealed behind masses of powder, lip-salve, and "water-black." Her complete name, it appeared, was Miss Ivy Barrington.

"Shall we get at it, old bean?" suggested Nicholas. "Miss Barrington has to be at the theatre soon after seven."

"In order to transform herself into a Cup? (Here Ivy laughed merrily.) Well, I won't keep you a moment. I took the liberty of inviting another lady to make up the party."

Nicholas and Miss Barrington exchanged glances.

"I say, old bean, we didn't arrange that, you know."

"Wait till you see the lady," replied Mr. Durden.

Two minutes later, Ivy twitched Nicholas by the sleeve. "Look!" she exclaimed, excitedly. "That's Olga Broadway! Fancy! I wonder if she'll see *me!*"

"Do you know Miss Broadway?" inquired Mr. Durden.

"Well, I should say so, seeing she plays the lead in our show!"

"Olga Broadway's the idol of London," explained Nicholas, kindly.

The words were hardly out of his mouth before an utterly astounding thing happened. Miss Broadway waved a cheery and familiar glove at them! Not at Miss Barrington, however, nor yet at Nicholas; she was actually waving and laughing at the old bean!

"She must be making a mistake!" thought Nicholas.

But, no! Mr. Durden had advanced, and was now shaking the Idol of London by the hand as though she were an ordinary human being.

"He knows her!" gasped Nicholas.

"He's bringin' her over! Oh, my inside!" ejaculated Miss Barrington.

The young people, from that moment onward, moved and behaved as though in a dream. Miss Broadway had been asked, it seemed, to make up the party! She was to *dine* with them! She was *sitting down* with them! She was *speaking*, in the nicest way, to Ivy. She was looking unutterable things at Nicholas! She was calling the old bean "Teddy"!

Hors d'œuvre came and faded; soup was quite unreal; fish was the merest phantom; one never saw the bird at all; champagne sizzled and sparkled, but might have been water! Olga Broadway, so far as Nicholas was



"'SHALL WE GET AT IT, OLD BEAN?' SUGGESTED NICHOLAS. 'MISS BARRINGTON HAS TO BE AT THE THEATRE SOON AFTER SEVEN.'"

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concerned, constituted the dinner, and the wine, and the entire company! She devoted herself to him. She wanted to know all about flying. She thought pilots were the most wonderful people in the world. This amazing Woman, this dazzling Creature, this Celebrity of a million posters and a billion photographs, had no eyes for anything or anybody but *Nicholas!*

As for Miss Barrington, after the first sip of champagne she found Mr. Durden quite an amusing conversationalist. He told her such funny things about the Army! Not only that, but it came out, as though it were nothing, that he knew the Manager of her show! He even offered, of his own free will, to put in a word for Ivy! She had been in the chorus quite long enough, in Mr. Durden's opinion, and ought to have a little part written in for her!

He then went on to speak, quite carelessly, of New Zealand. She knew, of course, that Nicholas would be returning to New Zealand after the War? Oh, yes; a position would be found for him in his father's business. Nice spot, New Zealand? Oh, not bad. Rather a long way from London. Not such good shops as London. Extraordinary shortage of chocolates. Decent climate except for thunderstorms. Lightning very vivid? Oh, very! And the frogs and spiders were a bit of a nuisance. Large spiders? Fairly large. Nine inches across, some of them. Barked at you. But you got used to that in time.

Ten minutes to seven! Ivy must rush. Miss Broadway, of course, was not on in the first scene. She would follow later. Ivy must look her up now and then in her dressing-room. (Whatever would the girls say? Mad with jealousy? *Pas demi.*)

Taxi waiting. Mr. Durden would escort her to the stage-door. Nicholas was to bring Miss Broadway. What did that matter? Boys not nearly as jolly as real men. Nor so useful. A little scene written in? Well, look at that! Million times better than silly old New Zealand spiders!

Second taxi waiting. Taxi? Pooh! A fairy coach! "Harlequin Theatre—*Stage Door.*" Fairy traffic! Fairy lights! This was Life at its absolute best.

Just before they reached the theatre, though you will find it difficult to believe, came the climax. Nicholas found himself holding Miss Broadway's hand. And the hand was ungloved. It was a very small hand, and very soft, and when you pressed it, ever so gently, it replied, still more gently.

O Night of Nights! Foch? Haig? Beatty? Trenchard? Good fellows all, but they had never ridden in a taxi with Olga Broadway and held her hand! Victoria Cross? A pretty bauble. This was—well, this was IT!

. . .

Ten days later, with the courage of a true Anzac, Nicholas called upon Miss Broadway, in a formal manner, and asked her to marry him. Miss Broadway's reply was curious. She kissed him—on the forehead.

"That's funny," said Nicholas.

"I didn't mean it to be funny. I meant it quite seriously, you dear boy."

"Thanks. But that's the way my mater kisses me."

"Is it? She must be very sweet. I wouldn't presume to try and compete with her. Tell me, Nicholas. How do your aunts kiss you?"

"Haven't got any aunts."

"Haven't you? Well, you'll have one soon."

"What on earth d'you mean?"

"Can't you guess? Your uncle is going to be married."

"*What?* The old bean? If this doesn't take it! Who's the strange woman?"

"Only me," said Miss Broadway.



"'HOW DO YOUR AUNTS KISS YOU?' SAID MISS BROADWAY.
"'HAVEN'T GOT ANY AUNTS.'
"'HAVEN'T YOU? WELL, YOU'LL HAVE ONE SOON.'"

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THE GREEK IDEAL—THE APOLLO BELVEDERE.

Good Looks in Men.

WHAT TYPES DO WOMEN LIKE BEST ?

A Study in Psychology.

Here are the portraits of twelve men, of widely different types, but all noted in their day for their good looks. And here also are the opinions of a number of eminent ladies on a question of deep interest to their sex. Do women, on the whole, prefer faces which denote physical strength—or keen intelligence—or a romantic soul? All are here. "Which of these would be your choice, on looks alone, as a life-companion, and why?" Our lady-readers may find it interesting to put the question to themselves.

THE BARONESS ORCZY.

THE question of so-called good looks in the male sex is a very intricate one, because—more so even than with women—good looks in men depend on so many other features besides the face.

To begin with, what is it that does constitute good looks in men? I defy any intelligent woman to answer that question straightforwardly. Is it regularity of features? Well, hardly. If you look closely at the portraits of the handsome twelve before you, you must at once be aware that the faces with the regular features are also those which lack a certain degree of character.

Then, again, mere flesh and muscle of the ordinary athletic type nearly always carry with them the want of intellectuality in the eyes, and that flat back to the head which denotes an absence of mental power; whilst the purely intellectual or artistic look in a man unfortunately goes often hand in hand with a loosely-knit body and a certain effeminacy of appearance which does not appeal to the average woman.

Then there is the so-called *strong* face, the face with rugged features, deep-set eyes, and square firm jaw—very attractive, no doubt; but have you ever seen that type of face lighted up with the all-pervading charm of humour?

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And now, there you have it! Seek for the humorous lines around the lips, for the humorous twinkle in the eyes, and trust that face more than you would that of the Adonis or the Hercules.

Among the chosen twelve I see that the beloved friend of my young days, Lord Leighton, is included. I have no hesitation in giving him pride of place in my choice. His face, indeed, was the true index of his charming personality: strong without a thought of aggressiveness, artistic without effeminacy, brilliant mental powers without the slightest trace of conceit, and endowed with that saving grace of humour which is the crowning charm of any man.

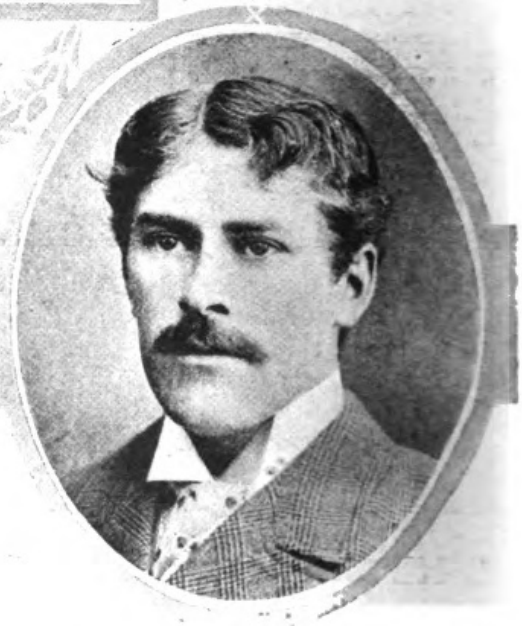
Alas! he lived and died a bachelor.

SYDNEY BARRACLOUGH.





KYRLE BELLEW.



GEORGE ALEXANDER.

handsome does." The men whose portraits you give have done handsome things, great things, inferior things.

Physical strength is enviable, a romantic soul lovable, but keen intelligence counts for most. That is why my choice is Lord Kitchener.

In this decision I am influenced partly by my admiration for the man and his wonderful work, but more by the fact that his face seems to me so very human and so contradictory to the reputation for coldness, lack of emotion, grimness, taciturnity, and lack of human sympathy and affection which people have given him. His eye may have been cold and penetrating when circumstances

MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS.

I do not claim to be in any sense a physiognomist. Consequently the task set me is not an easy one. Does a woman judge a man or choose a life-companion on looks alone? I do not think so. If she did, she would be running a very great risk, to say the least. There is an old saying which says, "Handsome is that

demanded; but looking at the photograph you publish, I can imagine it becoming very kindly when the man could throw aside work and duty for social intercourse and conversation.

The moustache does not hide an expressive, humorous, mobile mouth, which to my mind is one of the most delightful characteristics of his face. The photographs of Kitchener which I have seen showing him smiling always seemed to

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me to portray the very essence of good humour. And what could a woman wish for more? Keen intelligence, a character which led to stupendous triumphs, and a face which mirrored a nature of strength and charm, and superior to all meanness.



H. B. CONWAY.

MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON

I think that our race memory and sub-conscious mind incline us, as women, to prefer the soldier type of men. We lean *to* them, because we have so long leaned *on* these men! They were terribly valuable to us in the days when they had to protect us against dragons, pterodactyls, German robber barons, and other unpleasant creatures of the past. But, of course, then, most of his life was a High Adventure. He had keen intelligence of a certain order, which he showed in many ways; among others, learning the languages and hearts of the desert-dwellers. And we all know what a soldier he was! Byron would have been gorgeous as a companion for a year. He'd have killed any woman rather than be her *faithful* companion for more. Oh, yes, decidedly, Lord Kitchener! He would have been too chivalrous to kill his companion when he wanted to!

NORAH SCHLEGEL,

The eminent Magazine Illustrator.

To choose a man as a life companion on his looks alone would be terribly difficult; I would



WILLIAM TERRISS.



LEWIS WALLER.

the ideal type would combine physical strength, keen intelligence, and a romantic soul.

Why not? We all know a few such men. So why not try to grab one in the struggle between "Man and Superman"? In striving for this ideal type, if I were out to choose a life companion on looks alone, I would bid (as most of your contributors will bid!) for Lord Kitchener. He had a romantic soul, surely, as he never found a woman wonderful enough to mate it; and much rather rely on his tie. If the photograph of Lewis Waller had represented him as Monsieur Beaucaire I'd have gone all the way on him; as it is, I'm afraid I must cut him right out, together with the poets, who all appear devoid of humour, and I should certainly choose the man with the most humour in his face; laughter is about the easiest thing to live with. Both Kyrle Bellew and Sydney Barraclough have it in their eyes. Of course, the latter would

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BYRON.

not wear that collar to-day, not with that smile on his face.

MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS.

Your question puts one in a terrible difficulty! Personally, I never could abide the genus "fancy man," to which eight out of the "Twelve Types" belong.

I believe, moreover, that this would be the general opinion among women — meaning by this, the women with whom I associate. Of course, there are women and women. (I find it most instructive to read the work of our younger male novelists, who conceive themselves to know all about women, and to observe to what a highly specialized and restricted class the women they have known would seem to belo g.) It would be, one must suppose, among women such as these that the "fancy man" achieves his successes. No educated or thoughtful woman of the present day falls in love with eyelashes or a moustache. With most of us looks are nevertheless a factor in the choice made; but not mere animal good looks. A healthy physique, a good expression, an intelligent forehead, or a sweet-tempered mouth are the things that weigh.

The portraits afford a rather sad example of the change of fashion with regard to standards of beauty. One can hardly imagine even the most impressionable girl in her teens now falling a victim to Byron or Shelley as here presented. Mr. Kyrle Bellew has rather the air of an earnest lady exponent of the "Higher Thought"—chignon and all!

Lord Leighton belongs to the artistic dilettante style—and falls under the same condemnation as most of the others—of being self-conscious. (A beauty-man is always far more obviously conscious of the fact than a beautiful woman.)

The sole Apostle of your College who does *not* convey this impression is Lord Kitchener; and I should question whether he could be called, strictly speaking, a handsome man. At least, however, he was free from the "Professional Beauty" taint, and had the mien of a man who might do something really worth while!



LEIGHTON.

HELEN McKIE.

The well-known Artist.

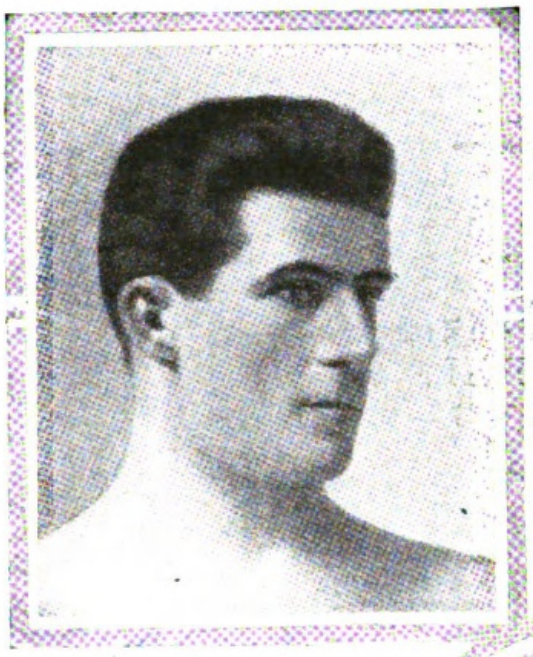
It is very difficult to really decide—but out of three faces which appeal to me most of them all—Bellew, Alexander, and Kitchener — Kitchener



SHELLEY.

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impresses me most as having an extraordinarily strong and determined face—a broad and intelligent brow, wonderfully keen, searching eyes; perhaps the lower part of the face is a trifle on the brutish side—but it is a very fine face and certainly strikes me as being the most manly—and with tremendous force of character.



CORBETT
(the boxer).

WINIFRED GRAHAM.

My choice would be given to Kyrle Bellew, on condition he cut his hair!

He has the earnest face of a reformer, evidently inherited from his father, a celebrated preacher. The eyes in the portrait are magnetic and sincere, the chin is determined, but does not show the dimple, which was one of his well-known characteristics. The delicately-shaped nose, in conjunction with the determined chin, overcomes the otherwise effeminate beauty of this face. The expression denotes poetry and imagination, while the forehead resembles that of Lord Byron, a fact which Kyrle Bellew frequently alluded to. The neck expresses physical strength, and the shape of the eyebrows, with the marked distance between them, indicates sweetness of disposition and the love of doing kindnesses.

MRS. CLARE SHERIDAN.

The celebrated Sculptor.

To my mind there is no type in your collection to compare with that of Shelley. Perhaps I am prejudiced; for I have been steeped in Shelley. I have lived in his villa in Italy and absorbed, as far as I could, everything appertaining to his personality and writings. He was such a tremendous character. So frank with himself. So idealistic and democratic. Had he been alive to-day, he would have sung of the triumph of woman. I would like to have been Shelley's wife, because I should have understood him.

Byron may be dismissed. There is far more beauty in the face of Rupert Brooke and character in Yeats.



KITCHENER.



WEBB
(the swimmer).

Regarding your other types, I fear that I am not a competent judge, for I know too little about them, and to an artist good looks are perfectly negligible. The face of Forbes-Robertson appeals to me far more than those of the actors you portray. Beauty does not lie in the perfect eye, nose, mouth, chin, or forehead, but in what lies behind them. One could admire the physique of Corbett and Captain Webb; but their faces are commonplace. They are like those of thousands

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of men. Webb might have been a house-painter. The leonine Leighton has attractions. His was a fine head. As regards Kitchener, I do not think his face can compare with that of Beatty for intelligence, thoughtfulness, and keenness. Beatty's face is moulded in a cast which, to my mind, is very fascinating and co-incident with his alert, determined character. But I must repeat that I do not feel that I am a fair and competent judge. Because—I am prejudiced.

HENRIETTA RAE.

The famous Painter.

I should select Lord Leighton; there can be no question of that from a painter's point of view, though the photograph is one that was taken not long before his death, and he looks very old and frail—but I had the privilege of knowing him in his prime, and of being intimately associated with him for many years in my work, and though the reproduction but ill represents him even at that time, the intellectual beauty of his face reflects the charm of his character, which was acknowledged by all who knew him.

MAY EDGINTON.

There is no doubt in my mind about the type of looks which a woman—the usual woman—likes best in a man. If she can't have it all ways, she will, in her inmost heart, even if she won't admit it, prefer a face which denotes physical strength. A man of great physical strength can always add a certain excitement and interest to life; a man of keen intelligence merely is likely to be altogether too cold-blooded, deliberate, and introspective to attract women. As for the man with a romantic soul, he is usually ultra-sentimental. This spoils him.

Personally, my advice to any woman is: Catch if you can a man of great physical strength; endow him, as you can do if you're not an absolute dud at your job, with a romantic soul, and you will have an ideal combination. Don't fret for intelligence also. If he were intelligent he would know too much about you. If you find him fairly simple, thank your stars, and let him remain so.

Of the type of man presented here I think Jim Corbett the most attractive.

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES.

The average woman certainly prefers instinctively a manly, powerful-looking man—and that whether he be plain or handsome in face. In the same way most men—indeed, all men except the very few exceptions which prove a rule—seek instinctively the feminine woman—the mysterious quality called charm—or, more vulgarly, "the come-hither eye," plays an immense part when it comes to making a choice. But it is a rare gift in either man or woman, and does not make for real happiness—or for fidelity in married life. Both men and women are curiously attracted collectively by good looks—hence the success and popularity of certain strikingly good-looking actors and actresses. But I doubt if these same people in private life keep that great advantage. Especially do I doubt if the man does so.

There is a type of woman who is extremely attracted by fame. Such a woman will gladly marry a really ugly, ill-tempered, and eccentric man if only he be a great soldier, or famous poet, or a popular preacher. What is more remarkable, she will often be very happy with him.

If I must make a choice from among those whose portraits are here given, my vote will be cast for Lord Kitchener.

The portrait of Sydney Barraclough is by the London Stereoscopic Co.; George Alexander by Barraud; H. B. Conway by Elliott and Fry; Wm. Terriss by Window and Grove (kindly lent by Mr. Willy Clarkson); Lewis Waller by Ellis and Walery; Leighton by the London Stereoscopic Co.; Corbett by Morrison, Chicago (kindly lent by the National Sporting Club); and Kitchener by Bassano.

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Do not miss this most Romantic & Thrilling Story

The HAPPY HUSBAND

By Ernest Goodwin

ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY SEYMOUR LUCAS

VILLANI came stumbling, lantern in hand, to where a figure lay composedly in a puddle, pinned down by the head of a dead horse.

"Oh, Signor Domenico, is that you? Are you alive?"

"I don't know," answered Domenico, faintly, "but I don't think I'm dead—my head aches so. Careful, Villani"—the man was over-energetic in dragging the horse's head off his master's limbs—"better get help."

Villani, always a trifle excitable, left the lantern as company for Domenico, ran off into the darkness, tripped over something unseen, soused himself in a puddle, returned, explained apologetically, took the lantern again, and again departed. Domenico lay still and waited, philosophically.

Within an hour he was in his tent, being overhauled by the surgeon. Fifteenth-century surgery was inclined to the rough-and-ready. The gentleman who attended Domenico was of the sort that would amputate a limb or shave a chin with equal cheerfulness, as his fortunes might waver. With profundity he advised bleeding. Domenico, aware that half the fluid in his veins had already drained into the puddle, snorted, dismissed him, and took himself in hand.

As far as his fingers could diagnose his case, a bone, or some bones, in his head-piece were broken, but binding his head up tightly with a cloth seemed all that was called for. It was all that was attempted, at any rate, and it served. In a month Domenico was hale and whole again.

But most of that month he spent on his back, and, prompted by that pestilential ache in his noddle, came a persistent questioning that Domenico pondered during those long and weary hours: "Isn't forty-six too old for fighting?"

Too old! Ah, well, it was so, no doubt. He had had a clear thirty years of fighting. Over half Europe he had wandered with his sword for sale, from Italy into Greece, Rhodes, Spain, France, Flanders—a rare itinerary, teeming with incident. What leaders he had known, what events, what raptures of unexpected victories snatched from the very talons of defeat, what marchings, sufferings, rewards! Ah, there was this last to think of! Throughout his fighting career Domenico had always borne at the back of his mind the thought of a serene and comfortable old age. To that end he had been thrifty, careful, adventurous on occasion, and at forty-six was now, he knew, a rich man. Well then, here was old age coming, and with it full opportunity for filling it with wise happiness. Time to lay the sword by.

He took farewell of Farina, received that great condottiere's thanks and a handsome present, and set out for Brescia. Of all the cities he had seen Brescia had pleased him most, and in settling there he was indulging in an old fancy. Ten years ago he had spent a winter there, knew the Podesta, Giovanni del Ponte, and liked him well. Giovanni, he now found, was dead. His brother Ceccolino ruled in the Palazzo del Commune, and Domenico seemed to sense a change in the spirit of the town. "Podesta" Ceccolino had been elected, but he ruled more like an absolute Duke, and indeed not only accepted the title, but had this last year or so assumed it in official business. The Bresciani seemed also a different race: livelier, gayer; Domenico was not sure he liked them as well as he had done ten years previously.

He bought a fine house, not within the inner wall, where things were too crowded, but not far from the second wall. It stood empty, the palazzo of a man proscribed by Ceccolino, and forced to quit the city. Domenico had it repaired and furnished. Such of the Bresciani as were asked to visit him opened their eyes at the good taste, the impressive state, this quiet soldier, a peasant by birth, displayed in his house. It stood in a fine garden of good size. Domenico, though he took but little interest in a garden, had it brought into order that it might set off the house. Right at the end of the garden, bounded by a high wall, and delightfully private, was something of a wilderness, and this with admirable judgment he determined to leave as it was, a mass of flowering shrubs

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and bushes, reeds and grasses, with here and there a tall cypress, and in the centre, led up to by a flagged path half buried in moss, a very old marble basin some twenty paces round, fed by a spring that never failed. Legend said that Julius Cæsar had spent a summer there as a young man, and had bathed there. Near by, under a cypress, was a seat of marble, and the spring founted into the basin through the breasts of an age-worn statue of a satyr, whose queer-carven grin seemed to swivel slyly at whoever sat on the seat.

Here, then, in Brescia see our Domenico installed, master of a fine house, a wealthy man, governor of half-a-dozen servants admirably chosen and ordered. Rather a little man, dignified without being pompous, forty-six it is true, but agile and slender; hair a little greyed, perhaps, but thick and vigorous. He was shy, but with a wealth of life stored in his noddle if you could induce him to unload. A calmly contented man.

Wait—contented?

Yes, he told himself, and was so for a time, while he was busied with the furnishing of his house. But, that done, he encountered a vague sense of something lacking. He dismissed it as the natural result that must follow a life so crowded as his had been. He must "settle down." In a month or two he told himself that he had settled down, and life would now run smoothly. He was inclined to wonder at times why he so frequently reassured himself on this point.

One day, brought by a country lad, a half-naked Apollo burnt brown by the sun, clad in a sheepskin and sandals and little else, there came a letter. It ran in a clerkly hand, inscribed by one professing himself priest, writing at the dictation of another, a sick man, unable to write himself. Did he recall Simonino, and, if so, did he bring to memory, too, that vow of eternal friendship the two had taken, five-and-twenty years ago, when the great Fortebraccio himself had thanked them before all his army for their stand in the marshes of the Brenta? (Ah-ha, great days those, reflected Domenico, with an inward glow. Yes, yes, he recalled this Simonino, and the vow, a thing of youthful enthusiasm, and not now to be taken too seriously. Still, let us bear it in mind as we read on.) In that case, and if the vow still carried weight with him, or in any case, for the love of God, would Domenico so far favour a dying man as to come to him? It was not so far to ride, the matter was urgent, and an old friend, now lying in something little short of torment, and with little time to live, might be spared great pain. A brief note, and not as clear as it might have been.

A footnote to the main missive, inscribed independently by the writer of the letter, informed Domenico that this Simonino by all signs should have died a week ago, but it seemed as though the distress of his mind was such that his soul could not quit his body till it had found some sort of peace. He was, the writer averred, an admirable man in many ways, and worthy of pity. Could he, Domenico, come to Sotressi?

Domenico determined on the spot to go to Sotressi. It was not so far away, somewhere in the mountains towards Gubbia; three days' ride perhaps. He inquired the way minutely of the shepherd, gave him some silver, and sent him off to bear word of his coming.

The third day after he was at Sotressi, and had found his way to a large, low-built white house, important enough no doubt for Sotressi, but to Domenico's eye mutely confessing in all its arrangements the poverty of its owner.

Upstairs in bed he found Simonino. Domenico felt a swift pang not only of pity but of fear for himself. For during this last day or so memory had lent him, increasingly clearly, an image of Simonino as he had last seen him, a tall, dark, handsome man of twenty, proud, swift, impetuous, fiery soldier, fiery lover—and this was he, helpless, faded, worn, dying, thin haired, white bearded, hollow cheeked, wretched beyond words. Some five-and-twenty years had passed since these two had parted. Domenico felt a chill as he realized in this spectacle what five-and-twenty years out of a man's life involved.

A priest was there, a meek, simply good-natured man, who greeted Domenico with respect, and shortly left the room.

Then Domenico took Simonino's hand, and the dying man, looking with yearning at him, unbosomed. He had married, his wife had died fifteen years ago, and he had one child, a daughter. It was on account of this girl, grown now to womanhood, that he was distressed.

"Domenico, there is no more lovely woman in all Italy, and I leave her here unfriended and in poverty. I was crippled years ago, and though I am something of a great man hereabouts, it has been a pinch all through. If I were childless I should leave life without regrets, but I lie here distracted thinking of my girl. I have no relatives nor had her mother. Her name's Adelesa, she's eighteen, and she will be alone and friendless—and her beauty will be her deadly enemy."

He paused for breath. Domenico waited.

"Then by chance I heard of you, of how you were settled in Brescia, in riches, and I recalled old days. Thought I, 'Perhaps Domenico would help. He was a man one turned to.' And I sent to ask you to come. Domenico"—his failing voice grew hoarse—"look after my girl."

Domenico was much moved. The grip of the dying man's hand on his own spoke even more strongly of his anxiety than his words, or the workings of his shrunken face. Why, it was a simple matter to say yes. It needed, he supposed, a certain amount of money, and that he had in plenty. Something of the pride of riches stirred in him, not ignobly.

"Simonino, have peace. I will see to her."

Simonino, unable to speak for a time, looked his thanks. Then, after a pause, "I loved her mother dearly, and the girl is her mother to me, and more," he said. Domenico, a childless bachelor, nodded, as much as to say he under-

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stood. Those of us who have wives, have children, may smile at him, not unkindly, I beg.

In a little while: "Let me show her to you, Domenico," said Simonino, and, Domenico assenting, the girl was sent for, and presently came into the room. Domenico was startled. He had discounted her father's praise—naturally enough, deeming it largely a matter of fondness in a parent. But this girl was a rare thing. He saw at once. Tall as himself—which was short for a man, but noticeably tall in a woman—fair, serene, she possessed a beauty of face and shape that explained all her father's anxiety. A fair girl with dark eyes, a face full of fire yet with chaste and virginal lips—these were vivid contradictions that at first glance set her on a pinnacle of interest high above mere beauty. Refinement and breeding were in her movements, her glances, yet she was but a country girl in style, shy, timid, curtsying modestly in her graces to this grave friend of her father's. With real solicitation she knelt by the bed, grief barely repressed in her voice and manner. Domenico found his eye resting on her with infinite pleasure.

For a bare half-hour or so she remained there, father and daughter murmuring to each other, Domenico occasionally taking part in question or answer, and from time to time Simonino's eyes wandered to the face of his old comrade. Then her father bade her leave them for a while, and she went out.

When the door closed Simonino lay still for a time, with his eyes resting searchingly on Domenico's face. Then, quietly he said, "Domenico, you never married?"

"No," said Domenico.

Simonino put out a thin hand towards him and looked piercingly at him. "Domenico, will you marry my girl?"

Domenico started. A man of forty-six, strangely shy and retiring in spite of his trade, and who had never turned his thoughts towards women, may be excused for a sudden spurt of inward timidity, even a kind of fear, at having such a suggestion plumped at him. He turned very red.

"Marry—I—your daughter! But—but—I have never thought of marrying."

Simonino spoke to him with a strange accession of strength joined to his eagerness.

"Why not? Why should you not marry? 'Tis a man's proper lot, the happy state, and a right and fitting thing for such a man as you. Consider. How old are you?—forty-five—six? Well, when you were soldiering you might well have taken a wife, but even if you put the thought by then, what's now to prevent you? You are a proper man, Domenico, and worthy of marriage. You are a rich man, leisured, still young in mind and body, hale and hearty, and a wise marriage should have for you such a wealth of happiness as few could count on. I speak," said Simonino, "not of the brute herding and mating meet for men and women of common minds, but of that divine conjunction of lives which heaven now and then brings about to illustrate the wisdom of its plans to an ignorant and doubting world."

"But—marriage—I am old—I had not thought—a girl like this—no, no."

"Give it thought, Domenico. Tell me, tell yourself, is life complete for you in your house; spite of friends, are you not lonely? Now that you have laid activities by, are you not at a loss? You want a mate, a mind that opens to you, a soul that supplements your own. Even if your lot contents you now, the years slip by. Fifty's not so far away, and after that there's a poison in loneliness that will turn a man's soul bitter. Now, my girl——"

"How old?" asked Domenico.

"Eighteen. Ah!"—as Domenico threw out his hands—"but though there is this gulf in years between you, you are a man young at heart. You can match her in years, at times. Why, when you laugh 'tis a boy's laugh. And you've wisdom, understanding. You'll comprehend her youth. She has a fine mind, all unspoilt. She knows nothing of the world outside Sotressi; you could make what you like of her. A prize, Domenico. Think of her beauty—man, you're not stone, look at her, her face, her shape, yours if you will. A flower for you to wear, an ornament for the world to admire, a happiness you can call up at desire, a cup you can fill from the store that lies in you and sip at leisure in the years to come. Unspoilt, Domenico, blooming, woman and child, made for no common man, made for such a man as you."

Domenico, listening to all this, felt much perturbed. He was strangely moved. The cause he felt lay mostly in the situation: the dying man, whose face was glowing in the passion of his entreaty; the girl's sad position. But beyond all these was a stirring within him of a sense of the girl's wondrous beauty. It had struck deep into his heart at the first glance at her. Perhaps his aloofness from the sex during his past life had made it inevitable that when once his habit of reserve broke it should fall swiftly. With agitation he recognized that his mind was in a tumult. Prudence clamoured to him, but moment by moment as he considered, he found the image of the girl growing clearer, more desirable. His mind flashed back to his house at Brescia. Simonino was right. He was lonely. He saw, too, that the house was not complete. Its beauty lacked the finishing touch, a mistress. What more beautiful, more fitting, could he install there than this girl?

Suddenly he felt a passionate distrust of his hesitations. All his life he had been a prudent, calculating, far-seeing man, distrustful of impulses. On the instant, in a surging fit of annoyance and rebellion at his own nature, he broke away from all doubts. Nervous and red in the face: "Simonino," he said, "I will marry your girl."

Adelesa was sent for and acquainted with the honour that was to be hers—wife of this grave gentleman, so famous, honoured, wealthy. The old priest came in, and the one old woman who acted as servant. Adelesa, breathless and timid, accepted what was planned for her, as did the others, as a most enviable piece of the greatest

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good fortune. Simonino was plainly dying. The old woman hurried the girl out of the room to do something for her in the way of adornment, but Simonino's sinking condition called her back, still in her simple frock, though the old woman had managed to crown her with a few white blossoms. Kneeling with Domenico as the priest directed her, by her father's bed, she was duly and properly married with a ceremony that, simple enough, was yet sincere and complete. Domenico, rising to his feet, lifted his wife and saluted her in courteous fashion with a dignified and respectful kiss. Ere she could return it she must drop again to her knees to clasp her father to her. Simonino, smiling happily and past speech, died with her arms about his shoulders and Domenico's hand clasped in his.

The dead man was laid to rest, a day or two sufficed to settle his simple affairs, and within a week Domenico came back to Brescia, Adelesa riding the same horse on a pillion. The girl took her father's loss to heart deeply, and Domenico, simply chivalrous, forbore from intruding on her sorrow. Her beauty, her youth, her innocence of the world, stirred a sense of deep pity in him. He installed her a virgin bride in the fine house in Brescia. The weathered stone satyr grinned sideways at her as she sat on the stone seat in the garden wilderness.

Domenico was a figure in Brescia. Adelesa intruded on the town life with startling abruptness. Pretty women there were, wives and maids, but this country girl out-queened them all. He watched her mind grow. Translated from her cramped and poverty-stricken life in the tiny Apennine village, mistress now of a handsome house, wife of a notable man, homage to her beauty paid more and more openly, boldly, she grew into a creature passionately alive, her beauty radiant with new life. She had taste in dress. Domenico delighted to indulge her. Men and women flattered her. Life became an intoxicating draught. She sipped it now; plainly she would drink deep, later.

Then, quite suddenly, she was swept into prison. Domenico suddenly grew grave. They paid visits no more. They entertained less and less. The friendships she was making so swiftly were discouraged. She went out seldom, and always with Domenico—under his guard, she told herself. She had the house and the garden; but all that wonderful life that had opened out before her astonished gaze like some enchanted country was now barred from her. It was as if a door had been opened through which she was about to step into an enchanted garden, when a hand plucked the door to, and slammed it in her face.

Domenico had suddenly become aware of danger.

Brescia since he had known it in Giovanni's time had changed, town and people. It had been a struggling commune, its people thrifty, simple, almost primitive. In ten years it had suddenly sprung into opulence, and with this change had come a disastrous alteration in the Bresciani. Ceccolino, the last podesta and first duke, was notoriously a man of vile life, checked now by age. Alessandro, his one son, was of his father's stamp. The old frugality and comparatively puritan life of the town had vanished. Brescia was a hotbed of undisciplined human passion. The town was rich. It cultivated every luxury, every pleasure. Fine dresses, and finer, were displayed. Extravagance, gaiety of any and every sort were eagerly sought. Miraculously a sea of libertinage welled up as from some secret spring under the town suddenly burst into. Domenico, busied with his new *rôle* of housekeeper, had not comprehended. Now a husband, he saw clearly, and cursed his earlier blindness. A man of forty-six, he had brought a wife of eighteen, of the rarest and most compelling beauty, into a town seething with immorality. His ears, suddenly straining to catch whispers, soon told him that he himself was the subject of the common jest, his wife of confident prophecy.

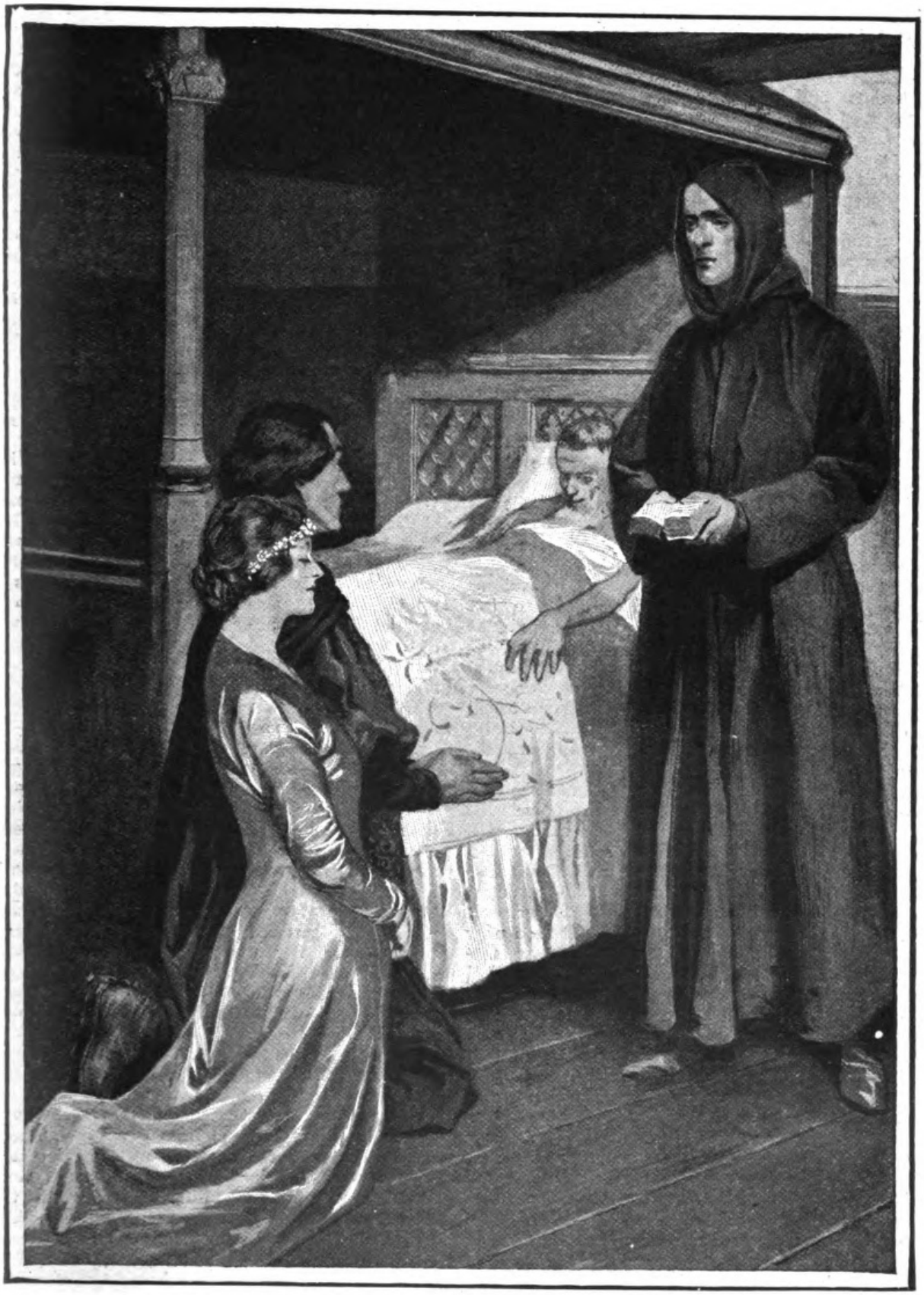
He acted. Little he said to Adelesa. His faith in her purity, his pity for her youth, his delight in her innocence, urged him to guard her mind from anything but the merest hint of the state of things. His reticence went too far, no doubt. She protested passionately—oh, yes, our Adelesa has expanded wonderfully, look you, in these few wonderful weeks, and is in no mind to be the meek and docile wife he had pictured her. He explained, briefly, vaguely, thinking brevity and vagueness best. She grew indignant. He grew silent. Hostility, resentment, merged into a sense of deepest wrong in her breast. He fell to silence, and an implacable determination to do as he thought best, for her and for him.

So, gone were the pleasant parties, the meetings in gardens, where music, dancing, feastings, and the pleasantest chatter filled the flying hours. Her house, her garden, the street that led to and from the church were now her whole world. Her husband, her servants, her priest, alone peopled it. Presently it came about, with no direct word between them, that she slept in a chamber of her own. . . .

Except for a visit to the church of Santa Croce, not three hundred paces away, every Sunday, every Wednesday, she took no more of the open air than the garden afforded. To the wilderness at its farthest end she took her resentments and her griefs. On the stone seat near the fountain she would sit, arms folded on breast, a passion of rebellion thrilling through her. Under his rugged brows the stone satyr's unchanging leer grinned slyly at her.

Domenico accompanied her to the church on Sundays, stiff, martial, unyielding, outwardly grim, inwardly an unhappy man. His knowledge of women was the most elementary. How to treat this child was beyond him. He offered her chivalry, and a devotion that, do what he would, he could not divest of the paternal. She accepted only what she must, chilling, hostile. He cursed the headlong impulse that had swept him into this wretched union, and wished, as much for her sake as his own, that what was done could be undone; a miserable pair.

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"KNEELING WITH DOMENICO AS THE PRIEST DIRECTED HER, BY HER FATHER'S BED, SHE WAS DULY AND PROPERLY MARRIED."

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In the meantime he never relaxed. She was his wife and must be guarded. While he lived his honour and hers should be safe in his keeping. On Wednesdays, to Vespers or Prime she went, with a manservant as guard, walking behind her and her housekeeper, a fat but by no means foolish dame, vigilant, impeccable, a proper duenna.

One morning at Prime, kneeling before Our Lady's altar, her lips but not her heart concerned in her prayers, her rosary slipping idly through her fingers, she became by some instinct aware of a compelling gaze fixed upon her. Glancing sideways, this way and that, she saw a face regarding her from beside a pillar. In its gaze was an ardour, a passion of something like adoration, so plainly revealed that, flushing, she turned back to the altar, trembling lest the intensity of avowal in that look should resound through the church, not only in her ears but in those of all others there. A few minutes later, summoning her self-control, she looked again. The face was still there, but its owner had moved slightly away from the ambuscade of the pillar, so that he stood revealed.

He was a youth of her own age, little taller, if at all, than she. His large and long-lashed eyes were set darkly in the perfect oval of his face, whose skin, of a clear unblemished olive, was smooth as a girl's. But the too marvellous chiselling of his lips and nostrils gave to this beauty of his face a delicacy that stirred not only appreciation but a sense of resentment at its perfection. There was no lack of manliness, but its form of expression might sooner or later rouse in a critical mind a desire for some touch of crudity, coarseness—cruelty, even, to bring its fineness of shape and texture into harmony with his sex.

All this she took in in the long glance she permitted herself, a look that seemed to travel half unconcerned past and beyond him, and yet in reality saw him alone. With a sense of sudden guilt she withdrew her glance and, her office finished, rose with her duenna and returned home, her eyes as usual fixed on the ground. Yet she was aware of a figure that hovered near unobtrusively, of footsteps that, without attracting attention, followed after hers. As she entered the stiff formal doorway opening to admit her to the house that at that very instant seemed to grow more than ever like a prison, she allowed herself to turn her head sideways again. He was there.

On Sunday she accompanied Domenico to the church again. An intense consciousness of her own thoughts and aspirations made it difficult for her to lift her eyes from the ground, but as, the morning's office over, they quitted the church and passed down the long flight of steps from the door to the pavement, she felt her gaze dragged, so it seemed, to where the figure that had filled her thoughts stood, unostentatious, but oh! how clearly marked out from the crowd, waiting—to see her!

Ten days later she found him in her wilderness, one afternoon. She was frightened indeed, but the earnestness with which he implored her pardon, the glowing supplication, entreaty, at any rate gave her a confidence that enabled her to remain there and rebuke him for his intrusion, instead of following her first impulse and retreating to the house. He had climbed the wall, hours before, and had been waiting among the bushes for her coming. With fine dignity she reproved him. If she allowed him to remain here it was only that she might make it plain to him that his conduct was unpardonable, folly in conception, whatever might have been its object, reckless in execution, since her husband was always her guard, even if her own sense of propriety were not enough. Oh, yes, he assured her, he knew, he knew. He was wretched to have offended her, but had felt he must get speech with her if he died for it. What for? Only to tell her that he adored her. Oh, not loved—that is, not as other men loved, but with an exaltation of sentiment that told him plainly that something divine had been smitten to flame within him. All he wanted was to worship her, to lift his heart in prayer and praise. Only to tell her this—just once—was the imperative need that had pressed him to the boldness of this venture. And since she forbade him to come again, he would not do so, only he begged her for pity to deign to give a thought now and then to one, the impulses of whose whole being now centred in her, and whose heart was a pilgrim kneeling before her shrine, whose soul expired daily before the image set in his breast. . . . Some lads of eighteen, in love for the first time, and gifted with a pretty turn of language, make a very passable job of a declaration. . . .

Of course she bade him, with immense dignity never venture there again. . . . Of course, he was there the next afternoon. . . .

The crudely-carved old satyr never changed his grin as his half-shut eyes took in the group of two on the stone seat. Once Domenico, making a rare venture into the wilderness, almost came upon them. Adelesa nearly fainted as she sat, only vaguely aware that the youth had vanished with the quickness of the passing of the shadow of a bird in flight. Domenico noted her agitation and was solicitous. She professed a slight illness and went away abruptly. Domenico, feeling his advances repulsed, sat for an hour on the marble seat, brooding. Not three paces away, scarcely breathing, hidden under a myrtle, lay Angioletto.

A young wife, a husband too old, a youth handsome, venturesome, adoring—you see what shadows here? Well, what must be must be, but let no man speak too glibly of the inevitable. A young lover is Fate's ironic comment on such a marriage as that of Domenico and Adelesa. But what if Fate, freakish and malicious, flicks an ironic comment on the lover, for a change? Let us then, taking nothing for granted, follow this comedy a little farther.

The lavish moon poured her flood of silver over the garden. Midnight's not far away. The city is drowsing into slumber. Lightly from out of the shadows of the wilderness passes the figure of Angioletto. Slowly he

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moves, treading noiselessly over the turf, seeking shadows to cover his progress towards the house of Domenico. The sound of faint movements in the house comes to him. No expected or welcome guest, Angioletto, but a furtive, a cautious visitor, uncertain, his venture a matter of stealth and soundlessness.

He reaches the house wall. Above him in the extremity of the west wing a light glimmers dimly through an uncurtained lattice. With boldness, with ingenuity, with heart beating high, he climbs. Little hold for foot or hand, but youth is nimble and contriving when dear desire drives on, and he finds sufficient. He's up. His fingers grasp the window-sill, his eyes peer into the room.

It was Adelesa's bedroom. She was reclining there on a small couch near where her bed lay curtained in an alcove in the wall. Her lamp was lit, and in her hand she held a book. But it was closed on the finger that marked her page, and her eyes, down-dropped, told of a gaze turned inwards.

Her ample dress of heavy silk, richly blue, falling about her in heavy folds as she lay on the couch, still yielded to the eyes at the window something of the fineness, the grace of her limbs. With her pensive mood the beauty of her face had taken on a freshly captivating aspect. Was ever sight so heavenly fair granted to eyes of expectant lover? Surely never, was the passionate answer of the youth at the window, and, dizzy with happiness and the sense of venture, his heart labouring in his breast, he swung a knee up to the sill.

The rustle of the movement disturbed Adelesa. She looked up startled, listened, rose, went to the door of the room, opened it, and stood for some seconds looking out down the passage outside, a little dent hinting itself in her brow. Again her ears caught the sound of a movement. She turned her head towards the window and saw Angioletto climbing over the sill. He closed the window behind him, came a pace or two towards her and stood, hands a little raised, wordless. She shut the door sharply, but he noted that she contrived to make no sound as she did so.

She was frightened; he could tell that by her quick step, her abrupt check, the flush flying to her cheeks.

"Angioletto," she said, her nervousness and her suddenly hurried breathing making her voice harsh and unsteady. "What is it—why do you come—you must go——!" Nervous as she, and quick breathing, he stepped a little towards her.

"Adelesa, I had to come. I told you I would come——"

"But I told you not to. You must not come here. Go, for Heaven's sake!"

"He's gone?" he asked her.

"No, no, he is still in the house," she panted. He caught her hand. She drew it away, agitation and anger showing plainly in her face. "I forbade you to come. What cruelty, to press me like this."

"Cruelty—you to speak to me of cruelty——"

"Could you not think of me a little? He goes on a three-days' journey, and you cannot even wait a few minutes, but must let your impatience bring me, and you too, into a risk that terrifies me."

He offered to take her hand.

"No, no." She avoided him. "Think what I risk, with you here. Go, go—oh, unkind, to put me in this peril. He will be here directly to say farewell. How could you treat me like this? If you were seen—what should I say?"

"I was not seen—I waited till I was certain."

"How can you tell? You cannot even go, now, lest anyone sees you. What selfishness. Do you understand, my husband will be here at any moment. Hide, for Heaven's sake, hide somewhere." He endeavoured again to take her hand; she flung his away impatiently and in real anger, throwing a glance round the room. She stepped swiftly across to where a massive wardrobe stood against the wall near the door, and pulled one of its tall doors open. "In here," she said, then, hesitating, looked about her again, closed the door, sped swiftly to the door leading to her dressing closet, at the other side of the room.

"No, in here——"

He went over to her, looked at her pleadingly. "Yes, I was wrong. Forgive me, but I have not seen you for three days. You have been angry with me. You would not come into the garden."

"I am angry now," she answered, frowning. "Too angry to speak to you. Go in and keep quiet."

"Kiss me first," he asked, leaning towards her.

"No, no." She flung her head back, her high colour and wide-open eyes betraying her agitation. Yet, looking at him, noting the eagerness in every lineament, she relented. Indignant as she was with him, madly dangerous as was this visit of his, yet it was but just to credit him with the courage and devotion that, however unreasonably, had involved him as well as her in a common danger. What woman but will find forgiveness for a lover if his fault springs from passion running headlong? Spite of her fears she could not forbear a kindlier word to him.

"You are a boy, all flame and haste and unreason."

"Yes, yes," he whispered, "all flame and haste—and hunger and thirst. I thirst, I hunger, I am starving, for you. All day, all yesterday, all the day before, I have bidden in the garden. Each night I have been just beneath your window."

"But why——?"

"You kissed me."

"No, no—I did not. You kissed me. I tried to stop you."

"I had your lips. You did not stop me. Oh, Adelesa, why are you angry with me? Because I love you? How can I help that?"

The murmur of his voice was a caress. Its magic touched her, spite of herself. Insensibly she relaxed the tension of her attitude. He leant towards her. . . .

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"ADELESA TURNED HER HEAD TOWARDS THE WINDOW AND SAW ANGIOLETTO CLIMBING OVER THE SILL."

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He turned his face to the door. A footfall could be plainly heard coming down the passage. Adelesa sprang to open the door of the dressing closet, but as she did so she saw Angioletto, as startled as she, cross the room in half-a-dozen noiseless strides, pull open the wardrobe, step inside and pull the door to, behind him. Already the handle of her room door was turning. With the dexterity and noiseless speed born of a sense of their mutual peril she pushed-to the door of the dressing closet, flashed over to the couch, snatched up her book, threw herself among the cushions and, making a last effort to steady her wild breathing, looked up with what she hoped might pass for a casual uplift of her eyes at the opening of the door which admitted her husband.

Domenico was dressed for his journey. He wore his long spurred riding boots. His hat was in his hand, an ample cloak over his left arm. Sword and dagger hung in his belt. Still youthful looking, spite of the touch of grey in his hair, slender, quick in movements, erect, alert, cool and discreetly questioning in his manner, he looked at her as at the world, with the gaze of a simple-minded and straightforward man who if he were puzzled would seek explanation, with the brains to find an answer, or, if need be, the courage to force one.

He closed the door, came a step or two into the room, then momentarily halted before crossing to her. Adelesa's apprehension all alive noted that trifling pause, and she felt a spasm of inward sickness which by an effort she flung off, because she knew that all she could summon of strength could do no more than save her now. What had he heard—could he guess anything? There came to her with terrible realism a comprehension of the overwhelming strength that lay in her husband's simplicity of mind, the simplicity not of a man to be fooled, but of a man presenting and demanding openness of purpose and act. His first words set her quivering.

"Alone?" he asked, plainly surprised.

Inwardly despairing, yet desperately nerving herself to play her part, she answered him as fittingly as she could have devised had she been a woman of ten times her experience. She dropped her eyes to her book indifferently.

"What else?" she asked, coldly.

He looked round with a sudden arrest of his step, plainly at question. "I thought I heard voices?"

"No," she said, and turned over a page. She kept her eyes on her book, calm, cool to all appearance, while inwardly the throbbing of her heart nearly suffocated her. His silence compelled her to look up at him. He was standing rigid, looking at her with searching gaze. It was the look he had so often turned towards her these last days, but now intensified in its energy. A second he held her gaze, his eyes fixed on her face. Then, slowly, with decision, he answered.

"I heard you speaking."

All the possibilities of acting, of contriving a semblance, that lay within her, were now at their full. Discovery, shame, ruin, God knew what, hung balanced over her head, trembled, swayed.

"I spoke with myself," she said, and glanced at her book.

In a second, she felt sure, her heart would burst, or she herself would suddenly blench, give way, throw herself at his feet, confess, implore——

Three terrible seconds passed. He made a little movement. "Strange," he said.

Thank God, oh, thank God! In his words, in his tone, her mind, at full stretch, had noted the change. Over his certainty doubt had clouded.

Instantly this ignorant girl followed up the slight advantage; so might an experienced duellist in combat step forward as his opponent gives way a foot. She laid the book down, rose and fronted him; spoke, not merely confidently, but with resentment, wondering at herself the while.

"Not so strange. I spend my life in this—this prison house." (A proper touch of bitterness.) "I see no one, I talk with myself. I and myself keep each other miserable company." She kept her eyes boldly on his. He surveyed her, troubled, thoughtful. She probed him boldly. "You do not trust me?"

Quietly he answered. "I have no cause to distrust my wife, have I?"

She felt the stab, and made an involuntary movement, which she continued into an artistic shrug of the shoulders. She walked a pace away looking back at him over her shoulder, and in that second selecting the proper verbal parry. "Why ask? If you had, should I reply other than 'No'?"

He looked in front of him, not at her but at space, a little while; then he did something that flung her back unexpectedly into the old sense of impending doom. He walked to her, placed a hand on her shoulder, and as she stood compelled by his touch and his glance to face him, piercing she thought into her very soul, he said, quietly; "You would not play me false, Adelesa?"

It was too much. She felt her self-possession slipping. She averted her eyes, shrugging his touch off her, and almost stammered, "Can you think that?"

He turned away, still eyeing her, but speaking almost, it seemed, to himself. "No, no—wives do not trick their husbands."

He was playing with her—or was it mere chance? She spoke, hardly knowing what she said, stammered, rather. "There's something behind your speech?"

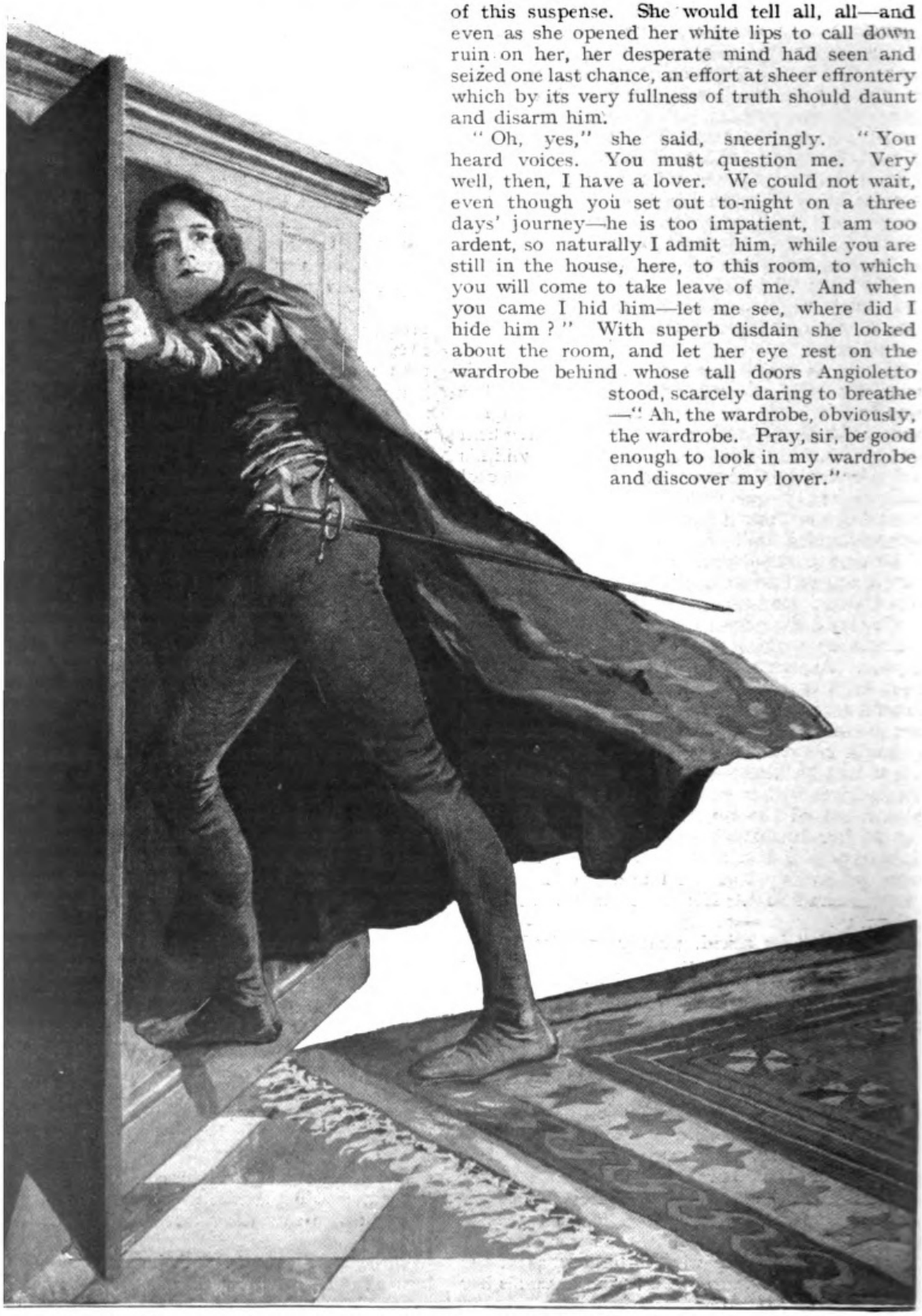
His gaze, full of enigma, continued unsparing. "What should there be?" he asked her, and as he spoke she saw the ghost of a bitter smile on his lips.

He knew then—oh, God, he was playing with her. With what words should she confess, begin, if he would let her, her miserable explanation? Seeking these, fencing desperately for a moment's time for clear thought, she filled in the gap with a feeble effort at question.

"What do you mean by that?"

Still inscrutable, he looked her over. "What should I mean?"

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"A FOOTFALL COULD BE PLAINLY HEARD COMING DOWN THE PASSAGE. ADELESA SAW PULL OPEN THE WARDROBE, AND STEP INSIDE. ALREADY

of this suspense. She would tell all, all—and even as she opened her white lips to call down ruin on her, her desperate mind had seen and seized one last chance, an effort at sheer effrontery which by its very fullness of truth should daunt and disarm him.

"Oh, yes," she said, sneeringly. "You heard voices. You must question me. Very well, then, I have a lover. We could not wait, even though you set out to-night on a three days' journey—he is too impatient, I am too ardent, so naturally I admit him, while you are still in the house, here, to this room, to which you will come to take leave of me. And when you came I hid him—let me see, where did I hide him?" With superb disdain she looked about the room, and let her eye rest on the wardrobe behind whose tall doors Angioletto stood, scarcely daring to breathe —"Ah, the wardrobe, obviously, the wardrobe. Pray, sir, be good enough to look in my wardrobe and discover my lover."

he could stand it no longer. Let his accusa- come, let discovery come, let anything, ything happen, rather than anything further

She waved her hand in disdain, and moved a step or two away, as if both pressing him to investigate and expecting his compliance to

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act. A further step, a further gesture, a further word, were beyond her. And her heart, nearly stopping, leapt to life again with a pang of utter pain in the triumph of her swift knowledge that she had won. She had staked all on that throw and had brought off her coup.

He gave one glance at the wardrobe, but, taking no step from where he stood, he struck his clenched right hand in a spasm of anger into the open palm of his left, and, raising his voice for the first time in open rage, he burst out in bitter remonstrance, like a man stung beyond endurance.

"Adelesa, forego this pleasure you take in wounding me." He took a quick step towards her, and then stopped abruptly, plainly for the moment lost in a flood of passion and seeking to regain control. Like lightning she sprang into the position of vantage he had yielded.



ANGIOLETTO, AS STARTLED AS SHE, CROSS THE ROOM IN HALF-A-DOZEN NOISELESS STRIDES, THE HANDLE OF HER ROOM DOOR WAS TURNING."

Hostile, attacking, with a fine indignation, she flashed at him:—

"Forego your pleasure, then, in robbing me of my freedom." It was at once a plea and a protest. With joy and relief she saw that it placed him on the defensive, in the explanatory.

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He spoke in lower tones again. "You have all the freedom this wretched city permits to a woman of your beauty."

"Always under your guard."

She was herself now—a new and strange self this, acting, scheming, contriving, matching its wits against this man's, to whom during their acquaintance she had invariably looked with awe. Now she felt his equal, more, his master, and the exultation at this new discovery in herself ran through her breast like a flame.

He took a moment or two before replying, and again approached her till he stood almost touching her, his eyes piercing hers. A minute ago she would have shrunk from him, made some dexterous movement to escape from a gaze so close, but now she felt a new strength that enabled her to face him unmoved, to bear his nearness without a tremor. She was sure of herself and of him; with exultation she noted in his speech the touch of excuse that took the place of accusation.

"Your beauty unguarded would draw thieves like gold unwatched."

With an artistically deprecating movement, full of sneer, she answered him: "Oh, no love-making, I beg."

She had meant to sting him, but she felt a resurgence of fear in her at the answering flaming of passionate remonstrance in his look and tone. "Oh, forbear!" It was an order, harshly imperative, not a plea, and a real anger with her lay behind it.

He flung up his hand almost as if he would strike her, but, checking the action as she winced, he went on in a kind of fury that seemed to include not only him and her, but the fate that had caught them together. "I have suffered too much for the wrong I did you in marrying you—I wronged myself more. God that gave you beauty gave me eyes and made me a man. I remembered my age, but I knew myself no common man. I thought I could give you a rarer happiness than most women win, and I hoped—God knows I hoped—for my own joy in that." He turned away and took two or three quick, purposeless steps about the room. His voice was raised, his speech harsh and agitated. For the first time Adelesa felt that here was a man's heart beating in pain before her eyes.

Always till now he had kept himself in hand, speaking quietly, gravely, with an unfailing courtesy. Unskilled, inexperienced, she had permitted herself something of doubt in his strength. She had learnt that he had a reputation as a soldier and a swordsman scarcely rivalled in Italy, but his very quietness had kept her from any realization of what that implied. But now, in his gestures, lively, quick, angry, in his flashing eyes, in a note of harshness and scarcely-held fury in his tone, she saw a new virility and strength. She got a pale vision of power that could daunt, overmaster, beat and break in a storm of fury and giant strength. It was a new Domenico—for the first time she felt a wave of satisfaction speed through her, a tingling sensation of pleasure, as she reflected "He is my husband."

She must placate him. It was enough to have seen a glimpse of the anger she had aroused. She answered him quietly: "I have not blamed you." He turned away with a gesture of despair that to her surprise stirred a regret in her.

"I am one of those men cursed with a heart that cannot rid itself of youth even when the hair turns grey. I cannot yet make myself an old man. I must be more patient. For the future I'll keep all this locked in my breast. What I felt, what I dreamt, hoped—no more, Adelesa. Yet if my lips keep silence, my care of you shall speak my love."

"Why so much care?" she asked him gently. She had seated herself again on the couch, her eyes downcast, all her triumph gone, dimmed in the light of that momentary glimpse she had caught of the blaze of her husband's anger. She was not frightened of him; she felt that the peril of her situation had passed. But a new emotion, that kept her head at the droop, her spirits downcast, was growing in her.

Domenico stood by the couch, explaining, quiet and courteous, his usual self again.

"This city of Brescia reeks with vice. Fidelity's a jest, mocked of wives and husbands alike. The Duke's son, Alessandro, and his crew set the fashion. He deems every woman, maid or wife, honoured by his cursed favours—and the women do their best to prove him right. If Alessandro, or his servant, Ugolino, set eyes on that face——" He paused, and she felt his eyes again resting searchingly on hers.

She stiffened, and gave him back, coldly: "I know neither."

"You swear that?" Swift came the doubting question, with the effect of a stab into the recesses of her heart.

"I swear it. Why do you mention this to me?" She rose and faced him again.

He looked at her, she thought, with a dreadful pondering in his gaze.

"Ugolino has been seen lurking near this house."

So completely had the presence of Angioletto in his hiding-place been obliterated from her mind in the sensations of the moment that it was with the genuine resentment of an impeccable woman that she could answer him. "That does not concern me."

He laid a hand on her wrist. "That I will look to. I'm no complaisant husband. My knife for the man who dares to wrong me." His face was white. She shuddered. This unusually quiet and unmoved man, speaking now in tones that trembled, could strike death. She was aghast. As she looked at him her eyes filled with tears. Almost she felt she could throw herself at his feet, crying, "Oh, why do you frighten me?"

Motionless and silent she stood. He went on. "Wife, be careful. I say again, be careful. Mine's no boy's love, all froth and bubble and cloying sweetness, hot demand, and selfish satisfaction. I speak to you now with difficulty, only I think because the matter lies so deep in my

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"HE LAID A HAND ON HER WRIST. 'I'M NO COMPLAISANT HUSBAND. MY KNIFE FOR THE MAN WHO DARES TO WRONG ME.'"

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heart, but still I can tell you that your youth delights me for its own sake. First to know you are happy, and then to read in your eyes the wakening of the knowledge of what you are to me, would be my joy and ample reward." His voice, and his hand on her wrist, were both vibrating with the intensity of his feeling. He went on with a sudden change to solicitousness. "You don't understand that?"

"No," she said. Her head was drooping, her gaze averted. A sharp, unsparing whip within her seemed to lash her soul with the query, "Why, why do you not understand? Have you ever tried?"

Domenico gave a sigh and dropped her hand. "But I must guard you. I must leave you for a time, and I had hoped that in my absence your love for me, my faith in your love, might spare me all doubt. I know now that between husband and wife whose ages differ as do yours and mine mutual love is a vain dream. Think, then, of honour. Let that be our safeguard, mine, yours. On that I shall rely. Remember," he caught her hand again, "I, Domenico, your husband, guard your honour before all the world with my sword, my strength, my life if need be. And in return I require this from you, that you guard mine and yours in your bosom."

He waited for an answer. She could manage no more than a faint "You hurt me."

"Hurt you," he said, turning away with a faint laugh full of a strangely mingled reproach and tenderness, "you, whom I so dearly love——" He stopped himself abruptly. "But, there, I'll speak of that no more. I leave you now. This night I ride to Fiesole. I return on the third day from now. Remember, you are my wife, the centre of my life, the object of my devotion, love—again!—but a full heart runs over." He moved away, looking in front of him and speaking quietly, as if half to himself. "After all, love's but a crown of flowers, that at the best must wither with our lives, but honour—oh, honour's an imperishable jewel that, cherished faithfully, will shine undimmed even among our bodies' dust." He sighed again, glanced at her. She was standing with face averted. She gave him no answer. With no further word Domenico left the room.

Adelesa had not spoken, because speech was beyond her. She stood trembling, hands clasped before her. She was giddy with the surge of new emotions welling suddenly forth within her as from some hidden spring whose sources a chance blow sets free to flow. And truly enough it was chance, the unpremeditated flash of anger on her husband's part, which had set this new force in motion. He had frightened her. Panic-stricken by his sudden entry to her room, barely able to gather her self-control in face of the situation in which her folly and that of Angioletto had placed them both, that blaze of her husband's anger, swiftly checked as it had been, had illuminated for her as with a lightning flash the darkness of her mind that had left her ignorant of his fineness. Always till now he had treated her with a courtesy, a chivalry, touched with the paternal, but now she saw, she realized, what she was to this man, what he could be to her. "My knife for the man who dares to wrong me." It was true. Ah, yes, that was no boast, but a pledge he would make good without flinching.

Why had she not seen this before? Here was her champion. Brave, true, steadfast, he had been this ever since, kneeling with him by her dying father's bed, she had joined hands with him in marrying, and yet till this minute she had not had vision of him.

With incredible swiftness, as sudden as the flooding of light by the mere opening of a door into a chamber locked in darkness, came a tide of joy, delight, pride, that filled her with an ecstasy. She struck her hands on her breast in a passion of happiness and self-abasement. "Love—and honour—and I!" she murmured. "Oh, Mother of God, take my thanks, that led him to speak so to me before he went." She spread out her arms and stooped her head, as if to suffer the strokes of a lash, descending on her shoulders.

The door of the wardrobe opened, footsteps crossed the room. She started as a hand took hers. Angioletto, released from his prison, was at her side.

She stepped away from him, raising her hand to push him away. "Keep away, keep away, I say. Did you not hear him?"

"I heard him," he answered. "Your beauty draws me as gold draws a thief, as wine draws a thirsty man, as the moon draws the sea."

She raised both hands imperiously. "Be silent. No more. I will not listen."

"You must," he cried, passionately. "My heart is bursting with words that cannot find utterance, they crowd so quickly on my tongue."

He was desperate, lost in his passion. She saw that here was more than task enough to hold him in check.

"Be silent," she said, sternly and imperatively. He was beyond her controlling and caught her hands, endeavouring to draw her to him. She struggled, broke away from him, and stepped back, one hand raised, almost threatening to strike him as he still advanced. With a sudden leap forward, while she steadily gave ground, he caught both her hands again, gripped her to him. "Then my lips shall tell you in another way." He bent over her, she leant back and, wrenching herself out of his grasp, ran round behind the table, and there faced him.

"Let me be—yes, I mean it. Keep away. We ventured into folly together, we stood on the brink of sin. What a madness it all was. Angioletto, I am ashamed beyond all words. We two, to babble of love as might two blind men talk of the stars they never saw. Love!" she laughed, contemning herself and exulting together, "I never knew it, and now, like some magic flower, it blossoms in my heart."

"In mine, too," he panted. "I know its fragrance."

She pitied him. "Poor boy, that's a rank weed, a poison flower. Tear it up, trample on it."

She was his master now, sure of herself and of him. In his face she could read anger,

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pride humiliated, and above all, knowledge of his defeat.

"What of your promises?" he asked her, sullenly.

"Madness. Forget them."

"You kissed me."

"I am ashamed."

"I love you." It all surged up again. Her loveliness as she stood there, glorious in a new queendom, eyes shining, cheeks flushed with her tussle with him, set him aflame again with a hope that would not die.

"Angioletto," she answered, pityingly, but unmoved. "Let us have done. You must go. You must forget me."

"I cannot," he said, in despair.

"You must," she answered, firmly.

"Then I will not," he flashed out, in bitter reproach. "I will remember you as a woman whose promises were nothing, who fooled me." Self-pity stopped him speaking further.

"Forget me," she repeated, quietly, "or, yes, better still, remember me in anger. Upbraid me if you like, speak to me with contempt, that shall be my penance for the folly I stooped to, and your smart will be cured the quicker. Say good-bye to me, good-bye for ever."

Whatever of purpose, vague yet dazzling, had underlain his venture there, he knew it hopeless. Yet because she shone so splendid there, he must needs make one more poor plea. "Think again, he is old, bitter. He reproached you."

"He shall never reproach me again. I love him." She said it with so swift a swelling of the joy in her that her voice trembled. "I want him back—my husband—come to me soon." She went across the room to where the window, partly curtained, opened on to the blackness of the night, pressed the fingers of both hands to her lips, kissed them, and flung them forward in passionate message towards the night. . . .

How fitly might this story end here, with this venturesome lover properly rebuked, the foolish girl-wife chastened and repentant, and an admirable Domenico placed, in the near future, on that plane of marital happiness to which his worth entitled him. Certainly in the mind of Adelesa the conception of this termination to the brief chapter of her imprudence took shape as inevitable and proper. Angioletto would now make an exit from her life after an illuminating experience; she, admonished, would gratefully cleanse and sweep the corners of her mind, freeing it finally from such rubbish as she had lately allowed to accumulate there, and after an impatient three days of waiting she would show her Domenico, now throned in her bosom beyond all rivalry, what a treasure of wifely affection, devotion, adoration, she would bring to their joint lives. In this mood she flung her kiss out of the window into the night.

Alas, both she and Angioletto were to learn that follies are not so easily put aside, nor their consequences so lightly avoided. Fate had in hand a wider purpose than the mere correction of these two young fools. A fatter harvest was ripe for the garnering, and the sweep of the sickle was already descending.

Angioletto heard Adelesa draw a sudden deep breath, saw her stay her action, her hands held before her, fingers outstretched, like someone fending off danger.

Danger! The word was clamorous on the still air of the room. He read it in her face, suddenly grown set, her white lips parted, her eyes wide open and staring through the window. Alarm rising in him, "What is it?" he asked, and stepped towards her.

She checked him with a word and a movement. "Wait," she commanded, and touched his breast with a sweep of her hand at the same moment.

Halting, his voice sunk to a whisper, "What is the matter?" he asked again.

Still checking him, she began to step a little back herself. "Keep away," she panted, "away from the window." She stooped, and moved towards the side of the window, still staring out. He pressed towards her, stooping in his turn. "Let me see."

"There!" she said, pointing, and he followed her direction. "There, see, by the entry across the street, a man. And here, by the porch"—he peered cautiously out, as she did, to get a sideways glimpse of the doorway of Domenico's house—"another. And there, farther up the street, by the entry, another." She turned away from the window, and in a voice of fatalistic calm, spoke almost as if to herself. "Now I am punished. I knew it. He doubted me. He read the falsehood in me—I marked the doubt in his eyes. Well might he deem me liar!"

She clasped her arms across her bosom and rocked herself as she stood. A most miserable feeling as of mortal chill began slowly to creep over Angioletto. He looked at her very blankly.

"Are you sure?"

"Wait," she answered, and ran towards the dressing-closet, opened its door, went through and tiptoed to the window. There was no light in the room, and stooping over the sill she looked out. For a second or two all seemed quiet save for a faint movement among the bushes in the garden. Then in the shadows a shadow moved, a vague, cloaked figure took a few measured paces. It kept out of the moonlight, but Adelesa could now make out a man with face lifted towards the house. He moved back again. Her ears, straining, caught a word or two. He spoke with someone else. Watch was set here too, then.

She flew back to her bedroom. Angioletto's questioning face read an answer in hers, ere she spoke. "Yes, there are two men there, close by the window! We are netted. We are taken in the mesh of our own folly." She passed her hand over her eyes. "Oh, God, forgive me—bear witness I repented before I knew of this." She was shaking with physical fear. She turned a piteous face towards Angioletto,

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her lips working and trembling. "I have done my husband no wrong. I will plead with him."

"What use—and I here?" Angioletto put the obvious question, standing stark near her.

A wave of pity for him swept over her. While, like her, he had gone white, with just a spot of heightened colour on his cheeks, his lips had set in a line that somehow reminded her of Domenico's, a minute or two before, as he had warned her of his demand for absolute fidelity. His left hand had dropped on his rapier hilt, at which his fingers were twitching.

Adelesa felt herself trembling at the knees. She could hardly stand. She had to put her hand on the arm of Angioletto for a moment's support.

"Angioletto," she said, "he will believe me. He must. I will tell him all, explain—Oh, husband! No," she shook her head miserably, in a fresh accession of terror, "he'll not believe me—what will he do to me?—Oh, terrible! And you, Angioletto, what will you do?"

Angioletto swallowed a lump in his throat, and licked his dry lips. His heart was thumping in his breast, and strive as he would he could not master the dread that seemed to turn his soul sick within him. Hidden in the wardrobe a few minutes before, he had missed no word of Domenico's; his eye, peering through the crack of the door, had taken in a very instructive aspect of Adelesa's husband, and that pregnant phrase, "my knife for the man that dare wrong me," suddenly took on a grimness of meaning that left little consideration in him for anything else. Yet he gave her a man's answer.

"Madam," he answered, "I have my sword. I'll try my luck by the window."

She stopped him instantly. "No, no, they'll kill you. You have no chance. Poor boy, it was my fault. I led you on."

"No, no, *ma donna*," he protested, gallantly enough, "my own folly. I have drawn you into this. I am sorry."

She stared at him in silence, he at her. It was but a second, but the growing agony of suspense was intolerable. She must do something. A frenzy seized her.

"I must hide you," she said, desperately, "but where? He knows—he'll search till he finds you. What shall we do? Think, think—what can we say, what is there, think of something, some excuse." She surveyed him with fevered cheeks and wild eye. "You are a messenger," she flung out, then, noting the richness of his dress, threw the idea aside, and catching it again, instantly adapted and improved it. "I have it—put on a gown! That's it. Be a girl, a friend, a neighbour's wife." He made a start of protest and objection, but with a fierce energy she swept him into acquiescence. "Yes, you must. For God's sake think of me also. Help me, Angioletto. It can be done. Off with your doublet." She flew to the wardrobe, flung the door open, lifted down a flaming red robe, ran to him again as he stood, protest in his heart, his attitude, sullen acquiescence in his actions. "Your doublet, quick, your sword—yes, and your dagger—Oh, hurry, hurry!" She was in a fever, and her excitement communicated itself to him. He tore off his doublet, unfastened his belt in which hung his handsomely furnished rapier and knife. She huddled them into the wardrobe, and dashed back to him, holding the robe high to slip it over his head. He stooped and the robe descended about him. She hastily adjusted it. "Now, Angioletto, we can do it—lace, lace—ah, clumsy, let me do it ——" Her fingers flashed about him like lightning. It was done. "Now, your hair—let it be. It will do. Right! Hark!"

They stood rigid for a second. Footsteps sounded in the corridor, coming nearer.

She pulled him towards the couch, sat down on it, compelled him to sit by her side.

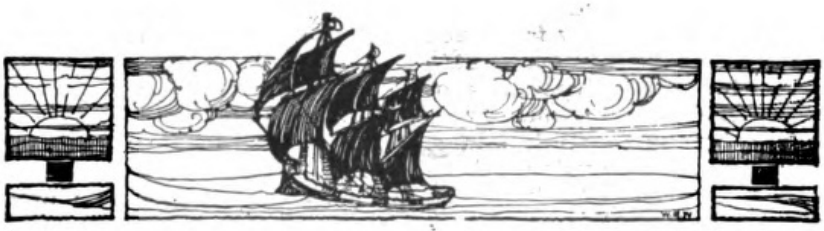
"I hear him. Now, speak little. I must do the talking. Oh, my brain. God help my wits."

She made one last terrible effort to compose herself, almost fainted at the frantic beating of her heart, picked up her book from the floor, placed a finger among its closed pages, rested an elbow among the cushions on the couch, assumed, somehow, a smile.

The door opened. She turned her head.

She stared, shrank a little towards Angioletto, then rose at the same instant as he did, and faced the door.

(To be concluded.)



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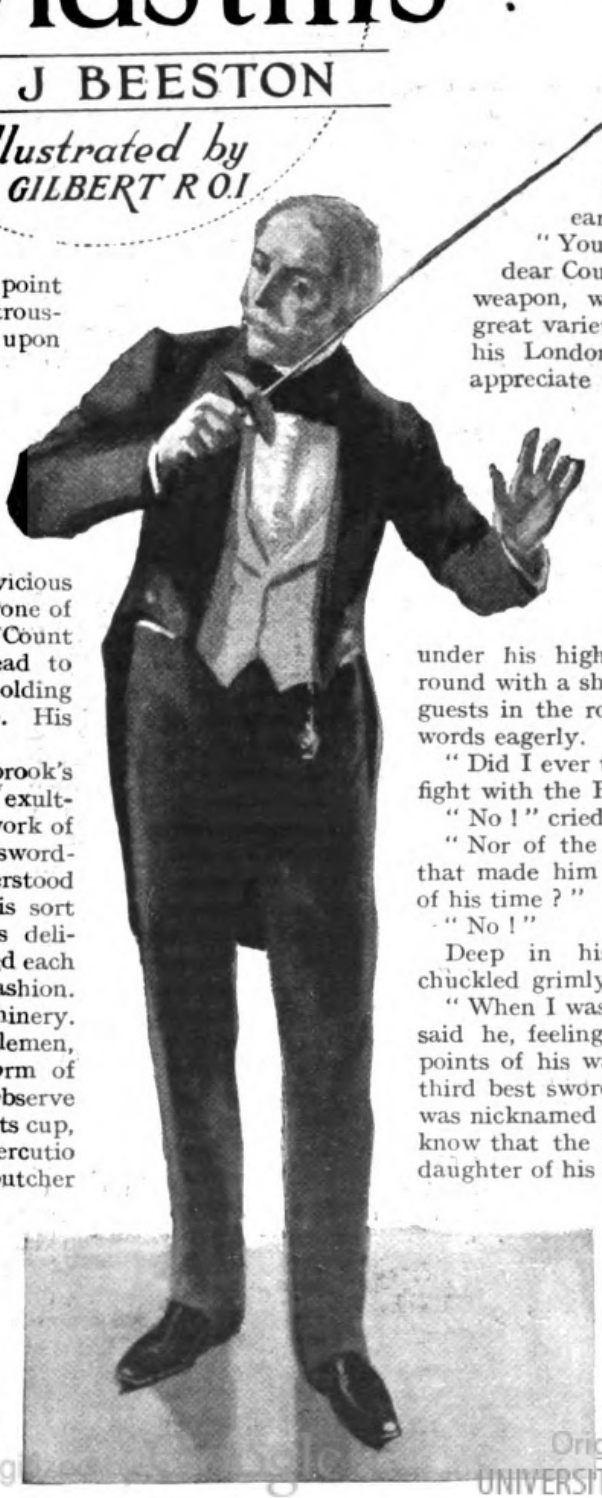
The Six Blind Mastiffs

By L J BEESTON

Illustrated by A GILBERT ROI

PUTTING the point of the monstrous-long rapier upon the floor, Count Valentine bent back the fifty-inch length of steel until it almost met the cup-hilt. Released abruptly, the blade gave voice to a vicious "Hum!" like the drone of an angry bee. The Count lowered his grey head to catch this sound, holding up a hand for silence. His eyes flashed.

"It is 'of the ice-brook's temper,'" said he, exultingly. "It is the work of the ancient Spanish sword-smith who alone understood the fashioning of this sort of poem. With this delicate beauty men killed each other in delicate fashion. Now they use machinery. Horrible! Mark, gentlemen, the quadrangular form of the slender blade; observe the workmanship in its cup, its shell. This, as Mercutio said, 'is the very butcher of a silk button.' With this one 'keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two—and the third in your bosom.' Exquisite! It represents, in its length, its perfect flexibility, the pure romance of the old Italian duello. No jumping here and there with this queen of rapiers; no monkey-tricks of leaping about making idiotic feints and mock passes. Here we have the swordsman as pillar of brass. His body is of brass. Only his wrist moves and his eye flickers. Such a wrist! Such an eye! He nurses his time thrust. Patience! He nurses his time lunge which must be delivered at the precise instant when his antagonist reaches the final movement of his attack. He beats to his opponent's time. He expects his thrust at a given second; he delivers his own a fraction of a moment earlier. *Voilà!*"



"You speak with much feeling, my dear Count," smiled the owner of the weapon, which he had taken from a great variety upon the wall of a room in his London house. "And, indeed, we appreciate it; for if in this country we no longer offer a bared point to point, yet the art of fencing——"

"Ah!" interrupted the other, with a gesture of contempt. He sat down and crossed his legs, and his still-sinewy fingers twisted the grey moustache under his high, bony nose, and he looked round with a sharp glance at his five fellow-guests in the room, who were waiting on his words eagerly.

"Did I ever tell you," he growled, "of my fight with the Baron Stroms?"

"No!" cried everyone, simultaneously.

"Nor of the baron's terrible facial thrust that made him the most-feared sword-blade of his time?"

"No!"

Deep in his throat Count Valentine chuckled grimly.

"When I was twenty-three years of age," said he, feeling in the air for the invisible points of his waxed moustache, "I was the third best swordsman in my regiment, which was nicknamed 'Danae's Lovers.' You must know that the Princess Danae was the third daughter of his Serene Highness, and she was our colonel. We were all supposed to be in love with that girl, who was like the first hours of a summer morning, so fair she was; and although I could not tell how many of my comrades had the *grande passion*, yet so far as I was concerned she altogether had me in the

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spell of her enchantment, so that I saw her in every rose, in every drifting cloud in the blue, and heard her voice coo in all sweet strains of music. And I used to send her poems of my own fashioning, anonymous verses which affection created, and which must have been good, therefore. I remember my longing that someone would offend her, so that I might chastise him by one of my passes. Suddenly my chance came.

"One day Colonel Bertelli accosted me and drew me aside. That was on the parade ground. I followed him to his private room. He dropped into a chair and flung a leg over an arm of it.

"'Count,' said he, 'I have been entrusted with an honourable mission for one of my officers.'

"I clicked my heels and waited in an eager silence.

"'It is like a ribbon of distinction which I can pin on any breast that suits me,' went on Colonel Bertelli. 'Well, I choose yours.'

"I bowed, excited to my finger-tips.

"'I believe, Count,' said he, with a look pregnant with meaning, 'that you are disposed to quarrel.'

"'I!' There was protest in the word.

"He frowned irritably. 'You do not admit it? Ah, well, in that case I must unfortunately ——'

"'Pardon,' I interposed. 'There are some days when my temper is a curse.'

"'Indeed? Tut, tut. Do you feel that to-morrow will find you in one of your morose moods?'

"'Certainly. It is already coming on.'

"'In that case, my dear Count, you will leave here to-morrow, about two hours before sunset, for the inn called "The Six Blind Mastiffs." It is known to you?'

"'Perfectly.'

"'Soon after nightfall a man will arrive on a horse, which he will put up. You will engage this man in conversation, and if he chances to cross the infernal bad temper you will then be in, so much the better.'

"'Oh, he will enrage me. Never fear.'

"'And as he wears a long sword, Count, and is as brave as an archangel, the results will be of a high interest for you.'

"'Doubtless. And the name of this gentleman?'

"'The Baron Stroms.'

"At that redoubtable name, the name of the finest swordsman I ever heard of, I started, an unpleasant chill cooling my enthusiasm.

"'Well?' demanded Colonel Bertelli, harshly.

"'My colonel,' I replied coolly, 'you call me to a great honour; but may I point out that there are two other swordsmen in the regiment whom I salute as my superiors?'

"'The first?'

"'There is Varache.'

"'He is married. The second?'

"'Henselt.'

"'He is conceited and will talk too much afterwards. Do you want to question me any more?'

"'Certainly I do not. Only who fights the Baron Stroms must have a rapier sharp as death and long as eternity.'

"'You believe he will pass your guard? Yours?'

"'I feel that he will kill me with his facial lunge.'

"Bertelli frowned. He drummed on the table with impatient finger-tips. At that moment the sound of galloping horses came through the window. Bertelli jumped up, then beckoned to me. 'Look, Valentine,' he cried, anxiously; 'there is the reason why you must fight the Baron Stroms.'

"I looked out and saw a carriage being whirled along by a pair of splendid bays. In the carriage was a girl wrapped in black furs up to her ears, and the sable folds flung into sharp relief the coiled mass of her gold hair. She looked up as she flashed by and smiled at us both. She was the Princess Danae.

"'The princess has been insulted by the Baron Stroms,' said Bertelli, in a voice that had the edge of a flint. 'Will you now decline a few dangerous passes for her sake?'

"'Decline!' I rapped out, thrilled right through my wildly-beating heart. 'Will you permit me to withdraw, my colonel?'

"'What for?'

"'I have a large assortment of rapiers; they are for the most part good ones; it will take me some time to choose the best.'

'And I went out feeling like a man who has just clutched the ambition of his life."

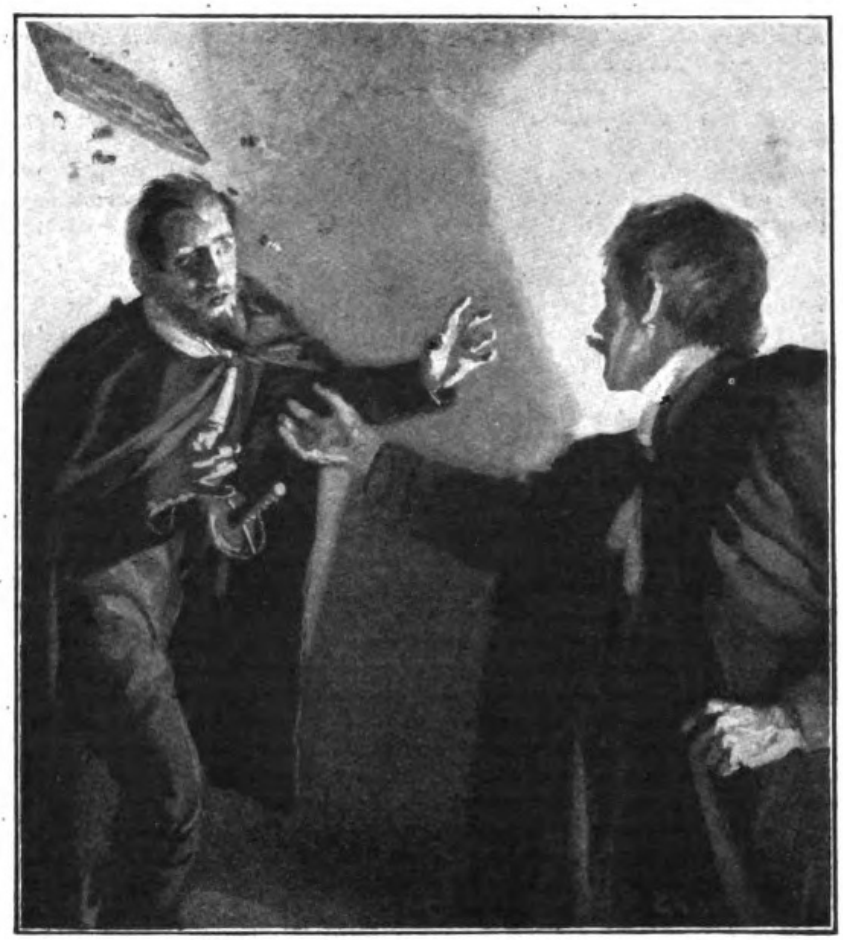
"All the same," continued the narrator of the story, after a short silence, during which reminiscence made his eyes bright as with fever, "a sense of the honour shown me could not keep my blood from cooling a trifle throughout the hours of calm deliberation that followed. I have never known fear, and not for an instant did the white, spectral face of it flit before me. No. I did not remember that there was any such thing, gentlemen; but I did remember that twenty-three years of life bring us only to the threshold of that house of enchantments; and that I hadn't done much more than look round. Suddenly I saw the rim of an eclipse coming up while the east was scarcely full of brightness. I admit that it was not to my liking.

"The name and reputation of the Baron Stroms were familiar in my country, though he was not of it. His sword-play brought all our hands to the salute. I had heard that he resembled a blade himself, tempered in the fiercest fires; but what made him so much respected was his famous thrust right and straight between the eyes of his antagonist; that bone-splintering lunge to which he always treated himself when he fought in grimmest earnestness. He would execute a circular parry—the *parade de cercle* of his school, holding his hand as high as his mouth, describing the figure in the twinkling of a second, and then thrusting in *carte* with all his force.

"What hope had I of getting past a point like that? Turning the matter over and over in my mind that night, I concluded that if I wished

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to leave the inn of the Blind Mastiffs as healthy as when I entered it, then some fair subterfuge was necessary. Daylight-clear was the fact that if I presented myself there in my uniform—the ostensible champion of the Princess Danae — I should be opening wide arms to calamity. I might proffer some mild form of offence, but he would see in me one sent to chastise him, and would take no chances. Therefore I resolved to go in more lowly guise. If I could make him despise and treat me with disdain, even for a few seconds, I might get the better of him and cover myself with imperishable glory.



"I SEIZED THE BOARD WITH THE CHESS-PIECES UPON IT AND HURLED THE LOT AT HIM."

"At the sunset hour on the following day, a University student of my country got off a wretched, weak-kneed mare at the door of the inn called 'The Six Blind Mastiffs.' But he wasn't a student, really. He was myself, wearing a gown that was threadbare, even ragged in places. We have a law yonder which forbids students to wear swords, but it is sometimes broken when a special effect of swagger is designed, and I had with me a rapier very much like this one which you have given me to examine, except that these curved guards below the shell of the handle were straight ones in mine.

"It was a winter evening. My road had run straight between precipitous heights up which the spruce fir trees went marching in serried ranks, those funereal and brooding trees of which each one is the precise image of the other, with their eternal mournful deep whisper of sound, and which seem to make fatalists all who spend their whole lives where they are. The immense ball of the sun, angry and inflamed, glared through the trunks 'like grated bars of hell'; and from their recesses, floated by the wind which had the edge of a razor, came the wolves' howl.

"The inn windows sent out rays of light which pushed back all the dreariness for a little way. The place occupied best part of the road; it had very high chimneys, sun-shutters, and a porch with stone flags and stone seats.

"With my finger on the latch the thought—'This is likely enough a half-way house to my grave,' blew like an icy chill through me.

"Entering the common-room I was met by a wave of air that might have come from a blast furnace. They had built a superb fire of resinous pine logs on the stone hearth, and as the black chimney throat could not inhale all the smoke, a good deal of it clouded the room with its turpentine fumes, and hung in sullen masses by the rafters, where rows of hams and strings of onions were suspended.

"It was a too-early hour for the *habitués* of the place. There was only a single patron, and he was seated at one of the long tables, brooding over a home-made set of chessmen. His clenched fists ground into his temples; he was fathoms deep in some profound problem.

"He looked up at the sound of my voice ordering my refreshment.

"'Phew!' said he, pushing up his hair. 'This place is so hot that it is like one of the circles of the Inferno.'

"I sat down opposite him and laid my long rapier upon the table.

"'Some of which are represented as being very cold, monsieur,' I replied.

"'Ah, true.' He regarded my weapon curiously, and stared rather hard at me. 'Will you join me in a game, monsieur?' he invited.

"I accepted, as that seemed the only thing to be done, and the next minute our eyes were fixed upon the rough-cut pieces. He was one of those players who take a devilish time, their strategic inspirations probing heaven knows how many moves ahead into their play, following it into mysterious turnings and passages, and often unable to get back again. However, inaction

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suited me. My eyes continually sought the door, waiting for my man to arrive. Half an hour passed, and still the Baron Stroms did not come.

"It was apparent to me, of course, that he was not coming with any idea of finding anyone unpleasantly disposed towards him. It was obviously known that he was to put up for to-night at the inn, and that was all.

"An hour had passed, and my opponent was still threading a labyrinthine maze of strategy, when the latch of the door clicked and a man whose shoulders were covered with snow noisily made his appearance.

"An electric thrill ran over my nerves. This man was the Baron Stroms.

"I knew him at once because I had often heard him described. He had a pointed beard red as a fire-flame, and eyes of the greenish-blue of ice as we see it in a deep glacial crevasse.

"As he stamped the snow from his riding-boots he cried 'Hah!' in the manner of some swordsmen when lunging.

"He engaged a room and ordered his supper. He had a soft kind of voice, quite nice to hear. Stealthily I regarded him out of the corner of my left eye: a long, lean man, excellently poised. He crossed over to the fire, which brought him almost to our table, and bending down, warmed his chilled palms. I observed his fingers, white and sinewy, those long fingers which became a lace of steel when round a sword-hilt.

"Presently he stood up, his back to the hissing logs, watching the play. At any moment he might retire to his room, where he had ordered his roast quails and bottle of wine to be sent. I had got to act quickly; but where the devil should I seek pretence for a quarrel?

"After a minute he commenced to hum an air from the opera of 'La Bohème.'

"'Monsieur,' said I, looking up with an annoyed scowl, 'have the goodness to refrain from your musical efforts.'

"'Indeed?' said he.

"'Yes, indeed.'

"'And why?'

"'Because I cannot play chess to such a discord.'

"'Boy,' said he, sternly, 'you have dangerous manners.' Then he went on humming in a louder key.

"I sprang to my feet. 'Will you stop?' I shouted.

"'Sit down, drunkard,' he commanded.

"I snatched up my sheathed rapier and struck him over the eyes. You will admit, gentlemen, that that was upsetting the fat into the fire.

"The baron moved not an inch under the blow; but every drop of blood ebbed from his cheeks. His right hand flew to his sword-hilt, but he checked himself, and came forward with hands outstretched as if to take me by the throat. I easily evaded the movement, seized the board with the chess-pieces upon it, and hurled the lot where I had put the sheath of my weapon. If that was not enough—but it was.

"'So!' said he, looking at me in a frightful manner under his bent brows. Then he commenced to detach his heavy riding-cloak.

"I stepped back, tossing my empty sheath upon the table, giving a lightning glance round the room.

"At that instant, when I had opened the door to Death, who would not go out again without one of us clutched against his fleshless breastbone, I felt a touch upon my arm and a voice whispered in my ear: 'Good God! Are *you* Count Valentine?'

"It was my chess-player, who had glided to my side. 'Stand off!' I growled roughly, for that was no time for divided attention, *mes amis*. But he gripped my arm the tighter as he fairly hissed into my ear: 'Beware—for your life, Count! I was sent here to meet you, but I looked for an officer of rank. There is a plot against your life. You were informed falsely regarding the baron's insult. It did not exist. You were not sent to kill him; you were sent *to be killed!* Your love verses to a certain illustrious lady . . . . You went too far. They gave high offence in highest quarters. It was determined, to avoid future trouble, to put you on the wrong side of life. *She* sent me to warn you. I will not mention her name. There is a horse waiting; you were to ride like hell for the frontier!'

"His words pierced my consciousness like pistol balls. Too late, the truth flared up like an explosion, dazing me. Yes, yes; my love verses had been little more than love letters in prose. I, a poor gentleman, without estates, without influence. The Princess Danae had been spied upon; those epistles found; and to avert complications—a runaway match, for instance—my eternal extinction had seemed desirable, and one that would not reflect dishonour on my name. It was a fearful cloud of darkness that rushed over me, gentlemen, in those few seconds; but it was relieved by one bright and glorious shaft of light; she whom I loved had endeavoured to keep the jaws of the trap from snapping down.

"Too late, indeed! One may apologize for the use of bitter names, but when one has struck a man twice in the face . . . . Besides, there was the Baron Stroms advancing towards me, fore-arm bared to the elbow, already making tiny and perfect circles of light with his rapier point, and his eyes, that were greenish-blue like the ice-walls in profound crevasses, fixed upon mine in the last extreme of menace.

"I flew at him like a wild cat.

"I had already conceived that plan of attack. To assume the assault of a novice, of a tyro in a perfect fury of rage, was my best, if not my only, chance. I needed above all things to draw out his contempt. I knew that if he found me a master of the long rapier, he—a past master—would treat me accordingly, and the space between my eyes already tingled at the idea of that brain-questing lunge.

"Almost at once I perceived the spark of derision in his eyes which I was playing to light there. He put aside my passes as if they were flies. But I knew so well that my assumption of

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"I GOT HIM! BY HEAVEN, I FOUND HIM! JUST UNDER THE RIGHT ARMPIT AND CLEAN OUT BEHIND THE SHOULDER."

fury and of ignorance could deceive him only during seconds. Already I had parried a lunge under my wrist in a fashion which would have drawn applause in any fencing *salle*. You know that when two men fight like that, on the edge of death, on the very lip of the void, their eyes

never leave each other's even for the flick of a fraction of a second; and they read in them, as in an open book, the most fleeting thought, the slightest intention and variation of intention. Well, I saw suspicion of me glimmer in his orbs like a spark in an ashen ember, and I knew that I had not a moment for delay. Again he tested me by a thrust in *carte* which might have severed my jugular. But he was not prepared for what followed. I parried with that superb breaking sweep beloved of the old Italian masters, and was after him, under his outstretched arm, with that all-staking lunge in which extended rapier and the whole body swing forward in one long-reaching effort. And I got him, gentlemen! By Heaven, I found him! Just under the right armpit and clean out behind the shoulder.

"He uttered a terrible oath, and his rapier clanged upon the sanded floor.

"I heard the voice of my chess-player, who was so excited that he was almost beside himself, howl out: 'This way, Count!' And I rushed after him through the door, which he had flung open.

"He had the horse that he had mentioned all ready, and I crossed the frontier just before daybreak. I have never seen my country since that hour."

The narrator became silent. The luminous glow in his eye, lighted by passionate recollection, faded like a sinking flame.

"Did you kill the Baron Stroms?" questioned an auditor at last.

"Bah, no. And I am glad of it."

There was a longer silence, and then someone said: "And the Princess Danae?"

"She was not for me," answered Count Valentine, with an almost inaudible sigh. "All the world knows that. That was a flower above my reach, a blossom not for my gathering. But what then? I do not complain. And who is the worse for caresses of which he only dreams, for kisses he only longs for, for desires which burn only in some paradise of fancy? From the first it was an unthinkable event. And then it was years and years ago, and all that charm has gone—where the fragrance of the rose goes."



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What Hat Suits You?



THERE is no part of a woman's appearance that displays her taste more surely than her hat. The three essential points that the smart woman has to study are her head, her hands, and her feet—and it is her head that invariably catches the eye first. If she is wearing the wrong hat she is finished! The hat creates an impression instantly, an impression that it is impossible to obliterate by smartness in other directions. She may be wearing the most unimpeachable gloves and shoes, but if her hat strikes a wrong note she is classed without hesitation as un-smart.

Walk down the leading

1. This hat of charmeuse, with long mount of black cross osprey, is particularly suitable for a somewhat severe type of beauty.

2. Close-fitting hats suit nearly everyone. This one of straw, with foliage and clump of roses, was specially designed to suit middle-aged women. Though it looks quite charming, it is a little too old for the pretty girl in this picture.



2.

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3. This satin hat with unwired edges, trimmed with ribbon velvet and a bunch of forget-me-nots, should be worn by those with soft fluffy hair. It is quite unsuitable to the severe type of face.



3

thoroughfares in the West-end of London any day you like, and you will pass scores of women who, even to the untutored eye, attract attention by the very unsuitability and ugliness of their headgear.

Yet the shops are full of pretty hats! I have seen some lovely models at Debenham and Freebody's, Marshall and Snelgrove's, Woolland's, Scott's, Harvey Nichols's, and many more of the big firms, as well as at the smaller shops and those dealing exclusively with millinery. Why do these hats look so different in the street?

There are two main reasons.

The first is the blind following of any fashion thay may set in for some particular style or size of hat. Heaven knows there is plenty of choice! The milliners' windows have seldom shown so diverse a display of models as they have this year. There are hats to suit every type



4.



4.

4. These two pictures illustrate the importance of putting a hat on correctly. This Plateau hat of pedal straw, trimmed with stiff quills, looks hideous when put on pancake fashion, as in the lower picture.

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5. A satin brimless shape trimmed with Paradise wants dressing up to. It should only be worn by a very well-dressed woman.



6. Essentially for use with a costume. With a hat of this type the hair should be worn softly dressed over the face, otherwise, as in this picture, it hardens the face and accentuates its breadth.



are going to decorate, and chooses them accordingly.

Because a hat is pretty, or striking, or smart, it does not necessarily follow that it will suit *you*, yet if you only study yourself you will find there are plenty of pretty and smart and striking hats that will.

The second reason is the insular independence of most Englishwomen in matters like this.

"Your Englishwomen," Mme. Paquin said to me in Paris, just before the war, "are sometimes so

and every colouring. But it is with hats as with flowers. Many women buy flowers simply because they are flowers and are beautiful: The woman of true taste buys flowers to suit the room they

7. A long-fronted straw trimmed with silk and a pompon of silk flowers. Hats of this type should only be worn by those with a good chin-line, as such hats partially hide the eyes and thus conceal what is, in many women, their chief beauty.



Photos. B. Park.

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8.



8. A Breton sailor looks quite out of place over faces of the long oval type. See how charming the same girl looks in a close-fitting hat of black satin trimmed with bands of brush osprey.

get the *tout ensemble*, and often completely re-arranging her hair to make it suit the hat. But your Englishwomen, no! When they try a hat they stick it on unadaptable over their hats. A Parisienne is never satisfied with a hat until she has tried it on in twenty different ways, viewing herself at full length, so as to



9.

9. These hats—a tagel tam and a pedal straw with mushroom brim and curled Paradise mounts—are very young-looking, particularly suited to a dark girl of a soft type of beauty. When wearing them the hair should be worn well down over the ears, as illustrated.



9.

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the head, so! If they do not like it they try another and another, and when they find one that they like it must look all right without any trouble of readjustment. That is very difficult. To make a hat to

11. A charming mushroom effect which, if carried out in shot-green taffeta, is particularly suitable for a blonde. The fashionable method of partly bobbing the hair round the ears is very attractive with this kind of hat.



10.



10.



11.

10. Another example of the right and wrong way to wear a hat. This is a type of hat most suitable for a clear-cut, classical face with good features.

12. Another mushroom shape of pedal straw trimmed with osprey. Very becoming to young brunettes if carried out in brown with flame-coloured ospreys. The illustration shows the importance of its wearer possessing a good chin-line.



Photo. B. Park.

12.

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suit a woman is clever, but to make a woman suit a hat, that is part of the true art of smartness."

13. Hats with ribbons under the chin are most suitable for young, round faces. The brim of this one if trimmed with bright rose Georgette shows up dark hair very prettily.



13.





14.

Photos. B. Park.

14. Two views of a satin four-cornered shape with mounts of brush osprey. This hat would have a broadening effect on the face were it not for the band, about an inch deep, immediately around the head.



14.

That is quite true, and many women would look smarter if they tried to suit themselves and their hair dressing to whatever particular hat they were going to wear. But what is more important still is the lack of attention that the ordinary woman pays to her particular type when



15. A large velvet picture-hat trimmed with puff osprey. Black picture-hats are essentially becoming with very fair hair, which should be dressed very softly over the forehead. If the hair is arranged in too hard a manner these hats dwarf the face. This is essentially an evening hat.

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choosing her hats. M. Laurencet, the head of Redfern's establishment in London, where I have seen some of the very smartest hats of the season, has made a close study of this subject.

"Line," he said to me recently, "plays just as important a part in a hat as it does in a gown. The most expensive models are sometimes the most simple, their smartness and value lying in their novel and distinctive 'line.' Anyone can add value to a hat by trimming it with ospreys or Paradise plumes, but the greatest achievement for a milliner is when the height of smartness and distinction is reached with the aid of as little trimming or embellishment as possible.

"In choosing a hat," he continued, "much depends upon a woman's height, figure, and type, but it is impossible to lay down any fixed rules, because, as I will show, one is constantly being faced by the most surprising exceptions.

"In a general way, short women would do well to avoid very large hats, but this does not mean that all tall women can wear them becomingly. The woman with a broad face should wear a hat which will give an appearance of height. By wearing a low, broad hat, she will usually accentuate the broadness of her own features. Yet there are a few women of this type who look charming in the very hat one would condemn for them on principle.

"Similarly, the woman with a thin face can afford and is improved by breadth in her hat—breadth which can be accentuated by the dressing of her hair. Yet there are some women of this type who look lovely in hats with a high crown or trimming."

In other words there *is* no fixed rule in such a matter. Of course there are some fortunate women who look lovely in almost any hat, and there are some hats which make almost any woman look lovely, but these cases are exceptional, and the ordinary woman, however attractive she may be, must pay attention to her particular type and style when choosing her hats, and must in many cases adjust her hair-dressing to suit.

She must also study the question of colouring. There are colours which "kill" the attractiveness of some women altogether, others in which they look their best. Every Frenchwoman knows before she is out of her teens what colours suit her best and what colour or colours she must avoid. But our English girls take longer to make this discovery, or never make it at all.

Another direction in which women make bad mistakes with their hats is in choosing them and wearing them without reference to other details of their dress. A hat should put the finishing touch to every toilette, and if it is out of keeping the whole effect will be, and very often is, little short of ridiculous.

In the street, simplicity is the very essence of smartness, and with street costumes the hat should be as plain as possible. A small, black or dark hat is correct with a tailor-made; more elaborate and brighter hats should only be worn on more "dressy" occasions. Yet one sees many women in street costumes wearing hats of the picture variety, or very nearly so!

It must be remembered that the smartest woman—and this applies particularly to the street—is not she who attracts most attention because she wears wonderful hats and wonderful clothes, but she whose attire is *unobtrusively* perfect in every detail from her hat to her shoes.

Why, oh why, will not women realize how becoming black is!

One does not want to appear too sombre at a time when the reaction after so many terrible years, years of war, and of death, and of bomb-dropping, has set the whole world agog with frivolity, but there is no getting away from the fact that black and white are smarter and more becoming than colours to nine women out of ten! It is so fatally easy to make mistakes over colours, but you can't go wrong with black and white!

While Captain Brighten, of the Maison Lewis, was posing some of the pictures for this article, the other day, I asked him what he considered the greatest difficulty that milliners had to deal with in suiting their clients.

"Husbands!" he replied, without a moment's hesitation.

"Husbands ought never to express an opinion about their wives' hats. They should be content to pay for them. They have no taste and know nothing about dress. Yet they are always causing trouble.

"A woman comes in and buys a very smart and becoming hat. She goes home full of joy and pride—having met Mrs. Smith and Miss Jones and noted their eyes green with envy—and is seen by her husband.

"'Good heavens!' he says, 'what on earth is that thing you've got on your head? A hat? It is perfectly awful! For goodness' sake take it off and don't wear it again!'

"Then, of course, there are tears of vexation, or a row, and in the end the man says: 'There, there, never mind, dear—here's a cheque. Go and change the hat and get a better one.' And back she comes to look for something *he* will like instead of something that really suits her.

"Frankly, I can't think how they stand it. No Frenchwoman would. Indeed, no Frenchman would dream of criticizing his wife's dress. If he did, she'd divorce him!"

Well, well, Captain Brighten, you may be right, but don't forget that when all is said and done, women dress to please men! Personally, my sympathies are with the husband, but perhaps this issue of THE STRAND MAGAZINE may lead to his having less to complain of.

All the hats illustrated have been kindly lent for the purpose by the Maison Lewis, of 152, Regent Street, many of them having been specially created and posed for THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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The Dramatist and the Leading Lady

by St John Ervine

Illustrated by Graham Simmons



I.

MRS. MICHAEL FAREY was reputed to be the most temperamental of all the actresses on the British stage; she was also reputed to be the most capricious and aggravating actress on the British or any other stage. Her husband said that he admired her temperament very much, but that he preferred to admire it at a distance; so he put three thousand miles of ocean between himself and her. He said that distance lent enchantment to the view; it also made things much more comfortable for him.

Sir Geoffrey Mundane, the manager of the famous Pall Mall Theatre, had sworn an oath in heaven that he would never permit her to act in his theatre again; and undoubtedly he had good cause to complain of her. It is not pleasant for a distinguished actor-manager to hear his leading lady mocking him before the other players and even in the presence of the stage-hands. Scene-shifters are an irreverent race, with a tedious habit of remembering things that are better forgotten; and Sir Geoffrey Mundane felt certain that they would always remember, and frequently repeat, Mrs. Farey's pet name for him: she had called him a dear little tom-tit!

It was useless to remonstrate with the woman. He knew that from experience. After the occasion on which she had nicknamed him "a dear little tom-tit" he had sent a note to her by his dresser, in these terms: –

Sir Geoffrey Mundane presents his compliments to Mrs. Michael Farey, and will be glad if she will kindly refrain from making fun of him in the theatre.



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And the insufferable woman had sent this reply to him :—

Mrs. Michael Farey presents her compliments to Sir Geoffrey Mundane, and in future she will wait until she gets home.

Sir Geoffrey tore the note into tiny pieces and, in the presence of his impassive dresser, swore the oath in heaven that he would never—no, never—permit her to act on his stage again. The woman could act, act magnificently, but there are limits to endurance, and Sir Geoffrey had reached the limits of his. The end of the run of "The Perfect Gentleman" would mark the last appearance of Mrs. Michael Farey at the Pall Mall Theatre.

Sir Geoffrey Mundane's opinion of Mrs. Farey was mild in comparison with that of Sir Jasper Bittern, the proprietor of the Britannic Theatre. Mrs. Farey had told him to his face, in front of his assembled company, that he ought to enrol himself as a pupil at a College of Acting. She had said that he showed signs of promise, and that with experience and training he might become quite an actor! She had made remarks about his family. She had said very unpleasant things about Lady Bittern and still more unpleasant things about Miss Bittern. Once, at a reception given by the Duchess of Bucklersbury to the members of a Pan-Anglican Conference, Mrs. Farey had gone up to Lady Bittern, then engaged in genial conversation with the Bishop of Loughborough Junction, and had said to her, "My dear, you really ought to take a cure. Oughtn't she, Bishop?" The bishop had burbled brightly. "Cure!" Lady Bittern exclaimed. "What sort of a cure?" "It doesn't matter, my dear. Any sort of a cure, so long as you take one." And then she had sailed serenely away.

When Sir Jasper's daughter, the delightful Miss Bittern, had married a young man of whom nothing was known except that he was a young man, Mrs. Farey, when questioned about his occupation, said of him, "I don't know what he does. He has a moustache, so I suppose he's a policeman!"

Sir Jasper said that if Shakespeare himself were to come down out of heaven and beg, on his bended knees, that Mrs. Farey should be allowed to act again at the Britannic, he would refuse to allow her to do so. "She may be a genius," he said, "but I also am a genius, and there is not room for two geniuses—or ought I to say genii?—in one theatre. Let her go and be a genius in a theatre of her own!" Mrs. Farey, when she heard of this, said that she was just as sorry for poor dear Jasper as she was for poor dear Geoffrey. It must be dreadful, she said, to try so hard for so many years to act without succeeding in doing so; and she could imagine how galling it must be to see a woman, a mere woman, my dear, simply strolling on to the stage and, without any effort, acting magnificently. "But then, my dear, I am an actress, a great actress. Poor dear Jasper ought to have been the Lord Mayor's coachman, and Geoffrey—well, sometimes I think that Geoffrey ought not to have been at all, and at other times I think he would have sold pencils very nicely!"

II.

NEVERTHELESS, in spite of her reputation for cattiness and her rude remarks about himself, Sir Jasper Bittern engaged Mrs. Farey to play the principal part in "The Unrelenting Woman," by the celebrated novelist and dramatist, Mr. J. Garside Tintagel. Mr. Tintagel had written many novels and plays, and was probably the most popular novelist and dramatist in the British Islands and the United States of America.

It is not hard to understand, therefore, what Mr. Tintagel's feelings were when Mrs. Farey suddenly interrupted a rehearsal of "The Unrelenting Woman" by asking whether the author of the play was in the theatre. Sir Jasper, already somewhat exasperated by some cutting remark of hers, said very crossly that the author was sitting in the front row of the dress circle, watching the rehearsal; that he had done this ever since the rehearsals began; and that, if Mrs. Farey were to use her eyes as effectively as she used her tongue, she would have discovered this fact for herself.

"Mr. Tintagel has never met me," she said, ignoring Sir Jasper's sarcasm. "He must be introduced to me!"

The actor-manager turned to the stage-manager. "Go and get the author," he said. "This infernal woman's in one of her trying moods again, and we won't get on until she has had her way!"

The stage-manager hurried off the stage into the auditorium and begged the author to follow him. "Just humour her, sir," he said, as they passed along the dark passage that led from the dress circle to the stage. "Just humour her! All these temperamental women are the same—plaster 'em with praise, and they'll eat out of your hand. You know the story about the actress who said she had no use for criticism—praise was good enough for her? Well, that's what Mrs. Farey needs. Pers'nally, I think she needs a good hiding, and if I was her husband she'd get it; but I'm not her husband, thank God!—I'm only the poor blooming stage-manager. So what I say is, plaster her with praise, Mr. Tintagel; put it on with a shovel. If you say she's the greatest actress you've ever known she'll say you're the greatest dramatist she's ever met, and that'll make things nice and comfortable for everybody, especially me!"

Mr. Tintagel, however, thought that he was at least as important as Mrs. Farey, and he resolved to treat her with great coldness. "These actor-people ought to be put in their place," he thought to himself. "The public flatters them excessively!"

When Sir Jasper introduced him to the great actress, he murmured in a chilly voice that he was gratified to know that she was playing in his little piece (it had five acts, divided into twelve scenes, but he called it his "little piece"!). There were one or two points, however, on which she did not appear to be clear—her interpretation of the character in the second act, for example, did not seem to him to be correct.

Mrs. Farey beamed at him sweetly. 'Have

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you written anything else, Mr. Tintagel?" she said, innocently.

Had he written anything else? The dramatist gulped. Yes, he had written one or two little things. About twenty millions of people had read his books, but of course it was not to be expected that Mrs. Farey would be aware of them. Actresses so seldom read anything but their Press cuttings. He went off the stage and sat in the stalls, brooding bitterly. He felt that his retort to the lady's deliberate impertinence—for, of course, she had pretended to be ignorant of his work—was a weak one; and he had a strong desire to get even with her. He began to feel that she had asked to be introduced to him simply in order to insult him. His brooding was interrupted by Mrs. Farey, who, advancing to the footlights, said to him, "Oh, Mr. Tintagel, will you tell me what is the relationship between me and this young gel—am I supposed to be her mother?"

"You're supposed to be her grandmother," Mr. Tintagel snapped at her; "but judging by your performance you might be her uncle!"

That relieved Mr. Tintagel's feelings considerably.

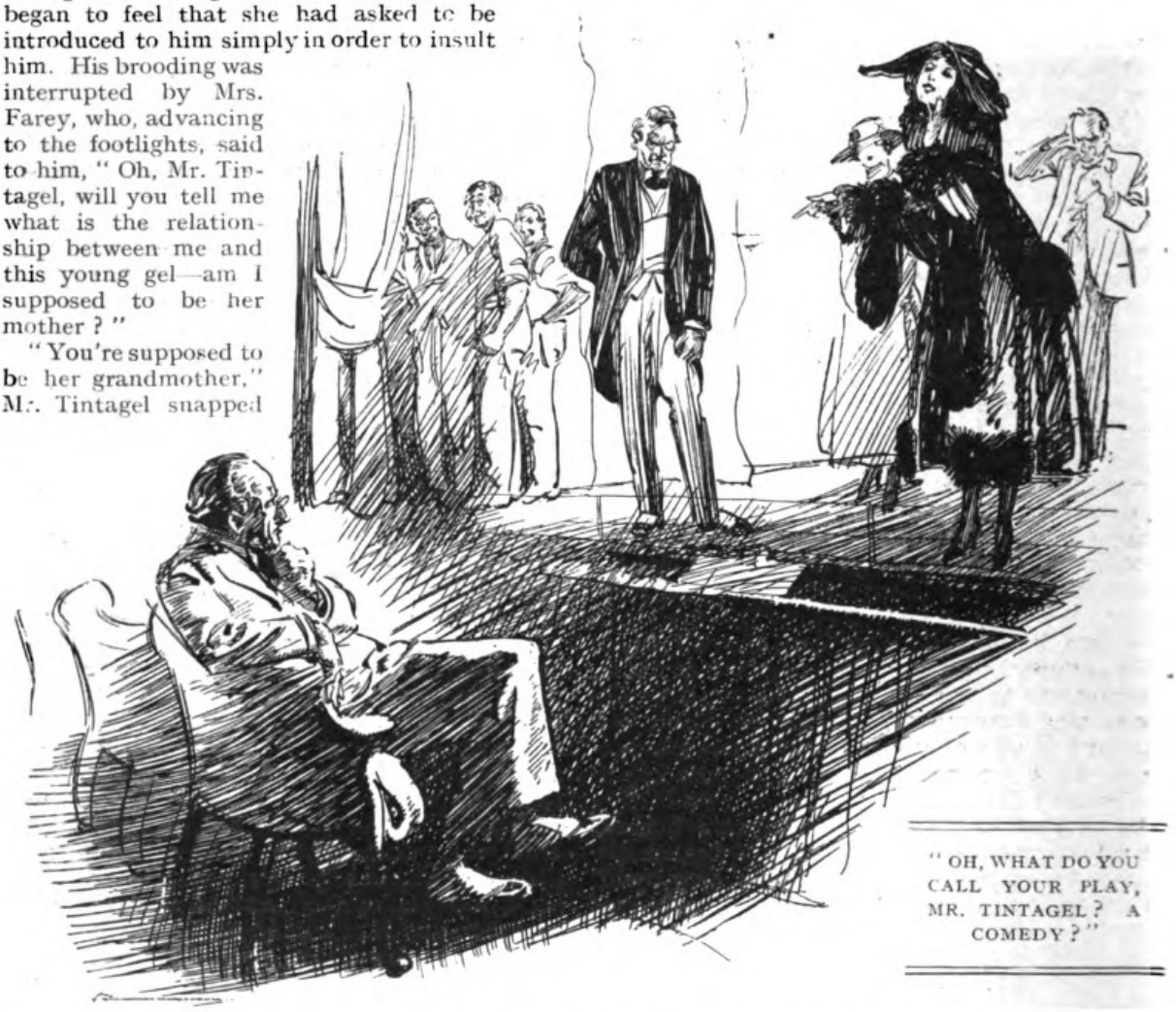
"Oh, thank you so much!" Mrs. Farey answered, quite unperturbed. "I thought I ought to know. You see, it isn't clear from the play what I am. I think you ought to have a note printed in the programme to show that I'm her grandmother. The audience would like to know. Oh, what do you call your play, Mr. Tintagel? A comedy?"

"I call it a human drama, Mrs. Farey. Just a human drama."

"Oh, how nice of you! I knew a man once who thought he had written a tragedy until he saw the first performance, and then he knew he had written a farce. It was such a shock to him. I do so hope that the first performance won't be a shock to you, Mr. Tintagel."

"Well, judging by the rehearsals," Mr. Tintagel replied, "I think it will."

The asperity in his voice was very pronounced, and Mrs. Farey, who could be as charming as she could be irritating, began to mollify him. "I'm so anxious to understand your idea of the part," she said. "Will you lunch with me at the Gorgeous, and tell me what you think about it? I feel that you can make me understand more clearly what I ought to express than anyone else can."



"OH, WHAT DO YOU CALL YOUR PLAY, MR. TINTAGEL? A COMEDY?"

The dramatist responded to her pleasant mood. "I can't lunch with you, Mrs. Farey," he said, "but I shall be delighted if you will lunch with me."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "You must lunch with *me*. I have never paid for anyone's food before, and I feel that I should like to pay for yours. Do promise, Mr. Tintagel!"

Sir Jasper, fuming all the time that this conversation was proceeding, waved his hands at

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the dramatist. "For Heaven's sake promise," he said, "and let's get on with the rehearsal!"

"Oh, but we're not going to rehearse any more to-day," Mrs. Farey said, very blandly. "I've got to take Mr. Tintagel to lunch. Besides, I'm tired, and you're rather disagreeable this morning, Jasper. I don't like you when you're disagreeable!"

Sir Jasper, unable to speak coherently, turned away in time to see the stage-manager gazing intently at Mrs. Farey. "What the devil are you gaping at?" he roared.

"Nothing, sir, nothing!" the stage-manager hastily answered.

"Well, go away and gape at something. then! I didn't engage you to gape at nothing. I wish to Heaven I'd been firm and kept my vow not to have this—this female in my theatre again!"

Mrs. Farey went up to him and touched him gently on the arm. "Jasper, dear," she said, "I'm afraid you're rather fractious this morning. You'd better come to lunch with Mr. Tintagel and me. You know you're always much better tempered after a good meal than you are before."

"I will not lunch with you."

"Oh, Jasper!"

"You have ruined our morning's work."

"Not the *whole* morning's work—only part of it."

"The play will be a failure, and it will be your fault. You deliberately try to spoil things. I shall lose a fortune over this play!"

Mrs. Farey patted him kindly. "You've got such a nice, cheery disposition, Jasper," she said. "So buoyant, so stimulating!"

Sir Jasper made a noise which sounded like a stifled yelp.

"So do come to lunch with Mr. Tintagel and me," Mrs. Farey coaxed.

Mr. Tintagel stood about while this wheedling conversation was taking place. He was not very eager for the company of Sir Jasper at lunch, and he hoped that the knight would decline the invitation. Sir Jasper had an exaggerated opinion of the relative importance of dramatists and actors. It was his custom to announce the performance of a play in this manner:—

SIR JASPER BITTERN
presents
THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET,
by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

And Mr. Tintagel thought that the position of Shakespeare's name, and the type in which it was displayed, was hardly adequate when compared with the position and display of Sir Jasper's name. He had no desire to encourage the actor in his belief that an actor was of greater importance than an author or a play. But at last Sir Jasper, to Mr. Tintagel's annoyance, yielded to Mrs. Farey's pleas, and, after some further fuss, the three lunchers set off to find the Gorgeous Hotel, where they ate and drank extravagantly.

"So nice of Mr. Tintagel to ask us both to lunch!" said Mrs. Farey, as she sipped her coffee. "I do like lunching at the Gorgeous. It's so expensive. I like the feeling that every bite I take costs about half a crown of someone else's money."

Mr. Tintagel sat up and looked at her. Then he said "Mmmm!" He did not like to remind her that he had not invited her to lunch at the Gorgeous, but that she had invited him—a totally different thing; and, although he resented having to pay for Sir Jasper's food—and Sir Jasper had a large appetite—he took the bill from the waiter and paid the amount of it without a murmur. But he thought to himself that lunching with Mrs. Farey made a five-pound note look very foolish.

"I believe," he said to himself, as he walked home, "I believe she did that purposely. It's the sort of thing she would do!"

III.

THE play was produced at the appointed time. Towards the end of the rehearsals the quarrels between Sir Jasper and Mrs. Farey and Mr. Tintagel had been so frequent and so bitter that the remainder of the company began to wonder whether the play would ever be produced at all; and Mr. Tintagel swore that he would not write another play until someone had invented automatic actors and, more especially, automatic actresses. In spite of the trials and troubles of the rehearsals, the first performance was a great success, and perhaps the most brilliant player in the cast was Mrs. Farey. As he watched that wonderful woman interpreting the character he had created, Mr. Tintagel felt more than admiration for her: he felt a forgiving love that caused him not only to condone her capricious behaviour, but actually to praise it. "She would not be a great actress if she were not so incalculable," he said. "A genius," he went on, "is at once better and worse than ordinary people: a genius can be more generous than other people, and he can be meaner; he can be kinder than the ruck of men, and he can be more cruel."

This excellent and true doctrine did not support Mr. Tintagel in the days to come. When Mrs. Farey, bored with her success in his play, began to act capriciously in it, Mr. Tintagel did not seek consolation in remembering the vagaries of genius. Instead, he lost his temper. He wrote a sharp letter to her telling her that he absolutely forbade her to "gag" in his play. He wrote that, while she could act better than he could, it was equally true that he could write better than she could, and therefore he preferred that she should say his words on the stage, and not invent words of her own. She replied to this note with a sharper one, in which she stated that it was not much of a compliment to her to say that she could act better than he could, considering that he could not act at all, and she ended by asserting that she had had to invent words of her own for the play because his words were so poor.

This behaviour of hers put poor Mr. Tintagel in a very difficult position. He could not undertake to be present at every performance of his play to see that she did not "gag," nor, if he could do so, could he prevent her from "gagging" if she had a mind to do so. He felt, indeed, that

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"'I DO LIKE LUNCHING AT THE GORGEOUS,' SAID MRS. FAREY. 'I LIKE THE FEELING THAT EVERY BITE I TAKE COSTS ABOUT HALF A CROWN OF SOMEONE ELSE'S MONEY.'"

she would gag all the more if she were aware of his presence in the theatre. It would not be possible for him to stop the performance in order that he might inform the audience that the speech just uttered by Mrs. Michael Farey had not been written by him, but had been invented by her. He decided, therefore, to appeal to her better nature. He went to her and asked her as a great favour to him not to be the naughty, undisciplined, capricious woman she was. "As one artist to another," he said, "I ask you not to 'gag' in my play. I respect your craft: you might respect mine." This plea, he thought, would move her. It did. She denied that she had ever "gagged" at all.

"But I heard you myself," he protested.

"You couldn't have done so," she replied, "because I didn't do it!"

"But your letter!"

"Oh, I just wrote that to annoy you. I often do things to annoy people."

"H'm! I'd more or less guessed that," said Mr. Tintagel.

"Of course, if you're going to insult me——"

"My dear Mrs. Farey, I'm only saying what you yourself said!" Mr. Tintagel exclaimed.

"What I may say about myself and what you may say about me are two different things, Mr. Tintagel. I have not 'gagged' in your play."

"But I heard you myself!" the dramatist insisted.

"Your hearing isn't good; and even if you did hear me, I deny it. Not that your play would not be improved if I did put some of my own words into it. It's a rotten play. And I'll 'gag' if I like. In fact, I *will* 'gag.' I'm tired of your play, and I wish the run were over. I'm tired of Jasper. Jasper simply makes me feel sick. He'd make you feel sick if you were capable of feeling sick. But you're not. You've got no feeling at all. You couldn't have written such a play if you had any feeling. You've no more emotion than a—than a lobster! In fact, a lobster has more feeling than you have. I've been told they squeal like anything when they're being boiled."

"My dear Mrs. Farey!"

"Good afternoon, Mr. Tintagel!"

"But really——"

"Good afternoon, Mr. Tintagel!"

The dramatist, full of desire to explain and justify himself, was hurried out of the room and out of the house before he had time to do either one or the other.

"That's a terrible woman!" he said to himself as he hurried away.

IV.

THAT evening, after the performance had begun, he called at the theatre. Sir Jasper was not in his dressing-room when Mr. Tintagel entered it, but he arrived there soon afterwards. The second act had just begun, and in a short while Sir Jasper would have to return to the stage.

"Ah, Tintagel!" he exclaimed. "I'm glad you've come. That awful woman has been worse to-night than ever before. I have a good mind to—to—what is it bishops do to rebellious parsons? I know—inhibit! That's it! I have a good mind to inhibit her from acting on my stage. I will put her understudy on instead!"

"What on earth's up?" Tintagel demanded.

"Everything is up!" Sir Jasper almost shouted. "She is making fun of me—not behind the scenes, mind you, though that is bad

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enough—but on the stage, in front of the audience—and the audience is laughing. It doesn't know any better. It thinks it's part of the play. She makes fun of the way I speak! My voice, she makes fun of that! The way I stand, she makes fun of that! She made a 'gag' to-night and forgot to give me my cue, and the audience thought I had forgotten my part. Tintagel, you must do something. This woman must be stopped. I won't be made fun of in my own theatre. Geoffrey Mundane told me what she was like, and I knew it myself, but she's treated me worse than she treated him. Poor Geoffrey can't act, of course, and I must say the things she said about him were very funny, but, hang it, she has no business to say 'em about me! You must stop her—you must do something!"

"But what can I do?" said Mr. Tintagel, helplessly.

The call-boy appeared at the door of Sir Jasper's dressing-room. "All right!" said Sir Jasper, preparing to follow him. "I don't know what you can do," he went on, to Tintagel. "But you must think of something, and then you must double it. Wait here until I come back."

"It's all very well," said Mr. Tintagel to himself, "but it's easier to say 'Stop her' than it is to do it!"

When Sir Jasper returned, he instantly demanded, "Well, have you thought of something?"

"Good heavens, no!"

"Why not? You're supposed to be clever, aren't you? The woman's driving me mad. I shall certainly sack the man who plays the trombone in the orchestra. I distinctly saw him tittering when she made fun of me. If I can't do anything to her, I can do something to him, anyhow. He won't titter when he gets the sack. She's 'gagging' hard now, and the audience is roaring with laughter. I can't understand it—they laugh more at her jokes than they do at yours, Tintagel. I nearly laughed at one myself!"

Mr. Tintagel was stung by this taunt. "She told me that she would not 'gag,' again!"

"She's doing nothing else!"

"Confound her!"

"What's the good of that? I've talked to her till I'm tired, but it's no good. You go down and stand in the wings, and listen to her yourself. You'll hear and see what it's like!"

"But she'll see me if I do that," Mr. Tintagel objected.

Sir Jasper thought for a moment. "I know," he said. "I'll arrange it with the stage-manager!"

"Arrange what?"

"The third act is in the drawing-room set. There's a big fireplace. I'll get the stage-manager to put you inside the fireplace, where you won't be seen, and then you can hear and see everything perfectly. You'll have to stay there the whole of the act. You won't be able to get out until it's over."

"I don't much like the idea," said Mr. Tintagel.

"Well, you don't seem to believe me, and she's ruining your play!"

"Oh, I believe you all right," Mr. Tintagel protested.

"Well, then, do what I suggest. I'll send for Bunns—that's the stage-manager—and arrange it!"

He telephoned down to the stage and in a few moments Bunns appeared, and Sir Jasper explained what he wished done.

"Very good, sir!" said Bunns. "The curtain'll be down in a few minutes. Perhaps Mr. Tintagel'll come down to the stage as soon as the scene is struck. I'll telephone up to you, sir!"

"Yes, do, Bunns!" said Sir Jasper.

V.

MR. TINTAGEL'S position was not a comfortable one. He was placed inside the fireplace so that he could see the whole of the stage without being seen by the audience. He had his back to the auditorium. Sir Jasper, who had a poor memory, sometimes used fireplaces to conceal additional prompters. But it was not a comfortable position, and Mr. Tintagel felt cramped, and he was afraid that he might lean too heavily against the scene and send some of the flats into the orchestra. While he was in this perturbed state, the curtain went up and the third act began. A moment or two later Mrs. Farey entered the room—at the moment that Mr. Tintagel was trying to make himself a little more comfortable. The result was that her eye was caught by his movements. She stood still for a second or two, and then, advancing to the fireplace, she gave a loud laugh and pointed at him. "Ha, ha, ha," she said, "what a funny fire!" And then seizing the poker she jabbed him in the stomach!

The audience, unaware of Mr. Tintagel's presence in the fireplace, thought that all this was part of the performance, and it did not pay much heed to the savagery with which Mrs. Farey continued to poke the fire. She put down the poker and went on with her part, but whenever she had the chance to do so, she returned to the fireplace and, with great vim, stirred the fire up. When Sir Jasper made his entry, she manœuvred him to the fireplace and, thrusting the poker into his hand, asked him to poke the fire!

"If you do," Mr. Tintagel whispered, in a moan, "I'll push the scene over!"

"Great Scot!" he moaned to himself, "I've got to sit here for the whole of this act while that infernal woman jabs me in the stomach with that poker!"

When the curtain went down on the third act, Mrs. Farey rushed over to the fireplace and, seizing the unfortunate dramatist by the ear, hauled him out of his hiding-place. "You rotten sneak," she said, "you were spying on me!"

"Leggo!" he squealed.

She pinched his ear still harder, and then, in front of the grinning scene-shifters who were "striking" the set, she slapped his face for him.

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He scrambled to his feet. "I won't forget this, Mrs. Farey!" he said. "And you'll have cause to remember it, too!"

He hurried off the stage. In one of the passages Sir Jasper met him and held out his hand in a very effusive manner.

"Thank you, Tintagel," he said. "You stopped her splendidly. She never made fun of me once, and I acted magnificently!"

"Go to blazes," said Mr. Tintagel.

VI.

He went home in a rage. "I'll write a play about her," he said to himself, wrathfully. "I'll expose her. I'll put her on the stage exactly as she is, and make her the laughing-stock of London. The public shall know just what sort of woman it has been worshipping all these years. I'll get Mundane to put it on. He hates her worse than Bittern does. If we can only get some actress who hates her worse than I do to take her character, we'll do the job thoroughly!"

That very night, he roughed out a scenario. He worked at the play with great determination, and in a month's time had completed a three-act comedy, which he called "The Mummer Woman." It was as close an *exposé* of Mrs. Farey's character as he could contrive. He packed up the MS. and posted it to Sir Geoffrey Mundane at the Pall Mall Theatre. "That'll hurt her far more than she hurt me," he said to himself, vindictively.

Sir Geoffrey had one quality which is unusual n actors: he was a business-like man. When he made an appointment he kept it. If he arranged to meet a man at eleven a.m., he met him at eleven a.m., and not at three p.m. on the following afternoon. He read Mr. Tintagel's play within a week after receiving it. Other actor-managers would have kept the MS. for nine months and then would have returned it unread. As soon as Sir Geoffrey had finished reading the MS. he telephoned to Mr. Tintagel and invited him to lunch with him at the Garrick Club.

"I want to talk to you about your comedy," he said.

"Are you going to do it?" Mr. Tintagel asked.

"Of course, I am. It's a splendid play. It will run for a long time, if I know anything about plays. The man's part suits me excellently and the woman's part is just the part for Mrs. Farey!"

"Mrs. Who?" Mr. Tintagel shrieked.

"Mrs. Farey. You might have written it for her! I suppose you know her very well now? She must have made a great impression on you!"

"But," said Mr. Tintagel, "I thought you hated her!"



"'HA, HA, HA,' SHE SAID, 'WHAT A FUNNY FIRE!' AND THEN SEIZING THE POKER SHE JABBED HIM IN THE STOMACH."

"I do, my dear fellow, I do, but who else can play the part as well as she will do it? There isn't anybody but her for it. I hate her, of course, but so does everybody. I dare say you do, too!"

Mr. Tintagel grunted.

"But we shall have to have her!" said Sir Geoffrey.

And they had.

The play was a great success, but Mr. Tintagel hates her more than ever. He is writing another play for her!

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How to Cure Yourself of Worrying



An article full of practical help—obtained from scientific men who have made a special study of the subject.

By ALLISON GRAY.

In the following article technical terms have been avoided, and plain, everyday words used. But the ideas are those of scientific men who have made a study of why we worry and of how we can avoid it. The material for the article was given, in interviews, by Dr. Rupert Blue, surgeon-general of the Public Health Service, by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon and Dr. Frankwood E. Williams of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, and by other authorities of the same high standing.

WORRY is always useless. You probably know that yourself. But the wretched insidious thing has got hold of you somehow and you can't seem to free yourself.

All right! Let the men who have studied the question help you. They have analyzed the cause and the cure of worry. Read what they say about it. Take a fresh grip of yourself; and—their word for it!—you *can* and you *will* find yourself growing more free, more healthy, in body and in mind, than you have dared to hope.

Here is something every man and every woman ought to know: *Fatigue* is the great underlying cause of most of the worry in the world—fatigue of mind, or of body, or both; not the passing tiredness from which we quickly recover because we take time to rest, but the fatigue which we go on rolling up, as a snowball is rolled, until it becomes a great dead weight on all the functions of our body and our brain.

Just take this one fact which has been proved: if a man repeats a certain finger movement until the muscles are exhausted, it will take, say, two hours to rest those muscles so that they can repeat the same amount of work as before. But if the finger resumes work after only *one* hour it cannot do, as you would expect, half the previous amount of work! It can do only a quarter as much.

That is to say, if you are only *half* rested, you can do only *one-fourth* what you could do if you were entirely rested.

Physical fatigue affects both the quality and the quantity of the blood supply of the brain. For this reason it is folly to attempt brain work when we are very tired. It is just as foolish to try to recuperate from mental fatigue by taking violent physical exercise.

Lowered mental tone is not restored by adding

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the strain of great physical fatigue. Moderate exercise may help by redistributing the circulation to normal. But violent exercise will only make a bad matter worse.

It is curious that people who would be ashamed of drinking to excess, or of over-eating, are actually proud of wearing themselves out at work. They would be horrified at the idea of going to bed "dead drunk." But they take a pious satisfaction in going to bed "dead tired."

It ought to be considered a disgrace, or at least an unkind act towards one's family and friends, to be *persistently tired;* just as it is a disgrace to be persistently in debt. At bottom, they are much the same, anyway.

You may say that there are times when you *can't* stop. But nine times out of ten, when people say that, it isn't true. They generally prove that it isn't by breaking down and *stopping then.*

Take your own case, for instance. Suppose your trouble is that you can't stop thinking about your work. You can't sleep; and that, in itself, worries you. In fact, it is the thing that worries you most. When you go to bed, you think you will take a little time to plan the next day's work—after which you will try to relax and go to sleep.

Inside of ten minutes your brain is buzzing with darting thoughts. You are wide awake and as nervous as a hairspring. You tell yourself that you ought to have eight hours of sleep at least! And now you cannot possibly have more than five. In the morning you say: "Oh, what a night! I never closed my eyes until after one o'clock and I didn't sleep a wink after five! I simply can't keep this up!"

There is just one reason for sleep. Its mission is to allow the body to rebuild tissue and the mind to recover tone. Sleep is the ideal condition for this rebuilding. But it must be understood that the process does go on, only more slowly, during rest.

The first prescription, then, for you who lie awake is this: *Don't worry because you are not sleeping.* Say to yourself: "I am resting. My body is in repose. Physically I am almost as I should be if I were asleep. Darkness, quiet, and inaction are my physical needs, and I have them all. So there is really nothing to worry about."

To say this—and to believe it—is more important than you think. It is as if you wanted to take an express train but could get only a local. However, you know you are reaching your desired destination, only more slowly.

"But," you protest, "it isn't my body that craves rest. It is my mind. What I want is *to stop thinking!*"

Yes; but merely to realize that physical repose is slowly but surely giving both body and mind what they most need will bring with it a certain degree of mental relaxation. That, in itself, will predispose you to sleep.

Some helpful suggestions for inducing sleep will be given in this article. For the present let us study the connection between sleeplessness and worry.

Even though you should occasionally lie awake all night, no particular harm will result—unless you worry about it. As a matter of fact you seldom do lie awake all night! You get some sleep, even though it is only a few hours. It isn't the lack of a few more hours that will send you to business the next day, worn and haggard. It is *your worry because you lost those hours.*

To realize this you should understand something about what psychiatrists call "emotional tone." Suppose you have had a bad night: hours of wanting to sleep and worrying because you cannot. Your emotional tone has been one of self-pity, resentment, anxiety. In the morning you incline to be nervous and touchy.

At breakfast there is a domestic squabble. You want one thing, the rest of the family another. You go to your office feeling yourself a martyr. You say that everybody is against you.

You try to begin work. It is like trying to make that tremulous hairspring play the part of a big dynamo. Of course it fails.

Finally you slam down your desk and go to lunch. You have now accumulated three emotional hang-overs, all unfavourable. Under the circumstances your luncheon is not a success. If you have companions they irritate you. If you eat alone you keep on worrying over your worries.

Naturally you add indigestion to your list of troubles, and your afternoon in the office is another failure. And you blame the one thing you can understand—the fact that you slept badly. And so you begin another night, with an exaggerated dread of lying awake again.

Your whole day might so easily have been different if you had understood the mechanism of worry. If you had realized, when you were not sleeping, that you were at least resting and recuperating, you would not have worried over the loss of those few extra hours you wanted.

As for family squabbles, it should be easy to realize that they are not deadly. If they were, there wouldn't be a family remaining in the world! You have survived and forgotten hundreds of them. Ten years, ten months, from now you will laugh over this one. Just imagine you are juggling the calendar, and laugh now.

There is no reason, anyway, why your family should inevitably think as you do. If your judgment is better—as you believe—your wife and children will find it out in time. Even if they don't, you have made them happy in their own way. That thought alone produces a good emotional tone. Get all you can out of it.

Worry *is almost always associated with emotion of some sort.* Emotion is potential energy. It is steam which must find an outlet. If it is put to work, well and good. If not, it will blow up something, somehow, somewhere. Even though there isn't a real explosion this misdirected energy of emotion will produce a state of mental unrest which often develops into chronic worry.

One of the commonest forms which worry

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takes is that of indecision. It has its root in various bad mental habits; in fear, which always makes you anxious over possible mistakes; in self-consciousness, which makes you imagine slights, injuries, even persecutions. Indecision is a fog, close and blank, shutting off our vision of actual things. If you stand still in it, wondering which way lies the right path, you will never get anywhere.

The only way to escape is to start! Make *some* decision. Do *something*. It will take you out of the fog. You may find then that you have chosen the wrong path; but at least you have got out where you can see that it *is* the wrong one. Then you can take the right one.

Perhaps you have an important letter to write. You muddle it over in your mind for hours, trying to decide on just the proper form. And, all the time, you are worrying because the letter isn't written.

Sit down and write *something!* You probably will find that even this tentative draft is about what you want. And *the very act of decision is helpful mental exercise.* One definite decision, one clear constructive thought, is worth all your hours of anxious, barren planning. Do something! Do it after a reasonable amount of consideration—but do it.

One of the great factors in these cases of unsuccessful mental adjustment is that the victims almost always refuse to face facts. If you can change those you don't like, do it. But if they cannot be changed, don't persist in vain attempts to alter the unalterable. Worse still, don't sit and sulk and worry because they can't be changed.

Another definite point to be made is that nine out of ten human beings are "not made to live alone" mentally. Human companionship is essential. And someone with whom to talk over your anxieties is almost as necessary.

If you have been shutting them up within your own mind you need a mental cathartic. Your mind is clogged with thoughts and worries about something. Get them out of your system! Talk it all out to somebody and it will clear up the whole situation. This frankness acts as a mental and emotional purgative. You will be better for it.

The commonest symptom of worry, the one on which the patient always dwells, is sleeplessness. And when sleeplessness is persistent it does react unfavourably on the physical condition.

It must be repeated that the worry about the loss of sleep is worse than the loss itself. However, you are quite right in wanting sleep, and if you go at it properly you will get it.

Live moderately. Do not work or play to the point of fatigue. If you must overwork at times, take a corresponding period of rest. But as a rule do one day's work—or less—in a day. Then dismiss it, and wait till the next day to begin another.

Put your mind on your diversion, whatever it is. Have a fad. Collect something: beetles, bottles, books—anything that interests you. Play some game. Go fishing. Go to a play or movie.

But don't get dead tired. And eat simple but nourishing food at regular intervals. There is a common belief that food will not digest unless we have an appetite for it. That is another popular error. It will take longer to digest, but it will do it; especially if you give it a good chance by resting when you should.

Now, if you are well fed and not over-tired you have already set up a condition favourable to sleep. But you can do still more. Before you go to bed take a tepid bath. Have the temperature of the water slightly below that of the body. Don't jump right in and right out again, but stay there quietly as long as you feel like it.

But if you are a confirmed worrier, you know what may happen next. You are afraid you are not going to sleep! Because of this fear you begin to worry lest the fear itself will keep you from going to sleep, and so it may be just as you anticipate.

Then lie there quietly, repeating to yourself the formula that you are resting, that you are going to sleep, that you are quiet and drifting into tranquil unconsciousness—a formula which really helps you to relax. If you still do not go to sleep, turn on the reading light by your bed. There should be one there, so that you need not get up to turn it on or off.

There should also be a book, ready to your hand; nothing too interesting, nothing that demands an effort of thought, nothing to stir your emotions. You yourself can best choose what it shall be.

Count, if you like. But simple counting is too mechanical to occupy the ordinary mind. Try counting in groups: "One; one, two; one, two, three; one, two, three, four"; and so on, slowly and with an inhalation and an exhalation for each count. Many persons find this so efficacious that they never reach twenty-five in their counting.

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A Prize for a Sense of Humour.

£150 IN PRIZES.

First Prize £100.
Second Prize £25.

Five other Prizes of £5 each.

Can you see a joke? If you can, make a numbered list of the following twelve comic pictures in order of merit from what you consider the funniest down to the least funny. This competition will be of value to us as well as to you, as showing what examples of humour make the widest appeal. A list of the pictures, in their order of popularity as indicated by the voting, will be made out, and the readers whose lists approach it most nearly will obtain the prizes. In the event of ties, any prize may be divided at the Editor's discretion. Competitors may send in more than one list, but each must be accompanied by the coupon on page 46 of the advertisement section, and should be posted on or before June 14th, addressed to THE STRAND MAGAZINE Offices, 8-11, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C. 2, and marked "Sense of Humour Competition."

The Editor's decision in all matters relating to this competition must be accepted as final.



ETIQUETTE.

1.—WILLIE MOSQUITO: "What, are you trying a black boy?"
WALTER MOSQUITO: "Yes; I'm in mourning."

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



2.—COLONEL FITZ-SHRAPNEL receives the following message:—
"Please let us know as soon as possible the number of tins of raspberry jam issued to you last Friday."

DRAWN BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER.

By permission of the "Bystander."

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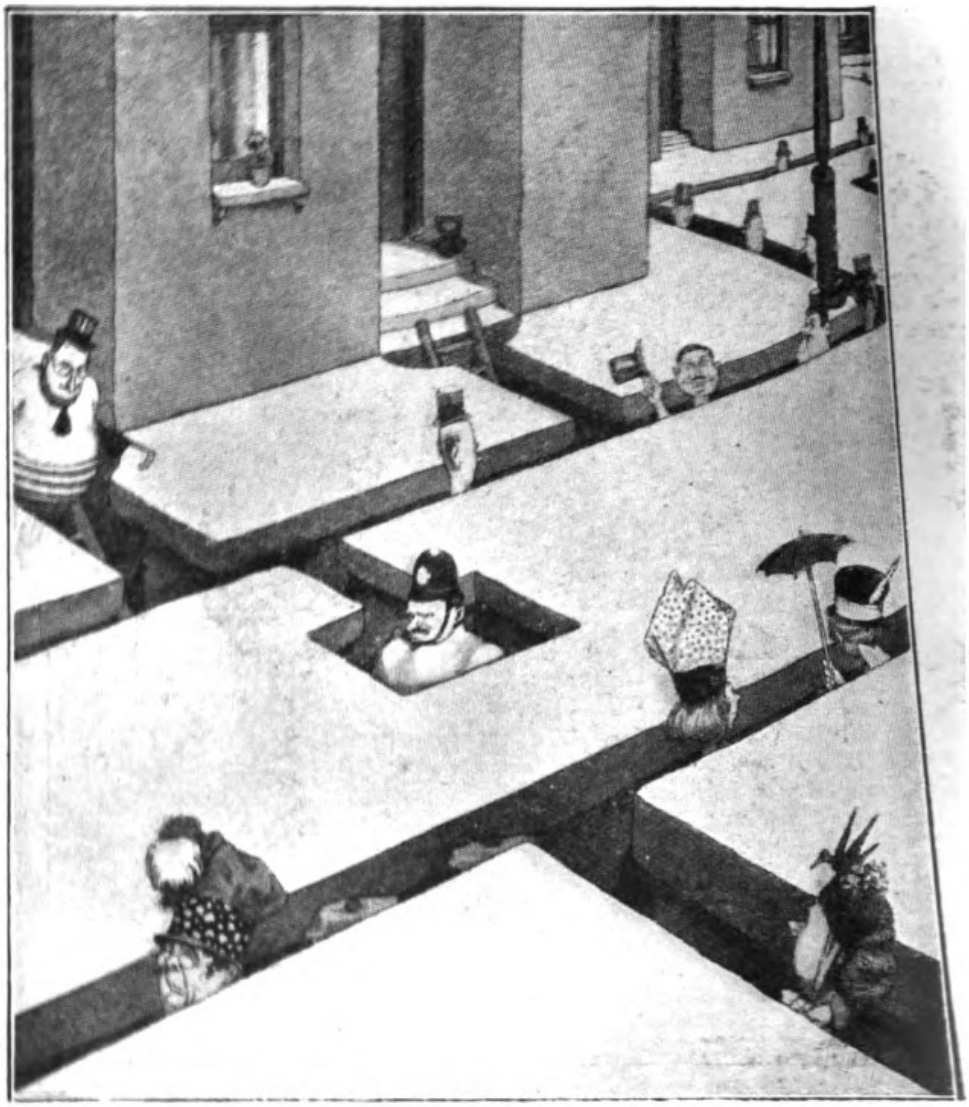


3.—"WHERE'S MY EGG?"
DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



4.—EILEEN (remembering the fate of many air-balloons): "When is it going to burst?"
DRAWN BY RAVEN-HILL.

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5. A SCHEME FOR DOING AWAY WITH THE NECESSITY FOR CLOTHES.
DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON



6. [illegible]
DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER

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7. BAD LUNACY!

"OH, MOTHER DO BUY ME THAT ONE WITH THE HAT ON!"

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



8. SENSATIONS WE HATE.

WHEN THE LIFT STARTS.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



9.—THE ENTHUSIAST (delighted, as alarmed wife appears): "I say, Gertrude, I've got my swing much better now. I was coming right across them all before."

DRAWN BY TOM WILKINSON.

By permission of "Golf Illustrated."

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A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

10.—"COME on, Sam; we're going 'ome. Draw stumps!"

DRAWN BY CHAS. GRAVE.

Reproduced by the special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."



11.—OBSERVANT LADY (to gentleman alighting from bus): "I think you've dropped a penny!"

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

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12.—TOMMY (inspecting museum, to a scholarly visitor): "Beg pardon, sir, but who is this 'ere party in puttees?"

DRAWN BY C. H. HARRISON.

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The BEACH of DREAMS

A Romance

by

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

Illustrated by Tom Peddie

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SHIP.

SHE had been built on the Chu Kiang in the great junk building yards that lie just below Canton, and her bones had been put together by yellow men. Built to a European design, China had come out in her lines just as the curve of the Tartar tent-tops still lingers in the roof of the pagoda.

She might have been a hundred and fifty tons, not more, maybe less, and the junk pattern had been eliminated, and European sticks and decent canvas substituted for lateen sails by the direction of the man who ordered her, and who was a smuggler.

She had been built for swiftness as well as cargo, and, her builders having been junk builders since the time of Tiberius, she was a failure, sailing like a dough-dish; and the yard that built her, having seen her float off, went on building junks.

Then she passed from hand to hand, and dirty hands they were, till she came into the possession of one Chang, a sea-scraper, to whom everything came in handy from bêche-de-mer to barratry and murder.

Chang was modern in some of his ideas; he carried a Swenfoyn harpoon-gun, and, having luck down by the Sundas, he collected half a cargo of oil which he sold at Perth; from Perth he had dough-dished along down to Kerguelen after the "big seals." He had struck this bay by chance, and he had struck oil, for all to westward of it lay a stretch of unwashed rock, as good a sea-elephant ground as that on the long beach.

The girl standing beside Raft viewed the scene below with a catch at the heart. The carcasses, the little bloodstained busy men, the try-pots like witches' cauldrons, and that strange-looking ship, which even to her eyes seemed not as other ships were, all these had a tinge of nightmare. Amongst the men she noted one, big almost as Raft. He seemed their leader.

"Chinks," said Raft; "Chinese—they've got their pigtails rolled up. Well, they're better than nothing."

He picked up the bundle that he had laid down, and led the way to the slope that gave on the beach.

As they came on to the upper part of the beach the "Chinks" noticed them, paused for a second in their labours, and then, finding that it was only a solitary man and woman, went on with their work as though the intruders had been a couple of penguins.

"Cool lot," said Raft.

The girl paused. The sight of the carcasses and the blood at close quarters, the absolute indifference of the blubber-strippers at the sight of an obvious pair of castaways, the whole scene and circumstance turned her soul and chilled her heart.

"I don't like this," said she. "Those men make me afraid, they don't seem human—they are *horrible*."

"Wait you here," said Raft.

He advanced alone across the black shingle, and she stood watching him and listening to the stones crunching beneath his feet.

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His advance did not disturb the workers.

They seemed working against time. Without any manner of doubt, they were anxious to be done with the business and be out of that bay before the next blow came.

Undersized, agile, with weary-old faces that seemed covered with drawn parchment, they seemed less like men than automata—all save the leader, a gigantic, imperious-looking Mongolian with a thin, cat-like moustache, a man of the true river-pirate type with a dash of the mandarin. This man held in his hand a long thong of leather. Captain or leader, or whatever he might be, he was most evidently the serang of that labour party.

On the shingle where the ripples washed in lay a boat, half-beached.

The big man was Chang, and as Raft approached, harpoon in hand, she saw Chang draw himself up to his full height and stand waiting. Then she heard Raft's voice, and saw him pointing at her and inland, and then at the ship.

Chang stood dumb. Then all at once he exploded, shouting and gesticulating. She could not make out what he said, but she knew. He was ordering them off. He seemed to be ordering them off the earth as well as the beach. And Raft stood there patient and dumb, like a chidden child.

Then she saw Raft nod his head and turn away.

He came back crunching up the shingle. "Sit down," said he.

She sat down and he took his seat beside her. He had dropped the bundle just there, and as he sat for a moment, before speaking, he noticed that the fish-line securing the mouth of the sack was loose; he carefully retied it.

"You saw how that chap carried on," said he. "I had to put a stopper on myself. He's the chap—them little yellow-bellies don't count. He's the chap, and I've got to get him aside from the others." He spoke rapidly, and she saw that his eyes were injected with blood.

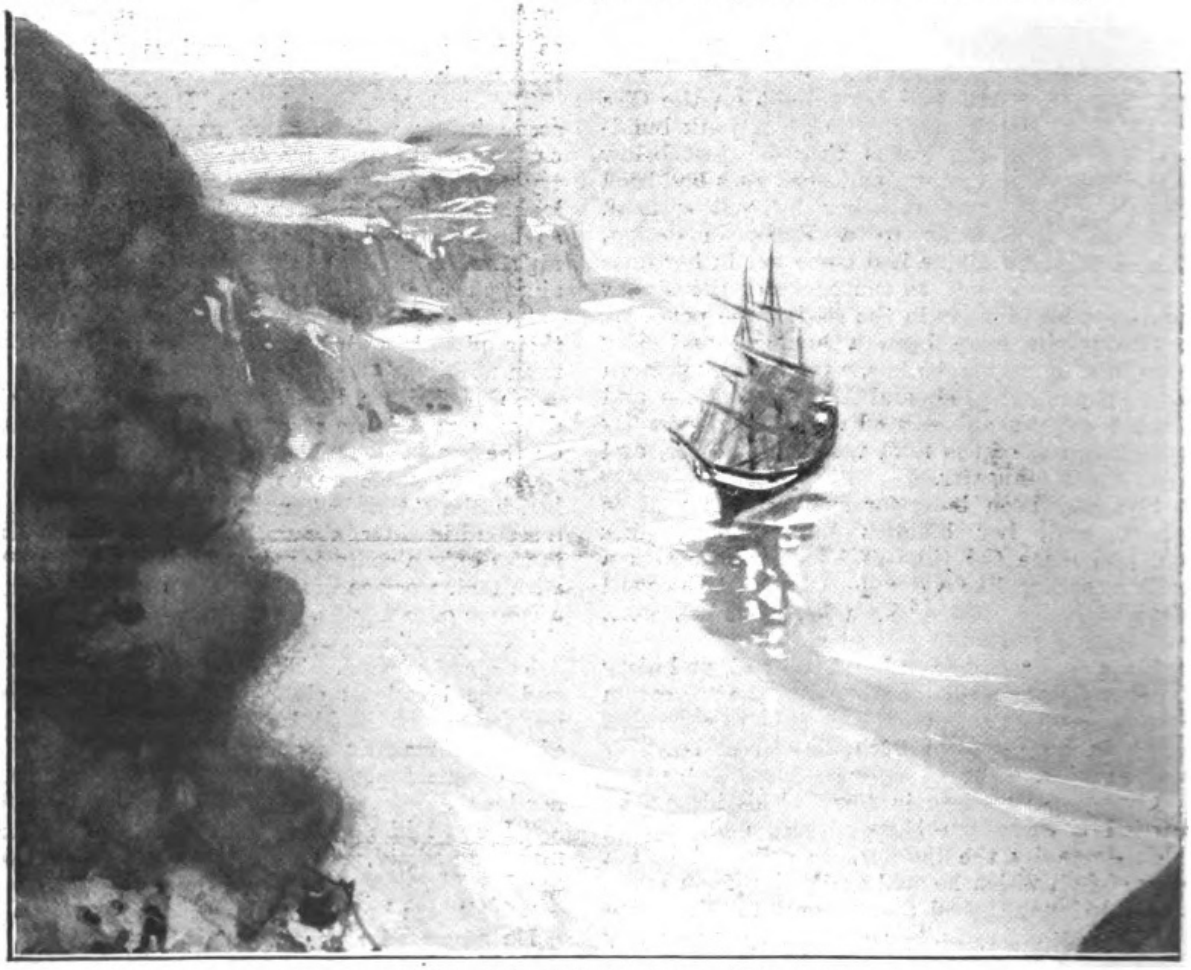
A new fear seized upon her, a fear akin to the dread she had felt that dark night in the cave, when she had caught the sound of La Touche dragging himself close to her, the dread of imminently-impending action.

"Let us go away," said she; "another ship may come; anything is better than having a fight with those men."

"Have you got that knife safe?" asked Raft. She still wore the fisherman's knife round her waist. She put her hand on it.

"Yes, the knife is safe."

"If that chap downs me for good," said Raft, "stick that knife through yourself; if he doesn't, you take my orders, and take them sharp."



"THE GIRL STANDING BESIDE RAFT VIEWED THE SCENE BELOW WITH A CATCH AT THE [illegible] OTHER SHIPS WERE, HAD

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He had risen to his feet, and without a word more he came down the shingle again towards the workers, walking in a leisurely way and trailing the harpoon along.

He approached Chang, who turned on him again with the anger of a busy man importuned by a beggar. The most heart-sickening thing to the girl was the way in which, after the first driving off of Raft, the great Chinaman and his crew had gone on with their work as though they were alone on the beach; pity and humanity seemed as remote from that crowd as from the carcasses they were handling. Active hostility would have been less horrible, somehow, than this absolute indifference to the condition of others.

Chang did not wait for Raft to speak, this time; he began the speaking, or, rather, the shouting, advancing on the other, who began to retreat. Chang, as if wishing to have done with this matter for good, followed him up, and at every step the devil in him seemed to rise higher, whilst his voice filled the beach.

What a voice that was! Half-singing, half-booming, the "whang-whong-goom-along" of the running coolie chanting as he runs seemed mixed with it, till, his anger breaking bounds



HEART. THAT STRANGE-LOOKING SHIP, WHICH EVEN TO HER EYES SEEMED NOT AS A TINGE OF NIGHTMARE."

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he let fly with the strap in his hand, catching the other across the shoulder of the arm that held the harpoon.

Then Raft killed him.

The girl who saw the killing was less appalled for the moment by the deed than the doer of it. The blow of the harpoon that sent Chang's brains flying like the contents of a smashed custard-apple was like a flash of lightning; it was the thunder that terrified.

Roaring like a sea-bull he sprang from the body of Chang towards the crowd, who faced him for a moment with their knives like a herd of jackals. The girl, who had sprung to her feet, plucked the knife from her belt and came running, terror gone and a wind seeming to carry her over the shingle. Zoned in steel-blue light, she saw the harpoon flying from right to left, destroying everything in its way, knives flying into the air as if tossed by jugglers, a yellow, greasy back which she struck at with her knife, a yellow Chinese face falling backwards with eyes wide on her, as if the Chinese soul of the creature she had stabbed to the heart were trying to cling to her.

Then she was sitting on the shingle, very ill, and Raft was coming back to her, running.

The fight was over, and the beasts had flown, left and right; she could see them crawling like ants away up on the higher ground. They had dropped their knives and the knives were lying here and there on the shingle, where also lay four dead bodies, including the body of Chang.

Ten minutes ago there had been eighteen live Chinamen on that beach.

Raft was bleeding from a cut on the arm, his face was gashed above the beard, a knife had ripped his coat, and the back of his left hand showed another wound.

He was laughing and carrying on like a man in drink, and now that the fit of sickness had passed an extraordinary lightheadedness seized her—like Raft, she seemed drunk.

She had been snatched for a moment into a world where to kill was the only alternative to death or worse than death. For a moment she had lived in the Stone Age, she had fought like a savage animal and with the fury of the female, more terrific than the rage of the male. She had been pushed to the edge of things, and it was she who had turned the fight. The man she had killed was in the act of knifing Raft in the back.

"The boat!" cried Raft.

She struggled to her feet, steadied herself, and came to the boat; they pushed it out till it was nearly water-borne, she scrambled in, he followed, and pushed off. Out in the bay the high black cliffs rose above them as if pushed by a scene-shifter, the light-headed, laughing raving feeling left her, and as they came alongside of the barque to starboard and tied up to the channel plates she was clear-headed and calm and able to get on board by the channel without assistance.

On the deck she tottered and fell in the dead swoon of exhaustion.

It is a long journey to the Stone Age and back, and the man or woman who makes it is never quite, quite the same again.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE OPIUM-SMOKERS.

RAFT had never seen a female swoon before. He thought for a moment that she had dropped dead, and the shock of the business pulled him together like a douche of cold water. Then he saw that she was breathing and took heart, rubbing her hands and poking her in the ribs and calling on her to pull herself together. He would have been more frightened only that he put her condition down to her general unaccountableness in some ways.

In less than five minutes she had come to and was leaning on her elbow and declaring herself to be all right. Then she got on her feet and, taking her seat on the side of the open hatch, looked about her at the dingy deck cumbered with a whale-boat and all sorts of raffle. The slight swell of the bay rocked the barque to the creaking tune of block and cordage, whilst overhead the sea-gulls flitted mewing against the vast black cliff that rose three hundred feet sheer from the licking sea.

"You're all right now?" said Raft, dubiously.

"Yes, I feel quite right and strong again—just a little dizzy, that's all."

"Mind and don't tumble back down that hatch," said he. "I'll drop below and see what's to be found if you keep your eye out for them larrikins. Give me a call if you sight them."

The larrikins were nowhere to be seen; they were in the high ground, hidden, and no doubt holding a council of war, but sight or sound of them there was none.

She nodded, and he dropped below into the cabin.

The cabin of Chang was clean, almost dainty; two smaller cabins opened from it, one evidently for Chang and the other for his second in command. Raft, in his hurried look round, saw a lot of things, including a rack containing six rifles and two heavy revolvers resting on an ammunition-box containing hundreds of cartridges. He opened the lazarette beneath the cabin flooring; it seemed well-stored, and on a shelf in the main cabin there were some provisions, including a tin of biscuits.

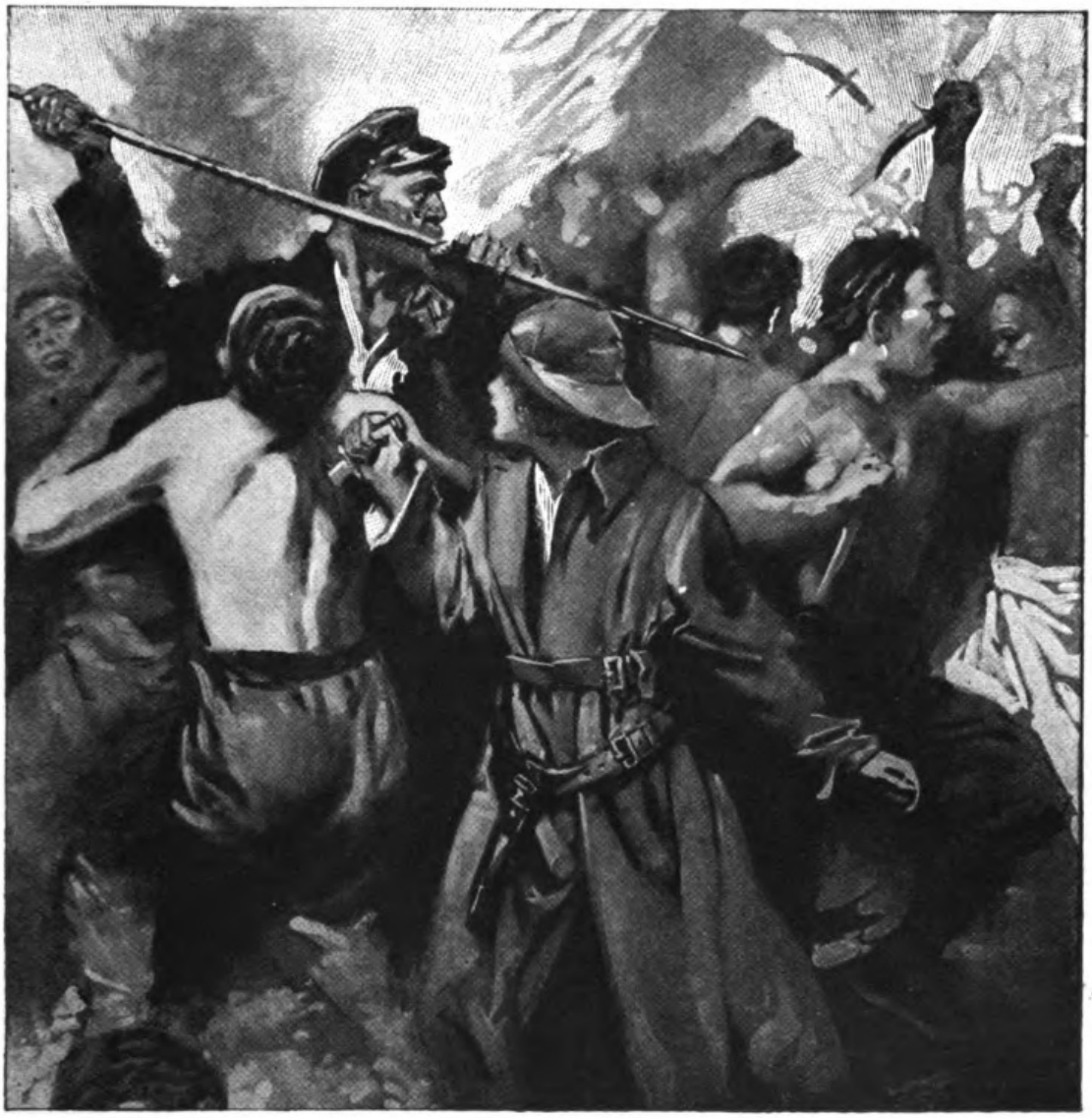
He brought up the biscuits, the two revolvers, and a pocketful of ammunition, and, taking his seat on the hatch-edge beside the girl, opened the tin; then he went forward and hunted for water, found the water-cask, and, getting a tin pannikin from the galley, brought her a drink.

He had never loaded or fired a revolver; the girl had, and she showed him how, the echoes of the cliffs answering to the ear-splitting reports as he made a few practice shots, and the guillemots squalling and rising in clouds from their perches on the rock.

"We're fixed all right now," said he, "and we can have those chaps on board when they're ready to come."

"On board!"

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"SHE SAW THE HARPOON FLYING FROM RIGHT TO LEFT, KNIVES FLYING INTO THE AIR AS IF TOSSED BY JUGGLERS, A YELLOW, GREASY BACK WHICH SHE STRUCK AT WITH HER KNIFE."

"Oh, they'll come right enough, they've got no grub on land."

"Come—but do you mean to say you will let them?"

"Who's to work the hooker out of the bay?" he answered; "not you and me. We've got to get them aboard. There's no harm in them now they're licked."

He spoke with a knowledge of men absorbed from the whole world over. The Chinese were licked, and like dogs they would come to heel. He knew it, for he knew men. He had put the fear of God into them, he and the girl; the thing was over, give the "Chinks" time to bind their wounds and swallow their gruel, and they would be right as pie. He had seen a whole ship's company licked by a little man of great will, and in hundreds of experiences and fights he had found that a beaten man, be he strong as ten, is to be led like a child. He was right. Next morning—they slept on deck that night keeping watch alternately—the "Chinks," hungry and starving for a suck at their opium-pipes, appeared, the whole crowd of them, and coming down the beach like a troop of children, stood in a line; then they began to wail.

Wail and wag their heads and wave their hands. Kerguelen coming on top of the licking had broken them to pieces. Then the whole lot kow-towed like one man, knees and forehead on the shingle.

Raft got into the boat and rowed off for the beach, bringing them aboard four at a time, and as each lot reached the deck they kow-towed to the girl, and then trotted forward to the fo'c'sle, disappearing like rats, their teeth chattering from exposure during the night, stripped to the waist as they were, and never could one have imagined these little cringing, harmless-looking men the jackals of the day before.

When the whole lot were in the fo'c'sle, Raft gave them time to settle, then he went down amongst them, revolver in pocket. They had

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lit a lamp and some had lit opium-pipes, and some were lighting them, and they lay about like creatures broken with cold and weariness. He nodded to them, and left them to the opium that would drive the chill from their bones, and, coming on deck, stood beside the girl.

"They'll be able to work the ship to-morrow," said he; "told you they'd be all right; reckon they won't mind changing that big chap I knocked out for us."

"They don't seem to be able to speak a word of English," said she.

"Oh, I reckon I'll do the steering till we get clear of this place," said he; "they'll handle the sails without knowing English, and once we're clear, we have only to make north till we strike a Christian ship."

"They seem so harmless," she said, "and when I think of that fight—and of what I did——"

"You fought fine—damned fine," said Raft; "damned fine." He put his arm round her, not as a man puts his arm round a woman, but as a shipmate puts his arm round a shipmate.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MAINSAIL HAUL.

THAT night Raft and the girl took it in turns again to keep watch on deck. They might just as well have gone below for all the trouble the crew could have given them. These gentry had fought bitterly because they had been attacked. Raft had frightened them. There is a form of bravery which one might liken to inverted terror. Rats show it when they are cornered, and so do men. They had seen their boss killed with a blow, and the destroyer hurling himself on them, and, though they were peaceable men, they fought. These same peaceable men, be it understood, would, all the same, have murdered a human being for profit could they have done so with reasonable safety.

When the girl came on deck in the morning after her watch below, she found the deck busy, and Raft, with his hands in his pockets, leaning against the port bulwarks and watching the busy ones.

"They're in a thundering hurry to get out," said Raft. "That chap," pointing to a "Chink" that seemed a cut above the others, and was evidently the mate, "has been pointing to the sky and out there beyond the bay. They seem to smell bad weather coming. I nodded my head to him, and he's working the hands now for all they're worth."

"The wind is blowing from the land," said the girl.

"Yes," said Raft; "it'll take us out without towing, unless it changes."

The hatch cover had been put on, and the boat brought to the davits; some of the crew were up aloft scrambling about like monkeys, others were making ready to haul on the halyards, and a fellow was unlashing the wheel. There was not a face in all the crowd that did not bear the signature of Anxiety writ on parchment.

The fear of weather, the fear of Kerguelen, and the fear of that bay, which was evidently haunted by evil spirits, drove them like a whip.

The mainsail was set to a chorus like the crying of sea-fowl, and the foresail and jib. The tide coming in held the barque to a taut anchor-chain, with her stern to the beach and the wind ready to take her. The mate was at the wheel, and now from forward ought to have come the sound of the windlass pawls and the rasp of the rising anchor-chain. It did not. From the group of Chinese collected there came instead a clang followed by a splash.

"Why, the beggars have knocked the shackle off the chain," cried Raft. "Lord bless *my* soul, never waited to raise the mud-hook!"

"Does it matter?" she asked.

"Sure to have a spare one," answered he; "but it gets me, that's Chinee all over—they're rattled."

"Look!" she cried; "we're moving!"

The cliffs were beginning to glide landward, the sea opened wide under the grey, breezy day, and the great islands showed themselves away to the east. To the west and the north all was clear water.

Raft and the girl walked to the after-rail and looked at the coast they were leaving; it seemed horribly near and the great black cliffs only a gunshot away. If the infernal wind of Kerguelen were to arise and blow from the north, even now they might be seized and dashed back on those rocks, but the south-east wind held steady and the cliffs drew away and the coast lengthened and new cliffs and bays disclosed themselves, till they almost fancied they could see, away to the east, the great seal beach where the remains of the dead man lay in the cave and where the great sea-bulls were without doubt taking their ease on the rocks.

And now came the last call of Kerguelen, the voice of the kittiwakes:—

"Get-away—get-away—get-away."

Raft, as they stood and watched, put his arm over the shoulder of the girl, and as she held the great hand that had saved her and brought her so far towards safety, her mind, miles away, kept travelling the long road from the caves.

"I'm thinking of the bundle and all the poor things in it," said she; "it will lie there for ever on the beach, waiting to be picked up—it's strange."

"I was thinkin' the same thing myself," said Raft, "and the old harpoon I licked that chap across the head with."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE "CARCASSONNE."

RAFT had found other things than arms and ammunition in the cabin—he had found a box containing nearly three thousand five hundred dollars, partly in American money and partly in English gold coin. Chang had stowed it in his chest, a big cedar-wood affair, containing all sorts of oddments, including a can of blue label

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Canton opium cigars, a couple of suits of fine silk, and a woman's gold bracelet.

Chang had evidently been well-to-do in his way and a man of refinement; his bunk bedding was of the finest quality, and on a shelf near the bunk lay piled new-washed sheets and pillow-cases. The girl took his cabin and slept in his bunk. Long ago, in the world that was slowly coming back to her, the idea of sleeping in the bunk of a Chinaman she had seen killed would have revolted her; now, it did not trouble her at all. She only knew that a mattress and clean sheets were heaven, even if she had to sleep with a revolver under her pillow. Then in a day or two she only put the revolver there as a matter of routine. The "Chinks" gave evidence that, so far from making trouble, they were extremely anxious to propitiate and please, and the man who had evidently served Chang appeared in the cabin tidying things and laying out the food; whilst the man who had evidently been mate worked the ship in his own weird way, seeming scarcely ever to sleep. He had laid the course almost due north, taking the sun with a back-stick that might have come out of the Ark, working out his calculations in the fo'c'sle in his own head. Raft did not know, he knew nothing of navigation as a science, nor did he care; they were going north and day by day drawing into the track of ships, that was enough for him.

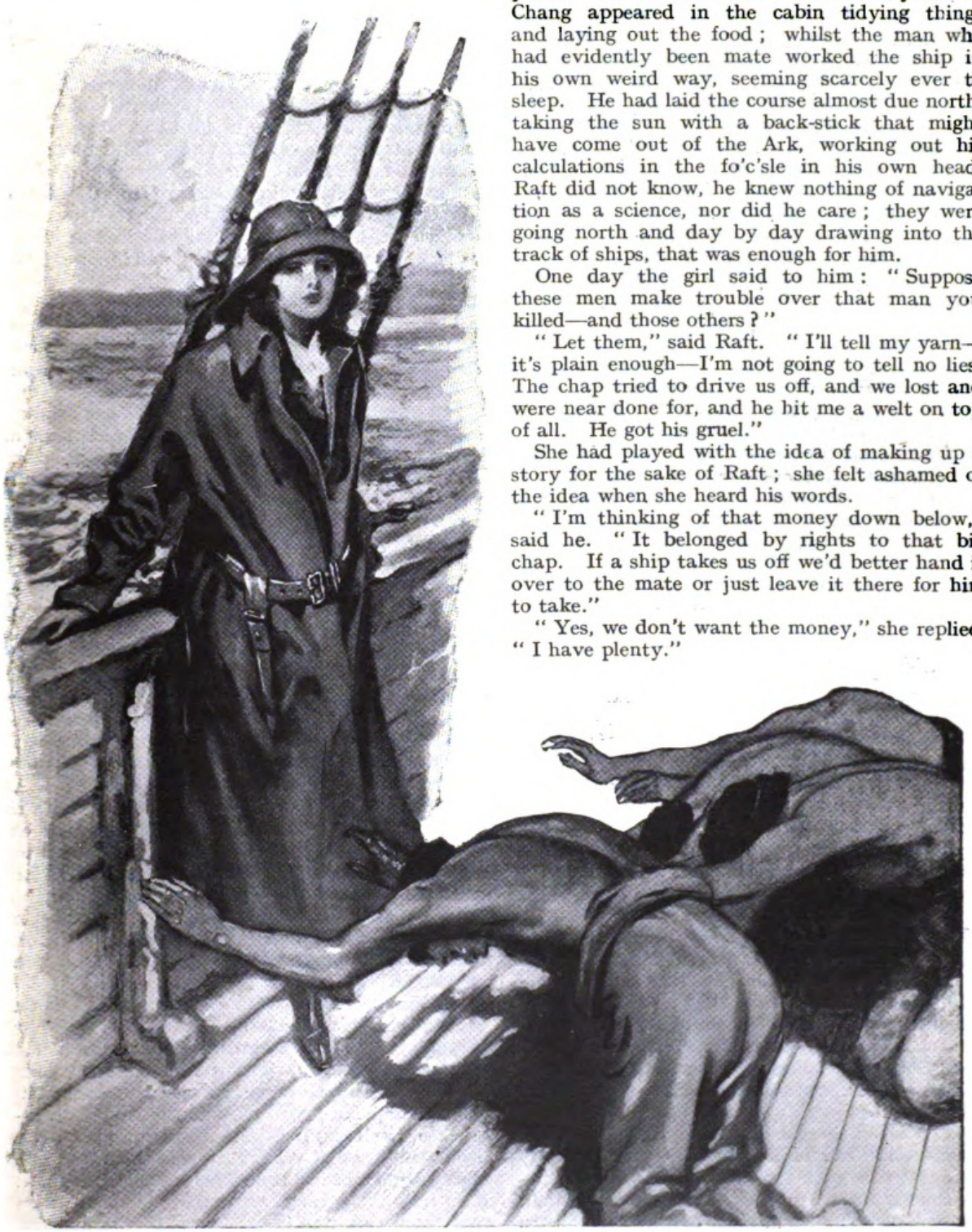
One day the girl said to him: "Suppose these men make trouble over that man you killed—and those others?"

"Let them," said Raft. "I'll tell my yarn—it's plain enough—I'm not going to tell no lies. The chap tried to drive us off, and we lost and were near done for, and he hit me a welt on top of all. He got his gruel."

She had played with the idea of making up a story for the sake of Raft; she felt ashamed of the idea when she heard his words.

"I'm thinking of that money down below," said he. "It belonged by rights to that big chap. If a ship takes us off we'd better hand it over to the mate or just leave it there for him to take."

"Yes, we don't want the money," she replied, "I have plenty."



"AS EACH LOT OF CHINAMEN REACHED THE DECK THEY KOW-TOWED TO THE GIRL, AND THEN TROTTED FORWARD TO THE FO'C'SLE."

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"You! Where have you got it?" asked he, looking her over.

"In France," she replied. Then she laughed. It was the first time she had laughed since that day when the sea-bulls had driven the penguins off, and Raft, as though her mirth were infectious, laughed also.

It seemed a joke to him, somehow, the idea of her having money in France.

The idea of her being one of the Rich People had never worked its way into his head. She was just herself; different, it is true, in some indefinable way from anyone he had ever met, speaking differently, acting differently, but made familiar to his mind by struggle and adversity. He scarcely thought of her as a woman, yet he was hugely fond of her—a fondness that had begun in pity and had been strengthened and made to grow by her pluck. He liked to have her near him, and when she was out of sight he felt a bit astray; he never bothered about the future, so the idea of parting with her had not come to him.

And she? When Raft was out of her sight she felt astray. Her mind had spun between them a tie of a new sort in a world grown cynical and old and cold, an affection permanent as the hills, warm as summer. Everything good in her loved Raft; it was the affection of a mother for a child, of a child for a mother.

He had nursed her back to life, he had brought her life, and never once since that day had he chilled her with a littleness or broken a thread of what was spinning in her heart. He was illiterate, he was rough; but he was Raft. He was the great beach of Kerguelen and the sea-bulls and the distant islands, he was the hand that had destroyed Loneliness and driven away death, the child who had listened to Jack and the Bean Stalk, the Lion that had destroyed Chang, the companion in a loneliness ringed with despair.

One morning, beyond the 40th parallel and some two hundred miles to the nor'-west of St. Paul, the Chinese mate plucked Raft by the sleeve and pointed into the west.

The day was clear, with a wind just enough to fill the sails of the barque, and a long blue leisurely swell running from the south. Away in the east was a trace of smoke as though a grimy finger had stained the sky just above the sea-line.

"Ship!" said the mate.

It was the one word of English that he knew. Raft was about to shout and run to the cabin-hatch to call the girl. Then he held himself back. It might be a false hope. Yet if he had thought he might have known that a ship in the east meant a ship right across their course, here, where there were no trade tracks north and south.

Then above the sea-line and clear of smoke he saw her hull.

He pointed to the halyards and the mate understood. The mate was evidently desperately anxious to be quit for good of his self-invited passengers, for when Raft came on deck again with the girl they found the barque under bare poles, rolling to the swell, and a Chinese flag half-masted flicking in the wind.

Also, away across the sea, shearing towards them and making to cross their bows a mile away, a two-funnelled steamer whose funnels closed to one as she shifted her helm to get within speaking distance of them.

She was the *Carcassonne*, a seven-thousand-ton freighter carrying passengers; a French boat, bound from Sydney to Cape Town and Marseilles.

Raft, the day before, had taken the Chinese mate down to the cabin and showed him Chang's money and had presented it to him and the crew in pantomime.

It was honesty. It was also a good stroke. There was no trouble when the *Carcassonne*, her huge bulk rolling gently to the swell, dropped a boat; though, indeed, had the companions of Chang wished to raise trouble they would have found themselves seriously handicapped, dumb as they were in every language but their own.

Chang had been their linguist as well as their leader. They had literally lost their tongue.

CHAPTER XXX.

MARSEILLES.

ON board the *Carcassonne* Cléo had broken down as though all the exhaustion she had defied had waited for that moment to fall upon her.

But the energy that had held her above defeat and had given her hope when things seemed hopeless was there undestroyed, and when the turning-point came she rallied swiftly. She came on deck one morning when Bathurst lay a point invisible beyond the blue sea to starboard and, sitting in a deck-chair, made friends with the other passengers.

It seemed to her almost impossible that the same world should hold Kerguelen and at the same time this paradise of azure-blue sky and tepid wind.

Raft had told her story before reaching Cape Town, and the loss of the *Gaston de Paris* was now old news in Europe, and the fact that of all the *Gaston's* crowd only the beautiful Cléo de Bronsart had been saved.

Raft had joined the crew of the *Carcassonne*, sleeping in the fo'c'sle, where there were several English-speaking sailors, and as much out of his element as a man used only to masts and spars can be on a steamboat. However, he swabbed decks and did odd jobs without a grumble, and he was swabbing the deck on the morning she came up, and dropped the business for a moment to take the two hands she held out to him.

All through that time below she had been wanting Raft and his big hand to pull her through; satisfied, knowing he was on board and all right, but wanting him all the same. On the old barque once or twice had come the stray thought of how Raft's figure would accommodate itself against the background of the world she knew. Well, here was the world she knew, or part of it; a deck, clean as a ball-room floor and as spacious, passengers in deck-chairs reading novels, and a manicured French surgeon ready to talk art or philosophy to her, polished, but rather narrow of shoulder.

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And against all that stood Raft, rough and in the clothes he had worn on the beach; for there was not a man on board whose clothes would have fitted him comfortably.

Well, he was not incongruous with his background, simply because he destroyed it. In a ball-room it would have been the same. He carried with him his background of high black cliffs and miles of beach and flying gulls and breaking sea, and in a flash came to her the fact that he dwarfed and belittled the other people around just as Nature dwarfs and belittles art.

She held both his hands for a moment, managing to pat them, somehow, as she held them; asking him what on earth he was doing with the swab he had just dropped. She had an idea that the ship people had put him to work, but before the idea had risen to indignation heat he reassured her.

"I must be doing," said Raft. "Not that there's much to be at in this old kettle. You've got your legs back—well, that's good. I had it out with that doctor chap and he told me how you were going from day to day, but I've been wanting the sight of you."

He put his hand on her shoulder as he might on a pal's, then he crossed his arms. "And well you look," said he.

"Dr. Petit," said the girl, speaking in French, "this is Raft, the bravest and best man in the world, as you will know when I tell you all. Shake hands with him."

The doctor shook hands.

The passengers, and the first officer across the bridge canvas, watched all this with curiosity. They knew something but they did not know all. They did that night, when she had told them as best she could.

After that she met him often on deck, giving him a word or stopping for a chat, and it was now that she began to think and make plans as to the future.

Raft had become part of herself, they were bound together as perhaps no two such contrary beings had ever been bound. The idea of love, the idea of marriage, all conventional ideas as between grown-ups of opposite sex, were as absurd in relation to them as they would have been in relation to two children who had grown attached one to the other.

As regarded one another, they were in fact two children; for Raft had never been anything but a child, and Kerguelen and Raft combined had awakened the primitive and the child in her, giving her the power of affection that makes a little child throw its arm round the neck of a dog.

But the world could not understand that, and Raft to the world was a rough sailor man, and she, to the world, was Cléo de Bronsart.

She would lie awake at night listening to the pounding of the screws and thinking of this; contrasting the figure of Raft with the world she knew and the world she knew with the figure of Raft.

Mme. de Brie, her nearest relation, would pass before her mind's eye with her gold eye-glasses, and the Comtesse de Mirandole and a host of others, and the queer thing was that the vaguest feeling of antagonism tinged her mind towards these estimable people; they seemed forgeries, impudent forgeries of the handwriting that had first written the word Man on the earth. She had seen the original writing.

She felt also towards them the antagonism of the child to the grown-up, and of the person who can't explain to the person who stands waiting for an explanation.

Then she would laugh quietly to herself, for no woman, surely, was ever in a similar position; then, casting her mind back, she would sometimes choke a little with tears in her throat, tears for herself, dying of loneliness, and for the hand that had brought her back from death.

They passed the entrance of the Straits and Gibraltar, and one bright blue winter's morning they entered the harbour of Marseilles, with Marseilles before them blazing in the sun and the bugles of Fort St. Jean answering the crying of the gulls and the drums of Fort St. Nicholas.

Cléo was dressed in the same clothes she had worn on her escape from the *Gaston de Paris*; she had borrowed a hat from one of the ladies on board, and stockings and other things from another lady, but she still wore round her waist the leather belt with the empty knife-sheath.

As she stood on deck, now, waiting whilst the *Carcassonne* berthed at the wharf alongside a great Messagerie steamer, she carried over her arm the oilskin coat and, by its elastic band, the sou'-wester. They were old friends.

Then when the hawsers had been passed and the gang-plank was being run out she saw amongst the crowd on the wharf M. de Brie and Mme. de Brie, also a number of well-dressed people, Parisians some of them.

Then she was being embraced by Mme. de Brie and trying at the same time to acknowledge the salute of M. Bonvalot, her lawyer and man of affairs, a stout, pale man with long Dundreary whiskers who had come from Paris to receive her.

All this crowd had not come purely on account of Cléo; besides the people interested in her there were several friends and relations of Prince Selm, also his lawyer.

"I have taken rooms at the Hôtel Noailles," said Mme. de Brie, "and I have brought you some clothes. Oh, my poor child, what you must have suffered—but why did the people on board not lend you some better things?"

"Oh, my clothes are all right," said Cléo; "people wanted to lend me things, but I am quite comfortable in these."

She was looking about in search of Raft, who was nowhere to be seen.

Then she was seized by the rest, by the Comtesse de Mirandole, by Mme. de Florey, and several others who had stopped at Marseilles—on their way to Monte Carlo—to meet the *Carcassonne* and greet the girl who had alone survived the wreck of the *Gaston de Paris*. Some of these people knew her only slightly, but once a person becomes famous or notorious it is astonishing how slight acquaintanceship blossoms into full friendship.

Several photographers from the illustrated

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papers were amongst the crowd and a Pathé operator was on the quay.

Cléo was already recovering that sixth sense, which one might call the social sense, and, as she talked almost to half-a-dozen people at once, answering questions and receiving felicitations, this sixth sense told her quite plainly that she was being criticized by her felicitators, that in their eyes she was a guy; that the old velour hat she had borrowed, the hair that showed beneath it, her face, which had still upon it a reflection of Kerguelen, her old skirt and coat—all these things, singly and taken together, were exciting in the minds of these Parisians a pity which was not unrelated to humour. She did not mind, she was looking for Raft.

It seemed to her that all these people, excellent in their way, had a tinge of unreality about them. On the voyage she had sometimes vaguely dreaded that Raft might be pushed away from her, despite herself, by the contrast between him and her own order; it had come to her that the difference between the beach of Kerguelen and the Avenue Malakoff might take her like a giant of mind and divorce her from her allegiance to him. That the good companion, the true friend, the person she loved, might alter completely under the touch of social alchemy.

Raft was impossible. She knew that. More impossible even than a sea-elephant from that far beach where life was real and Paris a dream; impossible in Paris, where life was false and the far beach a dream.

Raft at a dinner-party! Raft at one of those elegant afternoons where the talk would run on the politics of the moment, on symbolism, on Bergson, or Iturrino, or the works of Othon Friesz! He could not be her companion in that place, in that atmosphere, within leagues of those people.

She was not thinking that now. "Those people" around her seemed strangers, they had in fact always been strangers, in reality; strangers who had kissed her, conversed with her, dined with her, but strangers; the one true living warm friend, the only one she had ever known, was Raft. It was the penguins and sea-bulls over again, the polite, bowing, absolutely correct penguins, the warm, lumping, living sea-bulls.

Her heart—chilled by stephanotis-scented kisses, words of felicitation, and the fat smiles of men in tall hats and tight-buttoned overcoats, chilled by M. de Brie's gold-rimmed eye-glasses, chilled by a social state that had never warmed her—cried out for Raft. Kerguelen and that beach, where, even now, the sea-bulls might be lingering, seemed a warm and blissful vision, real, alive, a place where life meant living.

Ah, here he came. He had been helping to fix a hawser at the bows. She ran towards him.

"Ah, there you are. Now you are coming with me. I have told the captain and he said this morning it would be all right, as you were not signed on."

"Right," said Raft; "but where are you going?"

"To an hotel."

He looked about him. He saw the crowd on deck, but he did not connect it with her. He was out of his reckoning. He had never thought of what would happen in port as regarded her, or where he would go or what he would do—making plans was not in his way. In the ordinary course of things he would have gone to the British Consulate, and the Shipwrecked Mariners' people would have returned him, carriage-paid, to England. He had always been in the hands of others and of chance.

She—he had always called her She; and here, be it said, he did not know her name, never having asked—She had now taken him into her hands, and he felt vaguely that she was a power on this new beach where he was stranded.

Had you told him that she was a woman of society and very wealthy, his idea of her power would not have been increased; he knew nothing of wealth or society. She was She in her old dress that he knew so well, and still carrying the sou'-wester he had fetched from the cave where she had done that chap in, and as for any idea of being under an obligation to her for food or housing, he had none. He would have done the same for her.

Yet, to tell the truth, the docks, with no money in his pocket and the cold prospect of brilliant Marseilles, had made him feel adrift like a lost child. Civilization had affected him as it had affected her, so that something, now, made him put his hand on her shoulder to get the touch of her, and she, knowing that every eye in all that party behind her was upon them, took the great hand and held it and patted it.

It was as well to take her stand at once, though she was scarcely bothering about that. Then, still holding his hand, she came along that white deck towards the gang-plank. The officers knew and, as they bade her good-bye, they nodded to Raft, but the Parisians knew nothing but that Cléo had gone clearly mad—and that that awful sailor had placed his hand on her shoulder, familiarly!

There were several motors waiting by the wharf, and Mme. de Brie, half-dumb and slightly agitated, having pointed out the car she had reserved for Cléo, the girl introduced Raft.

"This is Raft, who saved my life," said Cléo.

Then she took Raft by the arm and pushed him into the seat beside the chauffeur; having done that she got into the car, following Mme. de Brie. The Comtesse de Mirandole got in, also, followed by M. de Brie and his gold eye-glasses.

The mistral was blowing, so that the windows of the car had to be kept closed.

Used to fresh air, the girl nearly choked at first with the stuffiness of the car. The olfactory nerve is really a prolongation of the brain, as though the brain, distrusting the other senses, had pushed out a trustworthy scout to see what the world and its contents were really like. The sense of smell never lies, it is of all senses the truest, and it handed along without comment to the brain of Cléo the faint perfume of the stephanotis affected by Mme. de Brie and of the Yoya-yoya affected by the Comtesse de Mirandole,

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"AS SHE STOOD ON DECK, WAITING WHILST THE 'CARCASSONNE' BERTHED AT THE WHARF, SHE CARRIED OVER HER ARM THE OIL-SKIN COAT AND THE SOU'-WESTER. THEY WERE OLD FRIENDS."

also traces from the varnish and upholstery of the car.

"Who, my dear, is that man?" asked Mme. de Brie. She had almost said "that dreadful man," but she had checked herself.

"Man—oh, that is Raft; he saved my life."

"How delightful!" said the Countess; "and he seems quite a character."

"Quite," said Mme. de Brie, half-heartedly; "but, my dear Cléo, you will excuse an old woman for suggesting it, your generosity must be on its guard; he placed his hand on your shoulder, quite familiarly it seemed to me."

"Well," said the choking Cléo, "why should he not? I have slept with my head on his chest on a rock and I have stabbed a man who was trying to kill him—between us we fought a whole crowd of Chinamen; he had a harpoon and I had a knife, and we beat them and took their ship. Do you mind having the window a wee bit open, I feel rather faint?"

"That's better," said she to the speechless other ones. "I'm so used to fresh air that I can't bear to be closed in."

"But, my dear Cléo," suddenly broke out the old lady, "what do you intend to do with him?"

"Do with him? Nothing. He's my friend, that's all—ha, here we are."

The car had drawn up in the courtyard of the hotel.

(To be concluded.)

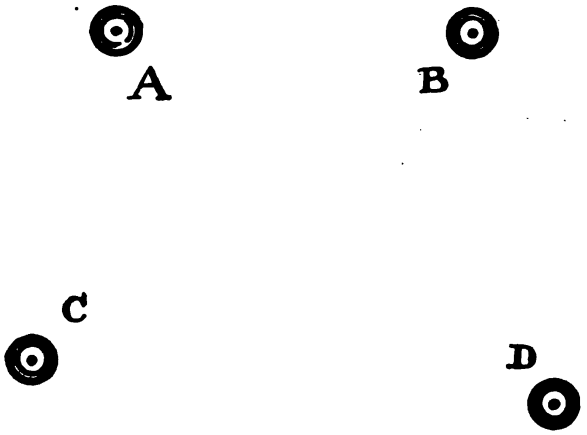
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PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

460.—THE FOUR DRAUGHTSMEN.

HERE is a queer new puzzle that I know will interest my readers considerably. The four draughtsmen are shown exactly as they stood on a square chequered board—not necessarily eight squares by eight—but the ink with which the board was drawn was evanescent, so that all the diagram except the men has



disappeared. How many squares were there in the board and how am I to reconstruct it? I know that each man stood in the middle of a square, one on the edge of each side of the board and no man in a corner. It is a real puzzle, until you hit on the method of solution, and then to get the correct answer is absurdly easy.

461.—EXPANDING WORDS.

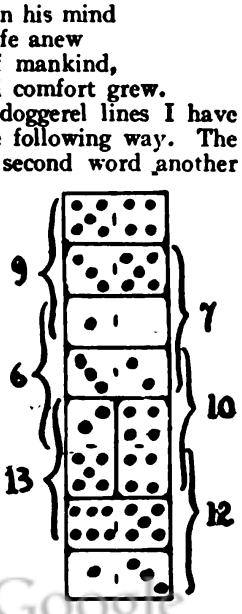
JIM WEST was but . butcher's boy,
And . . his humble duties hurt,
To go to . . . he thought was joy,
So kept his eyes and . . . . alert.
In woes and . . . . . his days were spent.
He thought he would . . . . . his life,
And so on board a . . . . . went,
In vain belief 'twould end all strife.
Soon of an . . . . . he read.
About his great career he dreamed
(At . . . . . this man was bred).
How . . . . . his own life seemed!
He turned the matter in his mind
And . . . . . life anew
More to the service of mankind,
And soon in peace and comfort grew.

The missing words in these doggerel lines I have inserted in regular order in the following way. The first is a single letter, in the second word another letter has been added, to the third another letter has been added to the last two, and so on. The order of the letters can, of course, be changed, as in this example: O, on, ton, note, tones, sonnet, tendons.

462.

THE DOMINO COLUMN.

ARRANGE the twenty-eight dominoes in a column so that the three sets of pips, taken anywhere, shall add up alike on the left side and on the right. Such a column has been started in the diagram. It will be



seen that the top three add up to 9 on both sides, the next three add up 7 on both sides, and so on. This is merely an example, so you can start afresh if you like.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

455.—THE TEN BARRELS.

ARRANGE the barrels in one of the following two ways and the sides will add up 13 in every case—the smallest number possible:—

```
        o                       o
      8   6                   7   8
    4   9   5               5   9   3
  1   7   3   2           1   6   4   2
```

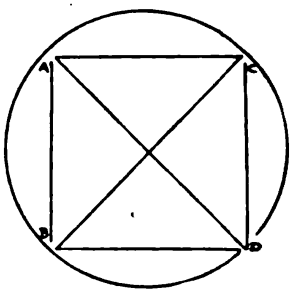
By changing the positions of the side numbers (without altering the numbers contained in any side) we get eight solutions in each case, not counting mere reversals and reflections as different.

456.—THE COW, GOAT, AND GOOSE.

As Cow and Goat eat $\frac{1}{45}$ in a day; Cow and Goose, $\frac{1}{60}$ in a day; and Goat and Goose, $\frac{1}{90}$ in a day; we soon find that the Cow eats $\frac{3}{180}$ in a day; the Goat, $\frac{2}{180}$ in a day; and the Goose, $\frac{1}{180}$ in a day. Therefore, together they will eat $\frac{6}{180}$ in a day, or $\frac{1}{30}$. So they will eat all the grass in the field in 40 days, since there is no growth of grass in the meantime.

457.—AN OLD UNICURSAL PUZZLE.

THE trick is to make a fold in the paper. Then, by inserting the point of the pencil in the fold, the two straight lines, A B and C D can be drawn in one stroke. Nowstraighten out the paper without removing the point of the pencil from D, and the figure may be completed in the single stroke! There is no other way of doing it, though, of course, the route may be varied.



458.—MISSING WORDS.

THE six words in their order are VILE, EVIL, VEIL, LEVI, LIVE, and IVEL.

459.—A PUZZLING EPITAPH.

THE vigilant eye of the reader will have detected that what he at first read as "BOB" was really "13 O 13," and the words read "THE DAYS OF 13013 ARE NUMBERED." Thus, 13013 days equal 1859 weeks (curiously enough he actually died in 1859, but that point has no bearing on the puzzle), and, taking a year as 52 weeks, we get exactly $35\frac{3}{4}$ years as the age of Bob.

449.—An UNSOLVED ENIGMA.

MY answer that I thought not sufficiently convincing to give in our April issue seems to be the one accepted as correct by a large number of correspondents. So I now give it as HEART-ACHE. The last line can be taken in the physical sense of an anticipated heart attack, but "never felt by night" does not seem to fit. Yet all other attempts seem inferior, though some favour IGNIS FATUUS, fatuous fire, or Will-o'-the-Wisp.

It seems that Bishop Wilberforce was the author.

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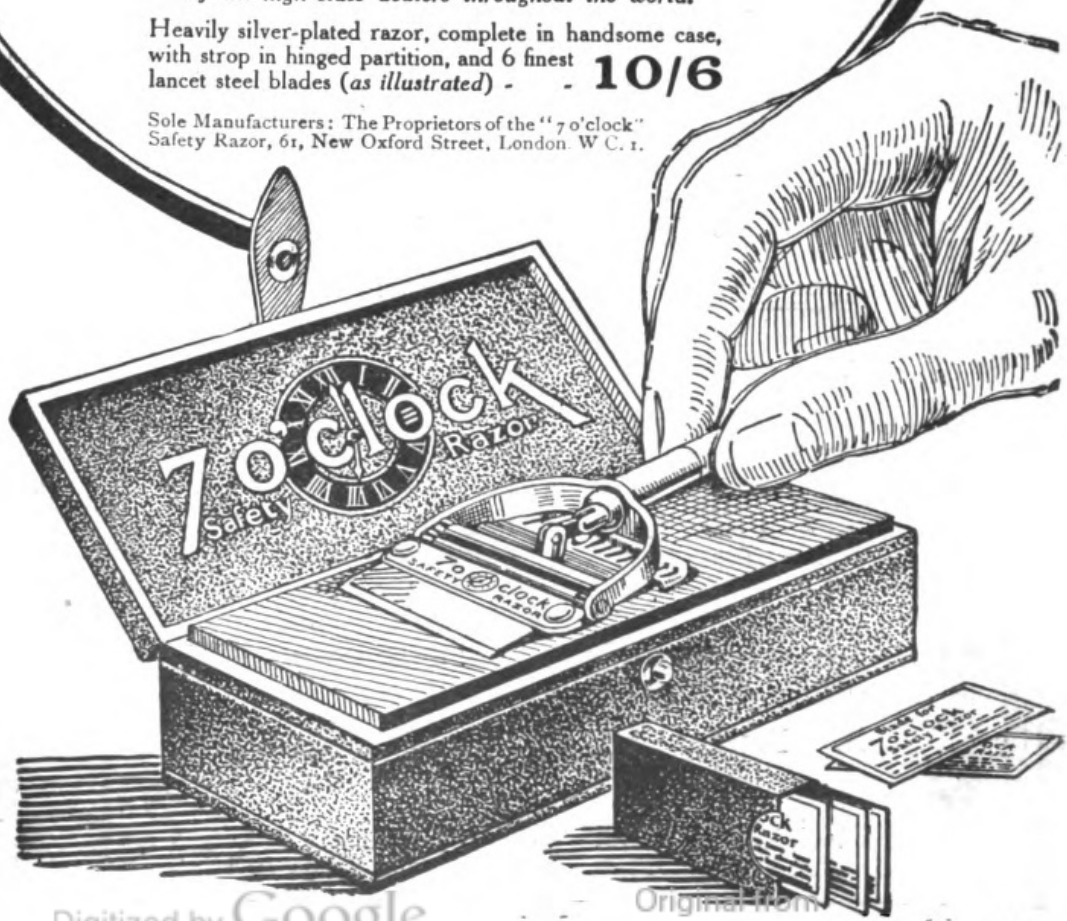
The "7 o'clock" gives a beautifully smooth shave because you always have a perfect edge on the blade. The stropping is done in the simple old-fashioned way. As a result you obtain each time an edge of which any barber might be proud.

The illustration on the left shows the razor in position for shaving. With a single touch of the finger it springs open into position for stropping or cleaning as shown in the illustration on the right. It is so simple that nothing can go wrong. It is so satisfactory that many men, to whom price is not an object, use it in preference to the most expensive razor that money can buy.

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It gives them new strength, high spirits, vitality, a clearer eye, a firmer step, more confidence and self-reliance, efficiency, manly attraction and vigour.

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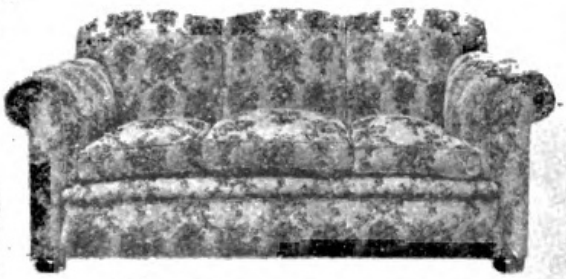
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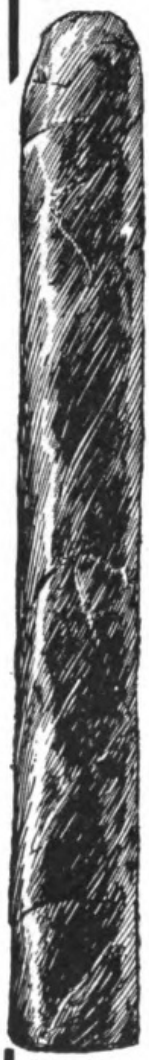
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Box of 50 for 28/6

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(TRADE MARK)

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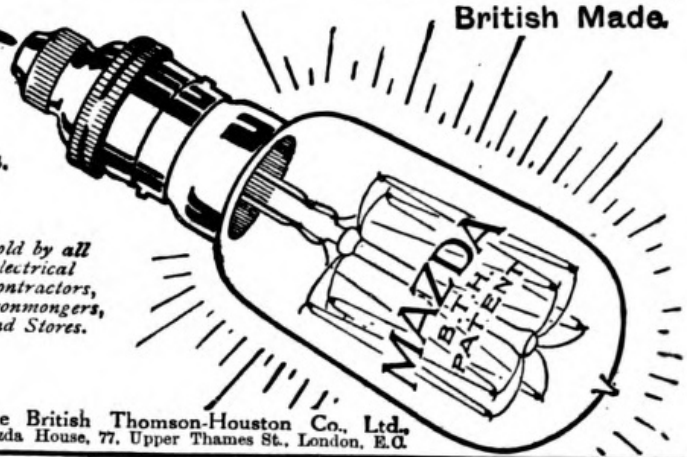
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It can be had in bottles, cases (12 bottles), or half-cases from all good-class Wine Merchants, or failing this please apply to the Proprietors for name of nearest agent.

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WE GUARANTEE this Sports Coat to give you satisfaction and wear.

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This Guarantee is with every STYLE CRAFT Coat or Trousers.

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A smart coat, in serviceable Tweeds. The half-belt stitched down, and three patch pockets (two bottom ones pleated). The newest note.

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Drawing by Fred Pegram.

Dri-ped Leather's War- and Peace-time Services.

No. 10. The Warrior's Tale.

Praise of Dri-ped Sole Leather forms a part of many a warrior's tale of privations, of battles, of mud, and of blood. Here is a letter received from a returned Prisoner of War.

Dear Sirs—

I am writing to let you know how wonderfully good and lasting I have found "Dri-ped" soles. I was a Prisoner of War in Germany, and wrote home for some soles to repair my boots. "Dri-ped" were sent, and I wore them continually about six months in the prison camp. I then succeeded in escaping and walked about a hundred miles, reaching the Baltic Coast, where I was retaken. I got constantly wet, and when I was retaken my boots were worn out but the soles were still good. I had the same soles put on another pair of boots and wore them for several months more, and am much impressed by their durability.

Yours truly, B.C. (Capt.).

"Dri-ped" is not a mere trade description; it is a brand by which you may recognise the only leather of its kind in the world. Not all green leather is Dri-ped; no leather is Dri-ped unless it bears the diamond trade mark in purple every few inches, whether on repairs or new footwear.

Dri-ped, the Super-Leather for Soles, is waterproof, double-wearing, light, flexible. It is used by repairers for re-soling, and is readily obtainable on new footwear.

SOLE PROPRIETORS: - - DRI-PED, LTD. - - BOLTON, LANCS.
(Late Proprietors, WM. WALKER & SONS (1912) LTD.)

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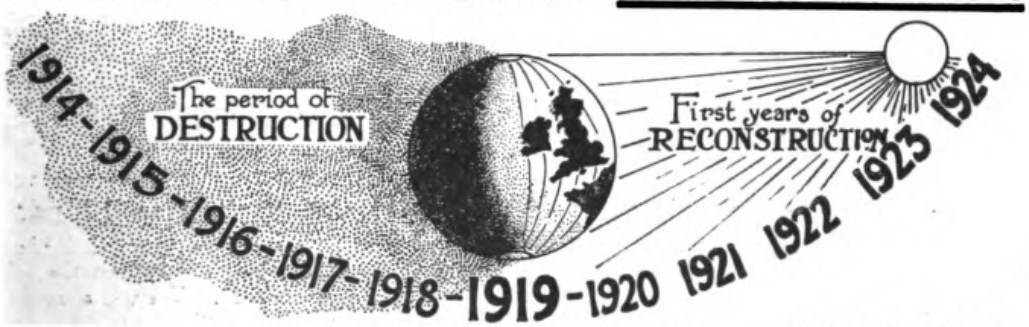
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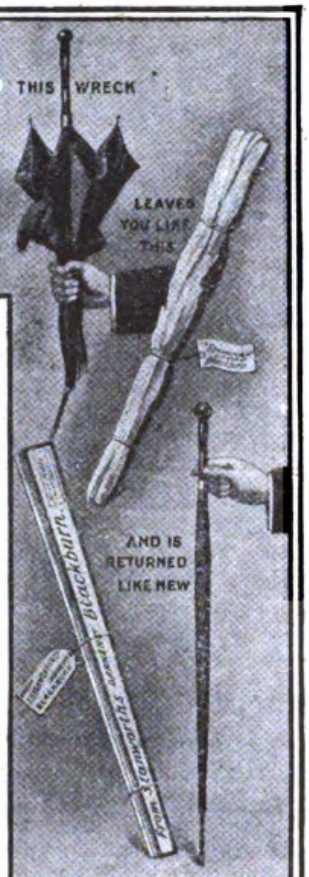
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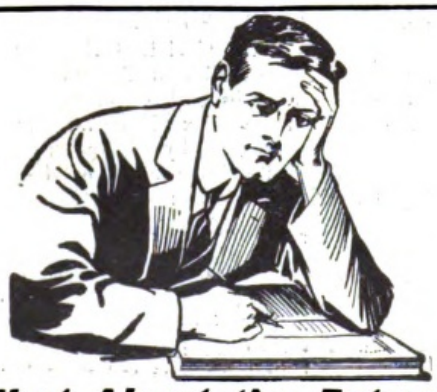
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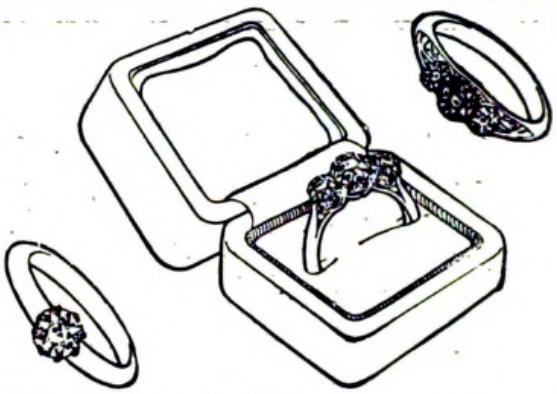
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Hurculaces
BRITISH LACES FOR BOOTS & SHOES

The Finishing Touch to Smart Footwear





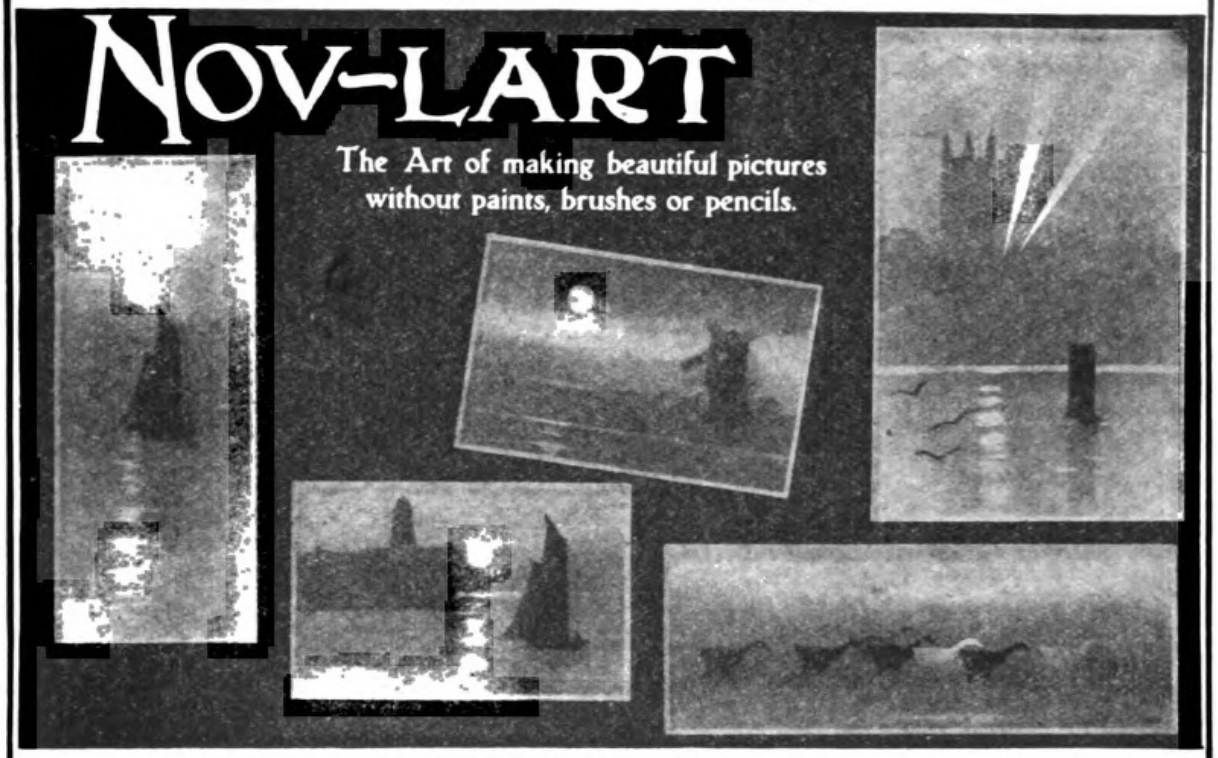
YOU CAN'T BREAK THESE DOGGIE, THEY'RE Hurculaces!

IT is *quality* that tells in wear. Choose British HURCULACES in the first place. They are well finished, smartly dyed in good, rich, black or brown shades, and they give very long service.

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Manufacturers: Faire Bros. & Co., Ltd., Leicester.

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EXAMPLES OF NOV-LART.

WITH the aid of a Nov-lart outfit anyone can produce charming pictures without pencils, brushes, crayons, paints, or even a knowledge of drawing ; you can make your own post cards, greeting cards, calendars, and numberless other little things, each different or all alike.

Although the process is partly by the use of Stencils—and stencilling is generally considered purely mechanical—the application of the method is so distinctly individual as to give opportunities for the exercise of the most artistic expression.

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NOV-LART OUTFITS COMPLETE **2/- 4/- 8/-** post paid.

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Hats off to Pullars of Perth

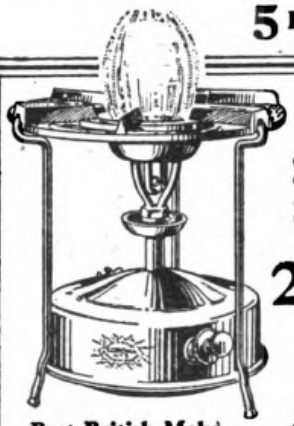


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Your retailer will supply you with a tin of

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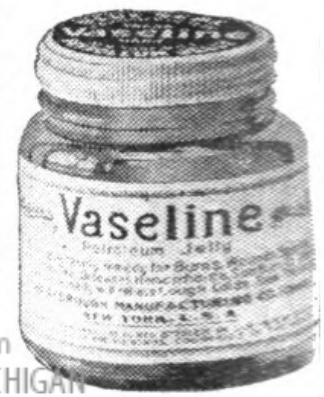
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"Vaseline" was coined by Mr. R. A. CHESEBROUGH to immortalise his discovery of the substance which he named **Petroleum Jelly**; and in order that the future generations might benefit, and the sufferings of the afflicted be alleviated, he registered **"Vaseline"** as a distinguishing mark, to **protect the public from dangerous imitations and adulterations**

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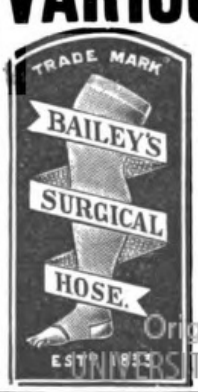
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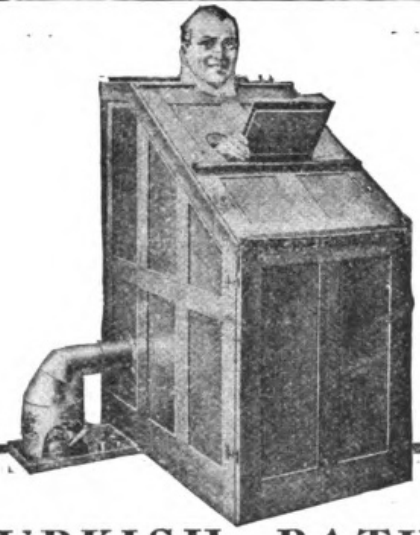


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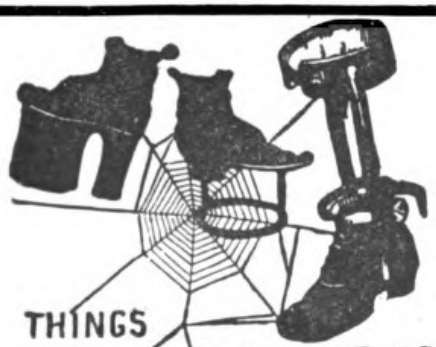
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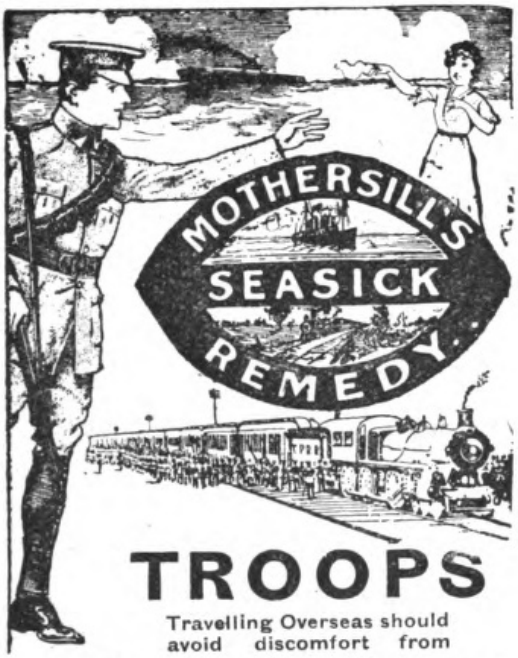
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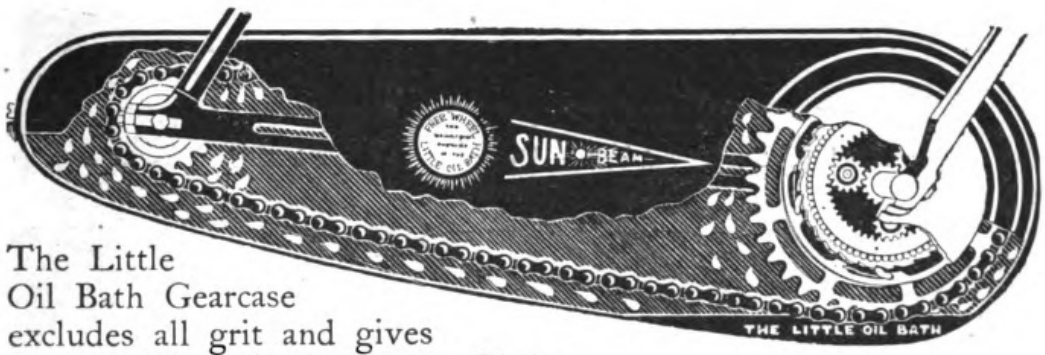
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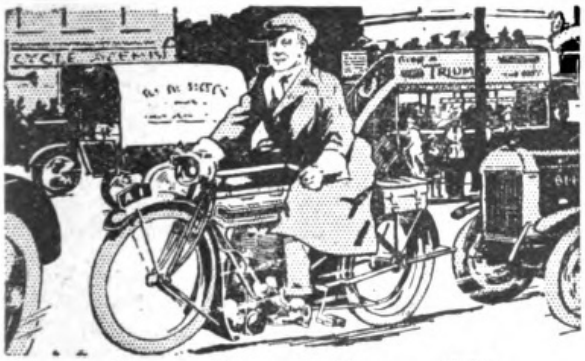
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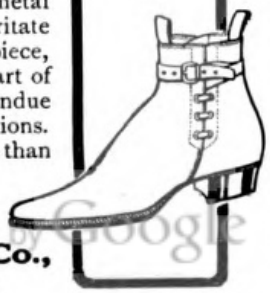
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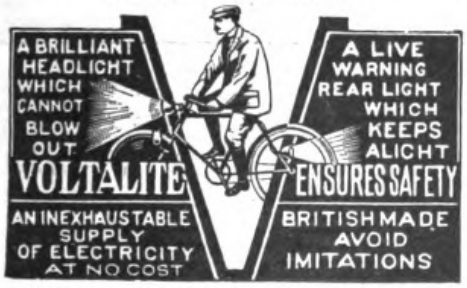
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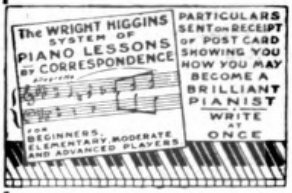
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Prices from 15/- upwards.

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Cleanses the hair, leaving it silky and soft; nourishes the hair cells; stops falling out, and induces a thick luxuriant growth. It imparts to the hair that reddish-brown tint which is so full of charm. Kopatine No. 1, **3d.** per packet, 5 for **1/-**; No. 2 (stronger) **1/-** per packet, 3 for **2/6.** Of all Chemists and Hairdressers, or direct on receipt of P.O. *Applications are given daily in our Private salons.* Advice on the hair gratis. All communications private. Write for booklet. KOPATINE CIE. (Dept. 21), 34, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

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RUBBER TOE GLOVES
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for BUNIONS, INGROWING TOE-NAILS, and OVERLAPPING TOES,

as approved, recommended, and worn by Doctors and Nurses. Gently corrects and gradually restores the Toe to its normal position. Fits either foot, and can be worn in any easy-fitting boot or shoe.

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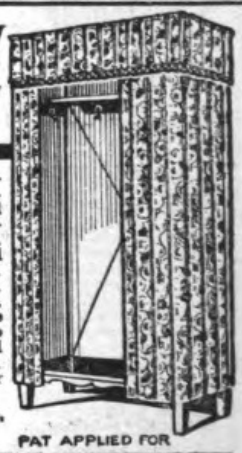


Relieves and QUICKLY CURES COLD IN THE HEAD, Nasal Catarrh, Neuralgia in the Head, Faintness, Dizziness, &c. A SPECIFIC FOR **HEADACHE.**

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Capt. M——, B.E.F., France, writes:
"Your soles are absolutely O.K."

Col. J. B. T——, B.E.F., France, writes:
"In every respect they are excellent."

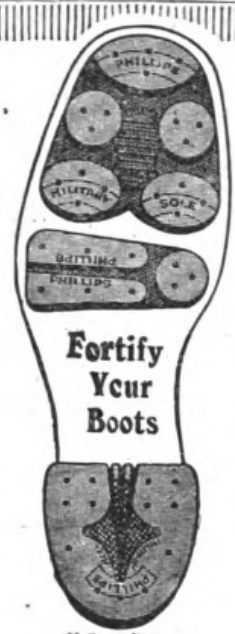
Phillips' 'Military'
SOLES AND HEELS
make one pair of boots last the time of three!

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The 'Allenburys' Foods

The best alternative to human milk.

MILK FOOD No. 1 - - - From birth to 3 months
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Obtainable of all Chemists

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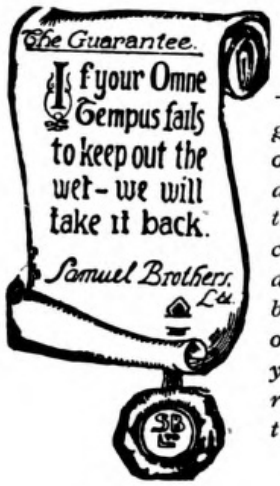
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Its texture is woollen . . . a sort of whipcord covert-coating . . . a pleasant change to you if you have worn an Officer's Trencher . . . equally so if you have borne a Tommy's shaggy greatcoat . . . guaranteed rainproof and porous, which you know the other makes are *not*. . . . You can blow smoke through an "Omne Tempus," but you can't get wet in it. Ready for Wear in every size or Made to Measure **£5 10**



—your guarantee of keeping dry under the worst conditions—backed by our 80 years' reputation.



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A dependable Spring Raincoat in various fawn and brown shades of stout waterproof Twills, lined Waterproof Check **84/-**
Lined same material as outside, with oiled cotton interlining **105/-**



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Sporting Model, often preferred for Town use—all sizes ready for wear in covert-coating effects of yarnproof Twills. **63/-**



The 'Stand-by' Belted Raincoat

—a perfect weatherproof garment with fine bold front, which can be worn in two ways (see sketch)—all sizes ready for wear in fawn, brown, and navy triple-proofed Egyptian twills, lined through proofed check. **73/6**

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OXFORD CIRCUS AND LUDGATE HILL, and at Folkestone.

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A MINOR TRAGEDY.

By ESTELLE.

"DON'T desert me, Clara," I begged, as my friend rose to go; "that odious Mrs. —— is coming and I don't feel equal to tackling her alone."

"Sorry," replied she, "but I've got a committee meeting. Just tell me that recipe of yours for a shampoo once again—sallax, smallax, what's the name of the stuff?"

"Stallax," I replied. "It's best to rub a little olive oil into your scalp before washing your hair. You needn't rinse it afterwards—isn't that a joy? It's just the thing to keep that fair hair of yours the same colour, and to make it look 'like a poet's dream.'"

"That settles it; if you get romantic I won't stop a minute. Bye-bye, Mabel, thanks awfully." With that she left me.

I was not pleased to hear Mrs. —— ushered in. I am not fond of Mrs. ——, who has "risen" in life, and proclaims it by an atrociously patronizing manner. Moreover, it always distresses me (I am not a nice person) to see a person with a coarse wrinkled skin and neglected, faded hair, wearing ultra-fashionable clothes.

"Ha-ow do you do? Dreadful weathah we are having, are we not?" she drawled out as I poured out tea. "Ha-owevah do you keep so wol-looking? Of course, *you've* nothing to do."

I am just recovering from a breakdown caused by two years in an aeroplane factory. I felt my temper rising. The conversation dragged on; then I bethought me of my knitting. I went upstairs to fetch it, and was some time in finding it.

When I returned to the drawing-room I heard a strange sound, like sobbing, and to my utter amazement I found Mrs. —— in *tears*. It was so unexpected, so utterly unlike, that I could only stammer out:—

"Don't—oh, please don't. Isn't there anything I can do—oh, what is the matter?"

She calmed down soon, and blurted out in a manner which was quite unlike her former patronizing way:—

"I c-can't help it. I must tell someone—it's just this. When I married John I was a good-looking girl, though you wouldn't think it now; but we've been through some hard times together, and my looks went years ago. John's just as kind to me, and now we've got money he gives me all the pretty things I used to hanker after when I was young. But I look a silly, ugly old fool in them—I won't go to a beauty-doctor and be giggled over. I can't tell John, he wouldn't understand."

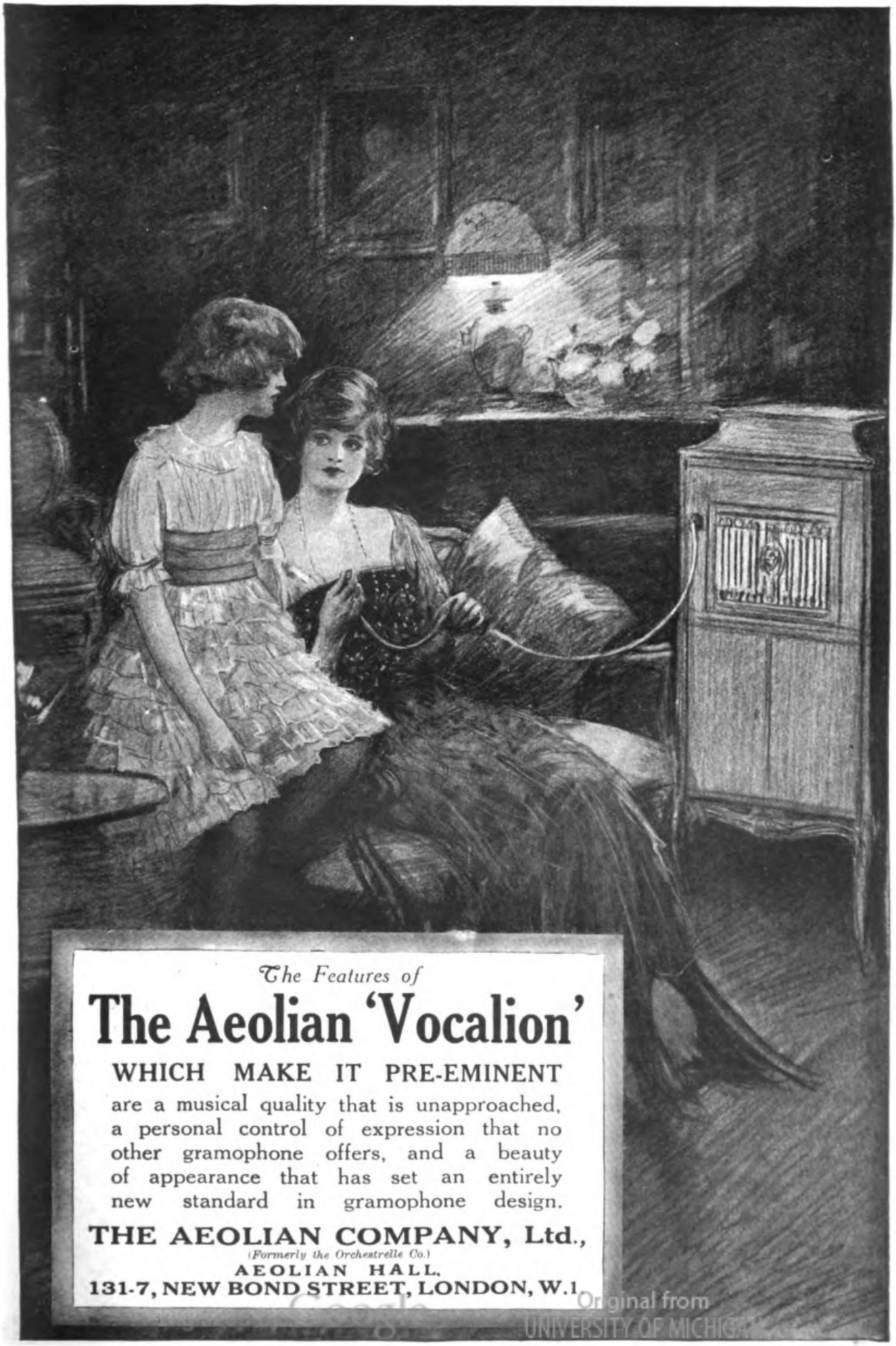
I soothed her, and I said:—

"Dear Mrs. ——, you mustn't worry, you really mustn't; if you'll let me be hatefully rude and interfering, I think I can tell you a few ordinary home recipes which will make all the difference to your looks. You've obviously been pretty, but you've lost the freshness and smoothness of your skin, and the thickness and brightness of your hair, two things without which Venus herself would be very plain. You suffer from enlarged pores, too, which cause blackheads. If you went to an American beauty specialist, you would probably be 'skinned,' a painful process which would remove the outer soiled skin, and leave the new, clear complexion underneath exposed. The principle of 'skinning' is sound, but there are three objections—the pain and unsightliness of the process, the expense, and the fact that the treatment necessitates one laying up for several weeks. The only safe way to adopt this principle without its unpleasantness is to obtain some mercolized wax from the chemist's and smear it lightly over the face and neck, washing it off in the morning with warm water. The curious property of this wax is that it absorbs the soiled particles of the outer skin painlessly and invisibly, leaving the new skin underneath free to breathe. It can be used as often as required, and the cost is trivial. Blackheads are always disfiguring; so, having cured the ones you have, you must prevent others from forming. Blackheads are caused by enlarged pores, and generally form round the mouth and nose, where the pores are always more open. Enlarged pores also cause undue 'shininess' by excessive oily secretion, and they make the skin look coarse. For this purpose stymol is recommended. Dissolve a tablet in water; it will make a lovely effervescent lotion which will loosen any existing blackheads and prevent others from forming by gently closing the enlarged pores. Of course, it also makes a wonderful improvement in the *texture* of your skin.

"Now you need a lotion to protect your complexion and to give it a lovely 'finish.' Powder is absurdly expensive; the cheaper kinds contain many harmful things. If you obtain some cleminite and mix it with water, and apply a little with the finger-tips, your skin will keep the delicious 'peach-like' look for hours. If you feel tempted to rouge, my advice is Don't—powdered colliandum looks absolutely natural and doesn't hurt your skin a bit.

"Do I know anything to bring back the colour to your hair? Let me see—I think the best thing would be to get 3 ozs. of bay rum and mix it with 2 ozs. of tammalite. Apply it with a clean toothbrush. It's a marvellous tonic, and your hair will gradually regain its natural colour, besides growing thicker and stronger. Yes, I always shampoo with stallax."

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WHICH MAKE IT PRE-EMINENT

are a musical quality that is unapproached, a personal control of expression that no other gramophone offers, and a beauty of appearance that has set an entirely new standard in gramophone design.

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2d Per Packet.

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Pour Votre Toilette, Madame

Madame,—I cannot tell whether you know me. If you do, the liberty I take in introducing myself is unnecessary and I shall only cherish the very legitimate desire to live in your gracious company.

But if I am a stranger to you, I shall count myself fortunate if I persuade you to verify the compliments which have been paid to me and which I trust will agreeably justify themselves.

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The Malacéine series of the Parfumerie Monpelas (Paris)—Toilet Cream, Rice Powder, Toilet Soap and Perfumes—are to be obtained from all first-class Chemists, Perfumers and Stores. Wholesale only from William Toogood, Ltd., London, S.E. 1.

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To restore worn nerves and ensure sound sleep

Sleeplessness is very frequently caused by undue pressure of blood on the brain, resulting in mental activity at a time when the brain should be soothed and quiet.

When a cup of "Ovaltine" is taken last thing at night the pressure is relieved by the blood being diverted to the digestive region. The digestive activity created is of a gentle and undisturbing character, "Ovaltine" being most easy of digestion and assimilation, even when the digestive powers are impaired.

"Ovaltine" also provides in an eminent degree just those food elements which build up and restore the worn-out brain, nerve and body cells.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds up Brain, Nerve and Body

"Ovaltine" contains no drugs, but is prepared from Malt, Milk and Eggs, retaining in a highly concentrated form only the vitalizing and reconstructive elements of these natural foods. It makes a delicious beverage. No fuss or trouble in making—merely stir the crisp golden granules into hot milk or milk and water.

P14

"OVALTINE."

When feeling "below par" and after times of sustained bodily or mental effort "Ovaltine" is the natural restorative. It quickly overcomes fatigue and tones and builds up the system.

In sickness "Ovaltine" provides adequate nutriment without tax on the weakened digestive functions. Invalids seldom tire of its appetising flavour, and it is taken when all other foods are rejected.

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LET the very next head or nerve pain that comes remind you to take DAISY—the preparation whose work in life it is to *cure* those pains more quickly, more safely, and more certainly than they can be cured in any other way.

Do not think that DAISY is similar to the many headache cures you read or hear about. Its composition is different; it alone is free from the doubtful drug acetanilid; and it alone has received strong professional endorsement from a great West-end physician.

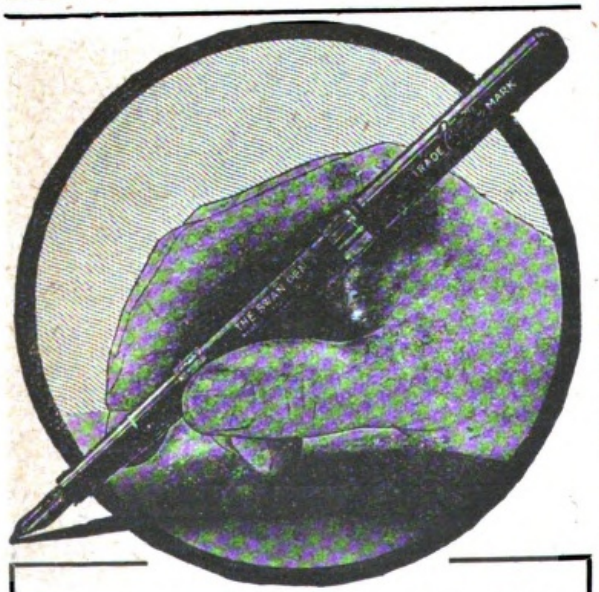
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DAISY is sold by stores and chemists everywhere at **2d.** each, **8** for **1/-**, **20** for **2/3**, **60** for **6/-**.

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The news that sufferers from nervous and functional disorders can now have all the benefits of Curative Electricity in their own homes is most welcome, for it removes the one remaining argument that could be urged against this wonderfully successful method of treatment.

Triumphant as electrical treatment has proved in great hospitals and costly institutions, it remained for too long the monopoly of the wealthy, because no convenient and inexpensive method of applying the electric current in the patient's own home and without the necessity of medical supervision had yet been discovered. True, many attempts had been made, but not until the perfected light and portable batteries employed in the Pulvermacher Electrological Treatment had arrived were any of these uniformly successful or altogether free from an atmosphere of suspicion.

MEDICAL SUPERVISION UNNECESSARY.

No longer, however, need the success of the scientific utilisation of the electric current in your own home for the relief of pain and suffering be doubted for a single moment. The triumph of the Pulvermacher Electrological Treatment is proved and assured by victory after victory over human suffering and disease.

It has won the most glowing praises from distinguished medical and

Electricity brings health and strength to all sufferers from nervous and functional disorders.



The Pulvermacher Appliances are the only inventions for the administration of curative electricity, endorsed by over fifty leading Doctors and by the Official Academy of Medicine of Paris.

scientific men, and it has overcome all objections that were formerly advanced against curative electrical appliances for home use. Whenever there is great nerve-weakness and its associated loss of functional power in any organ or system, the Pulvermacher Appliances have proved, and are daily proving their wonderful remedial and curative efficacy in such familiar functional troubles as

Nervous Dyspepsia,
Indigestion and Dyspepsia,
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while it has conquered pain, physical weakness, sickness, and suffering even when all other methods of treatment have failed. Why?

THE NATURAL METHOD OF REVITALISING THE NERVE CENTRES.

Because the Pulvermacher Electrological Treatment is the true and natural method of recruiting the whole nervous system, vitalising the nerve centres and increasing nervous energy, the power behind all bodily movement and every bodily function. Without the least shock to the system, it bathes the whole body in a continuous stream of fortifying and invigorating electricity so long as the Pulvermacher appliances are worn.

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The Pulvermacher appliances are marvels of modern electrical science, and contain the most powerful portable batteries that can safely be worn.

They are light, warming, and exhilarating.

They are recommended by famous medical and scientific men.

Their cost is comparatively trifling considering the wonderful curative results they effect.

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Write to-day for a free booklet, entitled, "A Guide to Health and Strength," which describes the Pulvermacher Electrological Treatment in great detail, and contains valuable health information. A postcard will bring it to you, and all should read it who suffer severe nerve strain. Address

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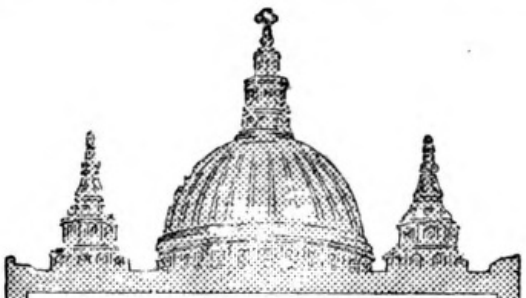
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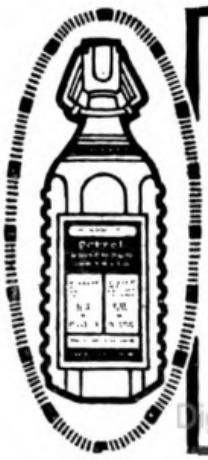
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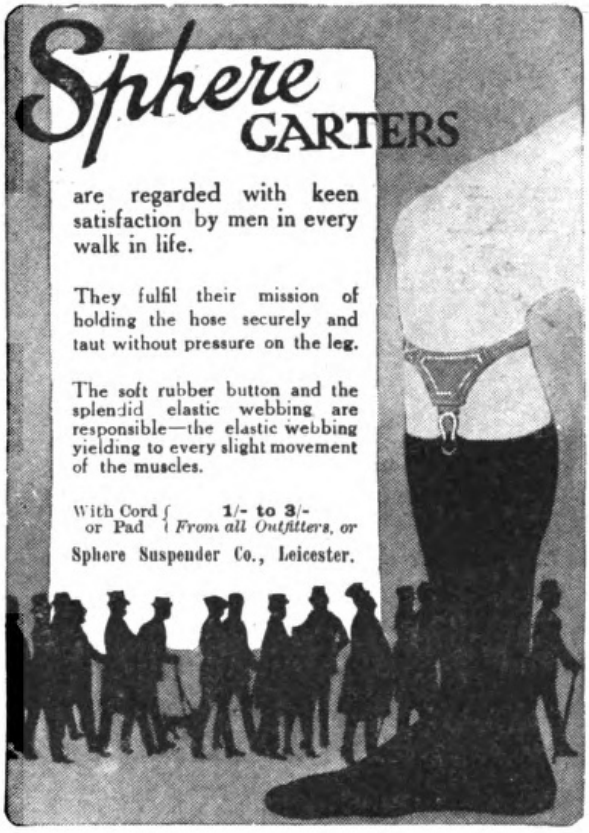
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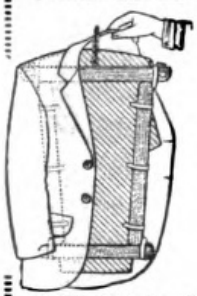


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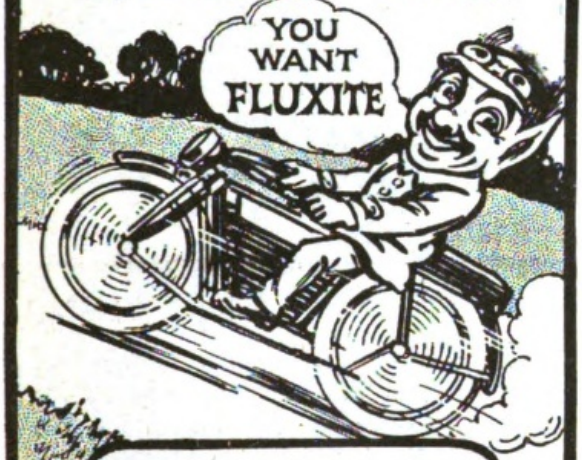
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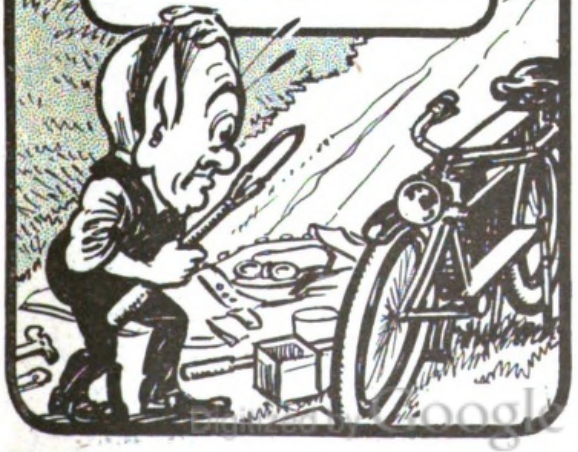
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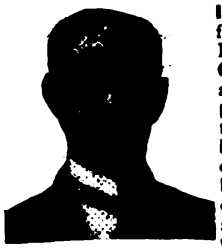
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"That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me."
Henry VIII.—Act 4, Scene 1.



A Pleasant Way to Health

NO SPECIAL DIET—NO DRUGS—NO LOSS OF TIME

Just a glass of sparkling, refreshing, purifying

"FRUIT SALT"

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This world-famous natural aperient gently stimulates the liver, the body's filter. With this important organ working properly the blood becomes pure, and the nerves normal. Sound refreshing sleep, a clear brain, and good digestion are sure to follow.

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SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

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Oatine should be used night and morning and also before going out into the cold evening air.
OATINE is sold by all Chemists and Stores, **1/1½** and **2/3.**

THE OATINE CO., LONDON, S.E.1.

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Extract from Mr. Jolliboy's Diary No. 17.

"Yesternight with Dick Dashaway to Drury Lane Playhouse and in very truth 'twas a monstrous good piece too. But was mightly diverted by a saucy baggage selling oranges. A mischievous hussy no doubt but of a right good judgment withal. Coming up to vend her wares she sniffed daintly and then exclaimed 'Gemini, sirs, a thousand pardons; when gentlemen have such a weed as Chairman they have little heed for my poor oranges'".

Chairman, **a fine tobacco,** made in three strengths; **"Boardman's,"** mild; **"Chairman,"** medium; **"Recorder,"** full; and is sold by tobacconists everywhere at 11½d. per oz. packet, and 3/9 per ¼ lb. tin.

R. J. LEA, LTD. MANCHESTER.

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